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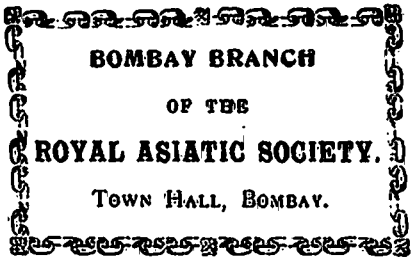

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM

CHAUCER TO COWPER.

VOL. X.

1544

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

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THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. X.

HUGHES, SHEFFIELD, PRIOR, | CONGREVE, BLACKMORE, | PENTON, GAY.

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THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN HUGHES.

THE

LIFE OF HUGHES.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

JOHN HUGHES, the son of a citizen in London, and of Anne Burgess, of an ancient family in Wiltshire, was born at Marlborough, July 29, 1677. He was educated at a private school; and though his advances in literature are, in the Biographia, very ostentatiously displayed, the name of his master is somewhat ungratefully concealed[1].

At nineteen he drew the plan of a tragedy: and paraphrased, rather too profusely, the ode of Horace which begins Integer vitæ. To poetry he added the science of music, in which he seems to have attained considerable skill, together with the practice of design, or rudiments of painting.

His studies did not withdraw him wholly from business, nor did business hinder him from study. He had a place in the office of ordnance; and was secretary to several commissions for purchasing lands necessary to secure the royal docks at Chatham and Portsmouth; yet found time to acquaint himself with modern languages.

In 1697 he published a poem on the Peace of Ryswick: and in 1699 another piece, called The Court of Neptune, on the return of king William, which he addressed to Mr. Montague, the general patron of the followers of the Muses. The same year he produced a song on the duke of Gloucester's birth-day.

He did not confine himself to poetry, but cultivated other kinds of writing with great success; and about this time showed his knowledge of human nature by an Essay on the Pleasure of being deceived. In 1702 he published, on the death of king William, a Pindaric ode, called The House of Nassau; and wrote another paraphrase on the Otium Divos of Horace.

In 1703 his ode on Music was performed at Stationer's Hall; and he wrote afterwards six cantatas, which were set to music by the greatest master of that time, and seemed intended to oppose or exclude the Italian opera, an exotic and irrational entertainment, which has been always combated, and always has prevailed.

[1] He was educated in a dissenting academy, of which the Rev. Mr. Thomas Rowe was tutor; and was a fellow student there with Dr. Isaac Watts, Mr. Samuel Say, and other persons of eminence. In the Horæ Lyricæ of Dr. Watts is a poem to the memory of Mr. Rowe. *H.*

His reputation was now so far advanced, that the public began to pay reverence to his name; and he was solicited to prefix a preface to the translation of Boccalini, a writer whose satirical vein cost him his life in Italy, and who never, I believe, found many readers in this country, even though introduced by such powerful recommendation.

He translated Fontenelle's Dialogues of the Dead; and his version was perhaps read at that time, but is now neglected; for by a book not necessary, and owing its reputation wholly to its turn of diction, little notice can be gained but from those who can enjoy the graces of the original. To the Dialogues of Fontenelle he added two composed by himself; and, though not only an honest but a pious man, dedicated his work to the earl of Wharton. He judged skilfully enough of his own interest; for Wharton, when he went lord lieutenant to Ireland, offered to take Hughes with him, and establish him; but Hughes, having hopes or promises, from another man in power, of some provision more suitable to his inclination, declined Wharton's offer, and obtained nothing from the other.

He translated the Miser of Moliere, which he never offered to the stage; and occasionally amused himself with making versions of favourite scenes in other plays.

Being now received as a wit among the wits, he paid his contributions to literary undertakings, and assisted the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian. In 1712 he translated Vertot's History of the Revolution of Portugal; produced an Ode to the Creator of the World, from the Fragments of Orpheus; and brought upon the stage an opera called Calypso and Telemachus, intended to show, that the English language might be very happily adapted to music. This was impudently opposed by those who were employed in the Italian opera; and, what cannot be told without indignation, the intruders had such interest with the duke of Shrewsbury, then lord chamberlain, who had married an Italian, as to obtain an obstruction of the profits, though not an inhibition of the performance.

There was at this time a project formed by Tonson for a translation of the Pharsalia by several hands; and Hughes englished the tenth book. But this design, as must often happen when the concurrence of many is necessary, fell to the ground; and the whole work was afterwards performed by Rowe.

His acquaintance with the great writers of his time appears to have been very general; but of his intimacy with Addison there is a remarkable proof. It is told on good authority, that Cato was finished and played by his persuasion. It had long wanted the last act, which he was desired by Addison to supply. If the request was sincere, it proceeded from an opinion, whatever it was, that did not last long; for, when Hughes came in a week to show him his first attempt, he found half an act written by Addison himself.

He afterwards published the works of Spenser, with his Life, a Glossary, and a Discourse on Allegorical Poetry; a work for which he was well qualified as a judge of the beauties of writing, but perhaps wanted an antiquary's knowledge of the obsolete words. He did not much revive the curiosity of the public; for near thirty years elapsed before his edition was reprinted. The same year produced his Apollo and Daphne, of which the success was very earnestly promoted by Steele, who, when the rage of party did not misguide him, seems to have been a man of boundless benevolence.

Hughes had hitherto suffered the mortifications of a narrow fortune; but in 1717 the lord chancellor Cowper set him at ease, by making him secretary to the commissions of the peace; in which he afterwards, by a particular request, desired his successor lord Parker to continue him. He had now affluence; but such is human life, that he had it when his declining health could neither allow him long possession, nor quick enjoyment.

His last work was a tragedy, The Siege of Damascus, after which *a Siege* became a popular title. This play, which still continues on the stage, and of which it is unnecessary to add a private voice to such continuance of approbation, is not acted or printed according to the author's original draught, or his settled intention. He had made Phocyas apostatize from his religion; after which the abhorrence of Eudocia would have been reasonable, his misery would have been just, and the horrours of his repentance exemplary. The players, however, required, that the guilt of Phocyas should terminate in desertion to the enemy: and Hughes, unwilling that his relations should lose the benefit of his work, complied with the alteration.

He was now weak with a lingering consumption, and not able to attend the rehearsal, yet was so vigorous in his faculties, that only ten days before his death he wrote the dedication to his patron lord Cowper. On February 17, 1719-20, the play was represented, and the author died. He lived to hear that it was well received; but paid no regard to the intelligence, being then wholly employed in the meditations of a departing Christian.

A man of his character was undoubtedly regretted; and Steele devoted an essay, in the paper called The Theatre, to the memory of his virtues. His life is written in the Biographia with some degree of favourable partiality: and an account of him is prefixed to his works by his relation the late Mr. Duncombe, a man whose blameless elegance deserved the same respect.

The character of his genius I shall transcribe from the correspondence of Swift and Pope.

"A month ago," says Swift, "were sent me over, by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, esquire. They are in prose and verse. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber. He is too grave a poet for me; and I think among the *mediocrists* in prose as well as verse."

To this Pope returns: "To answer your question as to Mr. Hughes; what he wanted in genius, he made up as an honest man; but he was of the class you think him[2]."

In Spence's Collection, Pope is made to speak of him with still less respect, as having no claim to poetical reputation but from his tragedy.

[2] This, Dr. Warton asserts, is very unjust censure; and, in a note in his late edition of Pope's Works, asks if "the author of such a tragedy as The siege of Damascus was one of the *mediocribus*? Swift and Pope seem not to recollect the value and rank of an author who could write such a tragedy." *C.*

RECOMMENDATORY POEMS.

TO

MR. JOHN HUGHES,

ON HIS POEM ENTITLED, THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

INSPIR'D by what melodious Hughes has sung,
I'll tune a lyre that long has lain unstrung:
Awak'd from drowsy sloth, and soothing rest,
Poetic transports fire my ravish'd breast!
What pleasure must retiring Dryden find,
To see that art his skilful Muse refin'd,
So much improv'd by those he leaves behind!
So when a father sees a careful son
Enlarge those coffers, which were first his own,
With joy to Heaven he lifts his aged eyes,
Blesses his prosperous heir, and calmly dies.
May all your fortune, like your numbers, shine,
And smoothly flow, without one rugged line!
Till we confess the genius is the same,
That guides your fortune, and poetic flame.
So when of old some sportive amorous god
Vouchsaf'd awhile to leave his blest abode,
In whatsoever form the guest appear'd,
His heavenly lustre shone, and was rever'd.

Catherine Hall, W. WORTS.
Cambridge. February, 1697.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES,

BY MISS JUDITH COWPER [1].

ROUND Hughes's humble, though distinguish'd urn,
The Muses, wreath'd with baleful cypress, mourn;
In every face a deep distress appears,
Each eye o'erflows with tributary tears:
Such was the scene, when, by the gods requir'd,
Majestic Homer from the world retir'd:
Such grief the Nine o'er Maro's tomb bestow'd;
And tears like these for Addison late flow'd.
Snatch'd from the Earth, above its trifling praise,
Thee, Hughes, to happier climes thy Fate conveys;
Eas'd of its load, thy gentle spirit roves
Through realms refulgent, and celestial groves;
The toils of life, the pangs of death are o'er,
And care, and pain, and sickness, are no more.
O may the spot that holds thy blest remains
(The noblest spoil Earth's spacious breast contains)
Its tribute pay; may richest flowers around
Spring lightly forth, and mark the sacred ground;
There may thy bays its shady honours spread,
And o'er thy urn eternal odours shed;
Immortal as thy fame, and verse, still grow,
Till those shall cease to live, and Thames to flow.
Nature, subdu'd, foretold the great decline,
And every heart was plung'd in grief, but thine;
Thy soul, serene, the conflict did maintain,
And trac'd the phantom Death in years of pain;
Not years of pain thy steady mind alarm'd,
By judgment strengthen'd, and with virtue arm'd;
Still like thyself, when sinking life ebb'd low,
Nor rashly dar'd, nor meanly fear'd the blow;
Loose to the world, of every grace possest,
Greatly resign'd, thou sought'st the stranger, Rest:
Firm as his fate, so thy own Phocyas dy'd,
While the barb'd arrow trembled in his side.
Drawn by thy pen, the theory we see;
The practic part, too soon! beheld in thee.
Who now shall strike the lyre with skill divine,
Who to harmonious sounds [2] harmonious numbers join!
Who the rapacious tide of vice control,
And, while they charm the sense, reform the soul?
In whom the lovely sister arts unite
With virtue, solid sense, and boundless wit?
Such was the turn of thy exalted mind,
Sparkling as polish'd gems, as purest gold refin'd.
Great ruler of our passions! who with art
Subdu'd the fierce, and warm'd the frozen heart,
Bid glory in our breasts with temper beat,
And valour, separate from feverish heat,
Love, in its true, its genuine lustre rise,
And, in Eudocia, bid it charm our eyes.
Virtue distrest, thy happy lines disclose,
With more of triumph than a conqueror knows:
Touch'd by thy hand, our stubborn tempers bend,
And flowing tears the well-wrought scene attend,
That silent eloquence thy power approv'd;
The cause so great, 'twas generous to be mov'd.
What pleasure can the bursting heart possess,
In the last parting, and severe distress?
Can fame, wealth, honour, titles, joy bestow,
And make the labouring breast with transport glow?
These gaudy trifles gild our morning bright,
But O! how weak their influence on our night!
Then fame, wealth, honour, titles, vainly bloom,
Nor dart one beam of comfort on the gloom;
But if the struggling soul a joy receives,
'Tis in the just applause that conscious virtue gives;
This blameless pride the dying Hughes possest,
Soften'd his pain, sat lightly on his breast,
And sooth'd his unoffending soul to rest.
Free from the bigot's fears, or stoic's pride,
Calm as our Christian hero liv'd, he dy'd.

[1] Daughter of judge Cowper, afterwards married to col. Martin Madan, author of the Progress of Poetry, &c. and still living, an ornament to her sex and age. Another of her compositions is prefixed to the Poems of Mr. Pope. N.

[2] Opera of Calypso and Telemachus

As on the utmost verge of life he stood,
Ready to plunge, and seize th' immortal good,
Collecting all his rays diffus'd, in one,
His last great work [3] with heighten'd lustre shone;
There his just sentiments, transferr'd, we view'd!
But, while our eyes the shining path pursu'd,
And steep ascent his steady judgment gain'd,
The shining path, alas! alone remain'd.—
So when the Sun to worlds unknown retires,
How strong, how boldly shoot his parting fires!
Larger his setting orb our eyes confess,
Eager we gaze, and the full glory bless;
As o'er the heavens, sublime, his course extends,
With equal state, the radiant globe descends,
Sinks in a cloud of gold, and azure bright,
And leaves behind gay tracks of beamy light.
1720.

If for ourselves the tears profusely flow,
Too justly we indulge the tender woe,
Since thou in Virtue's robes wast richly drest,
And of fine arts abundantly possest!
But if we rather should congratulate
A friend's enlargement and exalted state;
Resign'd to Providence, what can we less
Than cheerful hail thy long'd-for happiness,
Who now, releas'd from every piercing pain,
Dost in the realms of light triumphant reign!
February, 1719-20. W. DUNCOMBE[4].

TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

O lost too early! and too lately known!
My love's intended marks receive in one;
Where, new to ease, and recent from thy pains,
With ampler joy thou tread'st the blissful plains:
If there, regardful of the ways of men,
Thou seest with pity what thou once hast been,
O gentle shade! accept this humble verse,
Amidst the meaner honours of thy hearse.
How does thy Phocyas warm Britannia's youth,
In arms to glory, and in love to truth!
Oh! if the Muse of future aught presage,
These seeds shall ripen in the coming age;
Then youths, renown'd for many a field well-fought,
Shall own the glorious lessons thou hast taught;
Honour's strict laws shall reign in every mind,
And every Phocyas his Eudocia find.
O! yet be this the lowest of thy fame,
To form the hero, and instruct the dame;
I see the Christian, friend, relation, son,
Burn for the glorious course that thou hast run.
If aught we owe thy pencil, or thy lyre,
Of manly strokes, or of superior fire,
How must thy Muse be ever own'd divine,
And in the sacred list unrival'd shine!
Nor joyous health was thine, nor downy ease;
To thee forbidden was the soft recess;
Worn with disease, and never-ceasing pain,
How firmly did thy Soul her seat maintain!
Early thy side the mortal shaft receiv'd,
All, but the wounded hero, saw and griev'd.
No sense of smart, no anguish, could control,
Or turn the generous purpose of his soul.
Witness, ye nobler arts, by Heaven design'd
To charm the senses, and improve the mind,
How through your mazes, with incessant toil,
He urg'd his way, to reap th' immortal spoil!
So fabled Orpheus tun'd his potent song,
Death's circling shades, and Stygian glooms among.
Of thy great labours this, the last [5] and chief,
At once demands our wonder, and our grief;
Thy soul in clouded majesty till now
Its finish'd beauties did but partly show;
Wondering we saw disclos'd the ample store,
Griev'd in that instant, to expect no more.
So in the evening of some doubtful day,
And clouds divided with a mingled ray,
Haply the golden Sun unveils his light,
And his whole glories spreads at once to sight;
Th' enliven'd world look up with gladsome cheer,
Bless the gay scene, nor heed the night so near;
Sudden, the lucent orb drops swiftly down,
Through western skies, to shine in worlds unknown.
March 28, 1720. WM. COWPER.

From thy long languishing, and painful strife,
Of breath and labour drawn, and wasting life,
Accomplish'd spirit! thou at length art free,
Born into bliss and immortality!
Thy struggles are no more; the palm is won;
Thy brows encircled with the victor's crown;
While lonely left, and desolate below,
Full grief I feel, and all a brother's woe!
Yet would I linger on a little space,
Before I close my quick-expiring race,
Till I have gather'd up, with grateful pains,
Thy works, thy dear unperishing remains;
An undecaying monument to stand,
Rais'd to thy name by thy own skilful hand.
Then let me wing from Earth my willing way,
To meet thy soul in blaze of living day,
Rapt to the skies, like thee, with joyful flight,
An inmate of the Heavens, adopted into light.
30 March, 1720. JABEZ HUGHES.
Ob. 17 Jan. 1731. Anno Æt. 46.

Immortal Bard! though from the world retir'd,
Still known to Fame, still honour'd, and admir'd!
While fill'd with joy, in happier realms you stray,
And dwell in mansions of eternal day;
While you, conspicuous through the heavenly choir,
With swelling rapture tune the chosen lyre;
Where echoing angels the glad notes prolong,
Or with attentive silence crown your song;
Forgive the Muse, that in unequal lays
Offers this humble tribute of her praise.
Lost in thy works, how oft I pass the day,
While the swift hours steal unperceiv'd away;
There, in sweet union, wit and virtue charm,
And noblest sentiments the bosom warm;

[3] Siege of Damascus.

[4] Of whom see Dr. Johnson's encomium in the Life of Hughes.

[5] The Siege of Damascus.

The brave, the wise, the virtuous, and the fair,
May view themselves in fadeless colours there.
Through every polish'd piece correctness flows,
Yet each bright page with sprightly fancy glows;
Oh! happy elegance, where thus are join'd
A solid judgment, and a wit refin'd!
Here injur'd Phocyas and Eudocia claim
A lasting pity, and a lasting fame:
Thy heroine's softer virtues charm the sight,
And fill our souls with ravishing delight.
Exalted love and dauntless courage meet,
To make thy hero's character complete.
This finish'd piece the noblest pens commend,
And e'en the critics are the poet's friend.
Led on by thee, those flowery paths[6] I view,
For ever lovely, and for ever new,
Where all the Graces with joint force engage
To stem th' impetuous follies of the age:
Virtue, there deck'd in ever-blooming charms,
With such resistless rays of beauty warms,
That Vice, abash'd, confounded, skulks away,
As night retires at dawn of rosy day.
Struck with his guilt, the hardy atheist dreads
Approaching Fate, and trembles as he reads:
Vanquish'd by Reason, yet asham'd to fly,
He dares not own a God, nor yet deny:
Convinc'd, though late, forgiveness he implores;
Shrinks from the jaws of Hell, and Heaven adores.
Hither the wild, the frolic, and the gay,
As thoughtless thro' their wanton rounds they stray,
Compell'd by Fame, repair with curious eye,
And their own various forms with wonder spy.
The censor so polite, so kindly true,
They see their faults, and sicken at the view.
Hence trifling Damon ceases to be vain;
And Cloe scorns to give her lover pain:
Strephon is true, who ne'er was true before;
And Celia bids him love, but not adore.
Though Addison and Steele the honour claim,
Here to stand foremost on the list of fame;
Yet still the traces of thy hand we see,
Some of the brightest thoughts are due to thee.
While then for those illustrious bards we mourn,
The Muse shall visit thy distinguish'd urn;
With copious tears bedew the sacred ground,
And plant the never-fading bay around.
Here through the gloom, aspiring bards, explore
These awful relics, and be vain no more:
Learning, and Wit, and Fame itself must die;
Virtue alone can, towering, reach the sky.
This crown'd his life. Admire not, Heaven in view,
He to the glorious prize with transport flew.
A fate so blest should check our streaming woe,
He reigns above, his works survive below.

J. BUNCE,
Late of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

IN MEMORIAM VIRI CLARISSIMI

JOHANNIS HUGHES.

Cecidit heu nimium fato sublatus acerbo,
Occidit Aonidûm decus illo dolorque sororum!
Cui te, magne, tuis rapuit sors aspera, vates?
Conjugis, ah! nostras nunquam rediturus in oras!
Cui tibi ferali crinem cinxêre cupresso,
Et circum cineres Parnassia numina lugent.
Ipsa tuam flet adhuc, flebitque Britannia mortem;
Te patria exposcit, fœcundaque criminis ætas.
Non tua te pietas, non candida vita, nec artes
Ingenuæ, duro juvenem eripuêre sepulchro!
Sed tibi mors longos nequicquam inviderit annos,
Dum maneant claræ monumenta perennia famæ,
Dircæusque volet superas suus ales in auras.
Spernis trita sonans plectrum[7], tenuisque camœnæ
Haud petis auxilium: terris te plena relictis
Mens rapit impavidum, cœlique per ardua ducit.
Jam procul ex oculis gentes & regna recedunt;
Jam tellus perit, & punctum vix cernitur orbis.
At vos, immensi placidissima lumina mundi,
Sol, Luna, æterno meritas O! pangite laudes
Auctori Dominoque; suis concussa tremiscat
Sedibus, & magnum agnoscat Natura Parentem,
Dum vates arcana, parum sententia vulgi
Ut stet sollicitus, sublimi carmine pandit!
Qualis verborum pompa! ut ruit ore profundo
Fervidus, ingenii caleat cum Spiritus ingens!
Nec minor incedis, tragico indignusve cothurno,
Dum tuus Arabicos Phocyas ruit acer in hostes,
Quis non æquales toto sub pectore flammas
Concipit, & simili laudis fervescit amore!
O qualis linguæ divina potentia! quali
Arte trahis faciles animos; seu pectora flecti
Dura jubes, & pulchræ acuis virtutis honore;
Sive intus placidos Eudocia concitet ignes;
Ah nimium, nimium infelix Eudocia! quem non
Sors tua sæva movet? madidi vectigal ocelli
Quis neget? infaustos quis non deploret amores?
O semper damnata pati fata aspera virtus!
At tibi quis sensus, quæ mens, Eudocia, cum jam
Extrahit infixam Phocyas tua flamma sagittam,
Securus fati, vitamque ex vulnere fundit?
Quis satis ingenium comis miretur Abudæ?
Quam piger ad pœnas, miserumque benignus in hostem!
Exemplar vel Christianis imitabile, mores
Digni etiam meliore fide! O quam, nube remotâ
Erroris, tanti eniteant pietatis honores!
Sed quid ego plura hic laudare nitentia pergam?
Tota nitet, pulchro tota ordine fabrica surgit,
Et delectamur passim, passimque monemur.

E. Coll. Mert. L. DUNCOMBE.
Oxon.

Amabilis juvenis, hujus carminis author,
Obiit 26 Decem. 1730; anno ætatis 19.
—Nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbrâ.
Virg.

PROLOGUE TO THE

MEMORY OF MR. HUGHES.

SPOKEN BY MR. MILWARD, ON THE REVIVAL OF THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE, 22 MARCH, 1734-5.

HERE force and fancy, with united charms,
Mingle the sweets of love with war's alarms.
Our author shows, in eastern pomp array'd,
The conquering hero, and the constant maid.
None better knew each noble heights to soar,
Though Phædra, and though Cato, charm'd before.

[6] Leading to the Spectators written by Mr. Hughes.

[7] Hæc & proxima alludunt ad sublima illa thoris nostri poemata, quibus tituli, Hymnus Creatorem Mundi, & Ecstasis.

While in the lustre of his glowing lines,
Th' Arabian Paradise so gaily shines,
With winy rivers, racy fruits, supply'd,
And beauties sparkling in immortal pride,
Gallants, you'll own, that a resistless fire
Did justly their enamour'd breasts inspire.
At first a numerous audience crown'd this play,
And kind applauses mark'd its happy way,
While he, like his own Phocyas, snatch'd from view,
To fairer realms with ripen'd glory flew.
Humane, though witty; humble, though admir'd;
Wept by the great, the virtuous sage expir'd!
Still may the bard, beneath kind planets born,
Whom every Grace and every Muse adorn,
Whose spreading fame has reach'd to foreign lands,
Receive some tribute too from British hands.

POEMS

OF

JOHN HUGHES.

THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.

OCCASIONED BY THE PEACE OF RYSWICK,

1697.

HEAR, Britain, hear a rough unpractis'd tongue,
Though rough my voice, the Muse inspires the song!
The heaven-born Muse; ev'n now she springs her flight,
And bears my raptur'd soul through untrac'd realms
We mount aloft, and, in our airy way, [of light.
Retiring kingdoms far beneath survey.
Amid the rest a spacious tract appears,
Obscure in view, and on its visage wears
Black hovering mists, which, thickening by degrees,
Extend a low'ring storm o'er earth and seas.
But, lo! an eastern light, arising high,
Drives the tempestuous wreck along the sky!
Then thus the Muse—"Look down, my son! and see,
The bright procession of a deity!"
She spoke; the storm dispers'd; vanish'd the night;
And well-known Europe stands disclos'd to sight.
Of various states, the various bounds appear;
There wide Hispania, fruitful Gallia here;
Belgia's moist soil, conspicuous from afar,
And Flandria, long the field of a destructive war.
Germania too, with cluster'd vines o'erspread;
And lovely Albion from her watery bed,
Beauteous above the rest, rears her auspicious head.
Beneath her chalky cliffs, sea-nymphs resort,
And awful Neptune keeps his reedy court;
His darling Thames, rich presents in his hand
Of bounteous Ceres, traverses the land;
And seems a mighty snake, whose shining pride
Does through the meads in sinuous volumes glide.
Ah, charming Isle! fairest of all the main!
Too long thou dost my willing eye detain.
For see a hero on the adverse strand!
And, lo! a blooming virgin in his hand!
All hail, celestial pair!—a goddess she,
Of heavenly birth confest, a more than mortal, he!
Victorious laurels on his brows he wears;
Th' attending fair a branching olive bears;
Slender her shape, in silver bands confin'd;
Her snowy garments loosely flow behind,
Rich with embroider'd stars, and ruffle in the wind.
But once such differing beauty met before,
When warrior Mars did Love's bright queen adore;
Ev'n Love's bright queen might seem less winning fair,
And Mars submit to his heroic air.
Not Jove himself, imperial Jove, can show
A nobler mien, or more undaunted brow,
When his strong arm, thro' Heav'n's ethereal plains,
Compels the kindled bolt, and awful rule maintains.
And now embark'd they seek the British Isles.
Pleas'd with the charge, propitious Ocean smiles.
Before, old Neptune smooths the liquid way;
Obsequious Tritons on the surface play;
And sportful dolphins, with a nimble glance,
To the bright Sun their glittering scales advance.
In oozy beds profound the billows sleep,
No clamorous winds awake the silent deep;
Rebuk'd, they whisper in a gentle breeze,
And all around is universal peace.
Proceed, my Muse! The following pomp declare;
Say who, and what, the bright attendants were!
First Ceres, in her chariot seated high,
By harness'd dragons drawn along the sky;
A cornucopia fill'd her weaker hand,
Charg'd with the various offspring of the land,
Fruit, flowers, and corn; her right a sickle bore;
A yellow wreath of twisted wheat she wore.
Next father Bacchus with his tigers grac'd
The show, and, squeezing clusters as he pass'd,
Quaff'd flowing goblets of rich-flavour'd wine.
In order, last succeed the tuneful Nine;
Apollo too was there; behind him hung
His useless quiver, and his bow unstrung;
He touch'd his golden lyre, and thus he sung.
"Lead on, great William! in thy happy reign
Peace and the Muses are restor'd again.
War, that fierce lion, long disdaining law,
Rang'd uncontrol'd, and kept the world in awe,
While trembling kingdoms crouch'd beneath his paw.
At last the reeling monster, drunk with gore,
Falls at thy feet subdu'd, and quells his roar;
Tamely to thee he bends his shaggy mane,
And on his neck admits the long-rejected chain.
At thy protecting court, for this blest day,
Attending nations their glad thanks shall pay:
Not Belgia, and the rescued isle alone,
But Europe shall her great deliverer own.

Rome's mighty grandeur was not more confest,
When great Antonius travell'd through the east,
And crowds of monarchs did each morning wait
With early homage at his palace gate. [meet;
Haste then, bright prince! thy Britain's transport
Haste to her arms, and make her bliss complete!
Whate'er glad news has reach'd her listening ear,
While her long-absent lord provokes her fear,
Her joys are in suspence, her pleasures unsincere.
He comes, thy hero comes! O beauteous Isle!
Revive thy genius with a cheerful smile!
Let thy rejoicing sons fresh palms prepare,
To grace the trophies of the finish'd war;
On high be hung the martial sword insheath'd,
The shield with ribbons dress'd, and spear with ivy wreath'd!
Let speaking Paint in various tablets show
Past scenes of battle to the crowd below!
Round this triumphant pile, in rustic dance,
The shouting swains shall hand in hand advance;
The wealthy farmer from his toils shall cease;
The ploughman from the yoke his smoking steers release,
And join to solemnize the festival of Peace.
No more for want of hands th' unlabour'd field,
Chok'd with rank weeds, a sickly crop shall yield:
Calm Peace returns; behold her shining train!
And fruitful Plenty is restor'd again."—
Apollo ceas'd——The Muses take the sound,
From voice to voice th' harmonious notes rebound,
And echoing lyres transmit the volant fugue around!
Meanwhile the steady bark, with prosperous gales,
Fills the large sheets of her expanded sails,
And gains th' intended port; thick on the strand,
Like swarming bees, th' assembled Britons stand,
And press to see their welcome sovereign land:
At his approach, unruly transport reigns
In every breast, and rapture fires their veins.
A general shout succeeds, as when on high
Exploded thunder rends the vaulted sky.
A short convulsion shakes the solid shore,
And rocks th' adjacent deep, unmov'd before;
Loud acclamations through the valleys ring,
While to Augusta's wall the crowd attend their king.
And now behold a finish'd temple [8] rise,
On lofty pillars climbing to the skies!
Of bulk stupendous, its proud pile it rears,
The gradual product of successive years.
An inner gate, that folds with iron leaves,
The charm'd spectator's entering steps receives,
Where curious works in twisted stems are seen
Of branching foliage, vacuous between.
O'er this a vocal organ, mounted high
On marble columns, strikes the wondering eye;
And feeds at once two senses with delight,
Sweet to the ear, and splendid to the sight.
Marble the floor, enrich'd with native stains
Of various dye, and streak'd with azure veins.
Ev'n emulous Art with Nature seems to strive,
And the carv'd figures almost breathe and live;
The painted altar, glorious to behold,
Shines with delightful blue, and dazzling gold.
Here first th' illustrious three, of heavenly race,
Religion, Liberty, and Peace, embrace;
Here joyful crowds their pious t' anks express,
For Peace restor'd, and Heaven's indulgence bless.
Auspicious structure! born in happy days,
Whose first employment is the noblest, praise!

So, when by just degrees, th' Eternal Thought
His six days labour to perfection brought,
With laws of motion first endu'd the whole,
And bade the Heavens in destin'd circles roll,
The polish'd Spheres commenc'd their harmony;
All nature in a chorus did agree,
And the World's birth-day was a jubilee.

THE

COURT OF NEPTUNE.

ON KING WILLIAM'S RETURN FROM HOLLAND,

1699.

ADDRESSED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

Begin, celestial Muse! a tuneful strain
Of Albion's prince conducted o'er the main;
Of courts conceal'd in waves, and Neptune's watery reign;
Sing, from beneath, how the green deity [sea;
Rose to the sovereign of the British
To power confess'd, the triple mace resign'd,
O'er-rul'd the floods, and charg'd the rebel wind;
Secur'd his passage homeward, and restor'd,
Safe to the loveliest isle, the best-lov'd lord.
The generous name of Montague has long
Been fam'd in verse, and grac'd the poet's song;
In verse, himself can happy wonders do,
The best of patrons, and of poets too.
Amid the skilful choir that court his ear,
If he vouchsafe these ruder lays to hear,
His bright example, while to him I sing, [wing.
Shall raise my feeble flight, and mount me on the
On Albion's eastern coast, an ancient town [9]
O'erlooks the sea, to mariners well known;
Where the swift Stourus [1] ends his snaky train,
And pays his watery tribute to the main:
Stourus, whose stream, prolific as it glides,
Two fertile counties in its course divides,
And rolls to seaward with a lover's pace:
There beauteous Orwell meets his fond embrace;
They mix their amorous streams, the briny tide
Receives them join'd; their crooked shores provide
A spacious bay within, for anchor'd ships to ride.
Here, on the margin of the rolling flood,
Divinely fair, like sea-born Venus, stood
Britannia's Genius, in a robe array'd
Of broider'd arms, and heraldry display'd:
A crown of cities charg'd her graceful brows;
In waving curls her hair luxuriant flows;
Celestial glories in her eyes are seen;
Her stature tall, majestic is her mien.
With such a presence, through th' adoring skies
Shines the great parent of the deities;
Such towery honours on her temples rise,
When, drawn by lions, she proceeds in state;
Trains of attendant-gods around her chariot wait;
The mother-goddess, with superior grace,
Surveys, and numbers o'er her bright immortal race.
While thus the lovely Genius hovers o'er
The water's brink, and from the sandy shore

[8] The choir of St. Paul's was first opened on the day of thanksgiving for the peace.

[9] Harwich.

[1] The river Stoure, that runs between Suffolk and Essex.

Beholds th' alternate billows fall and rise
(By turns they sink below, by turns they mount the [skies):
"And must," she said—— Then paus'd, and drew a sigh of anxious love;
"Must my dear lord this faithless ocean prove?
Escap'd the chance of war, and fraud of foes,
Wilt thou to warring waves thy sacred life expose?
Why am I thus divided by the sea
From all the world, and all the world in thee?
Could sighs and tears the rage of tempests bind,
With tears I'd bribe the seas, with sighs the wind:
Soft-sighing gales thy canvas should inspire;
But hence, ye boisterous storms! far hence retire
To inland woods; there your mad powers appease,
And scour the dusty plains, or strip the forest trees;
Or lodg'd in hollow rocks profoundly sleep,
And rest from the loud labours of the deep!
Why should I fear?——If heroes be the care
Of Heaven above, and Heaven inclines to prayer,
Thou sail'st secure; my sons with lifted eyes,
And pious vows, for thee have gain'd the skies.
Come then, my much-lov'd lord! No more th' alarms
Of wasteful war require thee from my arms.
Thy sword gives plenteous peace; but, without thee,
Peace has no charms, and plenty 's poverty:
At length enjoy, for whom you've fought, the queen
Of Islands, bright, majestic, and serene!
Unveil'd from clouds, which did her form disguise,
And hid a thousand beauties from thy eyes.
A thousand treasures unsurvey'd invite
Their lord to various scenes of new delight.
Come, see the dower I brought! My spacious downs,
My numerous counties, and my ancient towns;
Landscapes of rising mountains, shaggy woods,
Green valleys, smiling meadows, silver floods,
And plains with lowing herds enrich'd around,
The hills with flocks, the flocks with fleeces crown'd.
All these with native wealth thy power maintain,
And bloom with blessings of thy easy reign.
Haste, hoist thy sails! and through the foamy brine
Rush to my arms! henceforth be wholly mine;
After nine toilsome years, let slaughter cease,
And flourish now secure, in the soft arts of peace!"
She said; th' entreated winds her accents bore,
And wing'd the message to the Belgic shore.
The pious hero heard, nor could delay
To meet the lovely voice, that summon'd him away;
The lovely voice, whose soft-complaining charms
Before had call'd the succour of his arms,
Nor call'd in vain, when, fir'd with generous rage
To oppose the fury of a barbarous age,
Like Jove with awful thunder in his hand,
Through storms and fleets at sea, and foes at land,
He urg'd his daring way; before his sight,
On silver wings, bright Glory took her flight,
And left, to guide his course, long shining tracks of light!

And now once more embark'd, propitious gales
Blow fresh from shore, and fill his hollow sails.
As when the golden god, that rules the day,
Drives down his flaming chariot to the sea,
And leaves the nations here involv'd in night,
To distant regions he transports his light;
So William's rays, by turns, two nations cheer;
And when he sets to them, he rises here.

Forsaken Belgia, ere the ship withdrew,
Shed generous tears, and breath'd this soft adieu;
"Since empire calls thee, and a glorious throne,
Thy people's weighty interests, and thy own;
(Though struggling love would fain persuade thy stay)
Go where thy better fortune leads the way!
Meanwhile my loss, allow me to complain,
And wish—ah, no! that partial wish were vain.
Tho' honour'd Crete had nurs'd the thundering god,
Crete was not always blest with his abode;
Nor was it fit, that William's godlike mind,
For nations born, should be to one confin'd.
This only grant, since I must ask no more,
Revisit once again your native shore!
That hope my sorrows shall beguile; and thou,
My happy rival! wilt that hope allow;
'Tis all th' enjoyment Fate has left me now.
So may'st thou, fair Britannia! ever be
Firm to thy sovereign's love, and his to thee!
While widow'd I"——There rising sighs repress'd
Her fainting voice, and stifled in the rest.

Now, while the bounding vessel drives before
The gusty gales, and leaves the lessening shore,
Behold the parting clouds to distance fly,
And golden glories, pouring from on high,
New dress the day, and cheer th' enlighten'd sky!
One shooting beam, like lightning doubly bright,
Darts on the middle main its streaming light.
Lo! William's guardian angel there descends;
To Neptune's court his heavenly message tends;
In arms celestial, how he shines afar,
Like Pallas marching to th' awaken'd war!
His left hand gripes a spacious orb of shield,
With thousand intercepted dangers fill'd,
And deaths of various kind; his right displays
A temper'd blade, that spreads a formidable blaze.
He strikes the waves; th' obsequious waves obey,
And, opening in a gulph, disclose the downward way.

O Muse! by thee conducted down, I dare
The secrets of the watery world declare;
For nothing 'scapes thy view; to thee 'tis given,
To range the space of earth, and seas, and heaven,
Descry a thousand forms, conceal'd from sight,
And in immortal verse to give the visions light.

A rock there lies, in depth of sea profound,
About its clefts, rich beds of pearl abound,
Where sportful Nature, covering her retreat
With flowing waters, holds her secret seat
In woods of coral, intricate she strays,
And wreathes the shells of fish a thousand ways,
And animates the spawn of all her finny race.
Th' unnumber'd species of the fertile tide,
In shoals, around their mighty mother, glide.
From out the rock's wide cavern's deep below,
The rushing ocean rises to its flow;
And, ebbing, here retires; within its sides,
In roomy caves the god of sea resides.
Pillars unhewn, of living stone, bear high
His vaulted courts; in storms the billows fly
O'er th' echoing roof, like thunder through the skies,
And warn the ruler of the floods to rise,
And check the raving winds, and the swoln waves chastise.
Rich spoils, by plundering tempests hither borne,
An universe of wealth, the palace-rooms adorn.
Before its entrance, broken wrecks are seen
In heaps deform'd, a melancholy scene.
But far within, upon a mossy throne,
With washy ooze and samphire overgrown,
The sea green king his forky sceptre rears;
Awful his aspect, numerous are his years.
A pearly crown circles his brows divine;
His beard and dewy hair shed trickling drops of brine.

The river-gods, his numerous progeny,
On beds of rushes round their parent lie.
Here Danube and the Rhine; Nile's secret source
Dwells here conceal'd; hence Tiber takes his course;
Hence rapid Rhodanus his current pours;
And, issuing from his urn, majestic Padus roars;
And Alpheus seeks, with silent pace, the lov'd Sicilian shores.
But, chief in honour, Neptune's darling son,
The beauteous Thames, lies nearest to his throne.
Nor thou, fair Boyne! shall pass unmention'd by,
Already sung in strains that ne'er shall die.
These, and a thousand more, whose winding trains
Seek various lands, the wealthy sire maintains;
Each day, the fluid portions he divides,
And fills their craving urns with fresh-recruited tides.
But not alike; for oft his partial care
Bestows on some a disproportion'd share;
From whence their swelling currents, o'er-supply'd,
Through delug'd fields in noisy triumph ride.
The god was just preparing to renew
His daily task, when sudden in his view
Appear'd the guardian power, all dazzling bright,
And, entering, flash'd the caves with beamy light.
Boyne, Rhine, the Sambre, on their banks had seen
The glorious form, and knew his martial mien;
In throngs th' admiring Nereids round him press'd,
And Tritons crowd to view the heavenly guest.
Then thus, advancing, he his will explains—
"O mighty sovereign of the liquid plains!
Haste, to the surface of the deep repair,
This solemn day requires thy presence there,
To rule the storms, the rising waves restrain,
And shake thy sceptre o'er the govern'd main.
By breathing gales on thy dominions driven,
To thee three kingdoms' hopes in charge are given,
The glory of the world, and best belov'd of Heaven.
Behold him figur'd here!"——He said, and held,
Refulgent to his view, the guardian shield.
On the rich mould, inwrought with skill divine,
Great William's wars in splendid sculpture shine.
Here, how his saving power was first display'd,
And Holland rescu'd by his youthful aid;
When, kindling in his soul, the martial flame
Broke fiercely out, preluding future fame,
And round the frontiers dealt avenging fire:
Swift from the hot pursuit the blasted foes retire.
Then battles, sieges, camps are grav'd afar,
And the long progress of the dreadful war.
Above the rest, Seneffe's immortal fight,
In larger figures offer'd to the sight, [light.
With martial terrour charms, and gives a fierce de-
Here the confed'rate troops are forc'd to yield,
Driven by unequal numbers through the field:
With his bright sword, young Nassau there withstands
Their flight; with prayers and blows he urges his commands,
Upbraids their fainting force, and boldly throws
Himself the first amidst the wondering foes.
What dare not men, by such a general led?
Rallying with shouts, their hero at their head,
Fir'd with new rage, asham'd they once did fly,
Resolv'd t' o'ercome, or resolute to die,
Thro' trampled heaps of slain they rush to victory.
Earth trembles at the charge; Death, Blood, and
Insatiate riot all the murderous day; [Prey,
Nor night itself their fury can allay;
Till the pale Moon, that sickens at the sight,
Retires behind a cloud, to blind the bloody fight.

Again, the shield in savage prospect shows.
An ancient abbey[2], which rough woods enclose:
And precipices vast abruptly rise,
Where, safe encamp'd, proud Luxemburgh defies
All open violence, or close surprise.
But see! a second Hannibal from far,
Up the steep height, conducts th' entangled war.
Brave Ossory, attended with the pride
Of English valour, charges by his side.
Enclos'd they fight; the forests shine around
With flashing fires; the thunder'd hills rebound,
And the shock'd country, wide beneath, rebellows to the sound. [flight;
Forc'd from their holds, at length they speed their
Rich tents, and stores of war, the victor's toils re-
Then peace ensues; and, in a shining train, [quite.
The friendly chiefs assemble on the plain.
An ardent zeal the Gallic general warms
To see the youth, that kindled such alarms;
Wondering he views; secure the soldiers press
Round their late dread, and the glad treaty bless.
Next, on the broad circumference is wrought
The nine years' war for lov'd Britannia fought;
The cause the same: fair Liberty betray'd,
And banish'd Justice, fly to him for aid.
Here sailing ships are drawn, the crowded strand,
And Heaven's avenger hastening to the land.
Oppression, Fraud, Confusion, and Affright,
Fierce fiends, that ravag'd in the gloomy night
Of lawless Power, defeated, fly before his dazzling
So to th' eclipsing Moon, by the still side [light.
Of some lone thicket, revelling hags provide
Dire charms, that threat the sleeping neighbourhood,
And quaff, with magic mix'd, vast bowls of human blood;
But, when the dawn reveals the purple east,
They vanish sullen from th' unfinish'd feast.
Here joyful crowds triumphant arches rear
To their deliverer's praise; glad senates there,
In splendid pomp, the regal state confer.
Hibernia's fields new triumphs then supply;
The rival kings, in arms, the fate of empire try.
See where the Boyne two warring hosts divides,
And rolls between the fight his murmuring tides!
In vain—hills, forests, streams, must all give place,
When William leads, and Victory's the chase.
Thou saw'st him, Boyne! when thy charg'd waters bore
The swimming coursers to th' opposing shore,
And, round thy banks, thou heard'st the murdering cannons roar.
What more than mortal bravery inspir'd
The daring troops, by his example fir'd! [court
Thou saw'st their wondrous deeds; to Neptune's
Thy flying Waves convey'd the swift report,
And, red with slaughter, to their father show'd
Streams not their own, and a discolour'd flood.
Here, on th' ethereal mould, hurl'd from afar,
Th' exploded ball had mark'd a dinted scar.
'Twas destin'd thus; for when, all glowing red,
The angel took it from the forge, he said:
"This part be left unfated from the foe!
And, scarce escap'd, once let the Hero know,
How much to my protection he shall owe;
Yet, from the batter'd shield, the ball shall bound,
And on his arm inflict a scarlet wound."
Elsewhere, behold Namur's proud turrets rise,
Majestic to the sight, advancing to the skies!

[2] St. Dennis near Mons.

The Meuse and Sambre here united flow,
Nature's defence against th' invading foe:
Industrious Art her strength of walls supplies:
Before the town the British army lies.
The works are mann'd; with fury they contend;
These thunder from the plains, those from the walls defend.
Red globes of fire from bellowing engines fly,
And lead a sweeping blaze, like comets, thro' the sky.
The kindled region glows; with deafening sound
They burst; their iron entrails, hurl'd around,
Strow with thick-scatter'd deaths the crimson ground.
See, where the Genius of the war appears,
Nor shuns the labour, nor the danger fears!
In clouds of sulphurous smoke he shines more bright,
For Glory round him waits, with beams of living light.
At length the widen'd gates a conquest own,
And to his arms resign the yielding town.
Here, from the field return'd, with olive crown'd,
Applauding throngs their welcome prince surround:
Bright honours in his glorious entry shine,
And peace restor'd concludes the great design.
Long o'er the figur'd work, with vast surprise,
Admiring Neptune roll'd his ravish'd eyes;
Then, rising from his throne, thus call'd aloud;
"Ye lovely daughters of the briny flood!
Haste, comb your silver locks, and straight prepare
To fill my train, and gaze in upper air.
This day, majestic glories you shall see;
Come, all ye watery powers, who under me [sea!
Your little tridents wield, and rule the boisterous
What god, that views the triumphs here display'd,
Can to such worth refuse his heavenly aid?"
He said no more—but bade two Tritons sound
Their crooked shells, to spread the summons round.
Through the wide caves the blast is heard afar;
With speed two more provide his azure car,
A concave shell; two the finn'd coursers join:
All wait officious round, and own th' accustom'd sign;
The god ascends; his better hand sustains
The three-fork'd spear, his left directs the reins.
Through breaking waves, the chariot mounts him high;
Before its thundering course, the frothy waters fly;
He gains the surface; on his either side,
The bright attendants, rang'd with comely pride,
Advance in just array, and grace the pompous tide.
Meanwhile Britannia's king conspicuous stood,
And, from his deck, survey'd the boundless flood.
Smooth was the glassy scene, the Sun beheld
His face unclouded in the liquid field.
The gazing Nereids, in a shining train,
Enclose the ruler of the British main,
And sweetly sing; suspended winds forbear
Their loud complaints, the soothing lay to hear.
"Hail, sacred charge," they cry; "the beauties we
Of Neptune's court, are come t' attend on thee;
Accept our offer'd aid! thy potent sway,
Unbounded by the land, these watery realms obey;
And we, thy subject-powers, our duteous homage pay.
See Neptune's self, inferior in command,
Presents his trident to thy honour'd hand!"
They said; the sire approach'd with awe profound;
The rite perform'd, their shells the Tritons sound;
Swell'd with the shrill alarm, the joyful billows bound.
Now, from the shore, Britannia first descries
White sails afar; then bulky vessels rise,
Nearer to view: her beating heart foretels
The pleasing news, and eager transport feels.
Safe to her arms, imperial Neptune bears
Th' intrusted charge, then, diving, disappears.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

A PINDARIC ODE. 1702.

——Cœlo demittitur alto
Chara Deûm soboles. Virg.

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES DUKE OF SOMERSET.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,

THOUGH the great loss we suffered in the death of the king has been so happily supplied by her majesty's accession to the throne, and her late coronation justly filled the hearts of her subjects with joy: yet so glorious a reign as the last will always be remembered with admiration by all good and wise men; and your grace has given sufficient proofs, that you are of that number. It can never therefore be thought too late to offer a just tribute to his late majesty's memory, and to that of his great ancestors, a race so illustriously distinguished in Europe; though this indeed might sooner have been attempted, but for many interruptions, too inconsiderable for your grace's notice. How I have performed is humbly submitted to your grace's judgment, and to the judgment of all those gentlemen who are used to entertain themselves with writings of this sort. But if, through the author's want of genius, the poem itself should be thought inconsiderable, I am sure it will have some distinction from the great names it celebrates, and the great patron it is inscribed to. And to whom should the praises of eminent virtue be addressed, but to such as are possessed of great virtues themselves? To whom can I better present the chief characters of a noble and ancient family, than to your grace, whose family is so ancient and so noble? And here I am proud to acknowledge, that some of my relations have been honoured with marks of favour from your grace's illustrious ancestors. This I confess has long given me the ambition of offering my duty to your grace; but chiefly that valuable character your grace has obtained among all worthy persons. I have not room to enlarge here, nor is there any need of it on a subject so well known as your grace's merits. Therefore I conclude with my humble request, that your grace would favour this ode with your acceptance, and do me the honour of believing, that, among the crowd of your admirers, there is not one who is more passionately or sincerely so, than

your grace's most humble,
and most obedient servant,
JOHN HUGHES.

THE HOUSE OF NASSAU.

GODDESS of numbers, and of thoughts sublime!
Celestial Muse! whose tuneful song
Can fix heroic acts, that glide along
Down the vast sea of ever-wasting Time,

And all the gilded images can stay,
Till Time's vast sea itself be roll'd away;
O now assist with consecrated strains!
Let Art and Nature join to raise
A living monument of praise
O'er William's great remains.
While Thames, majestically sad, and slow,
Seems by that reverend dome to flow,
Which, new-interr'd, his sacred urn contains.
If thou, O Muse, would'st e'er immortal be,
This song bequeaths thee immortality;
For William's praise can ne'er expire,
Though Nature's self at last must die,
And all this fair-erected sky.
Must sink with earth and sea, and melt away in fire.

Begin—the spring of virtue trace,
That, from afar descending, flow'd
Through the rich veins of all the godlike race,
And fair renown on all the godlike race bestow'd!
This ancient source of noble blood
Through thee, Germania, wandering wide,
Like thy own Rhine's enriching tide,
In numerous branches long diffus'd its flood.
Rhine, scarce more ancient, never grac'd thee more,
Though mantling vines his comely head surround,
And all along his sunny shore
Eternal plenty 's found.

From Heaven itself the illustrious line began;
Ten ages in descent it ran,
In each descent increas'd with honours new.
Never did Heaven's Supreme inspire
In mortal breasts a nobler fire,
Nor his own image livelier drew.
Of pure ethereal flame their souls he made,
And, as beneath his forming hands they grew,
He bless'd the master-work, and said;
"Go forth, my honour'd champions, go,
To vindicate my cause below!
Awful in power, defend for me
Religion, Justice, Liberty,
And at aspiring Tyranny
My delegated thunder throw!
For this, the great Nassovian name I raise,
And still this character divine,
Distinguish'd through the race shall shine,
Zeal for their country's good, and thirst of virtuous praise."

Now look, Britannia, look, and see
Through the clear glass of history,
From whom thy mighty sovereign came,
And take a larger view of far-extended fame.
See, crowds of heroes rise to sight!
Adolphus[3], with imperial splendour gay:
Brave Philibert, unmatch'd in fight,
Who led the German eagle to his prey,
Thro' Lombardy he mark'd his conquer'd way,
And made proud Rome and Naples own his unresisted might.
His gallant nephew[4] next appears,
And on his brows the wreaths of conquest wears,
Though streaming wounds the martial figure stain;
For thee, Great Charles[5], in battle slain,
Slain in all a soldier's pride,
He fell triumphant by thy side,
And falling fought, and fighting dy'd,
And lay, a manly corpse, extended on the plain.

See next, majestically great,
The founder of the Belgic state!
The Sun of glory, which so bright
Beam'd on all the darling line,
Did, from its golden urn of light,
On William's head redoubled shine;
His youthful looks diffus'd an awe.
Charles, who had try'd the race before,
And knew great merits to explore,
When he his rising virtue saw,
He put in friendship's noble claim;
To his imperial court the hero brought,
And there by early honours sought
Alliance with his future fame.
O generous sympathy, that binds
In chains unseen the bravest minds!
O love to worthy deeds, in all great souls the same!

But time at last brought forth th' amazing day,
When Charles, resolv'd to disengage
From empire's toils his weary age,
Gave with each hand a crown away.
Philip, his haughty son, afraid
Of William's virtue's, basely chose
His father's favourite to depose;
His tyrant reign requir'd far other aid;
And Alva's fiery duke, his scourge of vengeance, rose;
With flames of inquisition rose from Hell,
Of slaughter proud, and insolent in blood.
What hand can paint the scenes of tragic woes?
What tongue, sad Belgia! can thy story tell,
When with her lifted axe proud Murder stood,
And thy brave sons, in crowds unnumber'd, fell!
The Sun, with horrour of the sight,
Withdraws his sickly beams, and shrouds
His muffled face in sullen clouds,
And, on the scaffolds, faintly sheds a pale malignant light.

Thus Belgia's Liberty expiring lay,
And almost gasp'd her generous life away,
Till Orange hears her moving cries;
He hears, and, marching[6] from afar,
Brings to her aid the sprightly War.
At his approach, reviv'd with fresh supplies,
Of gather'd strength, she on her murderers flies.
But Heaven, at first, resolv'd to try
By proofs adverse his constancy.
Four armies lost, two gallant brothers[7] slain,
Will he the desperate war maintain?
Though rolling tempests darken all the sky,
And thunder breaks around his head,
Will he again the faithless sea explore,
And, oft driven back, still quit the shore?
He will—his soul averse to dread,
Unwearied, still the spite of Fortune braves,
Superior, and serene[8], amidst the stormy waves.

Such was the man, so vast his mind!
The steady instrument of Fate,
To fix the basis of a rising state!
My Muse with horrour views the scene behind,
And fain would draw a shade, and fain
Would hide his destin'd end, nor tell
How he—the dreaded foe of Spain,
More fear'd than thousands on the plain,

[3] Adolphus the emperor, of the House of Nassau.
[4] Renè of Nassau. [5] Charles V.
[6] He was then in Germany.
[7] The counts Lodowick and Henry.
[8] Sævis tranquillus in undis, the prince's motto.

By the vile hand of a bold ruffian fell.
No more—th' ungrateful prospect let us leave!
And, in his room, behold arise,
Bright as th' immortal twins that grace the skies,
A noble pair[9], his absence to retrieve!
In these the hero's soul survives,
And William doubly in his offspring lives.

Maurice, for martial greatness, far
His father's glorious fame exceeds:
Henry alone can match his brother's deeds;
Both were, like Scipio's sons, the thunderbolts of war.
None e'er, than Maurice, better knew,
Camps, sieges, battles, to ordain;
None e'er, than Henry, fiercer did pursue
The flying foe, or earlier conquests gain.
For scarce sixteen revolving years he told,
When, eager for the fight, and bold,
Inflam'd by Glory's sprightly charms,
His brother brought him to the field;
Taught his young hand the truncheon well to wield,
And practis'd him betimes to arms.

Let Flandrian Newport tell of wonders wrought
Before her walls, that memorable day,
When the victorious youths in concert fought,
And matchless valour did display!
How, ere the battle join'd, they strove
With emulous honour, and with mutual love;
How Maurice, touch'd with tender care
Of Henry's safety, begg'd him to remove;
Henry refus'd his blooming youth to spare,
But with his much-lov'd Maurice vow'd to prove
Th' extremes of war, and equal dangers share.
O generous strife! and worthy such a pair!
How dear did Albert this contention pay!
Witness the floods of streaming gore;
Witness the trampled heaps, that chok'd the plain,
And stopp'd the victors in their way;
Witness the neighbouring sea, and sandy shore,
Drunk with the purple life of twice three thousand slain!

Fortune, that on her wheel capricious stands,
And waves her painted wings, inconstant, proud,
Hood-wink'd, and shaking from her hands
Promiscuous gifts among the crowd,
Restless of place, and still prepar'd for flight,
Was constant here, and seem'd restor'd to sight:
Won by their merit, and resolv'd to bless
The happy brothers with a long success—
Maurice, the first resign'd to fate:
The youngest had a longer date,
And liv'd the space appointed to complete
The great republic, rais'd so high before;
Finish'd by him, the stately fabric bore
Its lofty top aspiring to the sky:
In vain the winds and rains around it beat;
In vain, below, the waves tempestuous roar,
They dash themselves, and break, and backward fly,
Dispers'd and murmuring at his feet.
Insulting Spain the fruitless strife gives o'er,
And claims dominion there no more.
Then Henry, ripe for immortality,
His flight to Heaven eternal springs, [wings.
And, o'er his quiet grave, Peace spreads her downy

His son, a second William, fills his place,
And climbs to manhood with so swift a pace,

As if he knew, he had not long to stay:
Such young Marcellus was, the hopeful grace
Of ancient Rome, but quickly snatch'd away.
Breda beheld th' adventurous boy,
His tender limbs in shining armour dress'd,
Where, with his father, the hot siege he press'd.
His father saw, with pleasing joy, [press'd.
His own reflected worth, and youthful charms ex-
But, when his country breath'd from war's alarms,
His martial virtues lay obscure;
Nor could a warrior, form'd for arms,
Th' inglorious rest endure;
But sicken'd soon, and sudden dy'd,
And left in tears his pregnant bride,
His bride, the daughter of Britannia's king;
Nor saw th' auspicious pledge of nuptial love,
Which from that happy marriage was to spring,
But with his great fore-fathers gain'd a blissful seat above.

Here pause, my Muse! and wind up higher
The strings of thy Pindaric lyre!
Then with bold strains the lofty song pursue;
And bid Britannia once again review
The numerous worthies of the line.
See, like immortals, how they shine!
Each life a history alone!
And last, to crown the great design,
Look forward, and behold them all in one!
Look, but spare thy fruitless tears—
'Tis thy own William next appears.
Advance, celestial form! let Britain see
Th' accomplish'd glory of thy race in thee!

So, when some splendid triumph was to come,
In long procession through the streets of Rome,
The crowd beheld, with vast surprise,
The glittering train in awful order move,
To the bright temple of Feretrian Jove, [eyes:
And trophies borne along employ'd their dazzled
But when the laurel'd emperor, mounted high
Above the rest, appear'd to sight,
In his proud car of victory,
Shining with rays excessive bright,
He put the long preceding pomp to flight;
Their wonder could no higher rise,
With joy they throng his chariot wheels, and rend
with shouts the skies.

To thee, great prince! to thy extensive mind,
Not by thy country's narrow bounds confin'd,
The Fates an ample scene afford;
And injur'd nations claim the succour of thy sword.
No respite to thy toils is given,
Till thou ascend thy native Heaven:
One Hydra-head cut off, still more abound,
And twins sprout up to fill the wound.
So endless is the task that heroes find
To tame the monster Vice, and to reform mankind.
For this, Alcides heretofore,
And mighty Theseus, travell'd o'er
Vast tracts of sea and land, and slew
Wild beasts and serpents gorg'd with human prey:
From stony dens fierce lurking robbers drew,
And bid the cheerful traveller pass on his peaceful way.
Yet, though the toilsome work they long pursue,
To rid the world's wild pathless field,
Still poisonous weeds and thorns in clusters grew,
And large unwholesome crops did yield,
To exercise their hands with labours ever new.

[9] Maurice and Henry.

Thou, like Alcides, early didst begin,
And ev'n a child didst laurels win.
Two snaky plagues around his cradle twin'd,
Sent by the jealous wife of Jove,
In speckled wreaths of Death they strove,
The mighty babe to bind:
And twisted Faction, in thy infancy,
Darted her forked tongue at thee.
But, as Jove's offspring slew his hissing foes;
So thou, descended from a line
Of patriots no less divine,
Didst quench the brutal rage of those,
Who durst thy dawning worth oppose.
The viper Spite, crush'd by thy virtue, shed
Its yellow juice, and at thy feet lay dead.
Thus, like the Sun, did thy great Genius rise,
With clouds around his sacred head,
Yet soon dispell'd the dropping mists, and gilded all the skies.

Great Julius, who with generous envy view'd
The statue of brave Philip's braver son,
And wept to think what such a youth subdued,
While, more in age, himself had yet so little done,
Had wept much more, if he had liv'd to see
The glorious deeds achiev'd by thee;
To see thee, at a beardless age,
Stand arm'd against th' invader's rage,
And bravely fighting for thy country's liberty;
While he inglorious laurels sought,
And not to save his country fought;
While he—O stain upon the greatest name,
That e'er before was known to fame!
When Rome, his awful mother, did demand
The sword from his unruly hand,
The sword she gave before,
Enrag'd, he spurn'd at her command,
Hurl'd at her breast the impious steel, and bath'd it in her gore.

Far other battles thou hast won,
Thy standard still the public good:
Lavish of thine, to save thy people's blood:
And when the hardy task of war was done,
With what a mild well-temper'd mind,
(A mind unknown to Rome's ambitious son)
Thy powerful armies were resign'd;
This victory o'er thyself was more,
Than all thy conquests gain'd before:
'Twas more than Philip's son could do,
When for new worlds the madman cry'd;
Nor in his own wild breast had spy'd
Towers of ambition, hills of boundless pride,
Too great for armies to subdue.

O savage lust of arbitrary sway!
Insatiate fury, which in man we find,
In barbarous man, to prey upon his kind,
And make the world, enslav'd, his vicious will obey!
How has this fiend, Ambition, long defac'd
Heaven's works, and laid the fair creation waste!
Ask silver Rhine, with springing rushes crown'd,
As to the sea his waters flow,
Where are the numerous cities now,
That once he saw, his honour'd banks around?
Scarce are their silent ruins found;
But, in th' ensuing age,
Trampled into common ground, [ing rage.
Will hide the horrid monuments of Gaul's destroy-
All Europe too had shar'd this wretched fate,
And mourn'd her heavy woes too late,
Had not Britannia's chief withstood
The threaten'd deluge, and repell'd,
To its forsaken banks, th' unwilling flood,
And in his hand the scales of balanc'd kingdoms held.
Well was this mighty trust repos'd in thee,
Whose faithful soul, from private interest free,
(Interests which vulgar princes know)
O'er all its passions sat exalted high,
As Teneriff's top enjoys a purer sky,
And sees the moving clouds at distance fly below.

Whoe'er thy warlike annals reads,
Behold reviv'd our valiant Edward's deeds.
Great Edward and his glorious son!
Will own themselves in thee outdone,
Though Crecy's desperate fight eternal honours won.
Though the fifth Henry too does claim
A shining place among Britannia's kings,
And Agincourt has rais'd his lofty name;
Yet the loud voice of ever-living Fame
Of thee more numerous triumphs sings.
But, though no chief contends with thee,
In all the long records of history,
Thy own great deeds together strive,
Which shall the fairest light derive,
On thy immortal memory;
Whether Seneff's amazing field
To celebrated Mons shall yield;
Or both give place to more amazing Boyne;
Or if Namur's well-cover'd siege must all the rest outshine!

While in Hibernia's fields the labouring swain
Shall pass the plough o'er skulls of warriors slain,
And turn up bones, and broken spears,
Amaz'd, he'll show his fellows of the plain,
The reliques of victorious years;
And tell, how swift thy arms that kingdom did re-[gain.
Flandria, a longer witness to thy glory,
With wonder too repeats thy story;
How oft the foes thy lifted sword have seen
In the hot battle, when it bled
At all its open veins, and oft have fled,
As if their evil genius thou hadst been:
How, when the blooming Spring began t' appear,
And with new life restor'd the year,
Confederate princes us'd to cry;
"Call Britain's king—the sprightly trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful summons round!
Call Britain's king, and Victory!"
So when the flower of Greece, to battle led
In Beauty's cause, just vengeance swore
Upon the foul adulterer's head,
That from her royal lord the ravish'd Helen bore,
The Grecian chiefs, of mighty fame,
Impatient for the son of Thetis wait:
At last the son of Thetis came;
Troy shook her nodding towers, and mourn'd th' impending fate.

O sacred Peace! goddess serene!
Adorn'd with robes of spotless white,
Fairer than silver floods of light!
How short has thy mild empire been!
When pregnant Time brought forth this new-born age,
At first we saw thee gently smile
On the young birth, and thy sweet voice awhile
Sung a soft charm to martial rage:

But soon the lion wak'd again, [mane.
And stretch'd his opening claws, and shook his grisly
Soon was the year of triumphs past;
And Janus, ushering in a new,
With backward look did pompous scenes review;
But his fore-face with frowns was overcast;
He saw the gathering storms of war,
And bid his priests aloud, his iron gates unbar.

But Heaven its hero can no longer spare,
To mix in our tumultuous broils below;
Yet suffer'd his foresecing care,
Those bolts of vengeance to prepare,
Which other hands shall throw;
That glory to a mighty queen remains,
To triumph o'er th' extinguish'd foe;
She shall supply the Thunderer's place[2];
As Pallas, from th' ethereal plains,
Warr'd on the giants' impious race, [low.
And laid their huge demolish'd works in smoky ruins
Then Anne's shall rival great Eliza's reign;
And William's Genius, with a grateful smile,
Look down, and bless this happy isle;
And Peace, restor'd, shall wear her olive crown
again.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Apollo, god of sounds and verse,
Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inspire!
Whilst we thy Damon's praise rehearse:
Damon himself could animate the lyre.
Apollo, god of sounds and verse,
Pathetic airs and moving thoughts inspire!
Look down! and warm the song with thy celestial fire.

Ah, lovely youth! when thou wert here,
Thyself a young Apollo did appear;
Young as that god, so sweet a grace,
Such blooming fragrance in thy face;
So soft thy air, thy visage so serene,
That harmony ev'n in thy look was seen.

But when thou didst th' obedient strings command,
And join in consort thy melodious hand,
Ev'n Fate itself, such wondrous strains to hear,
Fate had been charm'd, had Fate an ear.
But what does Music's skill avail?
When Orpheus did his loss deplore,
Trees bow'd attentive to his tale;
Hush'd were the winds, wild beasts forgot to roar;
But dear Eurydice came back no more.

Then cease, ye sons of Harmony, to mourn;
Since Damon never can return.
See, see! he mounts, and cleaves the liquid way!
Bright choirs of angels, on the wing,
For the new guest's arrival stay,
And hymns of triumph sing.
They bear him to the happy seats above,
Seats of eternal harmony and love;
Where artful Purcell went before.
Cease then, ye sons of Music, cease to mourn:
Your Damon never will return,
No, never, never more!

[2]Vicem gerit illa Tonantis: the motto on her majesty's coronation medals.

ANACREON.

ODE THE THIRD.

At dead of night, when mortals lose
Their various cares in soft repose,
I heard a knocking at my door:
"Who's that," said I, "at this late hour
Disturbs my rest?"—It sobb'd and cry'd,
And thus in mournful tone reply'd:
"A poor unhappy child am I,
That's come to beg your charity;
Pray let me in!—You need not fear;
I mean no harm, I vow and swear;
But, wet and cold, crave shelter here;
Betray'd by night, and led astray,
I've lost—alas! I've lost my way."
Mov'd with this little tale of fate,
I took a lamp, and op'd the gate;
When see! a naked boy before
The threshold; at his back he wore
A pair of wings, and by his side
A crooked bow and quiver ty'd.
"My pretty angel! come," said I,
"Come to the fire, and do not cry!"
I strok'd his neck and shoulders bare,
And squeez'd the water from his hair;
Then chaf'd his little hands in mine,
And cheer'd him with a draught of wine.
Recover'd thus, says he; "I'd know,
Whether the rain has spoiled my bow;
Let's try"—then shot me with a dart.
The venom throbb'd, did ake and smart,
As if a bee had stung my heart.
"Are these your thanks, ungrateful child,
Are these your thanks?"—Th' impostor smil'd:
"Farewell, my loving host," says he;
"All's well; my bow's unhurt, I see;
But what a wretch I've made of thee!"

THE STORY OF

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Where Babylon's proud walls, erected high
By fam'd Semiramis, ascend the sky,
Dwelt youthful Pyramus, and Thisbe fair;
Adjoining houses held the lovely pair.
His perfect form all other youths surpass'd;
Charms such as hers no eastern beauty grac'd.
Near neighbourhood the first acquaintance drew,
An early promise of the love t' ensue.
Time nurs'd the growing flame; had Fate been kind,
The nuptial rites their faithful hands had join'd;
But, with vain threats, forbidding parents strove
To check the joy; they could not check the love.
Each captive heart consumes in like desire;
The more conceal'd, the fiercer rag'd the fire.
Soft looks, the silent eloquence of eyes,
And secret signs, secure from household spies,
Exchange their thoughts; the common wall, between
Each parted house, retain'd a chink, unseen,
For ages past. The lovers soon espy'd
This small defect, for Love is eagle-ey'd,
And in soft whispers soon the passage try'd.
Safe went the murmur'd sounds, and every day
A thousand amorous blandishments convey;

And often, as they stood on either side,
To catch by turns the flitting voice, they cry'd,
"" Why, envious Wall, ah! why dost thou destroy
The lovers' hopes, and why forbid the joy?
How should we bless thee, would'st thou yield to charms,
And, opening, let us rush into each other's arms!
At least, if that's too much, afford a space
To meeting lips, nor shall we slight the grace;
We owe to thee this freedom to complain,
And breathe our vows, but vows, alas! 'in vain."
Thus having said, when evening call'd to rest,
The faithful pair on either side imprest
An intercepted kiss, then bade good-night;
But when th' ensuing dawn had put to flight
The stars; and Phœbus, rising from his bed,
Drank up the dews, and dry'd the flowery mead,
Again they meet, in sighs again disclose
Their grief, and last this bold design propose;
That, in the dead of night, both would deceive
Their keepers, and the house and city leave;
And lest, escap'd, without the walls they stray
In pathless fields, and wander from the way,
At Ninus' tomb their meeting they agree,
Beneath the shady covert of the tree;
The tree, well-known, near a cool fountain grew,
And bore fair mulberries of snowy hue.
The prospect pleas'd; the Sun's unwelcome light
(That slowly seem'd to move, and slack his flight)
Sunk in the seas; from the same seas arose the sable night;
When, stealing through the dark, the crafty fair
Unlock'd the door, and gain'd the open air;
Love gave her courage; unperceiv'd she went,
Wrapp'd in a veil, and reach'd the monument.
Then sat beneath th' appointed tree alone;
But, by the glimmering of the shining moon,
She sat not long, before from far she spy'd
A lioness approach the fountain-side;
Fierce was her glare, her foamy paws in blood
Of slaughter'd bulls besmear'd, and foul with food;
For, reeking from the prey, the savage came,
To drown her thirst within the neighbouring stream.
Affrighted Thisbe, trembling at the sight,
Fled to a darksome den, but in her flight
Her veil dropp'd off behind. Deep of the flood
The monster drank, and, satiate, to the wood
Returning, found the garment as it lay.
And, torn with bloody feet, dispers'd it in her way.
Belated Pyramus arriv'd, and found
The mark of savage feet along the sandy ground:
All pale he turn'd; but soon as he beheld
The crimson'd vesture scatter'd o'er the field,
"One night," he cry'd, "two lovers shall destroy!
She worthy to have liv'd long years of joy,
But mine's the forfeit life; unhappy maid!
'Twas I that slew thee, I th' appointment made;
To places full of death thy innocence betray'd,
And came not first myself—O hither haste,
Ye lions all, that roam this rocky waste!
Tear my devoted entrails, gnaw, divide,
And gorge your famine in my open'd side!
But cowards call for death!"—Thus having spoke,
The fatal garment from the ground he took,
And bore it to the tree; and at he kiss'd,
And bath'd in flowing tears the well known vest:
"Now take a second stain," the lover said,
While from his side he snatch'd his sharpen'd blade,
And drove it in his groin; then from the wound
Withdrew the steel, and, staggering, fell to ground:
As when, a conduit broke, the streams shoot high,
Starting in sudden fountains through the sky,
So spouts the living stream, and sprinkled o'er
The tree's fair berries with a crimson gore,
While, sapp'd in purple floods, the conscious root
Transmits the stain of murder to the fruit.
The fair, who fear'd to disappoint her love,
Yet trembling with the fright, forsook the grove,
And sought the youth, impatient to relate
Her new adventure, and th' avoided fate.
She saw the vary'd tree had lost its white,
And doubting stood if that could be the right,
Nor doubted long; for now her eyes beheld
A dying person spurn the sanguine field.
Aghast she started back, and shook with pain,
As rising breezes curl the trembling main.
She gaz'd awhile entranc'd; but when she found
It was her lover weltering on the ground,
She beat her lovely breast, and tore her hair,
Clasp'd the dear corpse, and, frantic in despair,
Kiss'd his cold face, supply'd a briny flood
To the wide wound, and mingled tears with blood.
"Say, Pyramus, oh say, what chance severe
Has snatch'd thee from my arms?——
'Tis thy own Thisbe calls, look up and hear!"
At Thisbe's name he lifts his dying eyes,
And, having seen her, clos'd them up, and dies.
But when she knew the bloody veil, and spy'd
The ivory scabbard empty by his side,
"Ah, wretched youth," said she, "by love betray'd!
Thy hapless hand guided the fatal blade.
Weak as I am, I boast as strong a love;
For such a deed, this hand as bold shall prove.
I'll follow thee to death; the world shall call
Thisbe the cause, and partner of thy fall;
And ev'n in death, which could alone disjoin
Our persons, yet in death thou shalt be mine.
But hear, in both our names, this dying prayer,
Ye wretched parents of a wretched pair!
Let in one urn our ashes be confin'd,
Whom mutual love and the same fate have join'd:
And thou, fair Tree, beneath whose friendly shade
One lifeless lover is already laid,
And soon shall cover two; for ever wear
Death's sable hue, and purple berries bear!"
She said, and plunges in her breast the sword,
Yet warm, and reeking from its slaughter'd lord.
Relenting Heaven allows her last request,
And pity touch'd their mournful parents breast.
The fruit, when ripe, a purple dye retains;
And in one urn are plac'd their dear remains.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE.

IN IMITATION OF OVID, AMORUM LIB. I. ELEG. 2.

TELL me, some god, whence does this change arise?
Why gentle Sleep forsakes my weary eyes?
Why, turning often, all the tedious night
In pain I lie, and watch the springing light?—
What cruel demon haunts my tortur'd mind?
Sure, if 'twere Love, I should th' invader find;
Unless disguis'd he lacks, the crafty boy,
With silent arts ingenious to destroy.
Alas! 'tis so—'tis fix'd the secret dart;
I feel the tyrant ravaging my heart.
Then, shall I yield? or th' infant flame oppose?
I yield!—Resistance would increase my woes:

For struggling slaves a sharper doom sustain,
Than such as stoop obedient to the chain.
I own thy power, almighty Love! I'm thine;
With pinion'd hands behold me here resign!
Let this submission then my life obtain:
Small praise 'twill be, if thus unarm'd I'm slain.
Go, join thy mother's doves; with myrtle braid thy hair;
The god of war himself a chariot shall prepare;
Then thou triumphant through the shouting throng
Shalt ride, and move with art the willing birds along;
While captive youths and maids, in solemn state,
Adorn the scene, and on thy triumph wait.
There I, a later conquest of thy bow,
In chains will follow too; and as I go,
To pitying eyes the new-made wound will show.
Next, all that dare Love's sovereign power defy,
In fetters bound, inglorious shall pass by:
All shall submit to thee—Th' applauding crowd
Shall lift their hands, and sing thy praise aloud.
Soft looks shall in thy equipage appear,
With amorous Play, Mistake, and jealous Fear.
Be this thy guard, great Love! be this thy train;
Since these extend o'er men and gods thy reign;
But robb'd of these, thy power is weak and vain.
From Heaven thy mother shall thy pomp survey,
And, smiling, scatter fragrant showers of roses in thy way,
Whilst thou, array'd in thy unrivall'd pride,
On golden wheels, all gold thyself, shalt ride:
Thy spreading wings shall richest diamonds wear,
And gems shall sparkle in thy lovely hair.
Thus passing by, thy arm shall hurl around
Ten thousand fires, ten thousand hearts shall wound.
This is thy practice, Love, and this thy gain;
From this thou canst not, if thou would'st, refrain:
Since ev'n thy presence, with prolific heat,
Does reach the heart, and active flames create.
From conquer'd India, so the jovial god [3],
Drawn o'er the plains by harness'd tigers, rode.
Then since, great Love, I take a willing place
Amidst thy spoils, the sacred show to grace;
O cease to wound, and let thy fatal store
Of piercing shafts be spent on me no more.
No more, too powerful in my charmer's eyes,
Torment a slave, that for her beauty dies;
Or look in smiles from thence, and I shall be
A slave no longer, but a god, like thee.

THE PICTURE.

Come, my Muse, a Venus draw;
Not the same the Grecians saw,
By the fam'd Apelles wrought,
Beauteous offspring of his thought.
No fantastic goddess mine,
Fiction far she does outshine.
Queen of fancy! hither bring
On thy gaudy-feather'd wing
All the beauties of the Spring.
Like the bee's industrious pains
To collect his golden gains,
So from every flower and plant
Gather first th' immortal paint.
Fetch me lilies, fetch me roses,
Daisies, violets, cowslip-posies,
Amaranthus, parrot-pride,
Woodbines, pinks, and what beside
Does th' embroider'd meads adorn;
Where the fawns and satyrs play
In the merry month of May.
Steal the blush of opening morn;
Borrow Cynthia's silver white,
When she shines at noon of night,
Free from clouds to veil her light.
Juno's bird his tail shall spread,
Iris' bow its colour shed,
All to deck this charming piece,
Far surpassing ancient Greece.
First her graceful stature show,
Not too tall, nor yet too low.
Fat she must not be, nor lean;
Let her shape be straight and clean;
Small her waist, and thence increas'd,
Gently swells her rising breast.
Next in comely order trace
All the glories of her face.
Paint her neck of ivory,
Smiling cheeks and forehead high,
Ruby lips, and sparkling eyes,
Whence resistless lightning flies.
Foolish Muse! what hast thou done?
Scarce th' outlines are yet begun,
Ere thy pencil's thrown aside!
"'Tis no matter," Love reply'd;
(Love's unlucky god stood by)
"At one stroke behold how I
Will th' unfinish'd draught supply."
Smiling then he took his dart,
And drew her picture in my heart.

[3] Bacchus.

BARN-ELMS.

Let Phœbus his late happiness rehearse,
And grace Barn-Elms with never-dying verse!
Smooth was the Thames, his waters sleeping lay,
Unwak'd by winds that o'er the surface play;
When th' early god, arising from the east,
Disclos'd the golden dawn, with blushes drest.
First in the stream his own bright form he sees,
But brighter forms shine through the neighbouring trees.
He speeds the rising day, and sheds his light
Redoubled on the grove, to gain a nearer sight.
Not with more speed his Daphne he pursu'd,
Nor fair Leucothoe with such pleasure view'd;
Five dazzling nymphs in graceful pomp appear;
He thinks his Daphne and Leucothoe here,
Join'd with that heavenly three, who on mount Ide
Descending once the prize of beauty try'd.
Ye verdant Elms, that towering grace this grove,
Be sacred still to Beauty and to Love!
No thunder break, nor lightning glare between
Your twisted boughs, but such as then was seen.
The grateful Sun will every morning rise
Propitious here, saluting from the skies
Your lofty tops, indulg'd with sweetest air,
And every spring your losses he'll repair;
Nor his own laurels more shall be his care

ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF

PHŒBE AND ASTERIA;

AND THE SICKNESS OF THE FORMER.

An altar raise to Friendship's holy flame,
Inscrib'd with Phœbe's and Asteria's name!

Around it, mingled in a solemn band,
Let Phœbe's lovers, and Asteria's stand,
With fervent vows t' attend the sacrifice;
While rich perfumes from melted gums arise,
To bribe for Phœbe's health the partial skies.
Forbid it, Love, that sickly blasts consume
The flower of beauty in its tender bloom!
Shall she so soon to her own Heaven retire,
Who gave so oft, yet never felt thy fire?
Who late at splendid feasts so graceful shone,
By pleasing smiles and numerous conquests known;
Where, 'midst the brightest nymphs, she bore the prize
From all—from all but her Asteria's eyes.
Behold the maid, who then secure repell'd
The shafts of Love, by fainting sickness quell'd!
(As Beauty's goddess once a wound sustain'd,
Not from her son, but from a mortal's[4] hand)
Asteria too forgets her sprightly charms,
And drooping lies within her Phœbe's arms.
Thus in romantic histories we read
Of tournaments by some great prince decreed,
Where two companion-knights their lances wield
With matchless force, and win, from all, the field;
Till one, o'erheated in the course, retires,
And feels within his veins a fever's fires;
His grieving friend his laurels throws away,
And mourns the dear-bought triumphs of the day.
So strict 's the union of this tender pair,
What Heaven decrees for one, they both must share.
Like meeting rivers, in one stream they flow,
And no divided joys or sorrows know.
Not the bright twins', preferr'd in Heaven to shine,
Fair Leda's sons, in such a league could join.
One soul, as fables tell, by turns supply'd
That heavenly pair, by turns they liv'd and dy'd:
But these have sworn a matchless sympathy,
They'll live together, or together die.
When Heaven did at Asteria's birth bestow
Those lavish charms, with which she wounds us so,
To form her glorious mind, it did inspire
A double portion of th' ethereal fire,
That half might afterward be thence convey'd,
To animate that other lovely maid.
Thus native instinct does their hearts combine,
In knots too close for Fortune to untwine.
So India boasts a tree, that spreads around
Its amorous boughs, which, bending, reach the ground,
Where taking root again, the branches raise
A second tree to meet its fond embrace;
Then side by side the friendly neighbours thrive,
Fed by one sap, and in each other live.
Of Phœbe's health we need not send to know
How Nature strives with her invading foe,
What symptoms good or ill each day arise;
We read those changes in Asteria's eyes.
Thus in some crystal fountain you may spy
The face of Heaven, and the reflected sky,
See what black clouds arise, when tempests lower,
And gathering mists portend a falling shower,
And when the Sun breaks out, with conquering ray
To chase the darkness, and restore the day.
Such be thy fate, bright maid! from this decline
Arise renew'd thy charms, and doubly shine!
And as that dawning planet was address'd
With offer'd incense by th' adoring East,
So we'll, with songs thy glad recovery greet,
The Muse shall lay her presents at thy feet;
With open arms, Asteria shall receive
The dearest pledge propitious Heaven can give,
Fann'd by these winds, your friendship's generous fire
Shall burn more bright, and to such heights aspire,
The wondering world shall think you from above
Come down to teach how happy angels love.

[4] Diomedes. [5] Castor and Pollux.

SONG.

Fame of Dorinda's conquest brought
The god of Love her charms to view;
To wound th' unwary maid he thought,
But soon became her conquest too.

He dropp'd, half drawn, his feeble bow,
He look'd, he rav'd, and sighing pin'd;
And wish'd in vain he had been now,
As painters falsely draw him, blind.

Disarm'd, he to his mother flies;
Help, Venus, help thy wretched son!
Who now will pay us sacrifice?
For Love himself 's, alas! undone.

To Cupid now no lover's prayer
Shall be address'd in suppliant sighs;
My darts are gone, but oh! beware,
Fond mortals, of Dorinda's eyes.

TO OCTAVIA INDISPOSED.

Around your couch whilst sighing lovers view
Wit, beauty, goodness, suffering all in you;
So mournful is the scene, 'tis hard to tell
Which face betrays the sick, or who is well.
They feel not their own pains, while yours they share,
Worse tortur'd now, than lately by despair.
For bleeding veins a like relief is found,
When iron red-hot by burning stops the wound.
"Grant, Heaven," they cry, "this moment our de-
To see her well, though we the next expire;" [sire,

BEAUTY AND MUSIC.

Ye swains, whom radiant Beauty moves,
Or Music's art with sounds divine,
Think how the rapturous charm improves,
Where two such gifts celestial join;

Where Cupid's bow, and Phœbus' lyre,
In the same powerful hand are found;
Where lovely eyes inflame desire,
While trembling notes are taught to wound,

Inquire not who's the matchless fair,
That can this double death bestow:
If young Harmonia's strains you hear,
Or view her eyes, too well you'll know.

CUPID'S REVIEW.

Cupid, survey thy shining train around
Of favourite nymphs, for conquest most renown'd;
The lovely warriors that in bright array
Thy power support, and propagate thy sway.
Then say, what beauteous general wilt thou choose,
To lead the fair brigade against thy rebel foes?

Behold the god advance in comely pride,
Arm'd with his bow, his quiver by his side:
Inferior Cupids on their master wait;
He smiles well pleas'd, and waves his wings in state.
His little hands imperial trophies bear,
And laurel-wreaths to grace th' elected fair.
Hyde-Park the scene for the Review he nam'd,
Hyde-Park for pleasure and for beauty fam'd,
Where, oft from western skies the god of light
Sees new-arising suns, than his more bright;
Then sets in blushes, and conveys his fire
To distant lands, that more his beams require.
And now the charming candidates appear:
Behold Britannia's victor graces there,
Who vindicate their country's ancient claim
To Love's pre-eminence, and Beauty's fame.
Some, who, at Anna's court, in honour rais'd,
Adorn birth-nights, by crowding nations prais'd;
Preserv'd in Kneller's pictures ever young,
In strains immortal by the Muses sung.
Around the ring th' illustrious rivals move,
And teach to Love himself the power of love.
Scarce, though a god, he can with safety gaze
On glory so profuse, such mingled rays;
For Love had eyes on this important day, [away.
And Venus from his forehead took the blinding cloth
Here Mira pass'd, and fix'd his wondering view,
Her perfect shape distinguished praises drew;
Tall, beauteous, and majestic to the sight,
She led the train, and sparkled in the light.
There Stella claims the wreath, and pleads her eyes,
By which each day some new adorer dies.
Serena, by good-humour doubly fair,
With native sweetness charms, and smiling air.
While Flora's youthful years and looks display
The bloom of ripening fruits, the innocence of May,
The opening sweets that months of pleasure bring,
The dawn of Love, and life's indulgent spring.
'Twere endless to describe the various darts,
With which the fair are arm'd to conquer hearts.
Whatever can the ravish'd soul inspire
With tender thoughts, and animate desire,
All arts and virtues mingled in the train;
And long the lovely rivals strove in vain, [plain.
While Cupid, unresolv'd, still search'd around the
"O! could I find," said Love, "the phœnix she,
In whom at once the several charms agree;
That phœnix she the laurel crown should have,
And Love himself with pride become her slave."
He scarce had spoke, when see—Harmonia came!
Chance brought her there, and not desire of fame;
Unknowing of the choice, till she beheld
The god approach to crown her in the field.
Th' unwilling maid, with wondrous modesty,
Disclaim'd her right, and put the laurel by:
Warm blushes on her tender cheeks arise,
And double softness beautify'd her eyes.
At this, more charm'd, "The rather I bestow,"
Said Love, "these honours you in vain forego;
Take then the wreath, which you, victorious fair,
Have most deserv'd, yet least affect to wear."

TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY,

PLAYING ON THE ORGAN.

When fam'd Cecilia on the organ play'd,
And fill'd with moving sounds the tuneful frame,
Drawn by the charm, to hear the sacred maid,
From Heaven, 'tis said, a listening angel came.
Thus ancient legends would our faith abuse:
In vain—for were the bold tradition true,
While your harmonious touch that charm renews,
Again the seraph would appear to you.
O happy fair! in whom, with purest light,
Virtue's united beams with beauty shine!
Should heavenly guests descend to bless our sight,
What form more lovely could they wear than thine?

SONNET.

Je mourrai de trop de plaisir,
Si je la trouve favourable;
Je mourrai de trop de desir,
Se je la trouve inexorable.

Ainsi je ne sçaurois guerir
De la douleur qui me possede;
Je suis assuré de perir
Par le mal, ou par le remede.

IN ENGLISH.

I die with too transporting joy,
If she I love rewards my fire;
If she's inexorably coy,
With too much passion I expire.

No way the Fates afford to shun
The cruel torment I endure;
Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the disease, or by the cure.

TO A PAINTER.

Painter, if thou canst safely gaze
On all the wonders of that face;
If thou hast charms to guard a heart
Secure by secrets of thy art;
O! teach the mighty charm, that we
May gaze securely too, like thee.
Canst thou Love's brightest lightning draw,
Which none e'er yet unwounded saw?
To what then wilt thou next aspire,
Unless to imitate Jove's fire?
Which is a less adventurous pride,
Though 'twas for that Salmoneus dy'd.
That beauteous, that victorious fair,
Whose chains so many lovers wear;
Who with a look can arts infuse,
Create a Painter, or a Muse;
Whom crowds with awful rapture view;
She sits serene, and smiles on you!
Your genius thus inspir'd will soar
To wondrous heights unknown before,
And to her beauty you will own
Your future skill and fix'd renown.
So when of old great Ammon's son,
Adorn'd with spoils in battle won,
In graceful picture chose to stand,
The work of fam'd Apelles' hand;
"Exert thy fire," the monarch said,
"Now be thy boldest strokes display'd,
To let admiring nations see
Their dreaded victor drawn by thee;
To others thou may'st life impart,
But I'll immortalize thy art."

TO THE

AUTHOR OF FATAL FRIENDSHIP,

A TRAGEDY.

As when Camilla once, a warlike dame,
In bloody battles won immortal fame,
Forsook her female arts, and chose to bear
The ponderous shield, and heave the massy spear,
Superior to her sex, so swift she flew
Around the field, and such vast numbers slew,
That friends and foes, alike surpris'd, behold
The brave Virago desperately bold,
And thought her Pallas in a human mould.
Such is our wonder, matchless maid! to see
The tragic laurel thus deserv'd by thee.
Still greater praise is yours; Camilla shines
For ever bright in Virgil's sacred lines,
You in your own.——
Nor need you to another's bounty owe,
For what yourself can on yourself bestow;
So monarchs in full health are wont to rear,
At their own charge, their future sepulchre.
Who thy perfections fully would commend,
Must think how others their vain hours misspend,
In trifling visits, pride, impertinence,
Dress, dancing, and discourse devoid of sense;
To 'twirl a fan, to please some foolish beau,
And sing an empty song, the most they know;
In body weak, more impotent of mind.
Thus some have represented woman-kind.
But you, your sex's champion, are come forth
To fight their quarrel, and assert their worth;
Our Salic law of wit you have destroy'd,
Establish'd female claim, and triumph'd o'er our pride.
While we look on, and with repining eyes
Behold you bearing off so rich a prize,
Spite of ill-nature, we are forc'd t' approve
Such dazzling charms, and, spite of envy, love.
Nor is this all th' applause that is your due,
You stand the first of stage-reformers too;
No vicious strains pollute your moral scene, [clean;
Chaste are your thoughts, and your expression
Strains such as yours the strictest test will bear:
Sing boldly then, nor busy Censure fear,
Your virgin voice offends no virgin ear.
Proceed in tragic numbers to disclose
Strange turns of fate, and unexpected woes.
Reward, and punish! awfully dispense
Heaven's judgments, and declare a Providence;
Nor let the comic Muse your labours share,
'Tis meanness, after this, the sock to wear:
Though that too merit praise, 'tis nobler toil
T' extort a tear, than to provoke a smile.
What hand, that can design a history,
Would copy low-land boors at Snic-a-Snee?
Accept this tribute, madam, and excuse
The hasty raptures of a stranger Muse.

1698.

ON DIVINE POETRY.

In Nature's golden age, when new-born day
Array'd the skies, and Earth was green and gay;
When God, with pleasure, all his works survey'd,
And virgin innocence before him play'd;
In that illustrious morn, that lovely spring,
The Muse, by Heaven inspir'd, began to sing.
Descending angels, in harmonious lays,
Taught the first happy pair their Maker's praise.
Such was the sacred art—We now deplore
The Muse's loss, since Eden is no more.
When Vice from hell rear'd up its hydra-head,
Th' affrighted maid, with chaste Astrea, fled,
And sought protection in her native sky;
In vain the heathen Nine her absence would supply.
Yet to some few, whose dazzling virtues shone,
In ages past, her heavenly charms were known.
Hence learn'd the bard, in lofty strains to tell
How patient Virtue triumph'd over Hell;
And hence the chief, who led the chosen race
Through parting seas, deriv'd his songs of praise:
She gave the rapturous ode, whose ardent lay
Sings female force, and vanquish'd Sisera;
She tun'd to pious notes the psalmist's lyre, [fire!
And fill'd Isaiah's breast with more than Pindar's

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE LATE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S BIRTH-DAY.

While Venus in her snowy arms
The god of battles held,
And sooth'd him with her tender charms,
Victorious from the field;
By chance she cast a lovely smile,
Propitious, down to Earth,
And view'd in Britain's happy isle
Great Gloucester's glorious birth.

"Look, Mars," she said; "look down, and see
A child of royal race!
Let's crown the bright nativity
With every princely grace:
Thy heavenly image let me bear,
And shine a Mars below;
Form you his mind to warlike care,
I'll softer gifts bestow."

Thus at his birth two deities
Their blessings did impart:
And love was breath'd into his eyes,
And glory form'd his heart.
His childhood makes of war a game;
Betimes his beauty charms
The fair; who burn'd with equal flame
For him, as he for arms.

1699.

ON A PEACOCK,

FINELY CUT IN VELLUM BY MOLINDA.

When Fancy did Molinda's hand invite,
Without the help of colour, shade, or light,
To form in vellum, spotless as her mind,
The fairest image of the feather'd kind;
Nature herself a strict attendance paid,
Charm'd with th' attainments of th' illustrious maid.
Inspir'd her thought, and, smiling, said, "I'll see
How well this fair-one's art can copy me."
So to her favourite Titian once she came,
To guide his pencil, and attest his fame,
With transport granting all that she could give,
And bid his works to wondering ages live.

Nor with less transport here the goddess sees
The curious piece advance by slow degrees;
At last such skill in every part was shown,
It seem'd a new creation of her own;
She starts, to view the finish'd figure rise,
And spread his ample train, enrich'd with eyes;
To see, with lively grace, his form express'd,
The stately honours of his rising crest,
His comely wings, and his soft silky breast!
The leaves of creeping vines around him play,
And Nature's leaves less perfect seem than they.
O matchless bird! whose race, with nicest care,
Heaven seems in pleasure to have form'd so fair!
From whose gay plumes ev'n Phœbus with delight
Sees his own rays reflected doubly bright!
Though numerous rivals of the wing there be
That share our praise, when not compar'd to thee,
Soon as thy rising glories strike our eyes,
Their beauty shines no more, their lustre dies.
So when Molinda, with superior charms,
Dazzles the ring, and other nymphs disarms,
To her the rallying Loves and Graces fly,
And, fixing there, proclaim the victory.
No wonder, then, since she was born t' excel,
This bird's fair image she describes so well,
Happy, as in some temple thus to stand,
Immortaliz'd by her successful hand.

ON

LUCINDA'S TEA-TABLE.

Poets invoke, when they rehearse
In happy strains their pleasing dreams,
Some Muse unseen to crown their verse,
And boast of Heliconian streams:

But here, a real Muse inspires
(Who more reviving streams imparts)
Our fancies with the poets' fires,
And with a nobler flame our hearts.

While from her hand each honour'd guest
Receives his cup with liquor crown'd,
He thinks 'tis Jove's immortal feast,
And Venus deals the nectar round.

As o'er each fountain, poets sing,
Some lovely guardian-nymph has sway,
Who from the consecrated spring,
Wild beasts and satyrs drives away;

So hither dares no savage press,
Who Beauty's sovereign power defies;
All, drinking here, her charms confess,
Proud to be conquer'd by her eyes.

When Phœbus try'd his herbs in vain
On Hyacinth, had she been there,
With tea she would have cur'd the swain,
Who only then had dy'd for her.

January 1, 1701.

THE MARCH.

Victoria comes! she leaves the forag'd groves!
Her flying camp of Graces and of Loves
Strike all their tents, and for the march prepare,
And to new scenes of triumph wait the fair.
Unlike the slaves which other warriors gain,
That loath subjection, and would break their chain,
Her rural slaves their absent victor mourn,
And wish not liberty, but her return.
The conquer'd countries droop, while she's away,
And slowly to the Spring their contribution pay.
While cooing turtles, doubly now alone,
With their lost loves another loss bemoan.
Mean time in peopled cities crowds press on,
And jealous seem who shall be first undone.
Victories, like Fame, before th' invader fly,
And lovers yet unseeing haste to die.
While she with careless, unelated mind,
Hears daily conquests which she ne'er design'd;
In her a soft, yet cruel heart is found,
Averse to cure, and vainly griev'd to wound.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S PRAYER-BOOK.

So fair a form, with such devotion join'd!
A virgin body, and a spotless mind!
Pleas'd with her prayers, while Heaven propitious
The lovely votress on her bended knees, [sees

Sure it must think some angel lost its way,
And happening on our wretched Earth to stray,
Tir'd with our follies, fain would take its flight,
And begs to be restor'd to those blest realms of light.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

Wanton Zephyr, come away!
On this sweet, this silent grove,
Sacred to the Muse and Love,
In gentle whisper'd murmurs play!
Come, let thy soft, thy balmy breeze
Diffuse thy vernal sweets around
From sprouting flowers, and blossom'd trees;
While hills and echoing vales resound
With notes, which wing'd musicians sing
In honour to the bloom of Spring.

Lovely season of desire!
Nature smiles with joy to see
The amorous Months led on by thee,
That kindly wake her genial fire.
The brightest object in the skies,
The fairest lights that shine below,
The Sun, and Mira's charming eyes,
At thy return more charming grow:
With double glory they appear,
To warm and grace the infant Year.

HORACE,

ODE III. BOOK III.

The design of this ode was to insinuate to Augustus the danger of transferring the seat of the empire from Rome to Troy, which we are informed he once entertained thoughts of.

The man to right inflexibly inclin'd,
Poising on virtue's base his mind,
Rests in himself secure,
Indissolubly firm in good;
Let tempests rise, and billows rage,
All rock within, he can unmov'd endure
The foaming fury of the flood,
When bellowing winds their jarring troops engage,

Or wasteful civil tumults roll along
With fiercer strength, and louder roar,
Driving the torrent of the throng,
And gathering into power.
Let a proud tyrant cast a killing frown;
Or Jove in angry thunder on the world look down;
Nay, let the frame of Nature crack,
And all the spacious globe on high,
Shatter'd with universal rack,
Come tumbling from the sky:
Yet he'll survey the horrid scene
With steady courage and undaunted mien,
The only thing serene!

Thus Pollux and great Hercules [round,
Roam'd through the world, and blest the nations
Till, rais'd at length to heavenly palaces,
Mankind, as gods, their benefactions crown'd;
With these, Augustus shall for ever shine,
And stain his rosy lips in cups divine.
Thus his fierce tigers dauntless Bacchus bear;
The glaring savages resist in vain,
Impatient of the bit, and fretting on the rein;
Through yielding clouds he drives th' impetuous car.
Great Romulus pursued the shining trace,
And leapt the lake, where all
The rest of mortals fall,
And with his father's[6] horses scour'd the same bright
airy race.

Then in full senate of the deities,
Settling the seats of power, and future fate,
Juno began the high debate,
And with this righteous sentence pleas'd the skies:
"O Troy!" she said, "O hated Troy!
A foreign woman[7], and a boy[8],
Lewd, partial, and unjust,
Shook all thy proudest towers to dust;
Inclin'd to ruin from the time
Thy king did mock two powers divine,
And ras'd thy fated walls in perjury,
But doubly damn'd by that offence,
Which did Minerva's rage incense,
And offer'd wrong to me.
No more the treacherous ravisher
Shines in full pomp and youthful charms;
Nor Priam's impious house with Hector's spear,
Repels the violence of Grecian arms.

"Our feuds did long embroil the mortal rout,
At last the storm is spent,
My fury with it ebbing out,
These terms of peace content;
To Mars I grant among the stars a place
For his son Romulus, of Trojan race;
Here shall he dwell in these divine abodes,
Drink of the heavenly bowl,
And in this shining court his name enrol,
With the serene and ever-vacant gods:
While seas shall rage between his Rome and Troy.
The horrid distance breaking wide,
The banish'd Trojans shall the globe enjoy,
And reign in every place beside;
While beasts insult my judge's[9] dust, and hide
Their litter in his cursed tomb,
The shining Capitol of Rome
Shall overlook the world with awful pride, [dome.
And Parthians take their law from that eternal

"Let Rome extend her fame to every shore;
And let no banks or mounds restrain
Th' impetuous torrent of her wide command;
The seas from Europe, Africk part in vain;
Swelling above those floods, her power
Shall, like its Nile, o'erflow the Lybian land.
Shining in polish'd steel, she dares
The glittering beams of gold despise,
Gold, the great source of human cares,
Hid wisely deep from mortal eyes,
Till, sought in evil hour by hands unblest,
Opening the dark abodes,
There issued forth a direful train of woes,
That give mankind no rest;
For gold, devoted to th' infernal gods,
No native human uses knows.

"Where'er great Jove did place
The bounds of Nature yet unseen,
He meant a goal of glory to the race
The Roman arms shall win:
Rejoicing, onward they approach
To view the outworks of the world,
The maddening fires, in wild debauch, [whirl'd!
The snows and rains unborn, in endless eddies

"'Tis I, O Rome, pronounce these fates behind,
But will thy reign with this condition bind,
That no false filial piety,
In idle shapes deluding thee,
Or confidence of power,
Tempt thee again to raise a Trojan tower;
Troy, plac'd beneath malignant stars,
Haunted with omens still the same,
Rebuilt, shall but renew the former flame,
Jove's wife and sister leading on the wars.
Thrice let her shine with brazen walls,
Rear'd up by heavenly hands:
And thrice in fatal dust she falls,
By faithful Grecian bands;
Thrice the dire scene shall on the world return,
And captive wives again their sons and husbands
mourn."
But stop, presumptuous Muse, thy daring flight,
Nor hope in thy weak lyric lay,
The heavenly language to display,
Or bring the counsels of the gods to light.

GREENWICH-PARK.

The Paphian isle was once the blest abode
Of Beauty's goddess and her archer-god.
There blissful bowers and amorous shades were seen,
Fair cypress walks, and myrtles ever green.
'Twas there, surrounded by a hallow'd wood,
Sacred to Love, a splendid temple stood;
Where altars were with costly gums perfum'd,
And lovers sighs arose, and smoke from hearts consum'd:
Till, thence remov'd, the queen of beauty flies
To Britain, fam'd for bright victorious eyes.
Here fix'd, she chose a sweeter seat for Love,
And Greenwich-park is now her Cyprian grove.
Nor fair Parnassus with this hill can vie,
Which gently swells into the wondering sky,
Commanding all that can transport our sight,
And varying with each view the fresh delight.
From hence my Muse prepares to wing her way;
And wanton, like the Thames, through smiling meads would stray:

[6] Romulus was supposed to be the son of Mars by the priestess Ilia.

[7] Helen. [8] Paris. [9] Paris.

Describe the groves beneath, the sylvan bowers,
The river's winding train, and great Augusta's towers.
But see!—a living prospect drawing near
At once transports, and raises awful fear!
Love's favourite band, selected to maintain
His choicest triumphs, and support his reign.
Muse, pay thy homage here—yet oh beware!
And draw the glorious scene with artful care,
For foolish praise is satire on the fair.
Behold where bright Urania does advance,
And lightens through the trees with every glance!
A careful pleasure in her air is seen;
Diana shines with such a graceful mien,
When in her darling woods she's feign'd to rove,
The chase pursuing, and avoiding love.
At flying deer the goddess boasts her aim,
But Cupid shows the nymph a nobler game.
Th' unerring shafts so various fly around,
'Tis hard to say which gives the deepest wound;
Or if with greater glory we submit,
Pierc'd by her eyes, her humour, or her wit.
See next her charming sister, young and gay,
In beauty's bloom like the sweet month of May!
The sportful nymph, once in the neighbouring grove,
Surpris'd by chance the sleeping god of Love;
His head reclin'd upon a tuft of green,
And by him scatter'd lay his arrows bright and keen;
She tied his wings, and stole his wanton dart,
Then, laughing, wak'd the tyrant lord of hearts;
He smil'd,—and said—"'Tis well, insulting fair!
Yet how you sport with sleeping Love beware!
My loss of darts I quickly can supply,
Your looks shall triumph for Love's deity:
And though you now my feeble power disdain,
You once perhaps may feel a lover's pain."
Though Helen's form, and Cleopatra's charms,
The boast of Fame, once kindled dire alarms;
Those dazzling lights the world no more must view,
And scarce would think the bright description true,
Did not that ray of beauty, more divine,
In Mira's eyes by transmigration shine.
Her shape, her air, proportion, lovely face,
And matchless skin contend with rival grace;
And Venus' self, proud of th' officious aid,
With all her charms adorns th' illustrious maid.
But hark!—what more than mortal sounds are these!
Be still, ye whispering winds, and moving trees!
A second Mira does all hearts surprise,
At once victorious with her voice and eyes.
Her eyes alone can tenderest love inspire,
Her heavenly voice improves the young desire.
So western gales in fragrant gardens play
On buds produc'd by the sun's quickening ray,
And spread them into life, and gently chide their stay.
We court that skill, by which we're sure to die;
The modest fair would fain our suit deny,
And sings unwillingly with trembling fear,
As if concern'd our ruin is so near;
So generous victors softest pity know,
And with reluctance strike the fatal blow.
Engaging Cynthia's arm'd with every grace;
Her lovely mind shines cheerful through her face,
A sacred lamp in a fair crystal case.
Not Venus star, the brightest of the sphere,
Smiles so serene, or casts a light so clear.
O happy brother of this wondrous fair!
The best of sisters well deserves thy care;
Her sighing lovers, who in crowds adore,
Would wish thy place, did they not wish for more.
What angels are, when we desire to know,
We form a thought by such as she below,
And thence conclude they're bright beyond compare,
Compos'd of all that's good, and all that's fair.
There yet remains unnam'd a dazzling throng
Of nymphs, who to these happy shades belong.
O Venus! lovely queen of soft desires!
For ever dwell where such supply thy fires!
May Virtue still with Beauty share the sway,
And the glad world with willing zeal obey!

TO MOLINDA.

Th' inspiring Muses and the god of Love,
Which most should grace the fair Molinda strove;
Love arm'd her with his bow and keenest darts,
The Muses more enrich'd her mind with arts.
Though Greece in shining temples heretofore
Did Venus and Minerva's powers adore,
The ancients thought no single goddess fit,
To reign at once o'er Beauty and o'er Wit;
Each was a separate claim; till now we find
The different titles in Molinda join'd.
From hence, when at the court, the park, the play,
She gilds the evening, or improves the day,
All eyes regard her with transporting fire,
One sex with envy burns, and one with fierce desire:
But when withdrawn from public show and noise,
In silent works her fancy she employs,
A smiling train of Arts around her stand,
And court improvement from her curious hand.
She, their bright patroness, o'er all presides,
And with like skill the pen and needle guides;
By this we see gay silken landscapes wrought,
By that, the landscape of a beauteous thought:
Whether her voice in tuneful airs she moves,
Or cuts dissembled flowers and paper groves,
Her voice transports the ear with soft delight,
Her flowers and groves surprise the ravish'd sight;
Which ev'n to Nature's wonders we prefer;
All but that wonder Nature form'd in her.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND

IN THE COUNTRY.

Whilst thou art happy in a blest retreat,
And free from care dost rural songs repeat,
Whilst fragrant air fans thy poetic fire,
And pleasant groves with sprightly notes inspire,
(Groves whose recesses and refreshing shade
Indulge th' invention, and the judgment aid)
I, midst the smoke and clamours of the town,
That choke my Muse, and weigh my fancy down,
Pass my unactive hours;——
In such an air, how can soft numbers flow,
Or in such soil the sacred laurel grow?
All we can boast of the poetic fire,
Are but some sparks that soon as born expire.
Hail happy Woods! harbours of Peace and Joy!
Where no black cares the mind's repose destroy!
Where grateful Silence unmolested reigns,
Assists the Muse, and quickens all her strains.

Such were the scenes of our first parents' love,
In Eden's groves with equal flames they strove,
While warbling birds, soft whispering breaths of wind,
And murmuring streams, to grace their nuptials join'd.
All nature smil'd; the plains were fresh and green,
Unstain'd the fountains, and the heavens serene.
Ye blest remains of that illustrious age!
Delightful Springs and Woods!—
Might I with you my peaceful days live o'er,
You, and my friend, whose absence I deplore,
Calm as a gentle brook's unruffled tide
Should the delicious flowing minutes glide;
Discharg'd of care, on unfrequented plains,
We'd sing of rural joys in rural strains.
No false corrupt delights our thoughts should move,
But joys of friendship, poetry, and love.
While others fondly feed ambition's fire,
And to the top of human state aspire,
That from their airy eminence they may
With pride and scorn th' inferior world survey,
Here we should dwell obscure, yet happier far than they.

VERSES PRESENTED TO A LADY,

WITH A DRAWING (BY THE AUTHOR) OF CUPID.

When generous Dido in disguise caress'd
This god, and fondly clasp'd him to her breast,
Soon the sly urchin storm'd her tender heart,
And amorous flames dispers'd through every part.
In vain she strove to check the new-born fire,
It scorn'd her weak essays, and rose the higher:
In vain from feasts and balls relief she sought,
The Trojan youth alone employ'd her thought:
Yet Fate oppos'd her unrewarded care;
Forsaken, scorn'd, she perish'd in despair.
No such event, fair nymph, you need to fear,
Smiles, without darts, alone attend him here;
Weak and unarm'd, not able to surprise,
He waits for influence from your conquering eyes.
Heaven change the omen, then; and may this prove
A happy prelude to successful love!

HORACE,

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu, &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

Hence, slavish Fear! thy Stygian wings display!
Thou ugly fiend of Hell, away!
Wrapp'd in thick clouds, and shades of night,
To conscious souls direct thy flight!
There brood on guilt, fix there a loath'd embrace,
And propagate vain terrours, frights,
Dreams, goblins, and imagin'd sprights,
Thy visionary tribe, thy black and monstrous race.
Go, haunt the slave that stains his hands in gore!
Possess the perjur'd mind, and rack the usurer more,
Than his oppression did the poor before.

Vainly, you feeble wretches, you prepare
The glittering forgery of war:
The poison'd shaft, the Parthian bow, and spear
Like that the warlike Moor is wont to wield,
Which, pois'd and guided, from his ear
He hurls impetuous through the field;
In vain you lace the helm, and heave in vain the shield:
He's only safe, whose armour of defence
Is adamantine innocence.

If o'er the steepy Alps he go,
Vast mountains of eternal snow,
Or where fam'd Ganges and Hydaspes flow;
If o'er parch'd Libya's desert land,
Where threatening from afar
Th' affrighted traveller
Encounters moving hills of sand;
No sense of danger can disturb his rest;
He fears no human force, nor savage beast;
Impenetrable courage steels his manly breast.

Thus, late within the Sabine grove,
While free from care, and full of love,
I raise my tuneful voice, and stray
Regardless of myself and way,
A grizly wolf, with glaring eye,
View'd me unarm'd, yet pass'd unhurtful by.
A fiercer monster ne'er, in quest of food,
Apulian forests did molest;
Numidia never saw a more prodigious beast;
Numidia, mother of the yellow brood,
Where the stern lion shakes his knotted mane,
And roars aloud for prey, and scours the spacious plain.

Place me where no soft breeze of summer wind
Did e'er the stiffen'd soil unbind,
Where no refreshing warmth e'er durst invade,
But Winter holds his unmolested seat,
In all his hoary robes array'd,
And rattling storms of hail, and noisy tempests beat.
Place me beneath the scorching blaze
Of the fierce Sun's immediate rays,
Where house or cottage ne'er were seen,
Nor rooted plant or tree, nor springing green;
Yet, lovely Lalage, my generous flame
Shall ne'er expire; I'll boldly sing of thee,
Charm'd with the music of thy name,
And guarded by the gods of Love and Poetry.

HORACE,

BOOK II. ODE XVI.

TO GROSPHUS.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti
Prensus Ægæo, &c.

IMITATED IN PARAPHRASE.

Indulgent Quiet! power serene,
Mother of Peace, and Joy, and Love!
O say, thou calm propitious queen,
Say, in what solitary grove,
Within what hollow rock, or winding cell,
By human eyes unseen,
Like some retreated Druid, dost thou dwell?
And why, illusive goddess! why,
When we thy mansion would surround,
Why dost thou lead us through enchanted ground,
To mock our vain research, and from our wishes fly?

The wandering sailors, pale with fear,
For thee the gods implore,
When the tempestuous sea runs high,
And when, through all the dark benighted sky,
No friendly moon or stars appear
To guide their steerage to the shore:
For thee the weary soldier prays;
Furious in fight, the sons of Thrace,
And Medes, that wear majestic by their side
A full-charg'd quiver's decent pride,
Gladly with thee would pass inglorious days,
Renounce the warrior's tempting praise,
And buy thee, if thou might'st be sold,
With gems, and purple vests, and stores of plunder'd gold.

But neither boundless wealth, nor guards that wait
Around the consul's honour'd gate,
Nor anti-chambers with attendants fill'd,
The mind's unhappy tumults can abate,
Or banish sullen cares, that fly
Across the gilded rooms of state,
And their foul nests, like swallows, build
Close to the palace-roofs, and towers that pierce the sky.

Much less will Nature's modest wants supply;
And happier lives the homely swain,
Who, in some cottage, far from noise,
His few paternal goods enjoys,
Nor knows the sordid lust of gain,
Nor with Fear's tormenting pain
His hovering steps destroys.

Vain man! that in a narrow space
At endless game projects the daring spear!
For short is life's uncertain race:
Then why, capricious mortal! why
Dost thou for happiness repair
To distant climates, and a foreign air?
Fool! from thyself thou canst not fly,
Thyself, the source of all thy care.
So flies the wounded stag, provok'd with pain,
Bounds o'er the spacious downs in vain;
The feather'd torment sticks within his side,
And from the smarting wound a purple tide
Marks all his way with blood, and dyes the grassy plain.

But swifter far is execrable Care
Than stags, or winds that through the skies
Thick-driving snows and gather'd tempests bear;
Pursuing Care the sailing ship out-flies,
Climbs the tall vessel's painted sides;
Nor leaves arm'd squadrons in the field,
But with the marching horsemen rides,
And dwells alike in courts and camps, and makes all places yield.

Then, since no state's completely blest,
Let's learn the bitter to allay
With gentle mirth, and wisely gay
Enjoy at least the present day,
And leave to Fate the rest.
Nor with vain fear of ills to come
Anticipate th' appointed doom.
Soon did Achilles quit the stage,
The hero fell by sudden death;
While Tithon to a tedious wasting age
Drew his protracted breath.
And thus old partial Time, my friend,
Perhaps, unask'd, to worthless me
Those hours of lengthen'd life may lend,
Which he'll refuse to thee.

Thee shining wealth and plenteous joys surround,
And, all thy fruitful fields around,
Unnumber'd herds of cattle stray.
Thy harness'd steeds with sprightly voice
Make neighbouring vales and hills rejoice,
While smoothly thy gay chariot flies o'er the swift measur'd way.
To me the stars, with less profusion kind,
An humble fortune have assign'd,
And no untuneful lyric vein,
But a sincere contented mind,
That can the vile malignant crowd disdain.

THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Once, on a solemn festal day
Held by th' immortals in the skies,
Flora had summon'd all the deities
That rule o'er gardens, or survey
The birth of greens and springing flowers,
And thus address'd the genial powers.

"Ye shining Graces of my courtly train,
The cause of this assembly know!
In sovereign majesty I reign
O'er the gay flowery universe below;
Yet, my increasing glory to maintain,
A queen I'll choose with spotless honour fair,
The delegated crown to wear.
Let me your counsel and assistance ask,
T' accomplish this momentous task."

The deities that stood around,
At first return'd a murmuring sound;
Then said, "Fair goddess, do you know
The factious feuds this must create,
What jealous rage and mutual hate
Among the rival flowers will grow?
The vilest thistle that infests the plain
Will think his tawdry painted pride
Deserves the crown; and, if deny'd,
Perhaps with traitor-plots, molest your reign."
"Vain are your fears, Flora reply'd,
'Tis fix'd—and hear how I'll the cause decide.

"Deep in a venerable wood
Where oaks, with vocal skill endued,
Did wondrous oracles of old impart,
Beneath a little hill's inclining side,
A grotto's seen where Nature's art
Is exercis'd in all her smiling pride.
Retir'd in this sweet grassy cell,
A lovely wood-nymph once did dwell.
She always pleas'd; for more than mortal fire
Shone in her eyes, and did her charms inspire;
A Dryad bore the beauteous nymph, a Sylvan was her sire.
Chaste, wise, devout, she still obey'd
With humble zeal Heaven's dread commands,
To every action ask'd our aid,
And oft before our altars pray'd;
Pure was her heart, and undefil'd her hands.
She's dead—and from her sweet remains
The wondrous mixture I would take,
This much desired, this perfect flower to make.
Assist, and thus with our transforming pains,
We'll dignify the garden-beds, and grace our favourite plains."

Th' applauding deities with pleasure heard,
And for the grateful work prepar'd.
A busy face the god of Gardens wore;
Vertumnus of the party too,
From various sweets th' exhaling spirits drew:
While, in full canisters, Pomona bore
Of richest fruits a plenteous store;
And Vesta promis'd wondrous things to do.
Gay Venus led a lively train
Of smiles and graces: the plump god of Wine
From clusters did the flowing nectar strain,
And fill'd large goblets with his juice divine.
Thus charg'd, they seek the honour'd shade
Where liv'd and died the spotless maid.

On a soft couch of turf the body lay;
Th' approaching deities press'd all around,
Prepar'd the sacred rites to pay
In silence, and with awe profound.
Flora thrice bow'd, and thus was heard to pray.
"Jove! mighty Jove! whom all adore,
Exert thy great creative power!
Let this fair corpse be mortal clay no more;
Transform it to a tree, to bear a beauteous flower"—
Scarce had the goddess spoke, when see!
The nymph's extended limbs the form of branches wear:
Behold the wondrous change, the fragrant tree!
To leaves was turn'd her flowing hair;
And rich diffus'd perfumes regal'd the wanton air.

Heavens! what new charm, what sudden light,
Improves the grot, and entertains the sight!
A sprouting bud begins the tree t' adorn;
The large the sweet vermilion flower is born!
The goddess thrice on the fair infant breath'd,
To spread it into life, and to convey
The fragrant soul, and every charm bequeath'd
To make the vegetable princess gay:
Then kiss'd it thrice: the general silence broke,
And thus in loud rejoicing accents spoke.
"Ye flowers at my command attendant here,
Pay homage, and your sovereign Rose revere!
No sorrow on your drooping leaves be seen;
Let all be proud of such a queen,
So fit the floral crown to wear,
To glorify the day, and grace the youthful year."

Thus speaking, she the new-born favourite crown'd,
The transformation was complete;
The deities with songs the queen of flowers did greet:
Soft flutes and tuneful harps were heard to sound;
While now to Heaven the well-pleas'd goddess flies
With her bright train, and reascends the skies.

SIX CANTATAS, OR POEMS FOR MUSIC,

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE ITALIANS.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

Non antè vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor socianda chordis.

Hor.

THE PREFACE,

AS IT WAS PRINTED BEFORE THE MUSIC.

TO THE LOVERS OF MUSIC.

Mr. Pepusch having desired that some account should be prefixed to these cantatas relating to the words, it may be proper to acquaint the public, that they are the first essays of this kind, and were written as an experiment of introducing a sort of composition, which had never been naturalized in our language. Those who are affectedly partial to the Italian tongue will scarce allow music to speak any other; but if reason may be admitted to have any share in these entertainments, nothing is more necessary than that the words should be understood, without which the end of vocal music is lost. The want of this occasions a common complaint, and is the chief, if not the only reason, that the best works of Scarlati and other Italians, except those performed in operas, are generally but little known or regarded here. Besides, it may be observed, without any dishonour to a language which has been adorned by some writers of excellent genius, and was the first among the moderns in which the art of poetry was revived and brought to any perfection, that in the great number of their operas, serenatas, and cantatas, the words are often much inferior to the composition; and though, by their abounding with vowels, they have an inimitable aptness and facility for notes, the writers for music have not always made the best use of this advantage, or seem to, have relied on it so much as to have regarded little else; so that Mr. Waller's remark on another occasion may be frequently applied to them:

Soft words, with nothing in them, make a song.

Yet so great is the force of sounds well chosen and skilfully executed, that, as they can hide indifferent sense, and a kind of associated pleasure arises from the words though they are but mean; so the impression cannot fail of being in proportion much greater, when the thoughts are natural and proper, and the expressions unaffected and agreeable.

Since, therefore, the English language, though inferior in smoothness, has been found not incapable of harmony, nothing would perhaps be wanting towards introducing the most elegant style of music, in a nation which has given such generous encouragements to it, if our best poets would sometimes assist this design, and make it their diversion to improve a sort of verse, in regular measures, purposely fitted for music, and which, of all the modern kinds, seems to be the only one that can now properly be called lyrics.

It cannot but be observed on this occasion, that since poetry and music are so nearly allied, it is a misfortune that those who excel in one are often perfect strangers to the other. If, therefore, a better correspondence were settled between the two sister arts, they would probably contribute to each other's improvement. The expressions of harmony, cadence, and a good ear, which are said to be so necessary in poetry, being all borrowed from music, show at least, if they signify any thing, that it would be no improper help for a poet to understand more than the metaphorical sense of them. And on the other hand, a composer can never judge where to lay the accent of his music, who does not know, or is not made sensible, where the words have the greatest beauty and force.

There is one thing in compositions of this sort which seems a little to want explaining, and that

is the recitative music, which many people hear without pleasure, the reason of which is, perhaps, that they have a mistaken notion of it. They are accustomed to think that all music should be air; and being disappointed of what they expect, they lose the beauty that is in it of a different kind. It may be proper to observe, therefore, that the recitative style in composition is founded on that variety of accent which pleases in the pronunciation of a good orator, with as little deviation from it as possible. The different tones of the voice, in astonishment, joy, sorrow, rage, tenderness in affirmations, apostrophes, interrogations, and all the varieties of speech, make a sort of natural music, which is very agreeable; and this is what is intended to be imitated, with some helps by the composer, but without approaching to what we call a tune or air; so that it is but a kind of improved elocution or pronouncing the words in musical cadences, and is indeed wholly at the mercy of the performer to make it agreeable or not, according to his skill or ignorance, like the reading of verse, which is not every one's talent. This short account may possibly suffice to show how properly the recitative has a place in compositions of any length, to relieve the ear with a variety, and to introduce the airs with the greater advantage.

As to Mr. Pepusch's success in these compositions, I am not at liberty to say any more than that he has, I think, very naturally expressed the sense of the words. He is desirous the public should be informed, that they are not only the first he has attempted in English, but the first of any of his works published by himself; and as he wholly submits them to the judgment of the lovers of this art, it will be a pleasure to him to find, that his endeavours to promote the composing of music in the English language, after a new model, are favourably accepted.

CANTATA I.

ON ENGLISH BEAUTY.

RECITATIVE.

When Beauty's goddess from the ocean sprung,
Ascending, o'er the waves she cast a smile
On fair Britannia's happy isle,
And rais'd her tuneful voice, and thus she sung.

AIR.

Hail, Britannia! hail to thee,
Fairest island of the sea!
Thou my favourite land shalt be.
Cyprus too shall own my sway,
And dedicate to me its groves;
Yet Venus and her train of Loves
Will with happier Britain stay.
Hail, Britannia! hail to thee,
Fairest island of the sea!
Thou my favourite land shalt be.

RECITATIVE.

Britannia heard the notes diffusing wide,
And saw the power whom gods and men adore,
Approaching nearer with the tide,
And in a rapture loudly cry'd,
O welcome! welcome to my shore!

AIR.

Lovely isle! so richly blest!
Beauty's palm is thine confess'd.
Thy daughters all the world outshine,
Nor Venus' self is so divine.
Lovely isle! so richly blest!
Beauty's palm is thine confess'd.

CANTATA II.

ALEXIS.

RECITATIVE.

See,—from the silent grove Alexis flies,
And seeks with every pleasing art
To ease the pain, which lovely eyes
Created in his heart.
To shining theatres he now repairs,
To learn Camilla's moving airs,
Where thus to Music's power the swain address'd his prayers.

AIR.

Charming sounds! that sweetly languish,
Music, O compose my anguish!
Every passion yields to thee;
Phœbus quickly then relieve me:
Cupid shall no more deceive me;
I'll to sprightlier joys be free.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the foolish swain;
He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,
How weak, t' assuage an amorous pain,
His own harmonious art had prov'd,
And all his healing herbs how vain.
Then thus he strikes the speaking strings,
Preluding to his voice, and sings.

AIR.

Sounds, though charming, can't relieve thee;
Do not, shepherd, then deceive thee,
Music is the voice of Love.
If the tender maid believe thee,
Soft relenting,
Kind consenting,
Will alone thy pain remove.

CANTATA III.

ON THE SPRING.

WITH VIOLINS.

AIR.

Fragrant Flora! haste, appear,
Goddess of the youthful Year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now:
On thy buds of roses playing,
All thy breathing sweets displaying,
Hark, his amorous breezes blow!
Fragrant Flora! haste, appear!
Goddess of the youthful Year!
Zephyr gently courts thee now.

RECITATIVE.

Thus on a fruitful hill, in the fair bloom of spring,
The tuneful Colinet, his voice did raise,
The vales remurmur'd with his lays,
And listening birds hung hovering on the wing,
In whispering sighs soft Zephyr by him flew,
While thus the shepherd did his song renew.

AIR.

Love and pleasures gaily flowing,
Come this charming season grace!
Smile, ye fair! your joys bestowing,
Spring and youth will soon be going,
Seize the blessings ere they pass:
Love and pleasures gaily flowing,
Come this charming season grace!

CANTATA IV.

MIRANDA.

RECITATIVE.

Miranda's tuneful voice and fame
Had reach'd the wondering skies;
From Heaven the god of Music came,
And own'd a pleas'd surprise;
Then in a soft melodious lay,
Apollo did these grateful praises pay.

AIR.

Matchless charmer! thine shall be
The highest prize of harmony.
Phœbus ever will inspire thee,
And th' applauding world admire thee;
All shall in thy praise agree.
Matchless charmer! thine shall be
The highest prize of harmony.

RECITATIVE.

The god then summon'd every Muse t' appear,
And hail their sister of the quire; [hear,
Smiling they stood around, her soothing strains to
And fill'd her happy soul with all their fire.

AIR.

O Harmony! how wondrous sweet,
Dost thou our cares allay!
When all thy moving graces meet,
How softly dost thou steal our easy hours away!
O Harmony! how wondrous sweet,
Dost thou our cares allay!

CANTATA V.

CORYDON.

RECITATIVE.

While Corydon the lonely shepherd try'd
His tuneful flute, and charm'd the grove,
The jealous nightingales, that strove
To trace his notes, contending dy'd;
At last he hears within a myrtle shade
An echo answer all his strain;
Love stole the pipe of sleeping Pan, and play'd;
Then with his voice decoys the listening swain.

AIR. WITH A FLUTE.

Gay shepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleasing scenes attend thee,
O this way speed thy pace!
If music can delight thee,
Or visions fair invite thee,
This bower's the happy place.
Gay shepherd, to befriend thee,
Here pleasing scenes attend thee,
O this way speed thy pace!

RECITATIVE.

The shepherd rose, he gaz'd around,
And vainly sought the magic sound;
The god of Love his motion spies,
Lays by the pipe, and shoots a dart
Through Corydon's unwary heart,
Then, smiling, from his ambush flies;
While in his room, divinely bright,
The reigning beauty of the groves surpris'd the shepherd's sight.

AIR.

Who, from love his heart securing,
Can avoid th' enchanting pain?
Pleasure calls with voice alluring,
Beauty softly binds the chain.
Who, from love his heart securing,
Can avoid th' enchanting pain?

CANTATA VI.

THE COQUET.

RECITATIVE.

Airy Cloe, proud and young,
The fairest tyrant of the plain,
Laugh'd at her adoring swain.
He sadly sigh'd—she gayly sung,
And wanton, thus reproach'd his pain.

AIR.

Leave me, silly shepherd, go,
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thousand charms in me;
Then cease thy prayers, I'll kinder grow,
When I can view such charms in thee.
Leave me, silly shepherd, go;
You only tell me what I know,
You view a thousand charms in me.

RECITATIVE.

Amyntor, fir'd by this disdain,
Curs'd the proud fair, and broke his chain;
He rav'd, and at the scorner swore,
And vow'd he'd be Love's fool no more—
But Cloe smil'd, and thus she call'd him back again.

AIR.

Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a man, I love thee:
And without a blush resign.
But ungrateful is the passion,
And destroys our inclination,
When, like slaves, our lovers whine.
Shepherd, this I've done to prove thee,
Now thou art a man, I love thee,
And without a blush resign.

THE

PRAISES OF HEROIC VIRTUE.

FROM THE FRAGMENTS OF TYRTÆUS,

TRANSLATED IN THE YEAR 1701, ON OCCASION OF

THE KING OF FRANCE'S BREAKING THE PEACE OF RYSWICK.

O Spartan youths! what fascinating charms
Have froze your blood? why rust your idle arms?
When, with awaken'd courage, will you go,
And minds resolv'd, to meet the threat'ning foe?
What! shall our vile lethargic sloth betray
To greedy neighbours an unguarded prey?

Or can you see their armies rush from far,
And sit secure amidst the rage of war?
Ye gods! how great, how glorious 'tis to see
The warrior-hero fight for liberty,
For his dear children, for his tender wife,
For all the valued joys, and soft supports of life!
Then let him draw his sword, and take the field,
And fortify his breast behind the spacious shield.
Nor fear to die; in vain you shun your fate,
Nor can you shorten, nor prolong its date;
For life's a measur'd race, and he that flies
From darts and fighting foes, at home inglorious dies;
No grieving crowds his obsequies attend;
But all applaud and weep the soldier's end,
Who, desperately brave, in fight sustains
Inflicted wounds, and honourable stains,
And falls a sacrifice to Glory's charms:
But if a just success shall crown his arms,
For his return the rescued people wait,
To see the guardian genius of the state;
With rapture viewing his majestic face,
His dauntless mien, and every martial grace,
They'll bless the toils he for their safety bore,
Admire them living, and when dead adore.

UNDER THE PRINT OF

TOM BRITTON.

THE MUSICAL SMALL-COAL MAN.

Though mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell
Did gentle Peace and arts unpurchas'd dwell.
Well pleas'd Apollo thither led his train,
And Music warbled in her sweetest strain;
Cyllenius so, as fables tell, and Jove,
Came willing guests to poor Philemon's grove.
Let useless Pomp behold, and blush to find
So low a station, such a liberal mind.

SONG.

THE FAIR TRAVELLER.

In young Astrea's sparkling eye,
Resistless Love has fix'd his throne;
A thousand lovers bleeding lie
For her, with wounds they fear to own.

While the coy beauty speeds her flight
To distant groves from whence she came;
So lightning vanishes from sight,
But leaves the forest in a flame!

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. D. PURCELL.

AIR.

Love, I defy thee?
Venus, I fly thee!
I'm of chaste Diana's train.
Away, thou winged boy!
Thou bear'st thy darts in vain,
I hate the languid joy,
I mock the trifling pain.
Love, I defy thee!
Venus, I fly thee!
I'm of chaste Diana's train.

RECITATIVE.

Bright Venus and her son stood by,
And heard a proud disdainful fair
Thus boast her wretched liberty;
They scorn'd she should the raptures share,
Which their happier captives know,
Nor would Cupid draw his bow
To wound the nymph, but laugh'd out this reply.

AIR.

Proud and foolish! hear your fate!
Waste your youth, and sigh too late
For joys which now you say you hate.
When your decaying eyes
Can dart their fires no more,
The wrinkles of threescore
Shall make you vainly wise.
Proud and foolish! hear your fate!
Waste your youth, and sigh too late
For joys which now you say you hate.

SONG.

Would you gain the tender creature,
Softly—gently—kindly—treat her!
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms without the heart.

CUPID AND SCARLATI.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

On silver Tyber's vocal shore,
The fam'd Scarlati strook his lyre,
And strove, with charms unknown before,
The springs of tuneful sound t' explore,
Beyond what Art alone could e'er inspire;
When see—the sweet essay to hear,
Venus with her son drew near,
And, pleas'd to ask the master's aid,
The mother goddess, smiling, said.

AIR.

Harmonious son of Phœbus, see,
'Tis Love, 'tis little Love I bring.
The queen of beauty sues to thee,
To teach her wanton boy to sing.

RECITATIVE.

The pleas'd musician heard with joy,
And, proud to teach th' immortal boy,
Did all his songs and heavenly skill impart;
The boy, to recompense his art,
Repeating, did each song improve,
And breath'd into his airs the charms of love,
And taught the master thus to touch the heart.

AIR.

Love inspiring,
Sounds persuading,
Makes his darts resistless fly;
Beauty aiding,
Arts aspiring,
Gives them wings to rise more high.

A CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES BY SIGNIOR NICOLINI HAYM.

AIR.

Ye tender powers! how shall I move
A careless maid, that laughs at love?
Cupid, to my succour fly:
Come with all thy thrilling darts,
Thy melting flames to soften hearts;
Conquer for me, or I die!
Ye tender powers! how shall I move
A careless maid, that laughs at love?
Cupid, to my succour fly!

RECITATIVE.

Thus, in a melancholy shade,
A pensive lover to his aid
Invok'd the god of warm desire;
Love heard him, and, to gain the maid,
Did this successful thought inspire.

AIR.

Take her humour, smile, be gay,
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.
Cast thy serious airs away,
Freely courting,
Toying, sporting,
Soothe her hours with amorous play.
Take her humour, smile, be gay,
In her favourite follies join,
That's the charm will make her thine.

PASTORA,
A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

On fam'd Arcadia's flowery plains,
The gay Pastora once was heard to sing;
Close by a fountain's crystal spring,
She warbled out her merry strains.

AIR.

Shepherds, would you hope to please us,
You must every humour try;
Sometimes flatter, sometimes teaze us,
Often laugh, and sometimes cry.
Shepherds, would you hope to please us,
You must every humour try.
Soft denials
Are but trials,
You must follow when we fly.
Shepherds, would you hope to please us,
You must every humour try.

RECITATIVE.

Damon, who long ador'd the sprightly maid,
Yet never durst his love relate,
Resolv'd at last to try his fate;
He sigh'd!—she smil'd!—He kneel'd and pray'd!
She frown'd;—he rose, and walk'd away,
But, soon returning, look'd more gay,
And sung and danc'd, and on his pipe a cheerful echo play'd.

AIR. WITH AN ECHO OF FLUTES.

Pastora fled to a shady grove;
Damon view'd her,
And pursu'd her;
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.
The nymph look'd back, well pleas'd to see
That Damon ran as swift as she.
Pastora fled to a shady grove;
Damon view'd her,
And pursu'd her;
Cupid laugh'd, and crown'd his love.

A PASTORAL MASQUE.

SCENE, A PROSPECT OF A WOOD.

ENTER A SHEPHERD, AND SINGS.

Ye nymphs and shepherds of the grove,
That know the pleasing pains of love,
Eager for th' expected blessing,
Sighing, panting for possessing!
Leave your flocks, and haste away,
With solemn state,
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

Enter a band of shepherds on one side with garlands; on the other side, shepherdesses with canisters of flowers.

CHORUS.

From the echoing hills, and the jovial plains,
Where pleasure, and plenty, and happiness reigns;
We leave our flocks, and haste away,
With solemn state
To celebrate
Cupid and Hymen's holiday.

[*A dance here*]

Scene opening discovers a pleasant bower, with the god of love asleep, attended by Cupids, some playing with his bow, others sharpening his arrows, &c. On each side the bower, walks of cypress trees, and fountains playing; a distant landscape terminates the prospect.

Verse for a shepherdess, with flutes.

See the mighty power of love,
Sleeping in a Cyprian grove!
Nymphs and shepherds, gently shed
Spices round his sacred head;
On his lovely body shower
Leaves of roses, virgin lilies,
Cowslips, violets, daffodilies,
And with garlands dress the bower.

Ritornel of flutes. After which Cupid rises, and sings, with his bow drawn.

Yield to the god of soft desires!
Whose gentle influence inspires
Every creature
Throughout nature
With sprightly joys and genial fires.

Chorus of the shepherds and nymphs.

Hail, thou potent deity!
Every creature
Throughout nature
Owns thy power as well as we.

Enter Hymen in a saffron-coloured robe, a chaplet of flowers on his head, and in his hand the nuptial torch; attended by priests.

HYMEN.

Behold a greater power than he!
Behold the marriage deity!

Chorus, by Hymen's attendants.

Behold the marriage deity!

CUPID, SMILING.

Behold the god of household strife,
That spoils the happy lover's life,
And turns a mistress to a wife!

HYMEN.

Foolish and inconstant boy!
Thine's a transitory joy;
Sudden fits in Pleasure's fever;
Hymen's blessings last for ever.

CUPID.

Hymen's bondage lasts for ever;
Love's free pleasures failing never.

HYMEN.

Love's stolen pleasures, insincere,
Purchas'd at a rate too dear,
Shame and sorrow will destroy,
If Hymen license not the joy.

BOTH TOGETHER.

Then let us join hands and unite.

Last Chorus of the shepherds and nymphs.

How happy, how happy, how happy are we,
Where Cupid and Hymen in consort agree!
We'll revel all day with sports and delight,
And Hymen and Cupid shall govern the night.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

Venus! thy throne of beauty now resign!
Behold on Earth a conquering fair,
Who more deserves Love's crown to wear!
Not thy own star so bright in Heaven does shine.
Ask of thy son her name, who with his dart
Has deeply grav'd it in my heart;
Or ask the god of tuneful sound,
Who sings it to his lyre,
And does this maid inspire
With his own art, to give a surer wound.

AIR.

Hark! the groves her songs repeat;
Echo lurks in hollow springs,
And, transported while she sings,
Learns her voice, and grows more sweet;
Could Narcissus see or hear her,
From his fountain he would fly,
And, with awe approaching near her,
For a real beauty die.
Hark! the groves her songs repeat;
Echo lurks in hollow springs,
And, transported while she sings,
Learns her voice, and grows more sweet.

RECITATIVE.

Yet, Venus, once again my suit attend;
And when from Heaven you shall descend,
This shining empress to array,
When you present her all your train of Loves,
Your chariot, and your murmuring doves,
Tell her she wants one charm to make the rest more gay,
Then, smiling, to th' harmonious beauty say:

AIR.

To a lovely face and air,
Let a tender heart be join'd.
Love can make you doubly fair;
Music's sweeter when you're kind.
To a lovely face and air,
Let a tender heart be join'd.

A FRAGMENT.

In every age, to brighter honours born,
Which loveliest nymphs and sweetest bards adorn,
Beauty and Wit each other's aid require,
And poets sing what once the fair inspire;
The fair for ever thus her charms prolong,
And live rewarded in the tuneful song.
Thus Sacharissa shines in Waller's lays,
And she, who rais'd his genius, shares his praise.
Each does in each a mutual life infuse,
Th' inspiring Beauty, the recording Muse.
. . . . . .

CLAUDIANUS.

IN EPITHALAMIO HONORII ET MARIÆ.

Cunctatur stupefacta Venus. Nunc ora puellæ,
Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
Hæc modo crescenti, plenæ par altera lunæ:
Assurgit ceu fortè minor sub matre virenti
Laurus: & ingentes ramos, olimque futuras
Promittit jam parva comas: vel flore sub uno,
Ceu geminæ Pæstana rosæ per jugera regnant.
Hæc largo matura die, saturataque vernis
Roribus, indulget spatio: latet altera nodo,
Nec teneris audet foliis admittere soles.

TRANSLATED.

Venus coming to a nuptial ceremony, and entering the room, sees the bride and her mother sitting together, &c. On which occasion Claudian makes the following description.

The goddess paus'd; and, held in deep amaze,
Now views the mother's, now the daughter's face;
Different in each, yet equal beauty glows,
That, the full moon, and this, the crescent shows:
Thus, rais'd beneath its parent tree, is seen
The laurel shoot, while, in its early green,
Thick-sprouting leaves and branches are essay'd,
And all the promise of a future shade.
Or, blooming thus, in happy Pæstan fields,
One common stock two lovely roses yields;
Mature by vernal dews, this dares display
Its leaves full blown, and boldly meets the day;
That, folded in its tender nonage, lies
A beauteous bud, nor yet admits the skies.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

Foolish Love! I scorn thy darts,
And all thy little wanton arts,
To captivate unmanly hearts.
Shall a woman, proud and coy,
Make me languish for a toy?
Foolish Love! I scorn thy darts,
And all thy little wanton arts,
To captivate unmanly hearts.

RECITATIVE.

Thus Strephon mock'd the power of Love, and swore
His freedom he would still maintain,
Nor ever wear th' inglorious chain,
Or slavishly adore.
But when Lamira cross'd the plain,
The shepherd gaz'd, and thus revers'd his strain.

AIR.

Love, I feel thy power divine,
And blushing now my heart resign!
Ye swains, my folly don't despise;
But look on fair Lamira's eyes,
Then tell me if you can be wise.
Love, I feel thy power divine,
And blushing now my heart resign!

THE SOLDIER IN LOVE.

A CANTATA.

SET WITH SYMPHONIES BY MR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

Why, too amorous hero! why
Dost thou the war forego,
At Celia's feet to lie,
And sighing tell thy woe?
Can you think that sneaking air
Fit to move th' unpitying fair?
She laughs to see thee trifle so.
Why, too amorous hero! why
Dost thou the war forego,
At Celia's feet to lie,
And sighing tell thy woe?

RECITATIVE.

Cleander heard not this advice,
Nor would his languishing refrain:
But while to Celia once he pray'd in vain,
By chance his image in a glass he spies,
And, blushing at the sight, he grew a man again.

AIR. WITH A TRUMPET.

Hark! the trumpet sounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from scornful Celia flies,
To court Victoria's charms.
Celia beholds his alter'd brow,
And would regain her lover now.
Hark! the trumpet sounds to arms!
I come, I come, the warrior cries,
And from scornful Celia flies,
To court Victoria's charms.

AN ODE IN PRAISE OF MUSIC.

PERFORMED AT STATIONER'S HALL, 1703.

Descende Cœlo, & dic age tibiâ,
Regina, longum, Calliope, melos,
Seu voce nunc mavis acutâ
Seu fidibus Cytharâve Phœbi.

Hor.

[*Begin with a chorus.*]

Awake, cœlestial Harmony!
Awake, cœlestial Harmony!
Turn thy vocal sphere around,
Goddess of melodious sound.
Let the trumpet's shrill voice,
And the drum's thundering noise,
Rouze every dull mortal from sorrows profound.
See, see!
The mighty power of Harmony!
Behold how soon its charms can chase
Grief and gloom from every face!
How swift its raptures fly,
And thrill thro' every soul, and brighten every eye!
Proceed, sweet charmer of the ear!
Proceed; and through the mellow flute,
The moving lyre,
And solitary lute,
Melting airs, soft joys inspire:
Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer;
Joys to flatter dull Despair,
And softly sooth the amorous fire.

CHORUS.

Melting airs, soft joys inspire:
Airs for drooping Hope to hear,
Melting as a lover's prayer;
Joys to flatter dull Despair,
And softly sooth the amorous fire.

Now let the sprightly violin
A louder strain begin;
And now
Let the deep-mouth'd organ blow,
Swell it high, and sink it low.
Hark!—how the treble and base
In wanton fugues each other chase,
And swift divisions run their airy race!
Through all the travers'd scale they fly,
In winding labyrinths of harmony:
By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and die.

CHORUS.

In winding labyrinths of harmony,
Through all the travers'd scale they fly:
By turns they rise and fall, by turns we live and die.

Ye sons of Art, once more renew your strains;
In loftier verse, and loftier lays,
Your voices raise,
To Music's praise!
A nobler song remains.
Sing how the great Creator-God,
On wings of flaming cherubs rode,
To make a world; and, round the dark abyss,
Turn'd the golden compasses[1],
The compasses in Fate's high storehouse found;
"Thus far extend," he said; "be this
O World, thy measur'd bound."

[1] Milton.

Mean while a thousand harps were play'd on high;
" Be this thy measur'd bound,"
Was echo'd all around;
" And now arise, ye Earth, and Seas, and Sky!"
A thousand voices made reply,
" Arise, ye Earth, and Seas, and Sky!"
What can Music's power control?
When Nature's sleeping soul
Perceiv'd th' enchanting sound,
It wak'd, and shook off foul Deformity;
The mighty melody
Nature's secret chains unbound;
And Earth arose, and Seas, and Sky.
Aloft expanded spheres were slung,
With shining luminaries hung;
A vast Creation stood display'd,
By Heaven's inspiring Music made.

CHORUS.

O wondrous force of Harmony!
Divinest art, whose fame shall never cease!
Thy honour'd voice proclaim'd the Saviour's birth;
When Heaven vouchsaf'd to treat with Earth,
Music was herald of the peace:
Thy voice could best the joyful tidings tell;
Immortal Mercy! boundless Love!
A God descending from above,
To conquer Death and Hell.
There yet remains an hour of Fate,
When Music must again its charms employ;
The trumpet's sound
Shall call the numerous nations under ground.
The numerous nations straight
Appear; and some with grief, and some with joy,
Their final sentence wait.

GRAND CHORUS.

Then other arts shall pass away:
Proud Architecture shall in ruins lie,
And Painting fade and die,
Nay Earth, and Heaven itself, in wasteful fire decay.
Music alone, and Poesy,
Triumphant o'er the flame, shall see
The world's last blaze.
The tuneful sisters shall embrace,
And praise and sing, and sing and praise,
In never-ceasing choirs, to all eternity.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

RECITATIVE.

DAPHNE, the beautiful, the coy,
Along the winding shore of Peneus flew,
To shun Love's tender, offer'd joy;
Though 'twas a god that did her charms pursue.
While thus Apollo, in a moving strain, [pain.
Awak'd his lyre, and softly breath'd his amorous

AIR.

Fairest mortal! stay and hear;
Cannot Love, with Music join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting mind?
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear;
Fairest mortal! stay and hear;
Cannot Love, with Music join'd,
Touch thy unrelenting mind?

RECITATIVE.

The river's echoing banks with pleasure did prolong
The sweetly-warbled sounds, and murmur'd with the
Daphne fled swifter, in despair, [song:
To 'scape the god's embrace:
And to the genius of the place
She sigh'd this wondrous prayer:

AIR.

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!
Let some sudden change invade me;
Fix me rooted on thy shore.
Cease, Apollo, to persuade me;
I am Daphne now no more.
Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!
Let some sudden change invade me;
Fix me rooted on thy shore.

RECITATIVE.

Apollo wondering stood to see
The nymph transform'd into a tree.
Vain were his lyre, his voice, his tuneful art,
His passion, and his race divine;
Nor could th' eternal beams, that round his temples
Melt the cold virgin's frozen heart. [shine,

AIR.

Nature alone can love inspire;
Art is vain to move desire.
If Nature once the fair incline,
To their own passion they resign.
Nature alone can love inspire;
Art is vain to move desire.

A THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

DELIGHTFUL mansion! blest retreat!
Where all is silent, all is sweet!
Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd Muse more tuneful sings,
While May leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flowers.
Gay Pleasure here all dresses wears,
And in a thousand shapes appears.
Pursu'd by Fancy, how she roves
Through airy walks, and museful groves;
Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and see!
In this elysium while I stray,
And Nature's fairest face survey,
Earth seems new-born, and life more bright;
Time steals away, and smooths his flight;
And Thought's bewilder'd in delight.
Where are the crowds I saw of late?
What are those tales of Europe's fate?
Of Anjou, and the Spanish crown;
And leagues to pull usurpers down?
Of marching armies, distant wars;
Of factions, and domestic jars?
Sure these are last night's dreams, no more;
Or some romance, read lately o'er;
Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And powers confederate to destroy
Priam's proud house, the Dardan name,
With him that stole the ravish'd dame,
And, to possess another's right,
Durst the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle Sleep, my eye-lids close,
These dull impressions help me lose:

Let Fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dreams to sooth my mind;
Or waking let me learn to live;
The prospect will instruction give.
For see, where beauteous Thames does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low:
Such let my life's smooth current be,
Till from Time's narrow shore set free,
It mingle with th' eternal sea;
And, thus enlarg'd, shall be no more
That trifling thing it was before.

A WISH, TO THE NEW YEAR, 1705.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore,
But joys and griefs alike, once hurry'd o'er,
No longer now deserve a smile or tear;
Close the fantastic scenes—but grace
With brightest aspects thy foreface,
While Time's new offspring haste to appear,
With lucky omens guide the coming Hours,
Command the circling Seasons to advance,
And form their renovated dance,
With flowing pleasures fraught, and bless'd by friendly powers.

Thy month, O Janus! gave me first to know
A mortal's trifling cares below;
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far, from great misfortunes free,
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor Nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor spurn at common ills in vain,
Which Folly cannot shun, nor wise Reflection cure.

But oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy
Events that yet in embryo lie
For me, in Time's mysterious womb?
Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear,
A thousand accidents severe;
I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,
If Love rejected add not to its weight,
To finish me in woes, and crush me down with Fate.

But if the goddess, in whose charming eyes,
More clearly written than in Fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune lies;
If she must with a less propitious look
Forbid my humble sacrifice,
Or blast me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou seest in store,
Cut short my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didst bestow!
Here let me lay my burthen down,
And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. GALLIARD.

WHILE on your blooming charms I gaze,
Your tender lips, your soft enchanting eyes,
And all the Venus in your face,
I'm fill'd with pleasure and surprise;
But, cruel goddess! when I find
Diana's coldness in your mind,
How can I bear that fix'd disdain?
My pleasure dies, and I but live in pain.

AIR.

Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart?
Sooth her breast to soft consenting,
Or remove from mine the dart!
Tyrant Cupid! when, relenting,
Will you touch the charmer's heart?

RECITATIVE.

But see! while to my passion voice I give,
Th' applauded beauty, doubly bright,
Seems in the moving tale to take delight,
And looks as she would let me live;
And yet she chides, but with so sweet an air,
That while she love denies, she yet forbids despair.

AIR.

Fear not, doubting fair! t' approve me;
Can you love me?
Frown not, if you answer no;
If you answer, frown not, no.
When again I ask, pursuing,
If you'll stay and see my ruin?
Fly—but let me with you go!
Blush not, doubting fair! t' approve me;
Can you love me?
Smile, and every fear forego!

AN ODE

FOR VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,

TO THE MEMORY OF THE MOST NOBLE

WILLIAM DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE,

ANNO MDCCVII.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. PEPUSCH.

[*Overture of soft Music.*]

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

YE generous Arts and Muses, join; [flow,
While down your cheeks the streaming sorrows
Let murmuring strings with the soft voice combine
T' express the melody of Woe.
And thou, Augusta! rise and wait,
With decent honours, on the great;
Condole my loss, and weep Devonia's fate.

AIR. WITH FLUTES.

Queen of cities! leave awhile
Thy beauteous smile,
Turn to tender grief thy joy.
From thy shore of Thames replying,
Gentlest Echoes, fainting, dying,
Shall their sorrow too employ.
Queen of cities! leave awhile
Thy beauteous smile,
Turn to tender grief thy joy.

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

'Tis Fame's chief immortality,
Britannia, to be mourn'd by thee.
I know the loss; from midnight skies
Ill omens late did strike my eyes;
Near the radiant northern car
I look'd, and saw a falling star.

AIR.

Lands remote the loss will hear;
From rocks reporting,
Seas transporting,
Will the wafted sorrow bear.
Winds that fly
Will softly sigh,
A star has left the British sphere.
Lands remote, &c.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Great George! whose azure emblems of renown
Are the fair gifts of Britain's crown,
Patron of my illustrious isle!
Thou saw'st thy order late express'd,
With added brightness, on Devonia's breast;
Meet the companion knight, and own him with a smile,

DUETTO

FOR BRITANNIA AND AUGUSTA.

BRIT. To shade his peaceful grave,
Let growing palms extend!
AUG. To grace his peaceful grave,
Let hovering Loves attend!
BOTH. { To shade, &c.
{ To grace, &c.
BRIT. And wakeful Fame defend,
AUG. And grateful Truth commend
BOTH. The generous and the brave!

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Now shall Augusta's sons their skill impart,
And summon the dumb sister Art,
In marble life to show
What the patriot was below,
Here, let a weeping Cupid stand,
And wound himself with his own dart;
There place the ducal crown, the sword, the wand,
The mark of Anna's trust and his command,

AIR.

Lofty birth and honours shining
Bring a light on noble minds.
Every courtly grace combining,
Every generous action joining,
With eternal laurel binds.
Lofty birth and honours shining
Bring a light on noble minds.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

Behold fair Liberty attend,
And in Devonia's loss bewail a friend,
See o'er his tomb perpetual lamps she lights,
Then, on his urn, the goddess writes:
"Preserve, O Urn! his silent dust,
Who faithful did obey
Princes like Anna, good and just,
Yet scorn'd his freedom to betray;
And, hated by all tyrants, chose
The glory to have such his foes."

AUGUSTA.

RECITATIVE.

Genius of Britain! give thy sorrows o'er:
A grateful tribute thou hast paid
To thy Devonia's noble shade;
Now vainly weep the dead no more!
For see—the duke and patriot still survives,
And in his great successor lives.

BRITANNIA.

RECITATIVE.

I own the new-arising light,
I see paternal grandeur shine,
Descending through th' illustrious line,
In the same royal favours bright.

LAST DUETTO, WITH ALL THE INSTRUMENTS.

BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O Time!
AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time!
BOTH. And as thou, flying, growest old,
Still this happy race behold
In Britannia's court sublime.
BRIT. Lead along their smiling Hours;
AUG. Long produce their smiling Hours;
BOTH. Blest by all auspicious powers.
BRIT. Gently smooth thy flight, O Time!
AUG. Smoothly wing thy flight, O Time!
BOTH. And as thou, flying, growest old,
Still this happy race behold
In Britannia's court sublime.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. MILLS, AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, ON HIS BENEFIT-NIGHT, FEBRUARY 16, 1709, A LITTLE BEFORE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUH'S GOING FOR HOLLAND.

WHETHER our stage all others does excel
In strength of wit, we'll not presume to tell:
But this, with noble, conscious pride, we'll say,
No theatre such glories can display;
Such worth conspicuous, beauty so divine,
As in one British audience mingled shine.
Who can, without amazement, turn his sight,
And mark the awful circle here to-night?
Warriors, with ever-living laurels, brought
From empires sav'd, from battles bravely fought,
Here sit; whose matchless story shall adorn
Scenes yet unwrit, and charm e'en ages yet unborn.
Yet who would not expect such martial fire,
That sees what eyes those gallant deeds inspire?
Valour and Beauty still were Britain's claim,
Both are her great prerogatives of fame;
By both the Muses live, from both they catch their flame.
Then as by you, in solid glory bright,
Our envy'd Isle through Europe spreads her light,
And rising honours every year sustain,
And mark the golden tract of Anne's distinguish'd reign;
So, by your presence here, we'll strive to raise
To nobler heights our action and our plays;
And poets from your favours shall derive
That immortality they boast to give.

WRITTEN

IN A WINDOW AT GREENHITHE.

GREAT President of light, and Eye of day,
As through this glass you cast your visual ray,
And view with nuptial joys two brothers blest,
And see us celebrate the genial feast,
Confess, that in your progress round the sphere,
You've found the happiest youths and brightest beauties here.

THE TOASTERS.

WHILE circling healths inspire your sprightly wit,
And on each glass some beauty's praise is writ,
You ask, my friends, how can my silent Muse
To Montague's sóft name a verse refuse?
Bright though she be, of race victorious sprung,
By wits ador'd, and by court-poets sung;
Unmov'd I hear her person call'd divine,
I see her features uninspiring shine;
A softer fair my soul to transport warms,
And, she once nam'd, no other nymph has charms.

TOFTS AND MARGARETTA.

MUSIC has learn'd the discords of the state,
And concerts jar with Whig and Tory hate.
Here Somerset and Devonshire attend
The British Tofts, and every note commend;
To native Merit just, and pleas'd to see
We've Roman arts, from Roman bondage free:
There fam'd L'Epine does equal skill employ,
While listening peers crowd to th' ecstatic joy:
Bedford, to hear her song, his dice forsakes,
And Nottingham is raptur'd when she shakes:
Lull'd statesmen melt away their drowsy cares
Of England's safety, in Italian airs.
Who would not send each year blank passes o'er,
Rather than keep such strangers from our shore?

THE WANDERING BEAUTY.

THE Graces and the wandering Loves
Are fled to distant plains,
To chase the fawns, or, deep in groves,
To wound admiring swains.
With their bright mistress there they stray,
Who turns her careless eyes
From daily triumphs; yet, each day,
Beholds new triumphs in her way,
And conquers while she flies.

But see! implor'd by moving prayers,
To change the lover's pain,
Venus her harness'd doves prepares,
And brings the fair again.
Fond mortals, who this maid pursue,
Think you she'll e'er resign?
Cease, fools, your wishes to renew,
Till she grows flesh and blood like you,
Or you, like her, divine!

DIALOGUE DE L'AMOUR ET DU POETE.

LE P. AMOUR, je ne veux plus aimer;
J'abjure à jamais ton empire:
Mon cœur, lassé de son martire,
A résolu de se calmer.

L'AM. Contre moi, qui peut t' animer?
Iris dans ses bras te rapelle.

LE P. Non, Iris est une infidelle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Pour toi, j'ai pris soin d' enflamer
Le cœur d'une beauté nouvelle;
Daphné.—LE P. Non, Daphné n'est que belle;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. D'un soupir, tu peux désarmer
Dircé, jusqu'ici si sauvage.

LE P. Elle n'est plus dans le bel age;
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

L'AM. Mais si je t' aidois à charmer
La jeune, la brillante Flore.—
Tu rougis—vas-tu dire encore,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

LE P. Non, dieu charmant, daigne former
Pour nous une chaine eternelle;
Mais pour tout ce qui n'est point elle,
Amour, je ne veux plus aimer.

DIALOGUE FROM THE FRENCH

OF MONSIEUR DE LA MOTTE.

POET. NO, Love—I ne'er will love again;
Thy tyrant empire I abjure:
My weary heart resolves to cure
Its wounds, and ease the raging pain.

LOVE. Fool! canst thou fly my happy reign?
Iris recals thee to her arms.

POET. She's false—I hate her perjur'd charms;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But know, for thee I've toil'd to gain
Daphné, the bright, the reigning toast.

POET. Daphné but common eyes can boast;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. She who before scorn'd every swain,
Dircé, shall for one sigh be thine.

POET. Age makes her rays too faintly shine;
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

LOVE. But should I give thee charms t' obtain
Flora, the young, the bright, the gay!
I see thee blush—now, rebel, say,
No, Love—I ne'er will love again.

POET. No, charming god, prepare a chain
Eternal for that fair and me!
Yet still know every fair but she,
I've vow'd I ne'er will love again.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

A CANTATA.

SET BY MR. HANDEL.

RECITATIVE.

BEHOLD where weeping Venus stands!
What more than mortal grief can move
The bright, th' immortal queen of love?
She beats her breast, she wrings her hands;

And hark, she mourns, but mourns in vain,
Her beauteous, lov'd Adonis, slain.
The hills and woods her loss deplore;
The Naiads hear, and flock around;
And Echo sighs, with mimic sound,
Adonis is no more!
Again the goddess raves, and tears her hair:
Then vents her grief, her love, and her despair.

AIR.

Dear Adonis, Beauty's treasure,
Now my sorrow, once my pleasure;
O return to Venus' arms!
Venus never will forsake thee;
Let the voice of Love o'ertake thee,
And revive thy drooping charms.

RECITATIVE.

Thus, queen of beauty, as the poets feign,
While thou didst call the lovely swain;
Transform'd by heavenly power,
The lovely swain arose a flower,
And, smiling, grac'd the plain.
And now he blooms, and now he fades;
Venus and gloomy Proserpine
Alternate claim his charms divine;
By turns restor'd to light, by turns he seeks the *shades*.

AIR.

Transporting joy,
Tormenting fears,
Reviving smiles,
Succeeding tears,
Are Cupid's various train.
The tyrant boy
Prepares his darts,
With soothing wiles,
With cruel arts,
And pleasure blends with pain.

CANTATA.

PASTORAL.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

RECITATIVE.

Young Strephon, by his folded sheep,
Sat wakeful on the plains;
Love held his weary eyes from sleep,
While, silent in the vale,
The listening nightingale,
Forgot her own, to hear his strains.
And now the beauteous queen of night,
Unclouded and serene,
Sheds on the neighbouring sea her silver light;
The neighbouring sea was calm and bright;
The shepherd sung inspir'd, and bless'd the lovely scene.

AIR.

While the sky and seas are shining,
See, my Flora's charms they wear;
Secret Night, my joys divining,
Pleas'd my amorous tale to hear,
Smiles, and softly turns her sphere.
While the sky and seas are shining,
See, my Flora's charms they wear.

RECITATIVE.

Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy strain;
The lovely scene false joy inspires:
For look, thou fond, deluded swain,
A rising storm invades the main!
The planet of the night,
Inconstant, from thy sight
Behind a cloud retires.
Flora is fled; thou lov'st in vain:
Ah, foolish Strephon! change thy strain.

AIR.

Hope beguiling,
Like the Moon and Ocean smiling,
Does thy easy faith betray;
Flora ranging,
Like the Moon and Ocean changing,
More inconstant proves than they.

BEAUTY,

AN ODE.

Fair rival to the god of day,
Beauty, to thy celestial ray
A thousand sprightly fruits we owe;
Gay wit, and moving eloquence,
And every art t' improve the sense,
And every grace that shines below.

Not Phœbus does our songs inspire,
Nor did Cyllenius form the lyre,
'Tis thou art music's living spring;
To thee the poet tunes his lays,
And, sweetly warbling Beauty's praise,
Describes the power that makes him sing.

Painters from thee their skill derive,
By thee their works to ages live,
For ev'n thy shadows give surprise,
As when we view in crystal streams
The morning Sun, and rising beams,
That seem to shoot from other skies.

Enchanting vision! who can be
Unmov'd that turns his eyes on thee?
Yet brighter still thy glories shine,
And double charms thy power improve,
When Beauty, dress'd in smiles of Love,
Grows, like its parent Heaven, divine!

MYRA.

A CANTATA.

SET BY DR. PEPUSCH.

AIR.

Love frowns in beauteous Myra's eyes;
Ah, nymph! those cruel looks give o'er.
While Love is frowning, Beauty dies,
And you can charm no more.

RECITATIVE.

Mark, how, when sullen clouds appear,
And wintry storms deface the year,
The prudent cranes no longer stay,
But take the wing, and through the air,
From the cold region fly away,
And far o'er land and seas to warmer climes repair.

Just so, my heart—But see—Ah no!
She smiles—I will not, cannot go.

AIR.

Love and the Graces smiling,
In Myra's eyes beguiling,
Again their charms recover.
Would you secure your duty,
Let kindness aid your beauty,
Ye fair, to sooth the lover.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR,

THE POWER OF MUSIC:

AN ODE IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY,

BY MR. DRYDEN.

ALTERED FOR MUSIC BY MR. HUGHES.

RECITATIVE.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Phillip's warlike son;
Aloft in awful state,
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.

AIR.

Lovely Thais by his side
Blooming sat in beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave deserves the fair!

RECITATIVE.

Timotheus plac'd on high,
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
Trembling the notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above;
(Such is the power of mighty Love!)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd adore the lofty sound,
A present deity, they shout around:
A present deity, the echoing roofs rebound;

AIR.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects the nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

RECITATIVE.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
Behold he comes, the victor god!
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shows his honest face; [rode,
As when, by tigers drawn, o'er India's plains he
While, loud with conquest and with wine,
His jolly troop around him reel'd along,
And taught the vocal skies to join
In this applauding song.

DUETTO.

Bacchus, ever gay and young,
First did drinking joys ordain:
1. Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
2. Drinking is the soldier's pleasure.
1. Rich the treasure!
2. Sweet the pleasure!
BOTH. Sweet is pleasure after pain!

RECITATIVE.

Fir'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he Heaven and Earth defy'd,
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse; [pride.
Then thus he chang'd his song, and check'd his

AIR.

See Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n from his high estate:
Behold his flowing blood!
On earth th' expiring monarch lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

RECITATIVE.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.
The mighty master smil'd to see
That Love was in the next degree,
'Twas but a kindred sound to move:
For Pity melts the mind to Love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he soth'd his soul to pleasures.

AIR, WITH FLUTES.

War is toil and trouble,
Honour is an airy bubble,
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying,
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it, worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

RECITATIVE.

The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

DUETTO.

1. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,
2. Cupid, god of soft desire,
1. Cupid, god of soft desire,
2. Phœbus, patron of the lyre,

1. and 2. How victorious are your charms!
1. Crown'd with conquest,
2. Full of glory,
1. and 2. See a monarch fall'n before ye,
Chain'd in Beauty's clasping arms!

RECITATIVE.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain:
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
Rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder,
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around!

AIR. WITH SYMPHONIES.

Revenge, revenge, Alecto cries,
See, the Furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

RECITATIVE.

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes.
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!

AIR.

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

RECITATIVE.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds, [fore.
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown be-

AIR.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

SONGS.

Thy origin's divine, I see,
Of mortal race thou canst not be;
Thy lip a ruby lustre shows;
Thy purple cheek outshines the rose,
And thy bright eye is brighter far
Than any planet, any star.
Thy sordid way of life despise,
Above thy slavery, Silvia, rise;
Display thy beauteous form and mien,
And grow a goddess, or a queen.

Constantia, see, thy faithful slave
Dies of the wound thy beauty gave!
Ah! gentle nymph, no longer try
From fond pursuing Love to fly.

Thy pity to my love impart,
Pity my bleeding aching heart,
Regard my sighs and flowing tears,
And with a smile remove my fears.

A wedded wife if thou would'st be,
By sacred Hymen join'd to me,
Ere yet the western Sun decline,
My hand and heart shall both be thine.

Thrice lov'd Constantia, heavenly fair,
For thee a servant's form I wear;
Though blest with wealth, and nobly born,
For thee, both wealth and birth I scorn:
Trust me, fair maid, my constant flame
For ever will remain the same;
My love, that ne'er will cease, my love
Shall equal to thy beauty prove.

TRANSLATED

FROM PERSIAN VERSES.

ALLUDING TO THE CUSTOM OF WOMEN BEING BURIED WITH THEIR HUSBANDS, AND MEN WITH THEIR WIVES.

Eternal are the chains which here
The generous souls of lovers bind,
When Hymen joins our hands, we swear
To be for ever true and kind;
And when, by Death, the fair are snatch'd away,
Lest we our solemn vows should break,
In the same grave our living corpse we lay,
And willing the same fate partake.

ANOTHER.

My dearest spouse, that thou and I
May shun the fear which first shall die,
Clasp'd in each other's arms we'll live,
Alike consum'd in Love's soft fire,
That neither may at last survive,
But gentle both at once expire.

ON ARQUEÄNASSA OF COLOPHOS.

Arqueänassa's charms inspire
Within my breast a lover's fire;
Age, its feeble spite displaying,
Vainly wrinkles all her face,
Cupids, in each wrinkle playing,
Charm my eyes with lasting grace:

But before old Time pursued her,
Ere he sunk these little caves,
How I pity those who view'd her,
And in youth were made her slaves!

ON FULVIA, THE WIFE OF ANTHONY.

FROM THE LATIN OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

WHILE from his consort false Antonius flies,
And doats on Glaphyra's far brighter eyes,
Fulvia, provok'd, her female arts prepares,
Reprisals seeks, and spreads for me her snares.
"The husband's false."—But why must I endure
This nauseous plague, and her revenge procure?
What though she ask?—How happy were my doom,
Should all the discontented wives of Rome
Repair in crowds to me, when scorn'd at home!
"'Tis war," she says "if I refuse her charms:"
Let's think—she's ugly.—Trumpets, sound to arms!

HUDIBRAS IMITATED.

WRITTEN IN 1710.

O BLESSED time of reformation,
That's now beginning through the nation!
The Jacks bawl loud for church triumphant,
And swear all Whigs shall kiss the rump on't.
See how they draw the beastly rabble
With zeal and noises formidable,
And make all cries about the town
Join notes to roar fanatics down!
As bigots give the sign about,
They stretch their throats with hideous shout.
Black-tinkers bawl aloud "to settle
"Church privilege"—for "mending kettle."
Each sow-gelder that blows his horn,
Cries out "to have dissenters sworn."
The oyster-wenches lock their fish up,
And cry "no presbyterian bishop!"
The mouse-trap men lay save-alls by,
And 'gainst "low-church men" loudly cry;
A creature of amphibious nature,
That trims betwixt the land and water,
And leaves his mother in the lurch,
To side with rebels 'gainst the church!
Some cry for "penal laws," instead
Of "pudding-pies, and gingerbread:"
And some, for "brooms, old boots, and shoes,"
Roar out, "God bless our commons' house!"
Some bawl "the votes" about the town,
And wish they'd "vote dissenters down."
Instead of "kitchen-stuff," some cry,
"Confound the late whig-ministry!"
And some, for "any chairs to mend,"
The commons' late address commend.
Some for "old gowns for china ware,"
Exclaim against "extempore prayer:"
And some for "old suits, cloaks, or coats,"
Cry, "D—n your preachers without notes!"
He that cries "coney-skins, or onions,"
Blames "toleration of opinions."
Blue-apron whores, that sit with furmety,
Rail at "occasional conformity."
Instead of "cucumbers to pickle,"
Some cry aloud, "no conventicle!"
Masons, instead of "building houses,"
To "build the church," would starve their spouses;
And gladly leave their trades, for storming
The meeting houses or informing.
Bawds, strumpets, and religion-haters,
Pimps, pandars, atheists, fornicators,
Rogues, that, like Falstaff, scarce know whether
A church's inside 's stone or leather,
Yet join the parsons and the people,
To cry "the church,"—but mean "the steeple."

If, holy mother, such you'll own
For your true sons, and such alone,
Then Heaven have mercy upon you,
But the de'il take your beastly crew!

AN

ODE TO THE CREATOR OF THE WORLD.

OCCASIONED BY

THE FRAGMENTS OF ORPHEUS.

Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus?——
Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?
Unde nil majus generatur ipso;
Nec viget quicquam simile, aut secundum.
Horat.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FOLLOWING

ODE.

THAT the praises of the Author of Nature, which is the fittest subject for the sublime way of writing, was the most ancient use of poetry, cannot be learned from a more proper instance (next to examples of holy writ) than from the Greek fragments of Orpheus; a relique of great antiquity: they contain several verses concerning God, and his making and governing the universe; which, though imperfect, have many noble hints and lofty expressions. Yet, whether these verses were indeed written by that celebrated father of poetry and music, who preceded Homer, or by Onomacritus, who lived about the time of Pisistratus, and only contain some of the doctrines of Orpheus, is a question of little use or importance.

A large paraphrase of these in French verse has been prefixed to the translation of Phocylides, but in a flat style, much inferior to the design. The following ode, with many alterations and additions proper to a modern poem, is attempted upon the same model, in a language which, having stronger sinews than the French, is, by the confession of their best critic, Rapin, more capable of sustaining great subjects.

AN

ODE TO THE CREATOR OF THE WORLD.

O Muse unfeign'd! O true celestial fire,
Brighter than that which rules the day,
Descend! a mortal tongue inspire
To sing some great immortal lay!
Begin, and strike aloud the consecrated lyre!
Hence, ye profane! be far away!

Hence, all ye impious slaves, that bow
To idol lusts, or altars raise,
And to false heroes give fantastic praise!
And hence, ye gods, who to a crime your spurious
beings owe!
But hear, O Heaven, and Earth, and Seas profound!
Hear, ye fathom'd Deeps below,
And let your echoing vaults repeat the sound;
Let Nature, trembling all around,
Attend her Master's awful name,
From whom Heaven, Earth, and Seas, and all the
wide Creation came.

He spoke the great command; and Light,
Heaven's eldest-born and fairest child,
Flash'd in the lowering face of ancient Night,
And, pleas'd with its own birth, serenely smil'd.
The sons of Morning, on the wing,
Hovering in choirs, his praises sung,
When, from the unbounded vacuous space,
A beauteous rising World they saw,
When Nature show'd her yet unfinish'd face,
And Motion took th' establish'd law
To roll the various globes on high;
When Time was taught his infant wings to try,
And from the barrier sprung to his appointed
race.

Supreme, Almighty, still the same!
'Tis he, the great inspiring Mind,
That animates and moves this universal frame,
Present at once in all, and by no place confin'd.
Not Heaven itself can bound his sway;
Beyond th' untravell'd limits of the sky,
Invisible to mortal eye,
He dwells in uncreated day.
Without beginning, without end; 'tis he
That fills th' unmeasur'd growing orb of vast im-
mensity.

What power but his can rule the changeful Main,
And wake the sleeping Storm, or its loud rage re-
strain?
When Winds their gather'd forces try,
And the chaf'd Ocean proudly swells in vain,
His voice reclaims th' impetuous roar;
In murmuring tides th' abated billows fly,
And the spent tempest dies upon the shore.
The meteor world is his, Heaven's wintry store,
The moulded hail, the feather'd snow;
The summer breeze, the soft refreshing shower,
The loose divided cloud, and many-colour'd bow;
The crooked lightning darts around,
His sovereign orders to fulfil;
The shooting flame obeys th' Eternal will,
Launch'd from his hand, instructed where to kill,
Or rive the mountain oak, or blast th' unsheltered
ground.

Yet, pleas'd to bless, indulgent to supply,
He, with a father's tender care,
Supports the numerous family
That peoples earth, and sea, and air.
From Nature's giant race, th' enormous elephant,
Down to the insect worm and creeping ant;
From th' eagle, sovereign of the sky,
To each inferior feather'd brood;
From crowns and purple majesty,
To humble shepherds on the plain,
His hand unseen, divides to all their food,
And the whole world of life sustains.

At one wide view his eye surveys
His works, in every distant clime;
He shifts the seasons, months, and days,
The short-liv'd offspring of revolving Time;
By turns they die, by turns are born.
Now cheerful Spring the circle leads,
And strows with flowers the smiling meads;
Gay Summer next, whom russet robes adorn,
And waving fields of yellow corn;
Then Autumn, who with lavish stores the lap of
Nature spreads;
Decrepit Winter, laggard in the dance,
(Like feeble Age oppress'd with pain)
A heavy season does maintain,
With driving snows, and winds, and rain;
Till Spring, recruited to advance,
The various year rolls round again.

But who, thou great Ador'd! who can withstand
The terrours of thy lifted hand,
When, long provok'd, thy wrath awakes,
And conscious Nature to her centre shakes?
Rais'd by thy voice, the thunder flies,
Hurling pale Fear and wild Confusion round,
How dreadful is th' inimitable sound,
The shock of Earth and Seas, and labour of the
Skies!
Then where's Ambition's haughty crest?
Where the gay head of wanton Pride?
See! tyrants fall, and wish the opening ground,
Would take them quick to shades of rest,
And in their common parent's breast,
From thee, their bury'd forms for ever hide!
In vain—for all the elements conspire,
The shatter'd Earth, the rushing Sea,
Tempestuous Air, and raging Fire,
To punish vile mankind, and fight for thee;
Nor Death itself can intercept the blow,
Eternal is the guilt, and without end the woe.

O Cyrus! Alexander! Julius! all
Ye mighty Lords, that ever rul'd this ball!
Once gods of Earth, the living destinies,
That made a hundred nations bow!
Where's your extent of empire now!
Say, where preserv'd your phantom Glory lies?
Can brass the fleeting thing secure?
Enshrin'd in temples does it stay?
Or in huge amphitheatres endure
The rage of rolling Time, and scorn decay?
Ah, no! the mouldering monuments of Fame
Your vain deluded hopes betray,
Nor show th' ambitious founder's name,
Mix'd with yourselves in the same mass of clay.

Proceed, my Muse! Time's wasting thread pursue,
And see, at last, th' unravell'd clue,
When cities sink, and kingdoms are no more,
And weary Nature shall her work give o'er.
Behold th' Almighty Judge on high!
See in his hand the book of Fate!
Myriads of spirits fill the sky
T' attend, with dread solemnity,
The World's last scene, and Time's concluding
date.
The feeble race of short-liv'd Vanity,
And sickly Pomp, at once shall die!
Foul Guilt to midnight caves will shrink away,
Look back, and tremble in her flight,
And curse at Heaven's pursuing light,
Surrounded with the vengeance of that day.

How will you then, ye impious, 'scape your doom,
Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
Your clouds of painted bliss shall melt before your sight.
Yet shall you not the giddy chase refrain,
Nor hope more solid bliss t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the joys you knew before;
But sigh, a long eternity of pain,
Tost in an ocean of desire, yet never find a shore.

But see where the mild Sovereign sits prepar'd
His better subjects to reward!
Where am I now! what power divine
Transports me! what immortal splendours shine!
Torrents of glory that oppress the sight!
What joys, celestial King! thy throne surround!
The Sun, who, with thy borrow'd beams so bright,
Sees not his peer in all the starry round,
Would here, diminish'd, fade away,
Like his pale sister of the night,
When she resigns her delegated light,
Lost in the blaze of day.
Here wonder only can take place;—
Then, Muse, th' adventurous flight forbear!
These mystic scenes thou canst no farther trace;
Hope may some boundless future bliss embrace,
But what, or when, or how, or where,
Are mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow cells of human brain
The vast immeasurable thought contain.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Though Cato shines in Virgil's epic song,
Prescribing laws among th' Elysian throng;
Though Lucan's verse, exalted by his name,
O'er gods themselves has rais'd the hero's fame;
The Roman stage did ne'er his image see,
Drawn at full length; a task reserv'd for thee.
By thee we view the finish'd figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd eyes;
We hear his voice, asserting Virtue's cause;
His fate, renew'd, our deep attention draws,
Excites, by turns, our various hopes and fears,
And all the patriot in thy scene appears.

On Tyber's bank thy thought was first inspir'd;
'Twas there, to some indulgent grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient fortunes rolling in thy mind,
Thy happy Muse this manly work design'd:
Or, in a dream, thou saw'st Rome's genius stand,
And, leading Cato in his sacred hand,
Point out th' immortal subject of thy lays,
And ask this labour to record his praise.

'Tis done—the hero lives and charms our age!
While nobler morals grace the British stage.
Great Shakespeare's ghost, the solemn strain to hear,
(Methinks I see the laurel'd shade appear!)
Will hover o'er the scene, and, wondering, view
His favourite Brutus rival'd thus by you.
Such Roman greatness in each action shines,
Such Roman eloquence adorns your lines,
That sure the Sibyls books this year foretold,
And in some mystic leaf was found enroll'd,
"Rome, turn thy mournful eyes from Afric's shore,
Nor in her sands thy Cato's tomb explore!
When thrice six hundred times the circling Sun
His annual race shall through the Zodiac run,
An isle remote his monument shall rear,
And every generous Briton pay a tear."

ADVICE TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS INTENDED TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD,

1714.

O thou, who with a happy genius born,
Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn,
Crown'd on thy Windsor's plains with early bays,
Be early wise, nor trust to barren praise.
Blind was the bard that sung Achilles' rage,
He sung, and begg'd, and curs'd th' ungiving age:
If Britain his translated song would hear,
First take the gold—then charm the listening ear;
So shall thy father Homer smile to see
His pension paid—though late, and paid to thee.

TO

THE MEMORY OF MILTON.

HOMER'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF, UNDER THE CHARACTER OF DEMODOCHUS THE MUSICIAN, AT THE FEAST OF KING ALCINOUS.

FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEYS.

The Muse with transport lov'd him; yet, to fill
His various lot, she blendid good with ill;
Depriv'd him of his eyes, but did impart
The heavenly gift of song, and all the tuneful art.

TO A LADY,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

Two shining maids this happy work displays;
Each moves our rapture, both divide our praise;
In Marcia, we her godlike father trace;
While Lucia triumphs with each softer grace.
One strikes with awe, and one gives chaste delight:
That bright as lightning, this serene as light.
Yet by the Muse the shadow'd forms were wrought,
And both are creatures of the poet's thought.

In her that animates these lines, we view
The wonder greater, the description true;
Each living virtue, every grace combin'd,
And Marcia's worth with Lucia's sweetness join'd.

Had she been born ally'd to Cato's name,
Numidia's prince had felt a real flame;
And pouring his resistless troops from far,
With bolder deeds had turn'd the doubtful war;
Cæsar had fled before his conquering arms,
And Roman Muses sung her beauty's charms.

A FRAGMENT.

Promiscuous crowds to worthless riches born,
Thy pencil paints, 'tis true, yet paints with scorn
Sometimes the fool, by Nature left half-made,
Mov'd by some happy instinct, asks thy aid,
To give his face to reason some pretence,
And raise his looks with supplemental sense.

SERENATA FOR TWO VOICES,

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE

RIGHT HON. THE LORD COBHAM TO MRS. ANNE HALSEY.

DUETTO.

WAKE th' harmonious voice and string,
Love and Hymen's triumph sing.
Sounds with secret charms combining,
In melodious union joining,
Best the wondrous joys can tell,
That in hearts united dwell.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST VOICE.

To young Victoria's happy fame,
Well may the Arts a trophy raise,
Music grows sweeter in her praise,
And own'd by her, with rapture speaks her name.
To touch the brave Cleander's heart,
The Graces all in her conspire;
Love arms her with his surest dart,
Apollo with his lyre.

AIR.

The listening Muses, all around her,
Think 'tis Phœbus' strains they hear:
And Cupid, drawing near to wound her,
Drops his bow, and stands to hear.

RECITATIVE.

SECOND VOICE.

While crowds of rivals, with despair,
Silent admire, or vainly court the fair;
Behold the happy conquest of her eyes,
A hero is the glorious prize!
In courts, in camps, through distant realms renown'd,
Cleander comes—Victoria, see, [crown'd,
He comes, with British honour crown'd;
Love leads his eager steps to thee.

AIR.

In tender sighs he silence breaks,
The fair his flame approves.
Consenting blushes warm her cheeks,
She smiles,—she yields,—she loves.

RECITATIVE.

FIRST VOICE.

Now Hymen at the altar stands,
And while he joins their faithful hands,
Behold! by ardent vows drawn down,
Immortal Concord, heavenly bright,
Array'd in robes of purest light,
Descends, th' auspicious rites to crown.
Her golden harp the goddess brings;
Its magic sound
Commands a sudden silence all around,
And strains prophetic thus attune the strings.

DUETTO.

1 VOICE. The swain his nymph possessing,
2 VOICE. The nymph her swain caressing,
1 and 2. Shall still improve the blessing.
For ever kind and true.
BOTH. While rolling years are flying,
Love, Hymen's lamp supplying,
With fuel never dying,
Shall still the flame renew.

HORATIUS.

IN LIBRO PRIMO EPISTOLARUM.

DIMIDIUM facti, qui cœpit, habet. *Sapere aude:*
Incipe. Vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

TRANSLATED.

TO-MORROW cheats us all. *Why dost thou stay*
And leave undone what *should be done to-day?*
Begin—the present minute's in thy power;
But still t' adjourn, and wait a fitter hour,
Is like the clown, who at some river's side
Expecting stands, in hopes the running tide
Will all ere long be past—Fool! not to know
It still has flow'd the same, and will for ever flow.

ON A COLLAR

PRESENTED FOR HAPPY GILL, 1712.

THOU little favourite of the fair!
When thou these golden bands shalt wear,
The hand that binds them softly kiss,
With conscious joy, and own thy bliss.
Proud of his chain, who would not be
A slave, to gain her smiles, like thee?

THE CHARACTER OF THE

LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES[1].

1712-13.

SUCH early wisdom, such a lovely face,
Such modest greatness, such attractive grace;
Wit, beauty, goodness, charity, and truth,
The riper sense of age, the bloom of youth!
Whence is it, that in one fair piece we find
These various beauties of the female kind:
Sure but in one such different charms agree,
And Henrietta is that phenix-she.

TRUTH, HONOUR, HONESTY.

THE MOTTO CHOSEN BY THE RIGHT HON. THE

LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES.

IN thee, bright maid, though all the virtues shine,
With rival beams, and every grace is thine,
Yet three, distinguish'd by thy early voice,
Excite our praise, and well deserve thy choice.

Immortal Truth in Heaven itself displays
Her charms celestial born, and purest rays,
Which thence in streams, like golden sunshine, flow,
And shed their light on minds like yours below.

[1] This lady, also celebrated by Mr. Prior in a beautiful ode, called Colin's Mistake, was afterwards married to Edward earl of Oxford, and was mother of the present dutchess dowager of Portland.

Fair Honour, next in beauty and in grace,
Shines in her turn, and claims the second place;
She fills the well-born soul with noble fires,
And generous thoughts and godlike acts inspires.

Then Honesty, with native air, succeeds,
Plain is her look, unartful are her deeds;
And, just alike to friends and foes, she draws
The bounds of right and wrong, nor errs from equal laws.

From Heaven this scale of virtue thus descends
By just degrees, and thy full choice defends.
So when, in visionary trains, by night
Attending angels bless'd good Jacob's sight,
The mystic ladder thus appear'd to rise,
Its foot on earth, its summit in the skies.

HYMN.

SUNG BY THE CHILDREN OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, AT THE

ENTRY OF KING GEORGE

INTO LONDON, 1714.

Hear us, O God, this joyful day!
Whole nations join their voice,
To thee united thanks to pay,
And in thy strength rejoice.

For led by thee, O King of Kings!
Our sovereign George we see;
Thy hand the royal blessing brings,
He comes, he reigns, by thee!

Plenteous of grace, pour from above
Thy favours on his head;
Truth, Mercy, Righteousness, and Love,
As guards around him spread.

With length of days, and glory crown'd,
With wealth and fair increase,
Let him abroad be far renown'd,
Still blest at home with peace.

A MONUMENTAL ODE,

TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES,

LATE WIFE OF

EDWARD HUGHES, ESQ.

OF HERTINGFORDBURY, IN THE COUNTY OF HERTFORD, AND DAUGHTER OF RICHARD HARRISON, ESQ. OF BALLS, IN THE SAME COUNTY.

OBIIT 15 NOV. MDCCXIV.

See! how those dropping monuments decay!
Frail mansions of the silent dead,
Whose souls, to uncorrupting regions fled,
With a wise scorn their mouldering dust survey.
Their tombs are ruin'd from dust as well as they;
For see! to dust they both return,
And Time consumes alike the ashes and the urn.

We ask the sculptor's art in vain
To make us for a space ourselves survive;
In Parian stone we proudly breathe again,
Or seem in figur'd brass to live.

Yet stone and brass our hopes betray,
Age steals the mimic forms and characters away.
In vain, O Egypt, to the wondering skies,
With giant pride, thy pyramids arise;
Whate'er their vast and gloomy vaults contain,
No names distinct of their great dead remain.
Beneath the mass confus'd, in heaps thy monarchs lie,
Unknown, and blended in mortality.

To Death ourselves and all our works we owe.
But is there nought, O Muse, can save
Our memories from darkness and the grave,
And some short after-life bestow?
"That task is mine," the Muse replies,
And, hark! she tunes the sacred lyre!
Verse is the last of human works that dies,
When Virtue does the song inspire.

Then look, Eliza, happy saint, look down!
Pause from immortal joys awhile
To hear, and gracious, with a smile,
The dedicated numbers own;
Say, how in thy life's scanty space,
So short a space, so wondrous bright,
Bright as a summer's day, short as a summer's night,
Could'st thou find room for every crowded grace?
As if thy thrifty soul foreknew,
Like a wise envoy, Heaven's intent,
Soon to recall whom it had sent,
And all its task resolv'd at once to do.
Or wert thou but a traveller below,
That hither didst awhile repair,
Curious our customs and our laws to know?
And, sickening in our grosser air,
And tir'd of vain repeated sights,
Our foolish cares, our false delights,
Back to thy native seats would'st go?
Oh! since to us thou wilt no more return,
Permit thy friends, the faithful few,
Who best thy numerous virtues knew,
Themselves, not thee, to mourn.

Now, pensive Muse, enlarge thy flight!
(By turns the pensive Muses love
The hilly heights and shady grove)
Behold where, swelling to the sight,
Balls, a fair structure, graceful stands!
And from yon verdant rising brow
Sees Hertford's ancient town, and lands,
Where Nature's hand, in slow meanders, leads
The Lee's clear stream its course to flow
Through flowery vales, and moisten'd meads,
And far around in beauteous prospects spreads
Her map of plenty all below.
'Twas here—and sacred be the spot of earth!
Eliza's soul, born first above,
Descended to an humbler birth,
And with a mortal's frailties strove.
So, on some towering peak that meets the sky,
When missive Seraphs downward fly,
They stop, and for awhile alight,
Put off their rays celestial-bright,
Then take some milder form familiar to our eye.

Swiftly her infant virtues grew:
Water'd by Heaven's peculiar care,
Her morning bloom was doubly fair,
Like Summer's day-break, when we see
The fresh-dropp'd stores of rosy dew
(Transparent beauties of the dawn)
Spread o'er the grass their cobweb-lawn,

Or hang moist pearls on every tree.
Pleas'd with the lovely sight, awhile
Her friends behold, and joyful smile,
Nor think the Sun's exhaling ray
Will change the scene ere noon of day,
Dry up the glistering drops, and draw those dews away.

Yet first, to fill her orb of life,
Behold, in each relation dear,
The pious saint, the duteous child appear,
The tender sister, and the faithful wife.
Alas! but must one circlet of the year
Unite in bliss, in grief divide
The destin'd bridegroom and the bride?
Stop, generous youth, the gathering tear,
That, as you read these lines or hear,
Perhaps may start, and seem to say,
"That short-liv'd year was but a day!"
Forbear—nor fruitless sorrowings now employ,
Think she was lent awhile, not given,
(Such was th' appointed will of Heaven)
Then, grateful, call that year an age of virtuous joy.

AN ALLUSION TO HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

PRINTED AT THE BREAKING OUT OF THE REBELLION IN THE YEAR 1715.

The man that loves his king and nation,
And shuns each vile association,
That trusts his honest deeds i' th' light,
Nor meets in dark cabals, by night,
With fools, who, after much debate,
Get themselves hang'd, and save the state,
Needs not his hall with weapons store;
Nor dreads each rapping at his door;
Nor sculks, in fear of being known,
Or hides his guilt in parson's gown;
Nor wants, to guard his generous heart,
The poniard or the poison'd dart;
And, but for ornament and pride,
A sword of lath might cross his side.

If o'er St. James's park he stray,
He stops not, pausing in his way;
Nor pulls his hat down o'er his face,
Nor starts, looks back, and mends his pace:
Or if he ramble to the Tower,
He knows no crime, and dreads no power,
But thence returning, free as wind,
Smiles at the bars he left behind.
Thus, as I loiter'd t' other day,
Humming—O every month was May—
And, thoughtless how my time I squander'd,
From Whitehall, through the Cockpit wander'd,
A messenger with surly eye
View'd me quite round, and yet pass'd by.
No sharper look or rougher mien
In Scottish highlands e'er was seen;
Nor ale and brandy ever bred
More pimpled cheeks, or nose more red;
And yet, with both hands in my breast,
Careless I walk'd, nor shunn'd the beast.

Place me among a hundred spies,
Let all the room be ears and eyes;
Or search my pocket-books and papers,
No word or line shall give me vapours.
Send me to Whigs as true and hearty,
As ever pity'd poor Maccarty;
Let Townshend, Sunderland, be there,
Or Robin Walpole in the chair;
Or send me to a club of Tories,
That damn and curse at Marlborough's glories.
And drink—but sure none such there are!—
The Devil, the pope, and rebel Mar;
Yet still my loyalty I'll boast,
King George shall ever be my toast;
Unbrib'd his glorious cause I'll own,
And fearless scorn each traitor's frown.

A FRAGMENT.

O say, ye saints, who shine in realms above,
And tune your harps to sing eternal love,
When shall my voice attain your high degree;
When shall my soul, from clouds of sorrow free,
Hear your celestial song, and aid the harmony?

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

A MASQUE.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. PEPUSCH.

AND PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

Protinus alter amat; fugit altera nomen amantis.
Ovid.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Apollo	MRS. MARGARITA.
Daphne	MRS. BARBIER.
Peneus	MR. TURNER.
Doris	MRS. WILLIS.

SCENE, THE VALLEY OF TEMPE, IN THESSALY.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

THE FIRST SCENE IS A RIVER.

Peneus, a river-god, appears on a bed of rushes, leaning on his urn. He rises and comes forward, his head crowned with rushes and flowers, a reed in his hand.

PENEUS.

How long must Peneus chide in vain
His daughter's coyness and disdain?
Through Tempe's pleasant vales and bowers
As my full urn its current pours,
In every plain, from every grove
I hear the sighs of slighted love;
And on my rushy banks the Sylvans cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?
But see she comes, the beauteous cause;
Daphne, my just commands attend,
Hear me, thy father and thy friend,
And yield at last to Love and Hymen's laws.

DAPHNE.

O Peneus, urge this cruel suit no more;
Have I not to Diana swore?

Behold again to her I bow,
Devoted ever to remain
A virgin of her spotless train;
Hear, Cynthia, and confirm my vow.

How happy are we,
How airy, how free,
That rove through the woods and the plains!
In vain the blind boy
Our hearts would decoy,
We scorn all his joys and his pains.

[*Exit Daphne.*

PENEUS.

Rash maid, return——
What hast thou sworn?
With thee shall Peneus' race expire?
Then hear once more thy slighted sire,
And know, thy fatal vow draws down
The curse of Heaven, a father's frown,
And sure destruction waits thy scorn.

Feeble Cupid! vain deceiver!
What avails thy boasted quiver?
Where are all thy conquering arts?
They that fly thee
May defy thee;
They who fear thee,
And revere thee,
Ever meet thy keenest darts.

[*Exit Peneus.*

SCENE CHANGES TO A FOREST.

Apollo enters with his bow and arrows, as having newly slain the Python.

APOLLO.

'Tis done—the monster Python, slain
By Phœbus' shafts, lies breathless on the plain.
Yet why with conquest am I thus adorn'd?
Alas! I feel a mortal's pain,
Conquer'd by Love, whom once I scorn'd.
O Daphne! till thy smiles I can obtain,
No more these marks of triumph let me bear;
But thus a shepherd's semblance wear,
Till blest by thee I grow a god again.

[Throws away his bow and arrows, and takes up a sheep-hook.]

See—she appears; how wondrous fair!
Hail, goddess of these verdant groves!

DAPHNE.

What art thou, or from whence?

APOLLO.

A swain that loves.

DAPHNE.

Thy unavailing courtship spare.
Dost thou not daily hear the shepherds cry
Why ever cruel, Daphne, why?
Go—with the rest despair.

APOLLO.

No, let the rest despair, while I
Distinguish'd, triumph in the joy.

Fair blooming creature!
Each tender feature
Speaks thee by nature
For love design'd.
Then smile consenting,
Lost time repenting,
Let soft relenting
Now show thee kind.

DAPHNE.

Canst thou the mountain tiger bind,
Or stop the floods, or fix the wind?
Do this—then Daphne will perhaps be kind.

APOLLO.

Ev'n tigers Love's soft laws obey;
Art thou more savage far than they?
Look all around thee, and above!
Love lights the skies, and paints the meads;
Its genial flame
Though heav'n, and earth, and ocean spreads;
Thou art thyself the happiest child of Love,
Do not thy birth disclaim.

DAPHNE.

Though fair as Phœbus thou should'st seem,
And were thy words soft as his lyre,
They could not move me to desire;
Wake, shepherd, from thy dream.

Cease to sooth thy fruitless pain;
Why for frowns wilt thou be suing?
Cease to languish and complain.
'Tis to seek thy own undoing,
Still to love, and love in vain.

APOLLO.

In her soft cheek and beauteous eyes,
What new enchanting graces rise!

[*Aside.*

DUETTO FOR APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

APOL. No more deny me,
O cease to fly me
Your faithful swain.
DAPH. No longer try me,
For ever fly me,
Despairing swain.
APOL. Yet hear me.
DAPH. Forbear me.
APOL. Let sighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
Still speak my pain.
DAPH. Your sighs imploring,
And looks adoring,
But move disdain.

[*Exit Daphne.*

APOLLO.

She's gone—nor knows from whom she flies.
Mistaken coyness! false disdain!
Phœbus she prais'd, but scorns the swain—
Then, breaking from this dark disguise,
When Phœbus what he is shall seem,
My glittering rays, and melting lyre,
At last shall warm thee to desire,
And wake thee, Daphne, from thy dream.

Where Cupid's bow is failing,
Ambition's charms prevailing,
Shall triumph o'er the fair.
The nymph that love despises,
Some secret passion prizes,
That still forbids despair.

[*Exit Apollo.*

ENTER DAPHNE AND DORIS.

DAPHNE.

Doris, why this trifling tale?

DORIS.

That good advice may once prevail;
Save one—nor all your lovers lose,
Alas! that I, poor I might gain
What you each day refuse!

DAPHNE.

Take all, and ease me of the pain.

DORIS.

I would—but ah! 'twere now in vain.
When I was a maiden of twenty,
And my charms and my lovers were plenty,
Ah! why did I ever say no?
Now the swains, though I court them, all fly me,
I sigh, but no lover comes nigh me;
Ye virgins, be warn'd by my woe!
Ah! why did I ever say no?

DAPHNE.

Poor Doris! dry thy weeping eyes;
Dost thou repent thou once wert wise?
Tender hearts to every passion
Still their freedom would betray,
But how calm is inclination,
When our reason, bears the sway!
Swains themselves, while they pursue us,
Often teach us to deny.
While we fly, they fondly woo us;
If we grow too fond, they fly.

DORIS.

Yet might I see one courting swain,
Though but to slight him once again!—
But come—I'll amorous thoughts give o'er.

DAPHNE.

'Tis well to leave them at threescore.
Haste then, and at th' appointed place,
See if the nymphs expect me for the chase.
[*Exit Doris.*

[A symphony of intruments is heard, whilst Apollo descends in the chariot of the Sun; a crown of rays about his head, and his lyre in his hand.]

DAPHNE.

What sounds celestial strike my ear!
Why does the golden source of light
Pour out new day?—how wondrous bright!
Some god descends to human sight;
I'm charm'd, yet aw'd with fear.

APOLLO.

Daphne, on Phœbus fix thy eye,
With meaner shapes deceiv'd no more!
Know, I thy beauteous form adore:
Wilt thou a god, a god that loves thee, fly?

[Apollo strikes his lyre, and Daphne turns back as surprised at the sound.]

Fairest mortal! stay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear!
Cannot Love with Music join'd
Touch thy unrelenting mind?
Fairest mortal! stay and hear,
Turn thee, leave thy trembling fear.

Hark how the river-shores prolong
My soft complaints, and murmur to my song!
Thy father Peneus feels my pain;
See! how his osiers gently bow,
And seem my secret soul to know—

DAPH. [*aside.*] Alas! my rash, my fatal vow!
APOL. Wilt thou alone unmov'd remain?

[As Daphne is going out, she stops and sings the following air.

DAPHNE.

Shall I return—or no?—
Charms yet unknown surround me;
Yet, Love, thou ne'er shalt wound me,
No more alarm my breast.
Then let me haste to go—
Ah no, my heart replies
In tender heaving sighs—
Ye Powers restore my rest.

APOL. O do not go—
DAPH. Dost thou not know,
I'm of Diana's train?
Thy love forbear—
APOL. Thy scorn forbear—
DAPH. I must not hear:
APOL. O stay and hear;
DAPH. Thy love } is vain.
APOL. Thy flight }
[*Exit Daphne pursued by Apollo.*

SCENE CHANGES TO THE RIVER.

Re-enter Daphne, looking back as affrighted.

DAPHNE.

He comes—the swift pursuer comes—O where
Shall I escape his piercing sight,
Where hide me from the god of light?
Ah! 'tis in vain—he's here.

[Daphne runs to the side of the river, and as she sings the following air is transformed into a laurel-tree.]

Father Peneus, hear me, aid me!
Let some sudden change invade me,
Fix me rooted on thy shore.
Cease, Apollo, to persuade me,
I am Daphne now no more.—

[Apollo enters at the latter end of the air, and is met by Peneus.]

APOLLO.

O fatal flight!—O curst disdain!
O Peneus, how shall we our loss deplore;
But see!
The trembling branches yet her shape retain!
Though Daphne lives a nymph no more,
She lives, fair verdant plant, in thee:
Henceforth be thou Apollo's tree,
And hear what honours to thy leaves remain.
No thunder e'er shall blast thy boughs,
Preserv'd to grace Apollo's brows,
Kings, victors, poets, to adorn;
Oft in Britannia's isle thy prosperous green
Shall on the heads of her great chiefs be seen,
And by a Nassau, and a George, be worn.

PENEUS.

Still Peneus, with a father's care,
Shall feed thee from his flowing urn
With verdure ever fresh and fair,
Nor this thy destin'd change shall mourn.

CHORUS, OR DUETTO OF APOLLO AND PENEUS.

Nature alone can love inspire,
Art is vain to move desire.
If Nature once the fair incline,
To their own passion they resign.
Nature alone can love inspire,
Art is vain to move desire.

AN ODE

FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

PRINCESS OF WALES,

ST. DAVID'S DAY, THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1715-16.

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. PEPUSCH,

AND PERFORMED AT THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF

ANCIENT BRITONS,

ESTABLISHED IN HONOUR OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S BIRTH DAY, AND OF THE PRINCIPALITY OF WALES.

Salve læta dies! meliorque revertere semper,
A populo rerum digna potente coli!

Ovid.

ODE FOR TWO VOICES.

FIRST VOICE, FAME.

SECOND VOICE, CAMBRIA, OR THE PRINCIPALITY OF WALES.

BOTH VOICES, WITH A TRUMPET.

To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!

CAMBRIA.

Rise, goddess of immortal Fame,
And, with thy trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around
The double festival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddess of immortal Fame
Shall, with her trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around
The double festival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud notes rebound!
Each British soul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day!

FAME.

Hail, Cambria! long to Fame well known!
Thy patron-saint looks smiling down,
Well pleas'd to see
This day, prolific of renown,
Increas'd in honours to himself, and thee:
See, Carolina's natal star arise,
And with new beams adorn thy azure skies!
Though on her virtues I should ever dwell,
Fame cannot all her numerous virtues tell.
Bright in herself, and in her offspring bright,
On Britain's throne she casts diffusive light;
Detraction from her presence flies;
And, while promiscuous crowds in rapture gaze,
Ev'n tongues disloyal learn her praise,
And murmuring Envy sees her smile, and dies.

Happy morn! such gift bestowing!
Britain's joys from thee are flowing;
Ever thus auspicious shine!
Happy isle! such gifts possessing!
Britain, ever own the blessing!
Carolina's charms are thine.

CAMBRIA.

Nor yet, O Fame, dost thou display
All the triumphs of this day;
More wonders yet arise to sight:
See! o'er these rites what mighty power presides;
Behold, to thee his early steps he guides;
What noble ardour does his soul excite!
Henceforth, when to the listening Universe
Thou number'st o'er my princes of renown,
The second hope of Britain's crown,
When my great Edward's deeds thou shalt rehearse,
And tell of Cressy's well-fought plain,
Thy golden trumpet sound again!
The brave Augustus shall renew thy strain,
And Oudenarda's fight immortalize the verse.

AIR, WITH A HARP.

Heavenly Muses! tune your lyres,
Far resounding;
Grace the hero's glorious name.
See! the song new life inspires!
Every breast, with joy abounding,
Seems to share the hero's flame.

FAME.

O thou, with every virtue crown'd,
Britannia's father, and her king renown'd!
Thus in thy offspring greatly blest,
While, through th' extended royal line,
Thou seest thy propagated lustre shine,
What secret raptures fill thy breast!
So smiles Apollo, doubly gay,
When, in the diamond, with full blaze,
He views his own paternal rays,
And all his bright reflected day.

CAMBRIA.

Hail, source of blessings to our isle!
While gloomy clouds shall take their flight,
Shot through by thy victorious light,
Propitious ever on thy Britons smile!

BOTH VOICES.

To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

CAMBRIA.

Rise, goddess of immortal Fame,
And, with thy trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around
The double festival proclaim.

FAME.

The goddess of immortal Fame
Shall, with her trumpet's swelling sound,
To all Britannia's realms around
The double festival proclaim.

BOTH VOICES.

O'er Cambria's distant hills let the loud notes rebound!
Each British soul be rais'd, and every eye be gay!
To joy, to triumphs, dedicate the day.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM

MR. HUGHES TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

——"This little poem was writ by the accident of having Horace for my companion in a confinement by sickness, and fancying I had discovered a new sense of one of his odes, for which I have

found your lordship's great indulgence and partiality to me, the best exposition.

"Perhaps we never read with that attention, as when we think we have found something applicable to ourselves. I am now grown fond enough of this sense to believe it the true one, and have drawn two or three learned friends (to whom I have mentioned it) into my opinion.

"The ode, your lordship will see, is that in which Horace feigns himself turned into a swan. It passes (for aught I know universally) for a compliment on himself, and a mere enthusiastic rant of the poet in his own praise, like his Exegi monumentum, &c. I confess, I had often slightly read it in that view, and have found every one I have lately asked, deceived by the same opinion, which I cannot but think spoils the ode, and sinks it to nothing; I had almost said, turns the swan into a goose.

"The grammarians seem to have fallen into this mistake, by wholly overlooking the reason of his rapture, viz. its being addressed to Mæcenas; and have prefaced it with this, and the like general inscriptions—Vaticinatur carminum suorum immortalitatem, &c. which I think is not the subject.

"I am very happy in the occasion which showed it me in a quite different sense from what I had ever apprehended, till I had the honour to be known to your lordship; I am sure a much more advantageous one to the poet, as well as more just to his great patron. If I have exceeded the liberty of an imitator, in pursuing the same hint further, to make it less doubtful, yet his favourers will forgive me, when I own, I have not on this occasion so much thought of emulating his poetry, as of rivaling his pride, by the ambition of being known as,

my lord,
your lordship's most obliged,
and devoted humble servant,

J. HUGHES.

ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD CHANCELLOR COWPER.

ANNO MDCCXVII.

IN ALLUSION TO HORACE, LIB. II. ODE XX.

I'm rais'd, transported, chang'd all o'er!
Prepar'd, a towering swan, to soar
Aloft: see, see the down arise,
And clothe my back, and plume my thighs!
My wings shoot forth, now will I try
New tracks, and boldly mount the sky;
Nor Envy, nor Ill-fortune's spite,
Shall stop my course, or damp my flight.

Shall I, obscure or disesteem'd,
Of vulgar rank henceforth be deem'd?
Or vainly toil my name to save
From dark oblivion and the grave?
No—he can never wholly die,
Secure of immortality,
Whom Britain's Cowper condescends
To own, and numbers with his friends.

'Tis done—I scorn mean honours now;
No common wreath shall bind my brow.
Whether the Muse vouchsafe t' inspire
My breast with the celestial fire;
Whether my verse be fill'd with flame,
Or I deserve a poet's name,
Let Fame be silent; only tell
That generous Cowper loves me well.

Through Britain's realms I shall be known
By Cowper's merit, not my own.
And when the tomb my dust shall hide,
Stripp'd of a mortal's little pride,
Vain pomp be spar'd, and every tear;
Let but some stone this sculpture bear:
"Here lies his clay, to earth consign'd,
To whom great Cowper once was kind."

WHAT IS MAN?

O son of man! O creature of a day!
Proud of vain wisdom, with false greatness gay!
Heir of thy father's vice, to whose bad store
Thy guilty days are spent in adding more;
Thou propagated folly!—what in thee
Could Heaven's Supreme, could perfect Wisdom see,
To fix one glance of his regarding eye?
Why art thou chose the favourite of the sky?
While angels wonder at the mercy known,
And scarce the wretch himself the debt immense will own!

BOILEAU,

DANS SA I. EPISTRE AU ROY.

Pourquoi ces elephans, ces armes, ce bagage,
Et ces vaisseaux tout prests à quitter le rivage?
Disoit au roi Pyrrhus, un sage confident,
Conseiller tres-sensé d'un roi tres-imprudent.
Je vais, lui dit ce prince, à Rome où l'on m'apelle.
Quoi faire? L'assieger. L'enterprise est fort belle,
Et digne seulement d'Alexandre ou de vous,
Mais quand nous l'aurons prise, eh bien, que ferons-
Du reste des Latins la conqueste est facile. [nous?
Sans doute, ils sont à nous: est-ce tout? La Sicile
Delà nous tend les bras, & bien-tost sans effort
Syracuse recoit nos vaisseaux dans son port.
En demeurés-vous là? Dès que nous l'aurons prise,
Il ne faut qu'un bon vent & Carthage est conquise:
Les chemins sont ouverts: qui peut nous arrester?
Je vous entens, seigneur, nous allons tout dompter:
Nous allons traverser les sables de Lybie;
Asservir en passant l'Egypte, l'Arabie;
Courir delà le Gange en de nouveaux païs;
Faire trembler le Scythe aux bords du Tanaïs;
Et ranger sous nos loix tout ce vaste Hemisphere;
Mais de retour enfin, que pretendez-vous faire?
Alors, cher Cineas, victorieux, contens,
Nous pourrons rire à l'aisé, & prendre du bon temps.
Ho, seigneur, dès ce jour, sans sortir de l'Epire,
Du matin jusqu'au soir qui vous défend de rire?

FROM "BOILEAU,

IN HIS FIRST EPISTLE TO LEWIS XIV.

"What mean these elephants, arms, warlike stores,
And all these ships, prepar'd to leave the shore?"

Thus Cyneas, faithful, old, experienc'd, wise,
Address'd king Pyrrhus;—thus the king replies:
" 'Tis glory calls us hence; to Rome we go."
" For what?"—" To conquer."—" Rome's a noble foe,
A prize for Alexander fit, or you:
But, Rome reduc'd, what next, sir, will you do?"—
" The rest of Italy my chains shall wear."—
" And is that all?"—" No, Sicily lies near;
See how she stretches out her beauteous arms,
And tempts the victor with unguarded charms!
In Syracusa's port this fleet shall ride."—
" 'Tis well—and there you will at last abide?"—
" No; that subdu'd, again we'll hoist our sails,
And put to sea; and, blow but prosperous gales,
Carthage must soon be ours, an easy prey,
The passage open: what obstructs our way?"—
" Then, sir, your vast design I understand,
To conquer all the earth, cross seas and land,
O'er Afric's spacious wilds your reign extend,
Beneath your sword make proud Arabia bend;
Then seek remoter worlds, where Ganges pours
His swelling stream; beyond Hydaspes' shores,
Through Indian realms to carry dire alarms,
And make the hardy Scythian dread your arms.
But say—this wondrous race of glory run,
When we return, say, what shall then be done?"—
" Then, pleas'd, my friend, we'll spend the joyful day
In full delight, and laugh our cares away."—
" And why not now? Alas! sir, need we roam
For this so far, or quit our native home?
No—let us now each valued hour employ,
Nor, for the future, lose the present joy."

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE,

IN IMITATION OF AN ODE IN CASIMIRE.

Solace of life, my sweet companion, Lyre!
On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,
While the gay fields all soft delights inspire,
And not one cloud deforms the smiling sky.

While whispering gales, that court the leaves and flowers,
Play thro' thy strings, and gently make them sound,
Luxurious I'll dissolve the flowing hours
In balmy slumbers on the carpet ground.

But see—what sudden gloom obscures the air!
What falling showers, impetuous, change the day!
Let's rise, my Lyre—Ah, Pleasure, false as fair!
How faithless are thy charms, how short thy stay!

AN

ODE IN THE PARK AT ASTED,

Ye Muses, that frequent these walks and shades,
The seat of calm repose,
Which Howard's happy genius chose;
Where, taught by you, his lyre he strung,
And oft, like Philomel, in dusky glades,
Sweet amorous voluntaries sung!
O say, ye kind inspiring powers!
With what melodious strain
Will you indulge my pensive vein,
And charm my solitary hours?
Begin, and Echo shall the song repeat;
While, skreen'd from August's feverish heat,
Beneath this spreading elm I lie,
And view the yellow harvest far around,
The neighbouring fields with plenty crown'd,
And, over head, a fair unclouded sky.
The wood, the park's romantic scene,
The deer, that, innocent and gay,
On the soft turf's perpetual green
Pass all their lives in love and play,
Are various objects of delight,
That sport with fancy, and invite
Your aid, the pleasure to complete:
Begin—and Echo shall the song repeat.

Hark!—the kind inspiring powers
Answer from their secret bowers,
Propitious to my call!
They join their choral voices all,
To charm my solitary hours.
" Listen," they cry, " thou pensive swain!
Though much the tuneful sisters love
The fields, the park, the shady grove:
The fields, and park, and shady grove,
The tuneful sisters now disdain,
And choose to soothe thee with a sweeter strain;
Molinda's praises shall our skill employ,
Molinda, Nature's pride, and every Muse's joy!
The Muses triumph'd at her birth,
When, first descending from her parent Skies,
This star of beauty shot to Earth.
Love saw the fires that darted from her eyes,
He saw, and smil'd—the winged boy
Gave early omens of her conquering fame,
And to his mother lisp'd her name,
" Molinda!"—Nature's pride, and every Muse's joy.

Say, beauteous Asted! has thy honour'd shade
Ever receiv'd that lovely maid?
Ye nymphs and Sylvan deities, confess
That shining festal day of happiness!
For if the lovely maid was here,
April himself, though in so fair a dress
He clothes the meads, though his delicious showers
Awake the blossoms and the breathing flowers,
And new-create the fragrant year;
April himself, or brighter May,
Assisted by the god of day,
Never made your grove so gay,
Or half so full of charms appear.

Whatever rural seat she now doth grace,
And shines a goddess of the plains,
Imperial Love new triumphs there ordains,
Removes with her from place to place,
With her he keeps his court, and where she lives he reigns.
A thousand bright attendants more
Her glorious equipage compose:
There circling Pleasure ever flows:
Friendship, and Arts, a well-selected store,
Good-humour, Wit, and Music's soft delight,
The shorten'd minutes there beguile,
And sparkling Mirth, that never looks so bright,
As when it lightens in Molinda's smile.

Thither, ye guardian powers (if such there are,
Deputed from the sky
To watch o'er human-kind with friendly care),
Thither, ye gentle spirits, fly!
If goodness, like your own, can move
Your constant zeal, your tenderest love,

For ever wait on this accomplish'd fair!
Shield her from every ruder breath of air,
Nor let invading Sickness come
To blast those beauties in their bloom.
May no misguided choice, no hapless doom,
Disturb the heaven of her fair life
With clouds of grief, or showers of melting tears;
Let harsh Unkindness, and ungenerous Strife,
Repining Discontent, and boding Fears,
With every shape of woe, be driven away,
Like ghosts prohibited the day.
Let Peace o'er her his dovelike wings display,
And smiling joys crown all her blissful years!

TO MR. CONSTANTINE,

ON HIS PAINTINGS.

While o'er the cloth thy happy pencil strays,
And the pleas'd eye its artful course surveys,
Behold the magic power of shade and light!
A new creation opens to our sight.
Here tufted groves rise boldly to the sky,
There spacious lawns, more distant, charm the eye;
The crystal lakes in borrow'd tinctures shine,
And misty hills the fair horizon join,
Lost in the azure borders of the day,
Like sounds remote, that die in air away.
The peopled prospect various pleasure yields,
Sheep grace the hills, and herds or swains the fields;
Harmonious order o'er the whole presides,
And Nature crowns the work, which Judgment guides.

Nor with less skill display'd by thee appear
The different products of the fertile year;
While fruits with imitated ripeness glow,
And sudden flowers beneath thy pencil blow.
Such, and so various, thy extensive hand,
Oft in suspense the pleas'd specators stand,
Doubtful to choose, and fearing still to err,
When to thyself they would thyself prefer.
So when the rival gods at Athens strove,
By wondrous works, their power divine to prove,
As Neptune's trident struck the teeming earth,
Here the proud horse upstarted to his birth;
And there, as Pallas bless'd the fruitful scene,
The spreading olive rear'd its stately green;
In dumb surprise the gazing crowds were lost,
Nor knew on which to fix their wonder most.

TO URANIA,

ON HER ARRIVAL AT JAMAICA.

Through yielding waves the vessel swiftly flies,
That bears Urania from our eager eyes;
Deaf to our call, the billows waft her o'er,
With speed obsequious, to a distant shore:
A prize more rich than Spain's whole fleets could boast
From fam'd Peru, or Chili's golden coast!
There the glad natives, on the crowded strand,
With wonder see the matchless stranger land;
Transplanted glories in her features smile,
And a new dawn of beauty gilds their isle.

So from the sea, when Venus rose serene,
And by the Nymphs and Tritons first was seen,
The watery world beheld, with pleas'd surprise.
O'er its wide waste new tracks of light arise;
The winds were hush'd, the floods forgot to move,
And Nature own'd the auspicious queen of love.

Henceforth no more the Cyprian isle be nam'd,
Though for th' abode of that bright goddess fam'd;
Jamaica's happier groves, conceal'd so long
Through ages past, are now the poets song.
The Graces there, and Virtues, fix their throne;
Urania makes th' adopted land her own.

The Muse, with her in thought transported, sees
The opening scene, the bloomy plants and trees,
By brighter skies rais'd to a nobler birth,
And fruits deny'd to Europe's colder earth.
At her approach, like courtiers doubly gay
To grace the pomp of some lov'd prince's day,
The gladden'd soil in all its plenty shines,
New spreads its branching palms, and new adorns its pines;
With gifts prepares the shining guest to meet,
And pours its verdant offerings at her feet.
As in the fields with pleasure she appears,
Smiles on the labourers, and their labours cheers,
The luscious canes with sweeter juices flow,
The melons ripen, and the citrons blow,
The golden orange takes a richer dye,
And slaves forget their toil, while she is by.
Not Ceres' self more blessings could display,
When thro' the Earth she took her wandering way,
Far from her native coast, and all around
Diffus'd ripe harvests through the teeming ground.

Mean while our drooping vales, deserted, mourn,
Till happy years bring on her wish'd return;
New honours then, Urania, shall be thine,
And Britain shall again the world outshine.

So when, of late, our Sun was veil'd from sight
In dark eclipse, and lost in sudden night,
A shivering cold each heart with horrour thrill'd,
The birds forsook the skies, the herds the field;
But when the conquering orb, with one bright ray,
Broke thro' the gloom, and reinthron'd the day,
The herds reviv'd, the birds renew'd their strains,
Unusual transports rais'd the cheerful swains,
And joy, returning, echo'd through the plains.

THE FOLLOWING

SUPPLEMENT AND CONCLUSION

TO MR. MILTON'S INCOMPARABLE POEM,

ENTITLED,

IL PENSEROSO, OR THE PENSIVE MAN,

WAS ALSO WRIT BY MR. HUGHES.

It seems necessary to quote the eight foregoing lines for the right understanding of it.

"And may, at last, my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown, and mossy cell,
Where I may sit, and rightly spell
Of every star that Heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old Experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain."

There let Time's creeping Winter shed
His hoary snow around my head;
And while I feel, by fast degrees,
My sluggard blood wax chill, and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fixt eye
The scenes of deep eternity,
Till, life dissolving at the view,
I wake, and find those visions true!

THE HUE AND CRY.

O YES!—Hear, all ye beaux and wits,
Musicians, poets, 'squires, and cits,
All, who in town or country dwell!
Say, can you tale or tidings tell
Of Tortorella's hasty flight?
Why in new groves she takes delight,
And if in concert, or alone,
The cooing murmurer makes her moan?

Now learn the marks, by which you may
Trace out and stop the lovely stray!

Some wit, more folly, and no care,
Thoughtless her conduct, free her air;
Gay, scornful, sober, indiscreet,
In whom all contradictions meet;
Civil, affronting, peevish, easy,
Form'd both to charm you and displease you;
Much want of judgment, none of pride,
Modish her dress, her hoop full wide;
Brown skin, her eyes of sable hue,
Angel, when-pleas'd, when vex'd, a shrew.

Genteel her motion, when she walks,
Sweetly she sings, and loudly talks;
Knows all the world, and its affairs,
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers,
Who keeps, who marries, fails, or thrives,
Leads honest or dishonest lives;
What money match'd each youth or maid,
And who was at each masquerade;
Of all fine things in this fine town,
She's only to herself unknown.

By this description, if you meet her,
With lowly bows and homage greet her;
And if you bring the vagrant beauty
Back to her mother and her duty,
Ask, for reward, a lover's bliss,
And (if she'll let you) take a kiss;
Or more, if more you wish and may,
Try if at church the words she'll say,
Then make her, if you can—"obey."

THE PATRIOT.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM LORD COWPER,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

How godlike is the man, how truly great,
Who, midst contending factions of the state,
In council cool, in resolution bold,
Nor brib'd by hopes, nor by mean fears control'd,
And proof alike against both foes and friends,
Ne'er from the golden mean of virtue bends!
But wisely fix'd, nor to extremes inclin'd,
Maintains the steady purpose of his mind.

So Atlas, pois'd on his broad base, defies
The shock of gathering storms and wintry skies;
Above the clouds, serene, he lifts his brow,
And sees, unmov'd, the thunder break below.

But where's the patriot, by these virtues known,
Unsway'd by others' passions, or his own?
Just to his prince, and to the public true,
That shuns, in all events, each partial view?
That ne'er forgets the whole of things to weigh,
And scorns the short-liv'd wisdom of a day?

If there be one—hold, Muse, nor more reveal—
(Yet, oh that numbers could his name conceal!)
Thrice happy Britain, of such wealth possest!
On thy firm throne, great George, unshaken rest,
Safe in his judgment, on his faith rely,
And prize the worth which kingdoms cannot buy!

Rich in itself, the genuine diamond shines,
And owes its value to its native mines;
Yet, set in Britain's crown, drinks ampler rays
Of the Sun's light, and casts a wider blaze.
With pleasure we the well-plac'd gem behold,
That adds a lustre to the royal gold.

January 25, 1717-18.

THE SECOND SCENE OF THE FIRST ACT OF

ORESTES,

A TRAGEDY.

TRANSLATED FROM EURIPIDES.

ARGUMENT.

Orestes had killed his mother Clytemnestra, in revenge of his father's death, who was murdered by her. This part of the story is the subject of the Electra of Sophocles, where, in the conclusion of the play, Clytemnestra is heard behind the scene crying out in vain for mercy, while her son is executing his revenge. Perhaps this play was written first; and Euripides took up the story where the other left off. The reflection on his guilt in putting his mother to death, though a criminal, with his own hands, filled Orestes's mind with so much horrour as afterwards caused his distraction. In this condition he is represented in the following scene, lying on a couch, and his sister Electra, with a chorus of Grecian women, waiting near him.

I shall detain the reader no longer than to observe, that the tenderness of Electra, and the alternate starts and returns of madness and reason in Orestes, are touched with the most exquisite strokes of nature and passion.

CHORUS, ORESTES, ELECTRA.

CHORUS.

Draw near, Electra, to thy brother's couch;
See if he breathes; this long-protracted rest
May end in death, and fatally deceive thee.

ORESTES, WAKING.

O sweet refreshing Sleep! thou balmy cure
Of sickness and of pain!
How has thy gentle power at length reliev'd me!
O soft oblivion of surrounding ills,
How grateful to th' afflicted are thy charms!
Where am I?—speak—inform me, tell we where.
How came I hither? for I know not how!
Alas! I've lately been bereft of reason!
And now no track of former thought remains.

ELECTRA.

O my much-lov'd Orestes! O my brother!
With joy I've watch'd o'er thy late healing slumbers.
Come—shall I help to raise thee from thy couch!

ORESTES.

Soft, I pray thee—first wipe away these drops,
That sit all dewy o'er my face.

ELECTRA.

Ye gods!
How pleasant is this task to a sister's love!

ORESTES.

Come, let me lean upon thee;—how canst thou bear me?—
Put forth thy hand; remove the clotted locks
That shade my sight; I scarcely yet can see—

ELECTRA.

O my poor brother! how has sickness chang'd thee!
Thy face, thy beard, so long unwash'd, deform thee,
And spread an unknown horrour o'er thy mien.

ORESTES.

I'm weary;—lead me to my couch again.
When my fit leaves me I am weak and faint,
And a cold trembling runs through all my limbs.

ELECTRA.

How friendly is the sick man's bed; though pain
Dwell there, yet there he best may bear it.

ORESTES.

O! help once more; and gently bend me forward.

CHORUS.

The sick are ever restless;
Uneasiness and pain make them impatient.

ELECTRA.

Wilt thou get up and try again to walk?
Change will perhaps relieve thee.

ORESTES.

I fain would walk—and, seeming well awhile,
Delude my anxious thoughts.

ELECTRA.

Now hear me brother;
Hear me, while yet the cruel Furies leave thee
This pause from grief, this interval of reason.

ORESTES.

Speak quick thy news—if it be good, 'tis welcome;
If ill—I've load enough; nor add thou more.

ELECTRA.

Then know thy uncle Menelaus comes;
His ship is in the port—

ORESTES.

What dost thou say?—
He comes, like dawning light, to cheer our griefs,
And chase away the blackness of despair;
My father's brother, and his best-lov'd friend!

ELECTRA.

He's now arriv'd—and brings from conquer'd Troy
His beauteous Helen—

ORESTES.

Say'st thou?—better far
He came alone—and he alone surviving;
But if with Helen—then he brings a curse,
A heavy curse—

ELECTRA.

The race of Tyndarus
Have through all Greece spread infamy and shame.

ORESTES.

Beware then—shun the deeds of impious women.
Wear no false face—be good, as well as seem so—
Beware I say—

ELECTRA.

Alas! what means my brother? you are chang'd.
Your colour shifts—your eyes look fiercely wild—
Your fit returns—O Heavens! he's lost again.

ORESTES.

Mother, forbear!—What! no forgiveness—never?
O! take away those Furies—how they shake
Their snaky locks, and grin around me!

ELECTRA.

Alas! poor wretch; 'tis thy own fear alarms thee.
Compose thyself: why dost thou leave thy couch?
Here are no fiends; thou talk'st to shapeless air.

ORESTES.

Help, help me, Phœbus—See those dogs of Hell
With famish'd jaws gape horrid to devour me!
Th' infernal priestesses look fiercely on me;
They thirst for blood, and I'm the destin'd victim!

ELECTRA.

Nay, strive not—for I will not let thee go,
While these weak arms can fold thee—

ORESTES.

What art thou?
One of my curst tormentors?—Hence—I know thee;
Thou grasp'st me thus to plunge me down to Hell.

ELECTRA.

Oh! whence can wretched mortals hope for succour,
When Heaven is deaf, and all the gods our foes!

ORESTES.

Reach me the weapons of the shooting god,
Apollo's gift, the shafts, and horny bow;
With these he bad me drive the fiends away,
When cruel, they attack me—

ELECTRA.

Can they feel?
Can deathless beings feel a mortal wound?

ORESTES.

They shall—or leave my tortur'd sight—behold!
Dost thou not see their feather'd shafts fly round me?
Begone, ye ministers of wrath—Away! away!
The guilt's not mine—Hence, through the yielding skies,
Fly swift to Heaven—and charge Apollo there,
Whose oracle betray'd me!—Ah I faint;
My spirits sink—Where am I now? Alas!
How have I left my bed?—how stray'd I hither?
O—I perceive—once more the raging waves
Have spent their force,—and all is calm again—
My sister?—weeping too? Why dost thou turn
Thy face away, thus muffled in thy garment?
I grieve to think what I have made thee suffer;
I know my sickness bears too hard upon thee;
Yet weep not for my crimes, unhappy maid!

The deed was mine—Thou only didst consent:
'Twas I that slew my mother—Phœbus himself
Advis'd that impious act—the guilt be his,
Whose words spoke comfort, but who now forsakes
But oh! Electra, had our father's shade [me.
Been present then—had I, before the god,
Ask'd his consent, to strike the murderess dead,
The pitying manes sure had stopp'd my hand,
Nor would have wish'd for his own life again,
Redeem'd by guilt, so horrid in a son.
Now wipe away thy tears, lamenting maid;
Though we're both wretched, tears are shed in vain;
And when thou seest again my faltering reason,
Be ready thou to rule my broken sense,
And comfort my affliction—And when thou
Shalt sink beneath thy pressing woes, I'll strive
By soothing words to mitigate thy sorrows.
Such offices become our fond affection.
But now, retiring to thy own apartment,
Let gentle slumber close thy wakeful eyes!
Then rise refresh'd; anoint thy wearied limbs,
And with due nourishment recruit thy spirits.
Such ceaseless watchings will exhaust thy strength,
And make thy languid life a burthen to thee.
Thou seest all other friends are fled; thou art
My only solace in this dire affliction.
Should'st thou forsake me too, I'm lost indeed.

ELECTRA.

O no! thy sister never will forsake thee;
Nor only will I live, but die, with thee;
What joy could life afford a wretched woman,
Bereft of father, brother, every friend?—

But if you so command, I will retire;
In the meanwhile compose thyself to rest,
Reolin'd upon thy couch; nor let vain terrours
Rouse thee again—Thy own upbraiding conscience
Is the revengeful fiend that haunts thy breast!

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD CHANCELLOR PARKER.

JULY XXIII. M.DCC.XIX.

As father Thames pours out his plenteous urn
O'er common tracts, with speed his waters flow;
But where some beauteous palace does adorn
His banks, the river seems to move more slow;

As if he stopp'd awhile, with conscious pride,
Nor to the ocean would pursue his race,
Till he reflects its glories in his tide,
And call the Water-nymphs around to gaze.

So in Time's common flood the huddled throng
Of Months and Hours unheeded pass away,
Unless some general good our joy prolong,
And mark the moments of some festal day.

Not fair-July, though Plenty clothe his fields,
Though golden suns make all his morning smile,
Can boast of aught that such a triumph yields,
As that he gave a Parker to our isle.

Hail happy month! secure of lasting fame!
Doubly distinguish'd through the circling year:
In Rome a hero gave thee first thy name;
A patriot's birth makes thee to Britain dear.

THE XIVTH OLYMPICK OF PINDAR.

TO ASOPICUS OF ORCHOMENUS.

Ye heavenly Graces, who reside
O'er Minyæa's happy soil, that breeds,
Swift for the race, the fairest steeds;
And rule the land, where with a gentle tide
Your lov'd Cephisian waters glide!
To you Orchomenus's towers belong,
Then hear, ye goddesses, and aid the song.

Whatever honours shine below,
Whatever gifts can move delight,
Or sooth the ravish'd soul, or charm the sight,
To you their power of pleasing owe.
Fame, beauty, wisdom, you bestow;
Nor will the gods the sacred banquet own,
Nor on the Chorus look propitious down,
If you your presence have deny'd,
To rule the banquet, and the Chorus guide.

In Heaven itself all own your happy care;
Bless'd by your influence divine,
There all is good, and all is fair:
On thrones sublime you there illustrious shine;
Plac'd near Apollo with the golden lyre,
You all his harmony inspire,
And warbled hymns to Jove perpetual sing,
To Jove, of Heaven the father and the king.

Now hear, Aglaia, venerable maid!
Hear thou that tuneful verse dost love,
Euphrosyne! join your cœlestial aid,
Ye daughters of immortal Jove!
Thalia too be present with my lays;
Asopicus has rais'd his city's name,
And, victor in th' Olympic strife, may claim
From you his just reward of virtuous praise.

And thou, O Fame! this happy triumph spread;
Fly to the regions of the dead,
Through Proserpine's dark empire bear the sound,
There seek Cleodamus below,
And let the pleas'd paternal spirit know,
How on the plains of Pisa far renown'd,
His son, his youthful son, of matchless speed,
Bore off from all the victor's meed,
And with an olive wreath his envy'd temples crown'd.

THE MORNING APPARITION.

WRITTEN AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE, IN SURRY,

THE SEAT OF MR. BRIDGES.

All things were hush'd, as Noise itself were dead;
No midnight mice stirr'd round my silent bed;
Not e'en a gnat disturb'd the peace profound,
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound;
No ticking death-worm told a fancy'd doom,
Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room;
No breeze the casement shook, or fann'd the leaves,
Nor drops of rain fell soft from off the eaves;
Nor noisy splinter made the candle weep,
But the dim watchlight seem'd itself asleep,
When, tir'd, I clos'd my eyes—how long I lay,
In slumber wrapp'd, I list not now to say:
When hark! a sudden noise—See! open flies
The yielding door—I, starting, rubb'd my eyes,

Fast clos'd awhile; and, as their lids I rear'd,
Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,
While through my parted curtains rushing broke
A light like day, ere yet the figure spoke.
Cold sweat bedew'd my limbs—nor did I dream;
Hear, mortals, hear! for real truth's my theme.
And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones
To look—when, lo! 'twas honest master Jones[1];
Who wav'd his hand, to banish fear and sorrow,
Well charg'd with toast and sack, and cry'd—
"Good morrow!"

WRITTEN IN A WINDOW AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE,

THEN THE SEAT OF

MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES.

M. DCC. XIX.

Envy, if thy searching eye
Through this window chance to pry,
To thy sorrow thou shalt find,
All that's generous, friendly, kind,
Goodness, Virtue, every Grace,
Dwelling in this happy place:
Then, if thou would'st shun this sight,
Hence for ever take thy flight.

THE SUPPLEMENT:

THE CHARACTER OF

MRS. ELIZABETH BRIDGES[2],

IMPERFECT.

Painter, give o'er; here ends thy feeble art;
For how wilt thou describe th' immortal part?
Tho' Kneller's or tho' Raphael's skill were thine,
Or Titian's colours on the cloth did shine,
The labour'd piece must yet half-finish'd stand,
And mock the weakness of the master's hand.

Colours are but the phantoms of the day,
With that they're born, with that they fade away:
Like Beauty's charms, they but amuse the sight,
Dark in themselves, till, by reflection bright,
With the Sun's aid, to rival him they boast,
But, light withdrawn, in their own shades are lost.
Then what are these t' express the living fire,
The lamp within, that never can expire?
That work can only by the Muse be wrought;
Souls must paint Souls, and Thought delineate Thought.

Then, Painter-Muse, begin, and, unconfin'd,
Draw boldly first a large extent of mind:
Yet not a barren waste, an empty space,
For crowds of virtues fill up all the place.
See! o'er the rest fair Piety presides,
As the bright Sun th' inferior planets guides;
To the soul's powers it vital heat supplies,
And hence a thousand worthy habits rise.

So when that genial father of the Spring
Smiles on the meads, and wakes the birds to sing,
And from the heavenly Bull his influence sheds
On the parterres and fruitful garden beds,
A thousand beauteous births shoot up to sight,
A thousand buds, unfolding, meet the light;
Each useful plant does the rich earth adorn,
And all the flowery universe is born.

III

O! could my verse describe this sacred queen,
This first of virtues, awful, yet serene,
Plain in her native charms, nor too severe,
Free from false zeal, and superstitious fear;
Such and so bright, as by th' effects we find,
She dwells in this selected, happy mind,
The source of every good should stand confest,
And all, who see, applaud the heaven-born guest!

Proceed, my Muse: next in the picture place
Diffusive Charity to human race.
Justice thou need'st not in thy draught express,
Since every greater still includes the less.
What were the praise, if Virtue idly stood,
Content alike to do nor harm nor good?
Though shunning ill, unactive, and supine,
Like painted suns, that warm not while they shine?
The nobler soul such narrow life disdains,
Flows out, and meets another's joys and pains,
Tasteless of blessings, if possest alone,
And in imparted pleasures seeks its own.
Hence grows the sense of Friendship's generous fires,
Hence Liberality the heart inspires,
Hence streams of good in constant actions flow,
And man to man becomes a god below!

A soul thus form'd, and such a soul is here,
Needs not the dangerous test of riches fear,
But, unsubdued to wealth, may safely stand,
And count o'er heaps with an unsully'd hand.
Heaven, that knew this, and where t' intrust its store,
And, blessing one, oft' blesses many more,
First gave a will to give, then fitly join'd
A liberal fortune to a liberal mind.
With such a graceful ease her bounty flows;
She gives, and scarce that she's the giver knows,
But seems receiving most, when she the most bestows.
Rich in herself, well may she value more [store
Her wealth within, the mind's immortal store;
Passions subdued, and knowledge free from pride,
Good humour, ever to good sense ally'd,
Well-season'd mirth, and wisdom unsevere,
An equal temper, and a heart sincere;
Gifts that alone from Nature's bounty flow,
Which Fortune may display, but not bestow;
For wealth but sets the picture more in sight,
And brings the beauties or the faults to light.
How true th' esteem that's founded in desert!
How pleasing is the tribute of the heart!
Here willing duty ne'er was paid in vain,
And ev'n dependence cannot feel its chain;
Yet whom she thus sets free she closer binds,
(Affection is the chain of grateful minds)
And, doubly blessing her adopted care,
Makes them her virtues with her fortune share,
Leads by example, and by kindness guards,
And raises first the merit she rewards.

Oft too abroad she casts a friendly eye,
As she would help to every need supply.
The poor near her almost their cares forget,
Their want but serves as hunger to their meat;

[1] The butler.

[2] She died Dec. 1, 1745, aged 88. See some verses to her memory in Mrs. Tollet's poems, p. 139.

For, since her soul's ally'd to human kind,
Not to her house alone her store's confin'd;
But, passing on, its own full banks o'erflows,
Enlarg'd, and deals forth plenty as it goes.
Through some fair garden thus a river leads
Its watery wealth, and first th' enclosure feeds,
Visits each plant, and every flower supplies;
Or, taught in sportive fountains to arise,
Casts sprinkled showers o'er every figur'd green;
Or in canals walks round the beauteous scene,
Yet stops not there, but its free course maintains,
And spreads gay verdure thro' the adjacent plains;
The labouring hinds with pleasure see it flow,
And bless those streams by which their pastures grow.

O generous use of power! O virtuous pride!
Ne'er may the means be to such souls deny'd,
Executors of Heaven's all-bounteous will,
Who well the great First-giver's ends fulfil,
Who from superior heights still looking down
On glittering heaps, which scarce they think their own,
Despise the empty show of useless state,
And only would, by doing good, be great!

Now pause awhile, my Muse, and then renew
The pleasing task, and take a second view!
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
A train of virtues yet undrawn appear;
Here just Economy, strict Prudence there;
Near Liberality they ever stand;
This guides her judgment, that directs her hand.
By these see wild Profusion chas'd away,
And wanton Luxury, like birds of prey
Whilst meek Humility, with charms serene,
Forbids vain Pomp t' approach the hallow'd scene;
Yet through her veil the more attracts the sight,
And on her sister virtues casts a light.

But wherefore starts the Painter-Muse, and why,
The piece unfinish'd, throws the pencil by?
"Methinks," she says, "Humility I hear,
With gentle voice, reproving, cry—'Forbear!
Forbear, rash Muse! nor longer now commend,
Lest whom thou would'st praise, thou should'st offend,
And in her breast a painful glowing raise,
Who, conscious of the merit, shuns the praise."

THE ECSTASY.

AN ODE.

Me verò primùm dulces ante omnia Musæ;
Accipiant, cœlique vias & sidera monstrent.
Virg.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It may be proper to acquaint the reader, that the following poem was begun on the model of a Latin ode of Casimire, intitled, E Rebus Humanis Excessus, from which it is plain that Cowley likewise took the first hint of his ode called The Ecstasy. The former part, therefore, is chiefly an imitation of that ode, though with considerable variations, and the addition of the whole second stanza, except the first three lines: but the plan itself seeming capable of a farther improvement, the latter part, which attempts a short view of the Heavens according to the modern philosophy, is entirely original, and not founded on any thing in the Latin author.

I leave Mortality's low sphere.
Ye Winds and Clouds, come, lift me high,
And on your airy pinions bear
Swift through the regions of the sky,
What lofty mountains downward fly!
And, lo! how wide a space of air
Extends new prospects to my eye!
The gilded fanes, reflecting light,
And royal palaces, as bright,
(The rich abodes
Of heavenly and of earthly gods)
Retire apace; whole cities too
Decrease beneath my rising view.
And now, far off, the rolling globe appears;
Its scatter'd nations I survey,
And all the mass of earth and sea;
Oh, object well deserving tears!
Capricious state of things below,
That, changeful from their birth, no fix'd duration know!

Here new-built towns, aspiring high,
Ascend, with lofty turrets crown'd;
There others fall, and mouldering lie,
Obscure, or only by their ruins found.
Palmyra's far-extended waste I spy,
(Once Tadmor, ancient in renown)
Her marble heaps, by the wild Arab shown,
Still load with useless pomp the ground.
But where is lordly Babylon? where now
Lifts she to Heaven her giant brow?
Where does the wealth of Nineveh abound?
Or where's the pride of Afric's shore?
Is Rome's great rival then no more?
In Rome herself behold th' extremes of fate,
Her ancient greatness sunk, her modern boasted state!
See her luxurious palaces arise,
With broken arches mixt between!
And here what splendid domes possess the skies!
And there old temples, open to the day,
Their walls, o'ergrown with moss, display;
And columns, awful in decay,
Rear up their roofless heads to form the various scene.

Around the space of Earth I turn my eye;
But where's the region free from woe?
Where shall the Muse one little spot descry
The seat of Happiness below?
Here Peace would all its joys dispense,
The vines and olives unmolested grow,
But, lo! a purple pestilence
Unpeoples cities, sweeps the plains,
Whilst vainly through deserted fields
Her unreap'd harvests Ceres yields,
And at the noon of day a midnight silence reigns.
There milder heat the healthful climate warms,
But, slaves to arbitrary power,
And pleas'd each other to devour,
The mad possessors rush to arms.
I see, I see them from afar,
I view distinct the mingled war!
I see the charging squadrons prest
Hand to hand, and breast to breast.

Destruction, like a vulture, hovers nigh;
Lur'd with the hope of human blood,
She hangs upon the wing, uncertain where to fly,
But licks her drowthy jaws, and waits the promis'd food.

Here cruel Discord takes a wider scene,
To exercise more unrelenting rage;
Appointed fleets their numerous powers engage,
With scarce a space of sea between.
Hark! what a brazen burst of thunder
Rends the elements asunder!
Affrighted Ocean flies the roar,
And drives the billows to the distant shore;
The distant shore,
That such a storm ne'er felt before,
Transmits it to the rocks around;
The rocks and hollow creeks prolong the rolling sound.

Still greater horrours strike my eyes.
Behold, convulsive earthquakes there,
And shatter'd land in pieces tear,
And ancient cities sink, and sudden mountains rise!
Thro' opening mines th' astonish'd wretches go,
Hurry'd to unknown depths below.
The bury'd ruin sleeps; and nought remains
But dust above and desert plains,
Unless some stone this sad inscription wear,
Rais'd by some future traveller:
"The prince, his people, and his kingdom, here,
One common tomb contains."

Again, behold where seas, disdaining bound,
O'er the firm land usurping ride, [tide.
And bury spacious towns beneath their sweeping
Dash'd with the sudden flood the vaulted temples sound.
Waves roll'd on waves, deep burying deep, lift high
A watery monument, in which profound
The courts and cottages together lie.
Ev'n now the floating wreck I spy,
And the wide surface far around
With spoils of plunder'd countries crown'd.
Such, Belgia, was the ravage and affright,
When late thou saw'st thy ancient foe
Swell o'er thy digues, oppos'd in vain,
With deadly rage, and, rising in its might,
Pour down swift ruin on thy plains below.
Thus Fire, and Air, and Earth, and Main,
A never-ceasing fight maintain,
While man on every side is sure to lose;
And Fate has furnish'd out the stage of life
With War, Misfortune, and with Strife;
Till Death the curtain drops, and shuts the scene of woes.

But why do I delay my flight?
Or on such gloomy objects gaze?
I go to realms serene with ever-living light.
Haste, Clouds and Whirlwinds, haste a raptur'd bard to raise;
Mount me sublime along the shining way,
Where planets, in pure streams of ether driv'n,
Swim through the blue expanse of Heaven.
And, lo! th' obsequious Clouds and Winds obey!
And, lo! again the nations downwards fly,
And wide-stretch'd kingdoms perish from my eye.
Heaven! what bright visions now arise!
What opening worlds my ravish'd sense surprise!
I pass cerulean gulphs, and now behold
New solid globes their weight, self-balanc'd, bear,
Unpropp'd, amidst the fluid air, [roll'd.
And all, around the central Sun, in circling eddies
Unequal in their course, see they advance,
And form the planetary dance!
Here the pale Moon, whom the same laws ordain
T' obey the Earth, and rule the Main;
Here spots no more in shadowy streaks appear;
But lakes instead, and groves of trees,
The wondering Muse transported sees,
And their tall heads discover'd mountains rear.
And now once more I downward cast my sight,
When, lo! the Earth, a larger moon, displays
Far off, amidst the Heavens, her silver face,
And to her sister moon by turns gives light!
Her seas are shadowy spots, her land a milky white.

What power unknown my course still upwards guides,
Where Mars is seen his ruddy rays to throw
Through heatless skies, that round him seem to glow,
And where remoter Jove o'er his four moons presides?
And now I urge my way more bold,
Unpierc'd by Saturn's chilling cold,
And pass his planetary guards, and his bright ring behold.
Here the Sun's beams so faintly play,
The mingled shades almost extinguish day.
His rays reverted hence, the fire withdraws,
For here his wide dominions end;
And other suns, that rule by other laws,
Hither their bordering realms extend.

And now far off, through the blue vacant borne,
I reach at last the milky road,
Once thought to lead to Jove's supreme abode,
Where stars, profuse in heaps, Heaven's glittering heights adorn.
Lost in each other's neighbouring rays,
They undistinguish'd shine in one promiscuous blaze.
So thick the lucid gems are strown,
As if th' Almighty Builder here
Laid up his stores for many a sphere
In destin'd worlds, as yet unknown.
Hither the nightly-wakeful swain,
That guards his folds upon the plain,
Oft turns his gazing eyes,
Yet marks no stars, but o'er his head
Beholds the streamy twilight spread,
Like distant morning in the skies;
And wonders from what source its dawning splendours rise.

But, lo!—what's this I see appear?
It seems, far off, a pointed flame;
From earth-wards too the shining meteor came.
How swift it climbs th' aërial space!
And now it traverses each sphere,
And seems some living guest, familiar to the place.
'Tis he—as I approach more near,
The great Columbus of the skies I know!
'Tis Newton's soul, that daily travels here
In search of knowledge for mankind below.
O stay, thou happy spirit, stay
And lead me on thro' all th' unbeaten wilds of day;
As when the Sibyl did Rome's father guide,
Safe through the downward roads of night,
And in Elysium blest his sight

With views, till then, to mortal eyes deny'd.
Here let me, thy companion, stray
From orb to orb, and now behold
Unnumber'd suns, all seas of molten gold;
And trace each Comet's wandering way,
And now descry light's fountain-head,
And measure its descending speed;
Or learn how sun-born colours rise
In rays distinct, and in the skies,
Blended in yellow radiance, flow,
Or stain the fleecy cloud, or streak the watery bow;
Or, now diffus'd, their beauteous tinctures shed
On every planet's rising hills, and every verdant mead.

Thus, rais'd sublime on Contemplation's wings,
Fresh wonders I would still explore,
Still the great Maker's power adore,
Lost in the thought,—nor ever more
Return to Earth, and earthly things;
But here, with native freedom, take my flight,
An inmate of the Heavens, adopted into light!
So for a while the royal Eagle's brood
In his low nest securely lies,
Amid the darkness of the sheltering wood,
Yet there, with in-born vigour, hopes the skies:
Till, fledg'd with wings full-grown, and bold to rise,
The bird of Heaven to Heaven aspires,
Soars 'midst the meteors and celestial fires,
With generous pride his humbler birth disdains,
And bears the thunder thro' the ethereal plains.

THE TENTH BOOK OF

LUCAN'S PHARSALIA.

TRANSLATED.

THE ARGUMENT AND CONNECTION OF THE STORY WITH THE FOREGOING BOOKS.

Pompey, flying to Egypt, after his defeat at Pharsalia, was by the king's consent, basely murdered by Pothinus, and his head presented to Cæsar as he approached the Egyptian coast, in pursuit of his enemy. The poet having represented this catastrophe in the two former books; the argument of the tenth book is as follows:

Cæsar lands in Egypt. He goes to Alexandria; visits the temple, and the sepulchre of the kings, in which Alexander the Great was buried. The poet, in a beautiful digression, declaims against the ambition of that monarch. Ptolemy, the young king of Egypt, meets Cæsar at his arrival, and receives him into his palace. His sister Cleopatra, who had been kept a prisoner in Pharos, makes her escape, and privately getting admittance to Cæsar, implores his protection. By his means she is reconciled to her brother; after which she entertains Cæsar at a feast. The supper being ended, Cæsar requests of Achoreus, the priest, an account of the antiquities of Egypt, particularly of the river Nile. Achoreus's reply. The course of that river described, with an enumeration of the various opinions concerning its spring, and the causes of its overflowing. Pothinus plots the death of Cæsar. His message to Achillas to invite him to join in this attempt. Achillas marches against Alexandria with an army composed of Egyptians and Romans, and besieges Cæsar in the palace, who seizes Ptolemy as a pledge for his own security. A herald, sent from the king to inquire the cause of this tumult, is slain. An attack being made, Cæsar defends himself, burns the Egyptian ships in the harbour, and possesses himself of Pharos, where he puts Pothinus to death. Arsinoe, younger sister of Ptolemy, by the aid of Ganimede, her governor, arriving in the camp, causes Achillas to be slain. Ganimede renews the attack against Cæsar, who is blocked up in Pharos, and reduced to the greatest extremity.

When conquering Cæsar follow'd to the land
His rival's head, and trod the barbarous strand,
His fortune strove with guilty Egypt's fate
In doubtful fight, and this the dire debate;
Shall Roman arms great Lagus' realm enthrall?
Or shall the victor, like the vanquish'd, fall
By Egypt's sword? Pompey, thy ghost withstood
Th' impending blow, and sav'd the general's blood,
Lest Rome, too happy after loss of thee,
Should rule the Nile, herself from bondage free.

Secure, and with this barbarous pledge content,
To Alexandria now the conqueror went.
The crowd that saw his entry, while, before,
Advancing guards the rods of empire bore,
In murmur'd sounds their jealous rage disclos'd,
At Roman rites and foreign law impos'd.
Observing Cæsar soon his errour spy'd,
That not for him his mighty rival dy'd,
Yet smooth'd his brow, all marks of fear suppress'd,
And hid his cares, deep bury'd in his breast.

Then with intrepid mien he took his way,
The city walls and temples to survey,
Works which thy ancient power, great Macedon, display.
He view'd the splendid fanes with careless eyes,
Shrines rich with gold and sacred mysteries,
Nor fix'd his sight, but, eager in his pace,
Descends the vault, which holds the royal race.
Philip's mad son, the prosperous robber, bound
In Fate's eternal chains, here sleeps profound,
Whom Death forbade his rapines to pursue,
And in the world's revenge the monster slew.
His impious bones, which, through each climate tost,
The sport of winds, or in the ocean lost,
Had met a juster fate, this tomb obtain'd,
And sacred, to that kingdom's end, remain'd.
O! should auspicious years roll round again,
And godlike Liberty resume her reign,
Preserv'd to scorn the reliques would be shown
Of the bold chief, whose boundless pride alone
This curst example to ambition gave,
How many realms one mortal can enslave!

Disdaining what his father won before,
Aspiring still, and restless after more,
He left his home; while Fortune smooth'd his way,
And o'er the fruitful East enlarg'd his sway.
Red Slaughter mark'd his progress, as he past;
The guilty sword laid human nature waste,
Discolour'd Ganges' and Euphrates' flood,
With Persian this, and that with Indian blood,

He seem'd in terrour to the nations sent,
The wrath of Heaven, a star of dire portent,
And shook, like thunder, all the continent!

Nor yet content, a navy he provides.
To seas remote his triumphs now he guides,
Nor winds nor waves his progress could withstand;
Nor Libya's scorching heat, and desert land,
Nor rolling mountains of collected sand.
Had Heaven but giv'n him line, he had outrun
The farthest journey of the setting Sun,
March'd round the poles, and drank discover'd Nile
At his spring-head—But winged Fate the while
Comes on with speed, the funeral hour draws near:
Death only could arrest his mad career,
Who to his grave the world's sole empire bore,
With the same envy 'twas acquir'd before;
And, wanting a successor to his reign,
Left all to suffer conquest once again.

Yet Babylon first yielded to his arms,
And Parthia trembled at his proud alarms.
Oh shame to tell! could haughty Parthia fear
The Grecian dart, and not the Roman spear?
What though the North, and South, and West, are ours,
Th' unconquer'd East defies our feeble powers,
So fatal once to Rome's great Crassi known,
A province now to Pella's puny town.

Now from Pelusium, where expanding wide
Nile pours into the sea his ample tide,
Came the boy-king; his presence soon appeas'd
The people's rage, and giddy tumult ceas'd.
In Egypt's palace, Cæsar sleeps secure;
This princely hostage does awhile ensure
His terms of peace; when lo! the sister-queen,
In a small boat conceal'd, securely mean,
With gold corrupts the keeper of the port,
And undiscover'd lands, and lurks within the court.
The royal whore, her country's worst disgrace,
The fate and fury of the Roman race!
As Helen's soft incendiary charms
Provok'd the Grecian and the Trojan arms,
No less did Cleopatra's eyes inspire
Italian games, and spread the kindled fire.
A rabble rout, a vile enervate band
Presum'd th' imperial eagles to withstand;
Canopus march'd, a woman at their head,
And then, if ever, Rome knew aught of dread,
E'en mighty Rome with terrour heard the jar
Of clatter'd cymbals tinkling to the war,
And shook her lofty towers, and trembled from afar.
What triumphs had proud Alexandria seen,
Had great Octavius then a captive been,
When hovering Victory, at Leucate's bay,
Hung on her wings, and 'twas a strife that day,
If the lost world a distaff should obey.
From that curst night this daring hope arose,
That shameful night, the source of future woes,
Which first commenc'd polluted loves between
A Roman general and Egyptian queen.
O who can Anthony's wild passion blame?
Ev'n Cæsar's flinty heart confess'd the softening flame!
The foul adulterer, reeking with the stains
Of impious slaughter on Thessalian plains,
Unwash'd from blood, amidst the rage of war,
In joys obscene forgets his cruel care.
Though Pompey's ghost yet haunt those barbarous walls,
And, howling in his ears, for vengeance calls,
Secure in guilt, he hugs a harlot's charms,
And mingles lawless love with lawless arms,
Nor mindful of his chaster progeny,
A bastard-brother, Julia, gives to thee.
His rallying foes on Libyan plains rejoin;
Luxurious Cæsar, shamefully supine,
Foregoes his gains, and for a kiss or smile
Sells the dear purchase of his martial toil.

Him Cleopatra sought t' espouse her care;
Presuming of her charms, the mournful fair
In wild disorder loos'd her lovely hair,
And, with a face inviting sure relief,
In tender accents thus disclos'd her grief:

"Great Cæsar, look! of Lagus' royal race,
So thou restore me to my rightful place,
I kneel a queen. Expell'd my father's throne,
My hope of succour is in you alone.
You rise a prosperous star to Egypt's aid;
O shine propitious on an injur'd maid!
My sex has oft the Pharian sceptre sway'd,
For so the laws admit. Let Cæsar read
Our parent's will; my brother's crown and bed
Are mine to share, and were the youth but free
From saucy tutors, he would marry me.
But by Pothinus' nod his passions move,
Pothinus wields his sword, and manages his love.
Forbid that crime; I freely quit my claim,
But save from such reproach our house and name.
Rescue the royal boy from mean command,
Restore the sceptre to his trembling hand,
This vile domestic's lawless pride restrain,
Remove the traitor-guard, and teach the king to reign.
Th' imperious slave, who kill'd great Cæsar's foe,
Inur'd to blood, would murder Cæsar too,
But far, far hence, ye gods, avert the threaten'd blow!
Let Pompey's head suffice Pothinus' fame,
Nor let a nobler death increase our shame!"

Here paus'd the queen, and spoke in looks the rest:
Not words alone could move his savage breast;
Her eyes enforce her prayers, soft beauty pleads,
And brib'd the judge; a night of guilt succeeds.
Then soon for peace th' affrighted brother sought,
And with rich gifts his reconcilement bought.

Affairs united thus, the court ordains
A solemn feast, where joy tumultuous reigns.
Here Cleopatra's genius first was shown,
And arts till then to frugal Rome unknown.
The hall a temple seem'd; corrupter days
Scarce to the gods would such a structure raise.
Rich was the fretted roof, and cover'd o'er
With ponderous gold; all onyx was the floor.
Nor marble plates alone the walls incas'd,
Beauteous to sight, and all th' apartment grac'd;
But solid pillars of thick agate stood,
And ebony supply'd for common wood.
Ivory the doors, with Indian tortoise seen
Inlaid, and studded emerald between.
The beds too shone, profuse of gems, on high,
The coverings Tyrian silk, of double dye,
Embroider'd part with gold, with scarlet part,
A curious mixture of Egyptian art.

And now the crowd of menial slaves appears,
Of various skin and size, and various years.
Some swarthy Africans with frizzled hair;
Black Ethiops these: and those, like Germans, fair,
With yellow locks, which, Cæsar owns, outshine
In colour ev'n the natives of the Rhine;
Beside th' unhappy youth by steel unmann'd,
And soften'd from their sex, a beardless band;
An abler train was rang'd in adverse rows,
Yet scarce their cheeks did the first down disclose.

The princes took their seats; amid the rest
Sat lordly Cæsar, their superior guest.
Proud Cleopatra, not content alone
T' enjoy a brother-spouse, and share his throne,
Had stain'd her cheeks, and arm'd with artful care
Her fatal eyes, new conquest to prepare;
Bright jewels grac'd her neck, and sparkled in her hair.
O'ercharg'd with spoils which the Red-Sea supply'd,
Scarce can she move beneath the ponderous pride.
Sidonian silk her snowy breasts array'd,
Which through the net-work veil a thousand charms display'd.
Here might be seen large oval tables, wrought
Of citron from Atlantic forests brought,
Their tressels ivory; not so rich a sort
Was Cæsar's prize in vanquish'd Juba's court.
Blind ostentatious madness! to display
Your wealth to whom ev'n civil war's a play,
And tempt an armed guest to seize the prey!
Grant riches not the purpose of his toil,
Nor with rapacious arms to hunt for spoil,
Think him a hero of that chaster time,
When poverty was praise, and gold a crime;
Suppose Fabricius present at the show,
Or the rough consul chosen from the plough,
Or virtuous Curius; each would wish to come
With such a triumph back to wondering Rome.

What earth and air, the sea and Nile afford,
In golden vessels heaps the plenteous board;
Whate'er ambitious Luxury could find
Through the search'd globe, and more than want enjoin'd;
Herds of Egyptian gods, and fowl of various kind.
In crystal ewers Nilus supplies around
His purest streams; vast glittering bowls abound
With wine from Meroe's isle, whose noble age,
Fermenting, sparkles with ungovern'd rage:
With twisted wreaths, which fragrant flowers compose,
Delightful nard, and ever-blooming rose,
They crown their brows; and strow their oily hair
With spice from neighbouring fields, not yet expir'd in air.
Here Cæsar learns the fruitful world to drain,
While conscious thoughts his secret soul arraign;
Blushing he inward mourns the dire debate
With his poor son, but mourns, alas! too late,
And longs for war with Egypt's wealthy state.

At length, the tumult of the banquet o'er,
When sated Luxury requir'd no more,
Cæsar protracts the silent hours of night,
And, turning to Achoreus, cloth'd in white,
High on a lofty couch—"Say, holy seer!
Whose hoary age thy guardian gods revere,
Devoted to their rites! wilt thou relate
The rise and progress of the Pharian state?
Describe the land's extent, what humours sway
The people's minds, and to what powers you pray
What customs keep, and what devotion pay.
Whate'er your ancient monuments contain,
Produce to light, and willing gods explain.
If Plato once obtain'd a like request,
To whom your sires their mystic rites confest,
This let me boast, perhaps you have not here
A meaner guest, or less judicious ear.
Fame of my rival led me first, 'tis true,
To Egypt's coast, yet join'd with fame of you.
I still had vacant hours amidst my wars,
To read the Heavens, and to review the stars;
Henceforth all calendars must yield to mine,
And ev'n Eudoxus shall the palm resign.
But, more than all, the love of truth, which fires
My glowing breast, an ardent wish inspires
To learn, what numerous ages ne'er could know,
Your river's source, and causes of its flow.
Indulge my hope Nile's secret birth to view,
No more in arms I'll civil strife pursue."

He paus'd; when thus Achoreus made reply;
"Ye reverend shades of our great ancestry!
While I to Cæsar Nature's works explain,
And open stores yet hid from eyes profane,
Be it no crime your secrets to reveal!
Let others hold it pious to conceal
Such mighty truths. I think the gods design'd
Works such as these to pass all human kind,
And teach the wondering world their laws and heavenly mind.

"At Nature's birth, a various power was given
To various stars, that cross the poles of Heaven,
And slack the rolling sphere. With sovereign rays
The Sun divides the months, the nights, the days;
Fix'd in his orb, the wandering course restrains
Of other stars, and the great dance ordains.
The changeful Moon attends th' alternate tides,
Saturn o'er ice and snowy zones presides;
Mars rules the winds, and the wing'd thunder guides;
Jove's is a sky serene and temperate air;
The seeds of life are Venus' kindly care.
O'er spreading streams, Cyllenius, is thy reign:
And when that part of Heaven thou dost attain,
When Cancer with the Lion mingles rays,
And Sirius all his fiery rage displays,
Beneath whose hot survey, deep in his bed,
Obscure from sight, old Nilus veils his head;
When thou, from thence, in thy celestial course,
Ruler of floods, dost strike the river's source,
The conscious streams break out, and flowing soon
Obey thy call, as Ocean does the Moon;
Nor check their tide, till night has from the Sun
Regain'd those hours th' advancing Summer won.

"Vain was the faith of old, that melted snow
From Ethiopian hills produce this flow;
For let the native's sun-burnt skins declare,
That no bleak North breathes wintry tempests there,
But vapours from the South possess the parching air.
Besides, such torrents as by snows increase,
Begin to swell when Spring does first release
Those wintery stores; Nile ne'er provokes his streams,
Till the hot Dog-star shoot his angry beams;
Nor then resumes his banks, till Libra weighs
In equal scale the measur'd nights and days.
Hence he the laws of other streams declines,
Nor flows in winter, when at distance shines

The moderate Sun; commanded to repair,
In summer's heat, to cool th' intemperate air.
When scorch'd Siene feels her Cancer's fire,
Then lest the world, consum'd in flame, expire,
Nile to its aid his watery forces draws,
And swells against the Lion's burning jaws,
Moistening the plains, till Phœbus late descends
To Autumn's cooler couch, and Meroe's shade extends.
Who can the cause of such great changes read?
Ev'n so our parent Nature had decreed
Nile's constant course, and so the world has need.

'As vainly too Antiquity apply'd
Th' Etesian winds to raise this wondrous tide,
Which blow at stated seasons of the year
For several days, and long possess the air; [fly
Or thought vast clouds, which, driv'n before them,
Beyond the South, discharg'd the burden'd sky
On Nilus' head, and thence his current swell'd;
Or that those winds the river's course repell'd,
Which stopp'd, and press'd by th' entering sea, disdains
His banks, and issuing boils along the plains.

Some think vast pores, and gaps in earth abound,
Where streams in silent veins creep under ground,
Led from the chilling North, the line to meet,
When pointed beams direct on Meroe beat,
While the parch'd earth a watery succour craves;
Then Po and Ganges roll their smother'd waves
Deep through the vaults beneath; and, Nile supDischarges at one vent their mingled tide, [ply'd,
Nor can the gather'd flood in one straight channel ride.

Some think the sea, which round all lands extends
His liquid arms, these gushing waters sends;
That length of course the saltness wears away;
Or thus; since Phœbus and the stars, we say,
Drink ocean's streams; when, near hot Cancer's
The thirsty Sun a larger portion draws, [claws,
That more than air digests, attracted so,
Falls back by night, and causes Nile to flow.

Might I in so perplex'd a cause engage,
I think, since Nature grew mature in age,
Some waters, Cæsar, have deriv'd their birth
From veins by strong convulsions broke in earth!
And some coeval with the world began,
And starting through appointed channels ran,
When this whole frame th' Almighty Builder rear'd,
Ordain'd its laws, and its first motions steer'd.

The kings of Greece, of Ægypt, and the East,
Ardent like you, were with this wish possest,
And every age has labour'd to attain
The wondrous truth, but labour'd still in vain,
For Nature lurks obscure, and mocks their pain.
Philip's great son, whose consecrated name
Memphis adores, the first in regal fame,
Envious of this, detach'd a chosen band
To range th' extreme of Æthiopia's sand!
They pass the scorching soil, and only view
Where hotter streams their constant way pursue.
The farthest west our great Sesostris saw,
While harness'd kings his lofty chariot draw,
Yet drank your Rhodanus and Padus first
At both their springs, ere Nile obey'd his thirst.
Cambyses, mad with lust of power t' o'er-run
The long-liv'd nations of the rising Sun,
To promis'd spoils a numerous army led;
His famish'd soldiers on each other fed,
Exhausted he return'd, nor saw great Nilus' head:—
Nor boasting Fame pretends to make it known;
Where'er thou flow'st, thy springs possest by none,
And not one land can call thee, Nile, her own.
Yet what the god, who did thy birth conceal,
Has giv'n to know, to Cæsar I'll reveal.

First from the Southern pole thy stream we trace,
Which rolling forward with a speedy pace,
Under hot Cancer is directly driven
Against Bootes' wain, far in the north of Heaven.
Yet winding in thy course from east to west,
Arabia now, now Libya's sands are blest
With thy cool flood; which first the Seres spy,
Yet seek thee too; thy current, rolling by,
Through Æthiopia next, a stranger, flows.
Nor can the world perceive to whom it owes
Thy sacred birth, which Nature hid from all,
Lest any nation should behold thee small,
And, covering deep thy infant head, requir'd
That none should find what is by all admir'd.

Thou, by a law to other streams unknown,
In summer's solstice o'er thy banks art thrown,
And bring'st in thy full tide a winter of thy own.
To thee alone 'tis given thy waves to roll
Athwart the globe, enlarg'd to either pole;
These nations seek thy fountain, these would trace
Thy gulph. With spacious arms thou dost embrace
Hot Meroe, fruitful to a sooty race,
And proud of ebon woods; yet no retreat
Their useless shades afford to shun th' excessive heat.
Then through the regions of the scorching Sun,
Not lessen'd by his thirst, thy waters run.
O'er barren sands they take a tedious course,
Now rolling in one tide their gather'd force;
Now wandering in their way, and sprinkled round,
O'er yielding banks thy wanton billows bound.
Thy channel here its scatter'd troops regains,
Between th' Ægyptian and Arabian plains,
Where Philas bounds the realm; with easy pace
Thy slippery waves through deserts cut their race,
Where Nature by a tract of land divides
Our sea, distinguish'd from the Red-Sea's tides.
Who that beholds thee here so gently flow,
Would think thou ever could'st tempestuous grow?
But when o'er rugged cliffs and ways unev'n
In steepy cataracts thou'rt headlong driv'n,
Thy rushing waves, resisted, fiercer fly,
And batter'd froth rebounding fills the sky,
The hills remurmur with the dashing sound,
Thy billows ride triumphant far around,
And rear their conquering heads with hoary honours crown'd.
Hence shaken Abatos first feels thy rage,
And rocks, which in our great forefathers age
Were call'd the river's veins; because they show
His first increase, and symptoms of his flow.
Vast piles of mountains here encompass wide
His streams, to Libya's thirsty land deny'd,
Which thus enclos'd in a deep valley glide.
At Memphis first he sees the open plains,
Then flows at large, and his low banks disdains.

While thus secure, as if no danger nigh,
Till Night's black steeds had travell'd half the sky,
They pass the hours of rest, Pothinus' mind
From brooding mischief can no leisure find.

Season'd in sacred blood, what crime can scare
The wretch, that late could such a murder dare?
Great Pompey's ghost dwells in his breast, t' inspire
New monsters there; and furies add their fire.
He hopes ignoble hands shall wear those stains,
Which Heaven for injur'd Roman chiefs ordains,
And that blind Fortune to a slave that day
The senate's vengeance should bequeath away,
The debt for civil war, which Cæsar once shall pay.
But oh! ye righteous powers, exert your care!
The guilty life in Brutus' absence spare!
Nor let vile Ægypt Rome's great justice boast,
And this example to the world be lost!

Vain is th' attempt; yet, scorning secret snares,
Steel'd by his crimes, the desperate villain dares
With open war th' unconquer'd chief provoke,
And dooms his head already to the stroke,
Designs to bid the slaughter'd father go,
And seek his son in dreary shades below.
Yet first he sends a trusty slave, to bear
This hasty message to Achillas' ear,
His partner-ruffian in great Pompey's fall,
Whom the weak king had made his general,
And, thoughtless of his own defence, resign'd
A power against himself and all mankind.

"Go, sluggard, to thy bed of down, and steep
Thy heavy eyelids in luxurious sleep!
While Cleopatra does the court invade,
And Pharos is not privately betray'd,
But giv'n away; dost thou alone forbear
To grace the nuptials of thy mistress here?
Th' incestuous sister shall her brother wed,
Ally'd already to the Roman's bed.
And sharing both by turns; Ægypt's her hire,
Already paid, and Rome she may require.
Could Cleopatra's sorceries decoy
Ev'n Cæsar's age, and shall we trust a boy?
Whom if one night she fold within her arms,
Drunk with lewd joys, and fascinating charms,
Whatever pious name the crime allay,
Between each kiss, he'll give our heads away,
And we by racks or flames must for her beauty
In this distress Fate no relief allows; [pay.
Cæsar's her lover, and the king her spouse:
And she herself, no doubt, the doom has past
On us, and all who would have left her chaste.
But by the deed which we together shar'd,
In vain, if not by new attempts repair'd,
By that strict league a hero's blood has bound,
Bring speedy war, and all their joys confound,
Rush boldly on; with slaughter let us stain
Their nuptial torch; the cruel bride be slain
Ev'n in her bed, and which soe'er supplies
In present turn the husband's place, he dies.
Nor Cæsar's name our purpose shall appall;
Fortune's the common mistress of us all,
And she, that lifts him now above mankind,
Courted by us, may be to us as kind.
We share his brightest glory, and are great
By Pompey's death, as he by his defeat.
Look on the shore, and read good omens there,
And ask the bloody waves what we may dare.
Behold what tomb the wretched trunk supplies,
Half hid in sand, half naked to the skies!
Yet this was Cæsar's equal whom we slew:
And doubt we then new glory to pursue?
Grant that our birth's obscure; yet, shall we need
Kings, or rich states confederate to the deed?
No, Fate's our own, and Fortune in our way,
Without our toil, presents a nobler prey;
Appease we now the Romans while we may!
This second victim shall their rage remove
For Pompey's death, and turn their hate to love.
Nor dread we mighty names, which slaves adore;
Stripp'd of his army, what's this soldier more
Than thou or I?—To night then let us end
His civil wars; to-night the Fates shall send
A sacrifice to troops of ghosts below,
And pay that head, which to the world they owe.
At Cæsar's throat let the fierce soldiers fly,
And Ægypt's youth with Rome's their force apply,
Those for their king, and these for liberty.
No more, but haste, and take the foe supine
Prepar'd for lust, and gorg'd with food and wine.
Be bold, and think the gods to thee commend
The cause, which Brutus' prayers and Cato's will
defend."

To mischief swift, Achillas soon obey'd
This summons, yet his sudden march betray'd
By no loud signal, nor the trumpet's jar:
In silent haste he led a barbarous train of war.
Degenerate crowds of Romans fill his bands,
So lost in vice, so chang'd in foreign lands,
That they, who should have scorn'd the king's
commands,
Forgetful of their country and their fame,
Under a vile domestic's conduct came.
No faith, no honour, can the herd restrain,
That follow camps, and fight for sordid gain;
Like ruffians brib'd, they ne'er the cause inquire,
That side's the just, which gives the largest hire.
If by your swords proud Cæsar was to bleed,
Strike for yourselves, ye slaves! nor sell the deed!
Oh wretched Rome! where'er thy Eagle flies,
New civil wars, new fury, will arise;
Ev'n on Nile's banks, far from Thessalian plains,
Amidst thy troops their country's madness reigns.
What more could the bold house of Lagus dare,
Had Pompey found a just protection there?
No Roman hand's exempt, but each must spill
His share of blood, and Heaven's decrees fulfil,
Such vengeful plagues it pleas'd the gods to send,
And with such numerous wounds the Latian state
to rend.

Not for the son or father now they fight;
A base born-slave can civil arms excite,
Achillas mingles in the Roman strife;
And, had not Fate protected Cæsar's life,
These had prevail'd: each villain ready stood,
This waits without, and that within, for blood.
The court, dissolv'd in feasting, open lay
To treacherous snares, a careless easy prey.
Then o'er the royal cups had Cæsar bled,
And on the board had fall'n his sever'd head.
But lest, amid the darkness of the night,
Their swords unconscious, in the huddled fight,
Might slay the king, the slaves awhile took breath,
And slipp'd the important hour of Cæsar's death.
They thought to make him soon the loss repay,
And fall a sacrifice in open day.
One night is given him; by Pothinus' grace
He sees the Sun once more renew his race.

Now the fair morning-star began to show
The sign of day from Cassia's lofty brow,
And ev'n the dawn made sultry Egypt glow,

When, from afar, the marching troops appear,
Not in loose squadrons, scatter'd here and there,
But one broad front of war, as if that day
To meet an equal force, and fight in just array.
While Cæsar thinks not the town-walls secure,
He bars the palace-gates, compell'd t' endure
Th' inglorious siege, and in a corner hide
Enclos'd, nor dares to the whole court confide.
In haste he arms his friends; his anxious breast,
Now fir'd with fury, now with doubt deprest,
Much fears th' assault, yet more that fear disdains;
So when some generous savage, bound with chains,
Is shut within his den, he howls with rage,
And breaks his teeth against the massy cage:
And thus, if by new weight of hills impos'd
Sicilian Etna's breathing jaws were clos'd,
Ev'n thus th' imprison'd god of Fire would rave,
And drive his flames, rebellowing, round the cave.
Behold the man, who lately scorn'd to dread
The senate's army to just battle led, [head,
The flower of Roman lords, and Pompey at their
Who, in a cause forbidding hope, could trust
That Providence for him should prove unjust,
Behold him now oppress, forlorn of aid,
Driv'n to a house, and of a slave afraid!
He, whom rough Scythians had not dar'd abuse,
Nor savage Moors, who barbarously use,
In sport, to try inhospitable arts
On strangers bound, their living mark for darts,
Tho' Rome's extended world, tho' India join'd
With Tyrian Gades, seems a realm confin'd,
A space too scanty to his vaster mind,
Now, like a boy or tender maid, he flies,
When sudden arms th' invaded works surprise;
He traverses the court, each room explores,
His hope is all in bars and bolted doors.
Yet doubtful, while he wanders here and there,
He leads the captive king his fate to share,
Or expiate that death the slaves for him prepare.
If darts or missive flames shall fail, he'll throw
Their sovereign's head against th' advancing foe.
So, when Medea fled her native clime,
And fear'd just vengeance on her impious crime,
With ready steel the cruel sorceress stood,
To greet her father with her brother's blood,
Prepar'd his head, to stop, with dire affright,
A parent's speed, and to assure her flight.

Yet Cæsar, that unequal arms might cease,
Suspends his fury, and essays a peace.
A herald from the king is sent, t' assuage
His rebel servants, and upbraid their rage,
And, in their absent tyrant's name, t' inquire
The secret author of this kindled fire.
But, scornful of reproach, th' audacious crew
The sacred laws of nations overthrew,
And for his speech the royal envoy slew.
Inhuman deed! that swells the guilty score
Of Egypt's monsters, well increas'd before.
Not Thessaly, not Juba's savage train,
Pharnaces' impious troops, not cruel Spain,
Nor Pontus, nor the Syrtes' barbarous land,
Dar'd an attempt like this voluptuous band.

Th' attack is form'd, the palace closely pent;
Huge javelins to the shaken walls are sent,
A storm of flying spears; yet, from below,
No battering rams resistless drive the blow,
No engine's brought, no fires; the giddy crowd
In parties roam, and, with brute clamours loud,
In several bands their wasted strength divide,
And here and there to force an entrance try'd;
In vain, for Fortune fights on Cæsar's side.

Then, where the palace, 'midst surrounding waves,
Projects luxuriant, and their fury braves,
The ships too their united force apply,
And swiftly hurl the naval war on high,
Yet, present every where with sword or fire,
Cæsar th' approaches guards, and makes the foes
retire.
To all by turns he brings successful aids,
Inverts the war, and, though besieg'd, invades.
Fireballs, and torches drest with unctuous spoil
Of tar combustible, and frying oil,
Kindled, he launch'd against the fleet; nor slow
The catching flames invest the smouldering tow.
The pitchy planks their crackling prey become;
The painted sterns and rowers seats consume.
There hulks, half burnt, sink in the main; and here
Arms on the waves and drowning men appear.

Nor thus suffic'd, the flames from thence aspire,
And seize the buildings with contagious fire.
Swift o'er the roofs, by winds increas'd, they fly;
So shooting meteors blaze along the sky,
And lead their wandering course with sudden glare,
By sulphurous atoms fed in fields of thinnest air.

Affrighted crowds the growing ruin view;
To save the city from the siege they flew,
When Cæsar, wont the lucky hour to choose
Of sudden chance in war, and wisely use,
Lost not in slothful rest the favouring night,
But shipp'd his men, and sudden took his flight.
Pharos he seiz'd, an island heretofore,
When prophet Proteus Egypt's sceptre bore,
Now by a chain of moles contiguous to the shore.
Here Cæsar's arms a double use obtain;
Hence from the straiten'd foe he bars the main,
While to his friends th' important harbour lies
A safe retreat, and open to supplies.
Nor longer now the doom suspended stands,
Which justice on Pothinus' guilt demands.
Yet not as guilt, unmatch'd like his, requires,
Not by the shameful cross, or torturing fires,
Nor torn by ravenous beasts, the howling wretch
expires.
The sword, dishonour'd, did his head divide,
And by a fate like Rome's best son he dy'd.
Arsinoe now, by well-concerted snares,
'Scap'd from the palace, to the foe repairs;
The trusty Ganymede assists her flight,
Then o'er the camp she claim'd a sovereign's right;
Her brother absent, she assumes the sword,
And frees the tyrant from his household lord:
By her just hand Achillas meets his fate,
Rebel accurs'd! in blood and mischief great!
Another victim, Pompey, to thy shade;
But think not yet the full atonement made.
Though Egypt's king, though all the royal line,
Should fall, thy murmuring ghost would still repine;
Still unreveng'd thy murder would remain,
Till Cæsar's purple life the senate's swords shall stain.

Nor does the swelling tempest yet subside.
The chief remov'd that did its fury guide,
To the same charge bold Ganymede succeeds,
Prosperous awhile in many hardy deeds.
So long th' event of war in balance lay,
So great the dangers of that doubtful day,

That Cæsar from that day alone might claim
Immortal wreaths, and all the warrior's fame,

Now, while to quit the straiten'd mole he strove,
And to the vacant ships the fight remove,
War's utmost terrours press on every side;
Before the strand besieging navies ride;
Behind, the troops advance. No way is seen
T' escape, or scarce a glorious death to win.
No room with slaughter'd foes to strew the plain,
And bravely fall amidst a pile of slain.
A captive to the place he now appears,
Doubtful if death should move his hope, or fears.
In this distress, a sudden thought inspir'd
His hardy breast, by great examples fir'd;
Bold Scæva's action he to mind recalls,
And glory won near fam'd Dyrrhachium's walls;
Where, whilst his men a doubtful fight maintain,
And Pompey strove the batter'd works to gain,
Amidst a field of foes, that hemm'd him round,
Alone the brave centurion kept his ground.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

*** Here the original poem breaks off abruptly, having been left unfinished by the author.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

——Nec Phœbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.

Virg.

TO THE MEMORY OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,

THESE

HIS MORE LASTING REMAINS

(THE MONUMENT OF HIS MIND, AND MORE PERFECT IMAGE OF HIMSELF)

ARE HERE COLLECTED BY THE DIRECTION OF

CATHARINE HIS DUCHESS:

DESIROUS THAT HIS ASHES MAY BE HONOURED,

AND HIS FAME AND MERIT COMMITTED TO THE TEST OF

TIME, TRUTH, AND POSTERITY.

THE

LIFE OF SHEFFIELD.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, descended from a long series of illustrious ancestors, was born in 1649, the son of Edmund earl of Mulgrave, who died in 1658. The young lord was put into the hands of a tutor, with whom he was so little satisfied, that he got rid of him in a short time, and, at an age not exceeding twelve years, resolved to educate himself. Such a purpose, formed at such an age, and successfully prosecuted, delights as it is strange, and instructs as it is real.

His literary acquisitions are more wonderful, as those years in which they are commonly made were spent by him in the tumult of a military life, or the gaiety of a court. When war was declared against the Dutch, he went at seventeen on board the ship in which prince Rupert and the duke of Albemarle sailed, with the command of the fleet; but, by contrariety of winds, they were restrained from action. His zeal for the king's service was recompensed by the command of one of the independent troops of horse, then raised to protect the coast.

Next year he received a summons to parliament, which, as he was then but eighteen years old, the earl of Northumberland censured as, at least, indecent, and his objection was allowed. He had a quarrel with the earl of Rochester, which he has, perhaps, too ostentatiously related, as Rochester's surviving sister, the lady Sandwich, is said to have told him with very sharp reproaches.

When another Dutch war (1672) broke out, he went again a volunteer in the ship which the celebrated lord Ossory commanded; and there made, as he relates, two curious remarks:

"I have observed two things, which I dare affirm, though not generally believed. One was, that the wind of a cannon bullet, though flying never so near, is incapable of doing the least harm; and, indeed, were it otherwise, no man above deck would escape. The other was, that a great shot may be sometimes avoided, even as it flies, by changing one's ground a little; for, when the wind sometimes blew away the smoke, it was so clear a sun-shiny day, that we could easily perceive the bullets (that were half-spent) fall into the water, and from thence bound up again among us,

which gives sufficient time for making a step or two on any side; though, in so swift a motion, it is hard to judge well in what line the bullet comes, which, if mistaken, may, by removing, cost a man his life, instead of saving it."

His behaviour was so favourably represented by lord Ossory, that he was advanced to the command of the Catharine, the best second-rate ship in the navy.

He afterwards raised a regiment of foot, and commanded it as colonel. The land forces were sent ashore by prince Rupert: and he lived in the camp very familiarly with Schomberg. He was then appointed colonel of the old Holland regiment, together with his own, and had the promise of a garter, which he obtained in his twenty-fifth year. He was likewise made gentleman of the bed-chamber. He afterwards went into the French service, to learn the art of war under Turenne, but staid only a short time. Being by the duke of Monmouth opposed in his pretensions to the first troop of horse-guards, he, in return, made Monmouth suspected by the duke of York. He was, not long after, when the unlucky Monmouth fell into disgrace, recompensed with the lieutenancy of Yorkshire, and the government of Hull.

Thus rapidly did he make his way both to military and civil honours and employments; yet, busy as he was, he did not neglect his studies, but at least cultivated poetry; in which he must have been early considered as uncommonly skilful, if it be true, which is reported, that, when he was not twenty years old, his recommendation advanced Dryden to the laurel.

The Moors having besieged Tangier, he was sent (1680) with two thousand men to its relief. A strange story is told of the danger to which he was intentionally exposed in a leaky ship, to gratify some resentful jealousy of the king, whose health he therefore would never permit at his table, till he saw himself in a safer place. His voyage was prosperously performed in three weeks; and the Moors, without a contest, retired before him.

In this voyage he composed the Vision; a licentious poem, such as was fashionable in those times, with little power of invention or propriety of sentiment.

At his return, he found the king kind, who, perhaps, had never been angry; and he continued a wit and a courtier as before.

At the succession of king James, to whom he was intimately known, and by whom he thought himself beloved, he naturally expected still brighter sun-shine; but all know how soon that reign began to gather clouds. His expectations were not disappointed; he was immediately admitted into the privy-council, and made lord chamberlain. He accepted a place in the high commission, without knowledge, as he declared after the Revolution, of its illegality. Having few religious scruples, he attended the king to mass, and kneeled with the rest; but had no disposition to receive the Romish faith, or to force it upon others; for when the priests, encouraged by his appearances of compliance, attempted to convert him, he told them, as Burnet has recorded, that he was willing to receive instruction, and that he had taken much pains to believe in God, who had made the world and all men in it; but that he should not be easily persuaded *that man was quits, and made God again.*

A pointed sentence is bestowed by successive transmission to the last whom it will fit; this censure of transubstantiation, whatever be its value, was uttered long ago by Anne Askew, one of the first sufferers for the protestant religion, who, in the time

of Henry VIII. was tortured in the Tower; concerning which there is reason to wonder that it was not known to the historian of the Reformation.

In the Revolution he acquiesced, though he did not promote it. There was once a design of associating him in the invitation of the prince of Orange; but the earl of Shrewsbury discouraged the attempt, by declaring, that Mulgrave would never concur. This king William afterwards told him; and asked what he would have done, if the proposal had been made: "Sir," said he, "I would have discovered it to the king whom I then served." To which king William replied—"I cannot blame you."

Finding king James irremediably excluded, he voted for the conjunctive sovereignty, upon this principle, that he thought the title of the prince and his consort equal, and it would please the prince, their protector, to have a share in the sovereignty. This vote gratified king William; yet, either by the king's distrust, or his own discontent, he lived some years without employment. He looked on the king with malevolence, and, if his verses or his prose may be credited, with contempt. He was, notwithstanding this aversion or indifference, made marquis of Normanby (1694), but still opposed the court on some important questions; yet, at last, he was received into the cabinet council, with a pension of three thousand pounds.

At the accession of queen Anne, whom he is said to have courted when they were both young, he was highly favoured. Before her coronation (1702) she made him lord privy seal, and soon after lord lieutenant of the North-riding of Yorkshire. He was then named commissioner for treating with the Scots about the Union; and was made, next year, first, duke of Normanby, and then of Buckinghamshire, there being suspected to be somewhere a latent claim to the title of Buckingham.

Soon after, becoming jealous of the duke of Marlborough, he resigned the privy-seal, and joined the discontented Tories in a motion, extremely offensive to the queen, for inviting the princess Sophia to England. The queen courted him back, with an offer no less than that of the chancellorship; which he refused. He now retired from business, and built that house in the Park, which is now the queen's, upon ground granted by the crown.

When the ministry was changed (1710), he was made lord chamberlain of the household, and concurred in all transactions of that time, except that he endeavoured to protect the Catalans. After the queen's death, he became a constant opponent of the court; and, having no public business, is supposed to have amused himself by writing his two tragedies. He died February 24, 1720-21.

He was thrice married: by his two first wives he had no children; by his third, who was the daughter of king James by the countess of Dorchester, and the widow of the earl of Anglesey, he had, besides other children that died early, a son born in 1716, who died in 1735, and put an end to the line of Sheffield. It is observable, that the duke's three wives were all widows. The dutchess died in 1742.

His character is not to be proposed as worthy of imitation. His religion he may be supposed to have learned from Hobbes; and his morality was such as naturally proceeds from loose opinions. His sentiments with respect to women he picked up in the court of Charles; and his principles concerning property were such as a gaming table supplies. He was censured as covetous, and has been defended by an instance of inattention to his affairs, as if a man might not at once be corrupted by avarice

and idleness. He is said, however, to have had much tenderness, and to have been very ready to apologize for his violences of passion.

He is introduced into this collection only as a poet; and, if we credit the testimony of his contemporaries, he was a poet of no vulgar rank. But favour and flattery are now at an end; criticism is no longer softened by his bounties, or awed by his splendour; and, being able to take a more steady view, discovers him to be a writer that sometimes glimmers, but rarely shines, feebly laborious, and at best but pretty. His songs are upon common topics; he hopes, and grieves, and repents, and despairs, and rejoices, like any other maker of little stanzas; to be great, he hardly tries; to be gay, is hardly in his power.

In the Essay on Satire he was always supposed to have had the help of Dryden. His Essay on Poetry is the great work for which he was praised by Roscommon, Dryden, and Pope; and doubtless by many more, whose eulogies have perished.

Upon this piece he appears to have set a high value; for he was all his life-time improving it by successive revisals, so that there is scarcely any poem to be found of which the last edition differs more from the first. Amongst other changes, mention is made of some compositions of Dryden, which were written after the first appearance of the essay.

At the time when this work first appeared, Milton's fame was not yet fully established, and therefore Tasso and Spenser were set before him. The two last lines were these, The epic poet, says he,

> Must above Milton's lofty flights prevail,
> Succeed where great Torquato, and where greater Spenser, fail.

The last line, in succeeding editions, was shortened, and the order of names continued: but now Milton is at last advanced to the highest place, and the passage thus adjusted:

> Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
> Succeed where Spenser, and ev'n Milton fail.

Amendments are seldom made without some token of a rent: lofty does not suit Tasso so well as Milton.

One celebrated line seems to be borrowed. The essay calls a perfect character

> A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.

Scaliger, in his poems, terms Virgil *sine labe monstrum*. Sheffield can scarcely be supposed to have read Scaliger's poetry; perhaps he found the words in a quotation.

Of this essay, which Dryden has exalted so highly, it may be justly said, that the precepts are judicious, sometimes new, and often happily expressed; but there are, after all the emendations, many weak lines, and some strange appearances of negligence; as, when he gives the laws of elegy, he insists upon connection and coherence; without which, says he,

> 'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will;
> But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
> No Panegyric, nor a Cooper's Hill.

Who would not suppose that Waller's Panegyric and Denham's Cooper's Hill were elegies?

His verses are often insipid; but his memoirs are lively and agreeable; he had the perspicuity and elegance of an historian, but not the fire and fancy of a poet.

ROYAL BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

HIS GRACE AND HIS WRITINGS.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

Happy that author! whose correct Essay[1]
Repairs so well our old Horatian way.

DRYDEN.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses' friend,
Himself a Muse—In Sanhedrin's debate,
True to his prince, but not a slave of state.

DRYDEN.

VERSES TO LORD ROSCOMMON.

How will sweet Ovid's ghost be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an English peer?
How he embellishes his Helen's love,
Outdoes in softness, and his sense improves.

DRYDEN.

PREFACE TO VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

"Your Essay on Poetry, which was published without a name, and of which I was not honoured with the confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much instruction; and, without flattering you, or making myself more moral than I am, not without some envy. I was loth to be informed how an epic poem should be written, or how a tragedy should be contrived and managed in better verse, and with more judgment, than I could teach others.

"I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I must confess; but who can answer for me, and for the rest of the poets who heard me read the poem, whether we should not have been better pleased to have seen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might seem to be above the censure," &c.

DRYDEN.

IBID.

"*This* is but doing justice to my country, part of which honour will reflect on your lordship, whose thoughts are always just, your numbers harmonious, your words chosen, your expressions strong and manly, your verse flowing, and your turns as happy as they are easy. If you would set us more copies, your example would make all precepts needless. In the meantime, that little you have writ is owned, and that particularly by the poets, (who are a nation not over-lavish of praise to their contemporaries) as a particular ornament of our language: but the sweetest essences are always confined in the smallest glasses."

[1] Essay on Poetry.

DRYDEN.

DEDICATION TO AURENGZEBE.

How great and manly in your lordship is your contempt of popular applause, and your retired virtue, which shines only to a few, with whom you live so easily and freely, that you make it evident you have a soul which is capable of all the tenderness of friendship, and that you only retire yourself from those who are not capable of returning it! Your kindness, where you have once placed it, is inviolable; and it is to that only I attribute my happiness in your love. This makes me more easily forsake an argument, on which I could otherwise delight to dwell; I mean your judgment in your choice of friends, because I have the honour to be one. After which, I am sure, you will more easily permit me to be silent in the care you have taken of my fortune, which you have rescued, not only from the power of others, but from my worst of enemies, my own modesty and laziness: which favour, had it been employed on a more deserving subject, had been an effect of justice in your nature; but, as placed on me, is only charity. Yet withal it is conferred on such a man, as prefers your kindness itself before any of its consequences; and who values, as the greatest of your favours, those of your love, and of your conversation. From this constancy to your friends I might reasonably assume, that your resentments would be as strong and lasting, if they were not restrained by a nobler principle of good-nature and generosity; for certainly it is the same composition of mind, the same resolution and courage, which makes the greatest friendships and the greatest enmities. To this firmness in all your actions (though you are wanting in no other ornaments of mind and body, yet to this) I principally ascribe the interest your merits have acquired you in the royal family. A prince who is constant to himself, and

steady in all his undertakings; one with whom the character of Horace will agree:

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Such a one cannot but place an esteem, and repose a confidence on him, whom no adversity, no change of courts, no bribery of interest, or cabal of factious, or advantages of fortune, can remove from the solid foundations of honour and fidelity.

Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit, ille habeat secum, servetque sepulcro.

How well your lordship will deserve that praise, I need no inspiration to foretel. You have already left no room for prophecy: your early undertakings have been such, in the service of your king and country, when you offered yourself to the most dangerous employment, that of the sea; when you chose to abandon those delights to which your youth and fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and, which was worse, the company of common seamen; that you have made it evident you will refuse no opportunity of rendering yourself useful to the nation, when either your courage or conduct shall be required.

BISHOP BURNET.

PREFACE TO SIR T. MORE'S UTOPIA.

Our language is now certainly properer and more natural than it was formerly, chiefly since the correction that was given by the *Rehearsal*; and it is to be hoped, that the Essay on Poetry, which may be well matched with the best pieces of its kind that even Augustus's age produced, will have a more powerful operation, if clear sense, joined with home but gentle reproofs, can work more on our writers, than that unmerciful exposing of them has done.

ADDISON.

SPECTATOR, NO. 253.

We have three poems in our tongue, which are of the same nature, and each of them a masterpiece in its kind: the Essay on Translated Verse, the Essay on Poetry, and the Essay on Criticism.

LORD LANSDOWNE.

ESSAY ON UNNATURAL FLIGHTS, &c.

First Mulgrave rose, Roscommon next, like light,
To clear our darkness, and to guide our flight:
With steady judgment, and in lofty sounds,
They gave us patterns, and they set us bounds.
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aside,
Inform'd by them, we need no foreign guide;
Who seek from poetry a lasting name,
May, from their lessons, learn the road to Fame.

PRIOR.

ALMA, CANT. II.

Happy the poet! blest the lays!
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise.

GARTH.

DISPENSARY.

Now Tyber's streams no courtly Gallus see,
But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanby.

POPE.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Yet some there were among the sounder few,
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws:
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."

POPE.

MISCELLANIES.

Muse, 'tis enough; at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain;
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

POEMS

OF THE

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

IN IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

In those cold climates, where the Sun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
A dismal vale lies in a desert isle,
On which indulgent Heaven did never smile.
There a thick grove of aged cypress trees,
Which none, without an awful horrour, sees,
Into its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,
Whole flocks of ill-presaging birds receives:
Poisons are all the plants that soil will bear,
And winter is the only season there:
Millions of graves o'erspread the spacious field,
And springs of blood a thousand rivers yield;
Whose streams, oppress'd with carcasses and bones,
Instead of gentle murmurs, pour forth groans.
Within this vale a famous temple stands,
Old as the world itself, which it commands;
Round is its figure, and four iron gates
Divide mankind, by order of the Fates:
Thither in crowds come, to one common grave,
The young, the old, the monarch, and the slave.
Old Age and Pains, those evils man deplores,
Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors;
All clad in mournful blacks, which sadly load
The sacred walls of this obscure abode;
And tapers, of a pitchy substance made,
With clouds of smoke, increase the dismal shade.
A monster, void of reason and of sight,
The goddess is, who sways this realm of night;
Her power extends o'er all things that have breath,
A cruel tyrant, and her name is Death.
The fairest object of our wondering eyes
Was newly offer'd up her sacrifice;
Th' adjoining places where the altar stood,
Yet blushing with the fair Almeria's blood,
When griev'd Orontes, whose unhappy flame
Is known to all who e'er converse with Fame,
His mind possess'd by Fury and Despair,
Within the sacred temple made this prayer:
"Great deity! who in thy hands dost bear
That iron sceptre which poor mortals fear;
Who wanting eyes thyself, respectest none,
And neither spar'st the laurel nor the crown!
O thou, whom all mankind in vain withstand,
Each of whose blood must one day stain thy hand!
O thou, who every eye that sees the light
Closest for ever in the shades of night!
Goddess attend, and hearken to my grief,
To which thy power alone can give relief.
Alas! I ask not to defer my fate,
But wish my hapless life a shorter date;
And that the Earth would in its bowels hide
A wretch, whom Heaven invades on every side:
That from the sight of day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my love.
"Thou only comforter of minds oppress,
The port where wearied spirits are at rest;
Conductor to Elysium, take my life,
My breast I offer to thy sacred knife;
So just a grace refuse not, nor despise
A willing, though a worthless sacrifice.
Others (their frail and mortal state forgot)
Before thy altars are not to be brought
Without constraint; the noise of dying rage,
Heaps of the slain of every sex and age,
The blade all reeking in the gore it shed,
With sever'd heads and arms confus'dly spread;
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
The groans of wretches ready to expire:
This tragic scene in terrour makes them live,
Till that is forc'd which they should freely give;
Yielding unwillingly what Heaven will have,
Their fears eclipse the glory of their grave:
Before thy face they make indecent moan,
And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one:
Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breast,
And he a murderer who was a priest.
But against me thy strongest forces call,
And on my head let all the tempest fall;
No mean retreat shall any weakness show,
But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear.
Think not that Time, our wonted sure relief,
That universal cure for every grief,
Whose aid so many lovers oft' have found,
With like success can ever heal my wound:
Too weak the power of Nature, or of Art,
Nothing but Death can ease a broken heart:

And that thou may'st behold my helpless state,
Learn the extremest rigour of my fate."
Amidst th' innumerable beauteous train,
Paris, the queen of cities, does contain,
(The fairest town, the largest, and the best)
The fair Almeria shin'd above the rest:
From her bright eyes to feel a hopeless flame,
Was of our youth the most ambitious aim;
Her chains were marks of honour to the brave,
She made a prince whene'er she made a slave.
Love, under whose tyrannic power I groan,
Shew'd me this beauty ere 'twas fully blown;
Her timorous charms, and her upractis'd look,
Their first assurance from my conquest took;
By wounding me, she learn'd the fatal art,
And the first sigh she had was from my heart;
My eyes, with tears moistening her snowy arms,
Render'd the tribute owing to her charms.
But, as I soonest of all mortals paid
My vows, and to her beauty altars made;
So, among all those slaves that sigh'd in vain,
She thought me only worthy of my chain:
Love's heavy burden my submissive heart
Endur'd not long, before she bore her part;
My violent flame melted her frozen breast,
And in soft sighs her pity she express'd;
Her gentle voice allay'd my raging pains,
And her fair hands sustain'd me in my chains;
Ev'n tears of pity waited on my moan,
And tender looks were cast on me alone.
My hopes and dangers were less mine than her's,
Those fill'd her soul with joys, and these with fears;
Our hearts, united, had the same desires,
And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.
Too faithful Memory! I give thee leave
Thy wretched master kindly to deceive;
Oh, make me not possessor of her charms,
Let me not find her languish in my arms!
Past joys are now my fancy's mournful themes;
Make all my happy nights appear but dreams:
Let not such bliss before my eyes be brought,
O hide those scenes from my tormenting thought;
And in their place disdainful beauty show;
If thou would'st not be cruel, make her so:
And, something to abate my deep despair,
O let her seem less gentle, or less fair!
But I in vain flatter my wounded mind;
Never was nymph so lovely or so kind:
No cold repulses my desire supprest,
I seldom sigh'd, but on Almeria's breast:
Of all the passions which mankind destroy,
I only felt excess of love and joy:
Unnumber'd pleasures charm'd my sense, and they
Were, as my love, without the least allay,
As pure, alas! but not so sure, to last,
For, like a pleasing dream, they are all past.
From Heaven her beauties like fierce lightnings came,
Which break through darkness with a glorious flame;
Awhile they shine, awhile our minds amaze
Our wondering eyes are dazzled with the blaze;
But thunder follows, whose resistless rage
None can withstand, and nothing can assuage;
And all that light which those bright flashes gave;
Serves only to conduct us to our grave.
When I had just begun love's joys to taste,
(Those full rewards for fears and dangers past)
A fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richest work that ever Nature wrought.
All things below, alas! uncertain stand;
The firmest rocks are fix'd upon the sand:
Under this law both kings and kingdoms bend,
And no beginning is without an end.
A sacrifice to Time, Fate dooms us all,
And at the tyrant's feet we daily fall:
Time, whose bold hand will bring alike to dust
Mankind, and temples too, in which they trust.
Her wasted spirits now begin to faint,
Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,
And in her heart as in a fort remains;
But yields at last to her resistless pains.
Thus while the Fever, amorous of his prey,
Through all her veins makes his delightful way,
Her fate's like Semele's; the flames destroy
That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming face is in its spring decay'd,
Pale grow the roses, and the lilies fade;
Her skin has lost that lustre which surpass'd
The Sun's, and well deserv'd as long to last:
Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardest hearts,
Are now disarm'd of all their flames and darts;
Those stars now heavily and slowly move;
And Sickness triumphs in the throne of Love.
The fever every moment more prevails,
Its rage her body feels, and tongue bewails:
She, whose disdain so many lovers prove,
Sighs now for torment, as they sigh for love,
And with loud cries, which rend the neighbouring air,
Wounds my sad heart, and weakens my despair.
Both men and gods I charge now with my loss,
And, wild with grief, my thoughts each other cross,
My heart and tongue labour in both extremes,
This sends up humble prayers, while that blasphemes:
I ask their help, whose malice I defy,
And mingle sacrilege with piety.
But, that which must yet more perplex my mind,
To love her truly, I must seem unkind;
So unconcern'd a face my sorrow wears,
I must restrain unruly floods of tears.
My eyes and tongue put on dissembling forms,
I show a calmness in the midst of storms;
I seem to hope when all my hopes are gone,
And, almost dead with grief, discover none.
But who can long deceive a loving eye,
Or with dry eyes behold his mistress die;
When passion had with all its terrours brought
Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,
Off on a sudden fell the forc'd disguise,
And show'd a sighing heart in weeping eyes:
My apprehensions, now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my sorrows, and betray'd my mind.
The fair afflicted soon perceives my tears,
Explains my sighs, and thence concludes my fears:
With sad presages of her hopeless case,
She reads her fate in my dejected face;
Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,
While I am sensible of hers alone;
Each does the other's burthen kindly bear,
I fear her death, and she bewails my fear;
Though thus we suffer under Fortune's darts,
'Tis only those of Love which reach our hearts.
Mean while the fever mocks at all our fears,
Grows by our sighs, and rages at our tears:
Those vain effects of our as vain desire,
Like wind and oil, increase the fatal fire.
Almeria then, feeling the destinies
About to shut her lips, and close her eyes!

Weeping, in mine, fix'd her fair trembling hand,
And with these words I scarce could understand,
Her passion in a dying voice express'd
Half, and her sighs, alas! made out the rest.
"'Tis past; this pang — Nature gives o'er the strife;
Thou must thy mistress lose, and I my life.
I die; but dying thine, the Fates may prove
Their conquest over me, but not my love:
Thy memory, my glory and my pain,
In spite of Death itself shall still remain.
Dearest Orontes, my hard fate denies,
That hope is the last thing which in us dies: [fled,
From my griev'd breast all those soft thoughts are
And love survives it, though my hope is dead;
I yield my life, but keep my passion yet,
And can all thoughts, but of Orontes, quit.
"My flame increases as my strength decays;
Death, which puts out the light, the heat will raise:
That still remains, though I from hence remove;
I lose my lover, but I keep my love." [word,
The sighs which sent forth that last tender
Up tow'rds the Heavens like a bright meteor soar'd;
And the kind nymph, not yet bereft of charms,
Fell cold and breathless in her lover's arms.
Goddess, who now my fate hast understood,
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood:
Here let me end the story of my cares;
My dismal grief enough the rest declares.
Judge thou, by all this misery display'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid:
Thus to survive, reproaches on me draws;
Never sad wishes had so just a cause.
Come then, my only hope; in every place
Thou visitest, men tremble at thy face,
And fear thy flame: once let thy fatal hand
Fall on a swain that does the blow demand.
Vouchsafe thy dart; I need not one of those,
With which thou dost unwilling kings depose:
A welcome death the slightest wound can bring,
And free a Soul already on her wing.
Without thy aid, most miserable I
Must ever wish, yet not obtain to die.

ODE ON LOVE.

Let others songs or satires write,
Provok'd by vanity or spite;
My Muse a nobler cause shall move,
To sound aloud the praise of Love:
That gentle, yet resistless heat,
Which raises men to all things good and great:
While other passions of the mind
To low brutality debase mankind,
By Love we are above ourselves refin'd.
Oh, Love, thou trance divine! in which the Soul,
Unclogg'd with worldly cares, may range without control; [can teach
And, soaring to her Heaven, from thence inspir'd
High mysteries, above poor Reason's feeble reach.

To weak old age, Prudence some aid may prove,
And curb those appetites that faintly move;
But wild, impetuous youth, is tam'd by nothing less than Love.
Of men too rough for peace, too rude for arts,
Love's power can penetrate the hardest hearts;
And through the closest pores a passage find,
Like that of light, to shine o'er all the mind.
The want of love does both extremes produce;
Maids are too nice, and men as much too loose;
While equal good an amorous couple find,
She makes him constant, and he makes her kind.
New charms in vain a lover's faith would prove;
Hermits or bed-rid men they'll sooner move:
The fair inveigler will but sadly find
There's no such eunuch as a man in love.
But when by his chaste nymph embrac'd,
(For Love makes all embraces chaste)
Then the transported creature can
Do wonders, and is more than man.
Both Heaven and Earth would our desires confine;
But yet in vain both Heaven and Earth combine,
Unless where Love blesses the great design.
Hymen makes fast the band, but Love the heart;
He the fool's god, thou Nature's Hymen art;
Whose laws, once broke, we are not held by force,
But the false breach itself is a divorce.

For Love the miser will his gold despise,
The false grow faithful, and the foolish wise;
Cautious the young, and complaisant the old,
The cruel gentle, and the coward bold.
Thou glorious Sun within our souls,
Whose influence so much controls;
Ev'n dull and heavy lumps of Love,
Quicken'd by thee, more lively move;
And, if their heads but any substance hold,
Love ripens all that dross into the purest gold.
In Heaven's great work thy part is such,
That, master-like, thou giv'st the last great touch
To Heaven's own master-piece of man;
And finishest what Nature but began:
Thy happy stroke can into softness bring
Reason, that rough and wrangling thing.
From childhood upwards we decay,
And grow but greater children every day:
To Reason, how can we be said to rise?
So many cares attend the being wise,
'Tis rather falling down a precipice.
From Sense to Reason unimprov'd we move;
We only then advance, when Reason turns to Love.

Thou reignest o'er our earthly gods;
Uncrown'd by thee, their other crowns are loads;
One Beauty's smile their meanest courtier brings
Rather to pity than to envy kings;
His fellow slaves he takes them now to be,
Favour'd by Love, perhaps, much less than he.
For Love, the timorous bashful maid
Of nothing but denying is afraid;
For Love she overcomes her shame,
Forsakes her fortune, and forgets her fame;
Yet, if but with a constant lover blest,
Thanks Heaven for that, and never minds the rest.

Love is the salt of life; a higher taste
It gives to pleasure, and then makes it last.
Those slighted favours which cold nymphs dispense,
Mere common counters of the sense,
Defective both in metal and in measure,
A lover's fancy coins into a treasure.
How vast the subject! what a boundless store
Of bright ideas, shining all before!
The Muse's sighs forbid me to give o'er!
But the kind god incites us various ways,
And now I find him all my ardour raise,
His precepts to perform, as well as praise.

ELEGY TO THE DUTCHESS OF R——.

Thou lovely slave to a rude husband's will,
By Nature us'd so well, by him so ill!
For all that grief we see your mind endure,
Your glass presents you with a pleasing cure,
Those maids you envy for their happier state,
To have your form, would gladly have your fate;
And of like slavery each wife complains,
Without such beauty's help to bear her chains.
Husbands like him we every where may see;
But where can we behold a wife like thee?
While to a tyrant you by Fate are ty'd,
By Love you tyrannize o'er all beside:
Those eyes, though weeping, can no pity move;
Worthy our grief! more worthy of our love!
You, while so fair (do Fortune what she please)
Can be no more in pain than we at ease;
Unless, unsatisfied with all our vows,
Your vain ambition so unbounded grows,
That you repine a husband should escape
Th' united force of such a face and shape.
If so, alas! for all those charming powers,
Your case is just as desperate as ours.
Expect that birds should only sing to you,
And, as you walk, that ev'ry tree should bow;
Expect those statues, as you pass, should burn;
And that with wonder men should statues turn;
Such beauty is enough to give things life,
But not to make a husband love his wife:
A husband, worse than statues, or than trees;
Colder than those, less sensible than these.
Then from so dull a care your thoughts remove,
And waste not sighs you only owe to Love.
'Tis pity, sighs from such a breast should part,
Unless to ease some doubtful lover's heart;
Who dies, because he must too justly prize
What yet the dull possessor does despise.
Thus precious jewels among Indians grow,
Who nor their use, nor wondrous value, know;
But we, for those bright treasures, tempt the main,
And hazard life for what the fools disdain.

A LETTER FROM SEA.

Forest, if time and absence can incline
Your heart to wandering thoughts no more than mine;
Then shall my hand, as changeless as my mind,
From your glad eyes a kindly welcome find;
Then, while this note my constancy assures,
You 'll be almost as pleas'd, as I with yours.
And trust me, when I feel that kind relief,
Absence itself awile suspends its grief:
So may it do with you, but strait return;
For it were cruel not sometimes to mourn
His fate, who, this long time he keeps away,
Mourns all the night, and sighs out all the day;
Grieving yet more, when he reflects, that you
Must not be happy, or must not be true.
But since to me it seems a blacker fate
To be inconstant, than unfortunate;
Remember all those vows 'twixt us past,
When I from all I value parted last;
May you alike with kind impatience burn;
And somethink miss, till I with joy return;
And soon may pitying Heaven that blessing give,
As in the hopes of that alone I live.

LOVE'S SLAVERY.

Grave fops my envy now beget,
Who did my pity move;
They, by the right of wanting wit,
Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools, because they are,
By that defect, secure
From slavery and toils of war,
Which all the rest endure.

So I, who suffer cold neglect
And wounds from Celia's eyes,
Begin extremely to respect
These fools, that seem so wise.

'Tis true, they fondly set their hearts
On things of no delight;
To pass all day for men of parts,
They pass alone the night.

But Celia never breaks their rest;
Such servants she disdains;
And so the fops are duly blest,
While I endure her chains.

THE DREAM.

Ready to throw me at the feet
Of that fair nymph whom I adore,
Impatient those delights to meet
Which I enjoy'd the night before;

By her wonted scornful brow,
Soon the fond mistake I find;
Ixion mourn'd his errour so,
When Juno's form the cloud resign'd.

Sleep, to make its charms more priz'd
Than waking joys, which most prevail,
Had cunningly itself disguis'd
In a shape that could not fail.

There my Celia's snowy arms,
Breasts, and other parts more dear,
Exposing new and unknown charms,
To my transported soul appear.

Then you so much kindness show,
My despair deluded flies;
And indulgent dreams bestow
What your cruelty denies.

Blush not that your image Love
Naked to my fancy brought;
'Tis hard, methinks, to disapprove
The joys I feel without your fault.

Wonder not a fancy'd bliss
Can such griefs as mine remove;
That honour as fantastic is,
Which makes you slight such constant love.

The virtue which you value so,
Is but a fancy frail and vain;
Nothing is solid here below,
Except my love and your disdain.

TO ONE WHO ACCUSED HIM OF

BEING TOO SENSUAL IN HIS LOVE.

THINK not, my fair, 'tis sin or shame,
To bless the man who so adores;
Nor give so hard, unjust a name
To all those favours he implores.
Beauty is Heaven's most bounteous gift esteem'd,
Because by love men are from vice redeem'd.

Yet wish not vainly for a love
From all the force of nature clear;
That is reserv'd for those above,
And 'tis a fault to claim it here.
For sensual joys ye scorn that we should love ye;
But love, without them, is as much above ye.

THE WARNING.

LOVERS, who waste your thoughts and youth
In passion's fond extremes,
Who dream of women's love and truth,
And doat upon your dreams:

I should not here your fancy take
From such a pleasing state,
Were you not sure at last to wake,
And find your fault too late.

Then learn, betimes, the love which crowns
Our cares is all but wiles,
Compos'd of false fantastic frowns,
And soft dissembling smiles.

With anger, which sometimes they feign,
They cruel tyrants prove;
And then turn flatterers again,
With as affected love,

As if some injury was meant
To those they kindly us'd,
Those lovers are the most content
That have been still refus'd,

Since each has in his bosom nurst
A false and fawning foe,
'Tis just and wise, by striking first,
To 'scape the fatal blow.

TO AMORETTA.

WHEN I held out against your eyes,
You took the surest course
A heart unwary to surprise,
You ne'er could take by force.

However, though I strive no more,
The fort will now be priz'd,
Which, if surrender'd up before,
Perhaps had been despis'd.

But, gentle Amoretta, though
I cannot love resist,
Think not, when you have caught me so,
To use me as you list.

Inconstancy or coldness will
My foolish heart reclaim:
Then I come off with honour still,
But you, alas! with shame.

A heart by kindness only gain'd,
Will a dear conquest prove;
And, to be kept, must be maintain'd
At vast expense of love.

THE VENTURE.

OH, how I languish! what a strange
Unruly fierce desire!
My spirits feel some wondrous change,
My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiser thoughts, away,
In vain your tale ye tell
Of patient hopes, and dull delay,
Love's foppish part; farewell.

Suppose one week's delay would give
All that my wishes move;
Who, who so long a time can live,
Stretch'd on the rack of Love?

Her soul, perhaps, is too sublime,
To like such slavish fear;
Discretion, prudence, all is crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When honour does the soldier call
To some unequal fight,
Resolv'd to conquer, or to fall,
Before his general's sight;

Advanc'd the happy hero lives;
Or, if ill Fate denies,
The noble rashness Heaven forgives,
And gloriously he dies.

INCONSTANCY EXCUSED.

SONG.

I MUST confess, I am untrue
To Gloriana's eyes;
But he that's smil'd upon by you,
Must all the world despise.

In winter, fires of little worth
Excite our dull desire;
But when the Sun breaks kindly forth,
Those fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for slighting now
What I did once adore;
O, do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more:

Fixt by your never-failing charms,
Till I with age decay,
Till languishing within your arms,
I sigh my soul away.

SONG.

OH, conceal that charming creature
From my wondering, wishing eyes!
Every motion, every feature,
Does some ravish'd heart surprise;
But, oh! I sighing, sighing, see
The happy swain! she ne'er can be
False to him, or kind to me.

Yet, if I could humbly show her,
Ah! how wretched I remain;
'Tis not, sure a thing below her,
Still to pity so much pain.
The gods some pleasure, pleasure take,
Happy as themselves to make
Those who suffer for their sake.

Since your hand alone was given
To a wretch not worth your care;
Like some angel sent from Heaven,
Come, and raise me from despair.
Your heart I cannot, cannot miss,
And I desire no other bliss;
Let all the world besides be his.

DESPAIR.

All hopeless of relief,
Incapable of rest,
In vain I strive to vent a grief
That's not to be exprest.

This rage within my veins
No reason can remove;
Of all the mind's most cruel pains,
The sharpest, sure, is love.

Yet while I languish so,
And on thee vainly call;
Take heed, fair cause of all my woe,
What fate may thee befall.

Ungrateful, cruel faults
Suit not thy gentle sex;
Hereafter, how will guilty thoughts
Thy tender conscience vex!

When welcome Death shall bring
Relief to wretched me,
My soul enlarg'd, and once on wing,
In haste will fly to thee.

When in thy lonely bed
My ghost its moan shall make,
With saddest signs that I am dead,
And dead for thy dear sake;

Struck with that conscious blow,
Thy very soul will start:
Pale as my shadow thou wilt grow,
And cold as is thy heart.

Too late remorse will then
Untimely pity show
To him, who, of all mortal men,
Did most thy value know.

Yet, with this broken heart,
I wish thou never be
Tormented with the thousandth part
Of what I feel for thee.

ON APPREHENSION OF LOSING

WHAT HE HAD NEWLY GAINED.

IN IMITATION OF OVID.

Sure I of all men am the first
That ever was by kindness curst,
Who must my only bliss bemoan,
And am by happiness undone.

Had I at distance only seen
That lovely face, I might have been
With the delightful object pleas'd,
But not with all this passion seiz'd.
When afterwards so near I came
As to be scorch'd in Beauty's flame;
To so much softness, so much sense,
Reason itself made no defence.
What pleasing thoughts possess'd my mind,
When little favours show'd you kind!
And though, when coldness oft prevail'd,
My heart would sink, and spirits fail'd,
Yet willingly the yoke I bore,
And all your chains as bracelets wore:
At your lov'd feet all day would lie,
Desiring, without knowing why;
For, not yet blest within your arms,
Who could have thought of half your charms?
Charms of such a wondrous kind,
Words we cannot, must not find,
A body worthy of your mind.
Fancy could ne'er so high reflect,
Nor love itself such joys expect.
After such embraces past,
Whose memory will ever last,
Love is still reflecting back;
All my soul is on a rack:
To be in Hell 's sufficient curse,
But to fall from Heaven is worse.
I liv'd in grief ere this I knew,
But then I dwelt in darkness too.
Of gains alas! I could not boast;
But little thought how much I lost.
Now heart-devouring eagerness,
And sharp impatience to possess;
Now restless cares, consuming fires,
Anxious thoughts, and fierce desires,
Tear my heart to that degree,
For ever fix'd on only thee:
Then all my comfort is, I shall
Live in thy arms, or not at all.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

SONG.

Come, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
That Time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure, nor no rest;
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
How blest will be our fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

SONG.

From all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,

Contented I had been too blest,
If Love and you had let me rest:
Yet that dull life I now despise;
Safe from your eyes,
I fear'd no grief, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires,
Which Beauty moves, and Love inspires;
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear:
Yet I'll defy the worst of harms;
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

TO A COQUET BEAUTY.

From wars and plagues come no such harms,
As from a nymph so full of charms,
So much sweetness in her face,
In her motions such a grace,
In her kind inviting eyes
Such a soft enchantment lies,
That we please ourselves too soon,
And are with empty hopes undone.
After all her softness, we
Are but slaves, while she is free;
Free, alas! from all desire,
Except to set the world on fire.
Thou, fair dissembler, dost but thus
Deceive thyself, as well as us.
Like a restless monarch, thou
Wouldst rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But trust me, Celia, trust me, when
Apollo's self inspires my pen,
One hour of love's delight outweighs
Whole years of universal praise;
And one adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.
For what does youth and beauty serve?
Why more than all your sex deserve?
Why such soft alluring arts
To charm our eyes, and melt our hearts?
By our loss you nothing gain:
Unless you love, you please in vain.

THE RELAPSE.

Like children in a starry night,
When I beheld those eyes before,
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
Insensible of all their power.

I play'd about the flame so long,
At last I felt the scorching fire;
My hopes were weak, my passion strong,
And I lay dying with desire.

By all the helps of human art,
I just recover'd so much sense,
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
The fair, but fatal, influence.

But, since you shine away despair,
And now my sighs no longer shun,
No Persian in his zealous prayer
So much adores the rising Sun.

If once again my vows displease,
There never was so lost a lover;
In love, that languishing disease,
A sad relapse we ne'er recover.

THE RECOVERY.

Sighing and languishing I lay,
A stranger grown to all delight,
Passing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear sake, my only care
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with despair,
Neglecting all the world beside:

Till, like some angel from above,
Cornelia came to my relief;
And then I found the joys of love
Can make amends for all the grief.

Those pleasing hopes I now pursue
Might fail if you could prove unjust;
But promises from Heaven and you,
Who is so impious to mistrust?

Here all my doubts and troubles end,
One tender word my soul assures;
Nor am I vain, since I depend
Not on my own desert, but yours.

THE CONVERT.

Dejected, as true converts die,
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,
So, fairest! at your feet I lie,
Of all my sex's faults asham'd.

Too long, alas! have I abus'd
Love's innocent and sacred flame,
And that divinest power have us'd
To laugh at, as an idle name.

But since so freely I confess
A crime which may your scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it less
By any just and fair excuse.

I then did vulgar joys pursue,
Variety was all my bliss;
But ignorant of love and you,
How could I choose but do amiss?

If ever now my wandering eyes
Seek out amusements as before;
If e'er I look, but to despise
Such charms, and value yours the more;

May sad remorse, and guilty shame,
Revenge your wrongs on faithless me;
And, what I tremble even to name,
May I lose all in losing thee!

THE PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

Thou flatterer of all the fair,
Come with all your skill and care;

Draw me such a shape and face,
As your flattery would disgrace.
Wish not that she would appear,
'Tis well for you she is not here:
Scarce can you with safety see
All her charms describ'd by me:
I, alas! the danger know,
I, alas! have felt the blow;
Mourn, as lost, my former days,
That never sung of Celia's praise;
And those few that are behind
I shall blest or wretched find,
Only just as she is kind:
With her tempting eyes begin,
Eyes that would draw angels in
To a second sweeter sin.
Oh, those wanton rolling eyes!
At each glance a lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing,
Let them look both kind and killing.
Next, draw her forehead; then her nose,
And lips just opening, that disclose
Teeth so bright, and breath so sweet,
So much beauty, so much wit,
To our very soul they strike,
All our senses pleas'd alike.
But so pure a white and red,
Never, never, can be said:
What are words in such a case?
What is paint to such a face?
How should either art avail us?
Fancy here itself must fail us.
In her looks, and in her mien,
Such a graceful air is seen,
That if you, with all your art,
Can but reach the smallest part;
Next to her, the matchless she,
We shall wonder most at thee.
Then her neck, and breasts, and hair,
And her——but my charming fair
Does in a thousand things excel,
Which I must not, dare not tell.
How go on then? Oh! I see
A lovely Venus drawn by thee;
Oh how fair she does appear!
Touch it only here and there.
Make her yet seem more divine,
Your Venus then may look like mine,
Whose bright form if once you saw,
You by her would Venus draw.

ON

DON ALONZO'S BEING KILLED IN PORTUGAL,

UPON ACCOUNT OF THE INFANTA, IN THE YEAR 1683.

In such a cause no Muse should fail
To bear a mournful part;
'Tis just and noble to bewail
The fate of fall'n desert.

In vain ambitious hopes design'd
To make his soul aspire,
If love and beauty had not join'd,
To raise a brighter fire.

Amidst so many dangerous foes
How weak the wisest prove!
Reason itself would scarce oppose,
And seems agreed with love.

If from the glorious height he falls,
He greatly daring dies;
Or mounting where bright beauty calls,
An empire is the prize.

THE SURPRISE.

Safely perhaps dull crowds admire;
But I, alas! am all on fire.
Like him who thought in childhood past
That dire disease which kill'd at last,
I durst have sworn I lov'd before,
And fancy'd all the danger o'er;
Had felt the pangs of jealous pain,
And borne the blasts of cold disdain;
Then reap'd at length the mighty gains,
That full reward of all our pains!
But what was all such grief or joy,
That did my heedless ears employ?
Mere dreams of feign'd fantastic powers,
But the disease of idle hours;
Amusement, humour, affectation,
Compar'd with this sublimer passion,
Whose raptures, bright as those above,
Outshine the flames of zeal or love.
Yet think not, fairest, what I sing
Can from a love platonic spring,
That formal softness (false and vain)
Not of the heart, but of the brain.
Thou art indeed above all nature;
But I, a wretched human creature,
Wanting thy gentle generous aid,
Of husband, rivals, friends, afraid!
Amidst all this seraphic fire,
Am almost dying with desire,
With eager wishes, ardent thoughts,
Prone to commit Love's wildest faults!
And (as we are on Sundays told
The lusty patriarch did of old)
Would force a blessing from those charms,
And grasp an angel in my arms.

A DIALOGUE,

SUNG ON THE STAGE, BETWEEN AN ELDERLY SHEPHERD AND A VERY YOUNG NYMPH.

SHEPHERD.

Bright and blooming as the Spring,
Universal love inspiring;
All our swains thy praises sing,
Ever gazing and admiring.

NYMPH.

Praises in so high a strain,
And by such a shepherd sung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet so harmless and so young.

SHEPHERD.

I should have despair'd among
Rivals that appear so gaily:
But your eyes have made me young,
By their smiling on me daily.

NYMPH.

Idle boys admire us blindly,
Are inconstant, wild, and bold;
And your using me so kindly
Is a proof you are not old.

SHEPHERD.

With thy pleasing voice and fashion,
With thy humour and thy youth,
Cheer my soul, and crown my passion:
Oh! reward my love and truth.

NYMPH.

With thy careful arts to cover
That which fools will count a fault,
Truest friend, as well as lover,
Oh! deserve so kind a thought.

EACH APART FIRST, AND THEN BOTH TOGETHER.

Happy we shall lie possessing,
Folded in each other's arms,
Love and Nature's chiefest blessing
In the still increasing charms.

So the dearest joys of loving,
Which scarce Heaven can go beyond,
We'll be every day improving,

SHEPHERD.

You more fair, and I more fond.

NYMPH.

I more fair, and you more fond.

ON ONE WHO

DIED DISCOVERING HER KINDNESS.

Some vex their souls with jealous pain,
While others sigh for cold disdain:
Love's various slaves we daily see!
Yet happy all, compar'd with me.

Of all mankind, I lov'd the best
A nymph so far above the rest,
That we outshin'd the blest above,
In beauty she, and I in love.

And therefore they who could not bear
To be outdone by mortals here,
Among themselves have plac'd her now,
And left me wretched here below.

All other fate I could have borne,
And ev'n endur'd her very scorn;
But, oh! thus all at once to find
That dread account! both dead and kind!
What heart can hold! if yet I live,
'Tis but to show how much I grieve.

ON LUCINDA'S DEATH.

Come, all ye doleful, dismal cares,
That ever haunted guilty mind!
The pangs of love when it despairs,
And all those stings the jealous find:
Alas! heart-breaking though ye be,
Yet welcome, welcome all to me!
Who now have lost—but, oh! how much?
No language, nothing can express,
Except my grief! for she was such,
That praises would but make her less.
Yet who can ever dare to raise
His voice on her, unless to praise?
Free from her sex's smallest faults,
And fair as womankind can be:
Tender and warm as lover's thoughts,
Yet cold to all the world but me.
Of all this nothing now remains,
But only sighs and endless pains!

TO A LADY

RETIRING INTO A MONASTERY.

What breast but yours can hold the double fire
Of fierce devotion, and of fond desire?
Love would shine forth, were not your zeal so bright,
Whose glaring flames eclipse his gentler light:
Less seems the faith that mountains can remove,
Than this which triumphs over youth and love.
But shall some threatening priest divide us two?
What worse than that could all his curses do?
Thus, with a fright, some have resign'd their breath,
And poorly dy'd, only for fear of death.
Heaven sees our passions with indulgence still,
And they who lov'd well, can do nothing ill.
While to us nothing but ourselves is dear,
Should the world frown, yet what have we to fear?
Fame, wealth, and power, those high-priz'd gifts
The low concerns of a less happy state, [of Fate,
Are far beneath us: Fortune's self may take
Her aim at us, yet no impression make;
Let worldlings ask her help, or fear her harms;
We can lie safe, lock'd in each other's arms,
Like the blest saints, eternal raptures know,
And slight those storms that vainly rest below.
Yet this, all this, you are resolv'd to quit;
I see my ruin, and I must submit;
But think, O think, before you prove unkind,
How lost a wretch you leave forlorn behind!
Malignant envy, mix'd with hate and fear,
Revenge for wrongs too burthensome to bear,
Ev'n zeal itself, from whence all mischiefs spring,
Have never done so barbarous a thing.
With such a fate the Heavens decreed to vex
Armida once, though of the fairest sex;
Rinaldo she had charm'd with so much art,
Hers was his power, his person, and his heart:
Honour's high thoughts no more his mind could move;
She sooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love:
When straight a gust of fierce devotion blows,
And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows:
The poor Armida tears her golden hair,
Matchless, till now, for love or for despair.
Who is not mov'd while the sad nymph complains?
Yet you now act what Tasso only feigns:
And after all our vows, our sighs, our tears,
My banish'd sorrows, and your conquer'd fears;
So many doubts, so many dangers past,
Visions of zeal must vanquish me at last.
Thus, in great Homer's war, throughout the field,
Some hero still made all things mortal yield;
But when a god once took the vanquish'd side,
The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd.

THE VISION.

WRITTEN DURING A SEA VOYAGE, WHEN SENT TO COMMAND THE FORCES FOR THE RELIEF OF TANGIER.

Within the silent shades of soft repose,
Where Fancy's boundless stream for ever flows;
Where the enfranchis'd soul at ease can play,
Tir'd with the toilsome business of the day;

Where princes gladly rest their weary heads,
And change uneasy thrones for downy beds,
Where seeming joys delude despairing minds,
And where ev'n Jealousy some quiet finds;
There I and Sorrow for a while could part,
Sleep clos'd my eyes, and eas'd a sighing heart.
But here, too soon, a wretched lover found,
In deepest griefs, that sleep can ne'er be found;
With strange surprise my troubled fancy brings
Odd antic shapes of wild unheard-of things;
Dismal and terrible they all appear,
My soul was shook with an unusual fear.
But as when visions glad the eyes of saints,
And kind relief attends devout complaints,
Some beauteous angel in bright charms will shine,
And spread a glory round, that's all divine;
Just such a bright and beauteous form appears,
The monsters vanish, and with them my fears.
The fairest shape was then before me brought,
That eyes e'er saw, or fancy ever thought;
How weak are words to show such excellence,
Which ev'n confounds the soul, as well as sense!
And, while our eyes transporting pleasure find,
It stops not here, but strikes the very mind.
Some angel speak her praise; no human tongue,
But, with its utmost art, must do her wrong.
The only woman that has power to kill,
And yet is good enough to want the will;
Who needs no soft alluring words repeat,
Nor study'd looks of languishing deceit.
Fantastic Beauty, always in the wrong,
Still thinks some pride must to its power belong;
An air affected, and an haughty mien,
Something that seems to say, "I would be seen."
But, of all womankind, this only she,
Full of its charms, and from its frailty free,
Deserves some nobler Muse her fame to raise,
By making the whole sex beside her pyramid of praise.
She, she appear'd the source of all my joys,
The dearest care that all my thought employs:
Gently she look'd, as when I left her last,
When first she seiz'd my heart, and held it fast:
When, if my vows, alas! were made too late,
I saw my doom came not from her, but Fate.
With pity then she eas'd my raging pain,
And her kind eyes could scarce from tears refrain:
"Why, gentle swain," said she, "why do you grieve
In words I should not hear, much less believe?
I gaze on that which is a fault to mind,
And ought to fly the danger which I find:
Of false mankind though you may be the best,
Ye all have robb'd poor women of their rest.
I see your pain, and see it too with grief,
Because I would, yet must not, give relief.
Thus, for a husband's sake, as well as yours,
My scrupulous soul divided pain endures;
Guilty, alas! to both: for thus I do
Too much for him, yet not enough for you.
Give over then, give over, hapless swain,
A passion moving, but a passion vain:
Not chance nor time shall ever change my thought:
'Tis better much to die, than do a fault."
"Oh, worse than ever! Is it then my doom
Just to see Heaven, where I must never come?
Your soft compassion, if not something more;
Yet I remain as wretched as before;
The wind indeed is fair, but, ah! no sight of shore.
Farewell, too scrupulous fair one; oh, farewell!
What torments I endure, no tongue can tell!
Thank Heaven, my fate transports me now where I
Your martyr, may with ease and safety die."
With that I kneel'd, and seiz'd her trembling hand,
While she impos'd this cruel kind command:
"Live, and love on; you will be true, I know;
But live then, and come back to tell me so;
For, though I blush at this last guilty breath,
I can endure that better than your death."
Tormenting kindness! barbarous reprieve!
Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live!
This tender scene my dream repeated o'er,
Just as it pass'd in real truth before.
Methought I then fell groveling to the ground,
'Till on a sudden rais'd, I wondering found
A strange appearance all in taintless white;
His form gave reverence, and his face delight:
Goodness and greatness in his eyes were seen,
Gentle his look, and affable his mien.
A kindly notice of me thus he took:
"What mean these flowing eyes, this ghastly look!
These trembling joints, this loose dishevell'd hair,
And this cold dew, the drops of deep despair?"
With grief and wonder first my spirits faint,
But thus, at last, I vented my complaint:
"Behold a wretch, whom cruel Fate has found,
And in the depth of all misfortune drown'd.
There shines a nymph, to whom an envy'd swain
Is ty'd in Hymen's ceremonious chain;
But, cloy'd with charms of such a marriage-bed,
And fed with manna, yet he longs for bread;
And will, most husband-like, not only range,
For love perhaps of nothing else but change,
But to inferior beauty prostrate lies,
And courts her love in scorn of Flavia's eyes.
"All this I knew," the form divine reply'd,
"And did but ask to have thy temper try'd,
Which prove sincere. Of both I know the mind;
She is too scrupulous, and thou too kind:
But since thy fatal love's for ever fix'd,
Whatever time or absence come betwixt;
Since thy fond heart ev'n her disdain prefers
To others' love, I'll something soften hers:
Else in the search of virtue she may stray;
Well-meaning mortals should not lose their way.
She now indeed sins on the safer side,
For hearts too loose are never to be ty'd;
But no extremes are either good or wise,
And in the midst alone true virtue lies.
When marriage-vows unite an equal pair,
'Tis a mere contract made by human care,
By which they both are for convenience ty'd,
The bridegroom yet more strictly than the bride;
For circumstances alter every ill,
And woman meets with most temptation still;
She a forsaken bed must often bear,
While he can never fail to find her there,
And therefore less excus'd to range elsewhere.
Yet this she ought to suffer, and submit:
But when no longer for each other fit,
If usage base shall just resentment move,
Or, what is worse, affronts of wandering love;
No obligation after that remains,
'Tis mean, not just, to wear a rival's chains.
"Yet decency requires the wonted cares
Of interest, children, and remote affairs;
But in her love, that dear concern of life,
She all the while may be another's wife:
Heaven, that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd bed,
Permits a lover in her husband's stead."

I flung me at his feet, his robes would kiss,
And cry'd—" Ev'n our base world is just in this;
Amidst our censures, love we gently blame,
And love sometimes preserves a female fame.
What tie less strong can woman's will restrain?
When honour checks, and conscience pleads in vain,
When parents' threats and friends' persuasions fail,
When interest and ambition scarce prevail,
To bound that sex when nothing else can move,
They'll live reserv'd, to please the man they love!"
The spirit then reply'd to all I said,
" She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;
Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate:
Then she will love, when 'tis, alas! too late:
Of all thy pains she will no pity have,
Till sad despair has sent thee to the grave."

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haste,
All trembling at my doom:
Dreams oft repeat adventures past,
And tell our ills to come.

HELEN TO PARIS.

FROM OVID.

TRANSLATED BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE, AND MR. DRYDEN.

When loose epistles violate chaste eyes,
She half consents, who silently denies;
How dares a stranger, with designs so vain,
Marriage and hospitable rights profane?
Was it for this your fate did shelter find
From swelling seas and every faithless wind?
(For though a distant country brought you forth,
Your usage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deserve to be rewarded so!
Did you come here a stranger, or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barbarous, for my just disdain;
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
Nor my clear fame with any spot defac'd.
Though in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceness shown,
I keep my honour still without a stain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldness I with admiration see:
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?
Because a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a second prey?
Had I been won, I had deserv'd your blame,
But sure my part was nothing but the shame;
Yet the base theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but fear:
Rude force might some unwilling kisses gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on such terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you, we had not parted so.
Untouch'd the youth restor'd me to my friends,
And modest usage made me some amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed:
Did he repent, that Paris might succeed?
Sure 'tis some fate that sets me above wrongs,
Yet still exposes me to busy tongues.
I'll not complain, for who's displeas'd with love,
If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?
But that I fear—not that I think you base,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your sex is subject to deceive,
And ours, alas! too willing to believe.
Yet others yield, and love o'ercomes the best—
But why should I not shine above the rest?
Fair Leda's story seems at first to be
A fit example ready found for me:
But she was couzen'd by a borrow'd shape,
And under harmless feathers felt a rape:
If I should yield, what reason could I use?
By what mistake the loving crime excuse?
Her fault was in her powerful lover lost;
But of what Jupiter have I to boast?
Though you to heroes and to kings succeed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but useless prove
To one, that springs herself from mighty Jove.
Go then and boast in some less haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race,
Which I would show I valued, if I durst;
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the first.
The crown of Troy is powerful, I confess,
But I have reason to think ours no less.
Your letter, fill'd with promises of all
That men can good, and women pleasant call,
Gives expectation such an ample field
As would move goddesses themselves to yield:
But, if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourself shall be the dear, the only cause;
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you without mean thoughts of gain:
Not that so fair a present I despise;
We like the gift, when we the giver prize;
But 'tis your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run such hazards for my sake.
I have perceiv'd (though I dissembled too)
A thousand things that love has made you do;
Your eager eyes would almost dazzle mine, [shine.
In which (wild man!) your wanton thoughts would
Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual ardour press my hand;
Contrive just after me to take the glass,
Nor would you let the least occasion pass;
Which oft I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And blushing sat for things which you have done;
Then murmur'd to myself, " He'll for my sake
Do any thing:" I hope 'twas no mistake.
Oft have I read within this pleasant grove,
Under my name, these charming words, *I love.*
I, frowning, seem'd not to believe your flame,
But now, alas! am come to write the same.
If I were capable to do amiss,
I could not but be sensible of this.
For, oh! your face has such peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May some blest maid possess with innocence,
Pleasure may tempt, but Virtue more should move;
Oh! learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you desire is sought by all mankind;
As you have eyes, so others are not blind:
Like you they see, like you my charms adore;
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coasts been brought,
My virgin love when thousand rivals sought,
You had I seen, you should have had my voice,
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice.
For both our hopes, alas! you came too late,
Another now is master of my fate:
More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my present lot can undergo.

Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to so much ill;
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey:
Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes
Three goddesses disputed beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour, t' other crowns; but she
Obtain'd her cause, who, smiling, promis'd me.
But, first, I am not of belief so light,
To think such nymphs would show you such a sight:
Yet, granting this, the other part is feign'd,
A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I should myself regard,
To think that Venus made me her reward;
I humbly am content with human praise,
A goddess's applause would envy raise:
But be it as you say; for 'tis confest,
The men who flatter highest please us best:
That I suspect it ought not to displease,
For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice:
A greater yet, that you confirm'd her choice;
That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sovereignty,
Juno and Pallas, you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock but must by this be won?
And yet bear witness, O ye powers above,
How rude I am in all the arts of love!
My hand is yet untaught to write to men,
This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen:
Happy those nymphs whom use has perfect made,
I think all crime, and tremble at a shade:
Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
Look often back, misdoubting a surprise:
For now the rumour spreads among the crowd,
At court in whispers, but in town aloud.
Dissemble you, whate'er you hear them say:
To leave off loving were your better way;
Yet, if you will dissemble it, you may.
Love secretly: the absence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his stay,
Call'd by affairs of consequence away.
To go or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could:
Then kissing me, he said, "I recommend
All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend."
I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd, "You shall be obey'd."
Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this secure your confidence:
Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame's my burden, for the more I'm prais'd,
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd:
Were I less fair, I might have been more blest,
Great beauty through great danger is possest.
To leave me here, his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard:
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life,
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can,
Put in your hands by the good easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone:
The nights are long; I fear to lie alone;
One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you're too pressing to be long deny'd.
Let me not live, but every thing conspires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words, when you should force employ;
A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy:
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
What have I said! for both of us 'twere best,
Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.
The faith of strangers is too prone to change,
And, like themselves, their wandering passions range.
Hypsipyla, and the fond Minoian maid,
Where both by trusting of their guest betray'd:
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourself did fair Oenone leave?
But, lest I should upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojan's wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail, while I assign the night,
Your sails are hoisted, and you take your flight;
Some bawling mariner our love destroys,
And breaks asunder our unfinish'd joys.
But I with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court.
Shown while I see, I shall expose my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my shame.
In Asia what reception shall I find!
And what dishonour leave in Greece behind!
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modest matrons say?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct justly may suspect;
And whate'er stranger lands upon your coast,
Conclude me, by your own example, lost.
I, from your rage, a strumpet's name shall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear:
You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh! let me first be laid!
You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promise all shall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jason's flattery won;
I may, like her, believe and be undone.
Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ships, about whose sides loud tempests roar,
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore;
Your teeming mother dreamt a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan land;
To second this, old prophecies conspire,
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire:
Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd,
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid.
For they, who lost their cause, revenge will take,
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt but, should I follow you,
The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue:
A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouze,
And my relations would his cause espouse.
You boast your strength and courage; but alas!
Your words receive small credit from your face.
Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight.
Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy;
A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.

Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my sex:
But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire;
And I, perhaps, may yield to your desire.
You last demand a private conference:
These are your words; but I can guess your sense.
Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:
Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you understand,
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand;
My woman knows the secret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

PART OF THE STORY OF ORPHEUS.

BEING A TRANSLATION OUT OF THE FOURTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S GEORGIC.

'Tis not for nothing when just Heaven does frown;
The injur'd Orpheus calls these judgments down;
Whose spouse, avoiding to become thy prey,
And all his joys at once were snatch'd away;
The nymph, fore-doom'd that fatal way to pass,
Spy'd not the serpent lurking in the grass:
A mournful cry the spacious valley fills,
With echoing groans from all the neighbouring hills;
The Dryades roar out in deep despair;
And with united voice bewail the fair.
For such a loss he sought no vain relief,
But with his lute indulg'd the tender grief;
Along the shore he oft' would wildly stray,
With doleful notes begin and end the day.
At length to Hell a frightful journey made,
Pass'd the wide-gaping gulph and dismal shade;
Visits the ghosts, and to that king repairs
Whose heart's inflexible to human prayers.
All Hell is ravish'd with so sweet a song;
Light souls and airy spirits glide along
In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driven home by night, or some tempestuous wind:
Matrons and men, raw youths and unripe maids;
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades;
And sons entomb'd before their parents face:
These the black waves of bounding Styx embrace
Nine times circumfluent; clogg'd with noisome weeds,
And all that filth which standing water breeds.
Amazement reach'd ev'n the deep caves of Death;
The sisters, with blue snaky curls, took breath;
Ixion's wheel awhile unmov'd remain'd, [strain'd.
And the fierce dog his three-mouth'd voice re-
When safe return'd, and all these dangers past,
His wife, restor'd to breathe fresh air at last,
Following (for so Proserpina was pleas'd),
A sudden rage th' unwary lover seiz'd;
He, as the first bright glimpse of day-light shin'd,
Could not refrain to cast one look behind;
A fault of love! could Hell compassion find.
A dreadful sound thrice shook the Stygian coast,
His hopes quite fled, and all his labour lost!
"Why hast thou thus undone thyself and me?
What rage is this? oh, I am snatch'd from thee!"
She faintly cry'd. "Night and the powers of Hell
Surround my sight; oh, Orpheus! oh, farewell!
My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before;
But all in vain, for I am thine no more;
No more allow'd to view thy face, or day!"
Then from his eyes, like smoke, she fleets away.
Much he would fain have spoke: but Fate, alas!
Would ne'er again consent to let him pass.
Thus twice undone, what course remain'd to take,
To gain her back, already pass'd the lake?
What tears, what patience, could procure him ease?
Or, ah! what vows the angry powers appease?
'Tis said, he seven long moons bewail'd his loss
To bleak and barren rocks, on whose cold moss,
While, languishing, he sung his fatal flame,
He mov'd ev'n trees, and made fierce tigers tame.
So the sad Nightingale, when childless made
By some rough swain, who stole her young away,
Bewails her loss beneath a poplar shade,
Mourns all the night, in murmurs wastes the day;
Her melting songs a doleful pleasure yield,
And melancholy music fills the field.
Marriage nor love could ever move his mind;
But, all alone, beat by the northern wind,
Shivering on Tanais' banks the bard remain'd,
And of the god's unfruitful gift complain'd.
Circonian dames, enrag'd to be despis'd,
As they the feast of Bacchus solemniz'd,
Slew the poor youth, and strew'd about his limbs;
His head, torn off from the fair body, swims
Down that swift current where the Heber flows,
And still its tongue in doleful accents goes.
"Ah, poor Eurydice!" he dying cry'd;
Eurydice resounds from every side.

AN ESSAY ON POETRY[1].

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-moving Poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heaven forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done.
True wit is everlasting, like the Sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of Nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit;
Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return,
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away,
From pleasures of the night, and business of the day?

[1] The Essay on Satire, which was written by this noble author and Mr. Dryden, is printed among the poems of the latter.

Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
As all is dulness, when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.
Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters, and examples too!
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who, with that mean shift, himself can please,
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts:
What need has Satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear;
'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here:
Defects of witty men deserve a cure,
And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.
First, then, of Songs; which now so much abound,
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In one small ring, and brings the value down:
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs, by a late author made[2],
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
No that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise;
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.
Next, Elegy, of sweet, but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valour, wit contains;
And there, too oft, despairing Love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That phœnix-she deserves to be belov'd;
But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.

[2] The earl of Rochester.—It may be observed, however, that many of the worst songs ascribed to this nobleman were spurious. *N.*

This to the praise of those who better knew;
The many raise the value of the few.
But here (as all our sex too oft have try'd)
Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aside.
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
But should this Muse harmonious numbers yield,
And every couplet be with fancy fill'd;
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought, and the whole model laid
So right, that every line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies:
Such trifles may, perhaps of late, have past,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
No Panegyric[3], nor a Cooper's Hill[4].
A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes: the Muse's most unruly horse,
That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
The poet here must be indeed inspir'd,
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
Had he with Nature join'd the rules of Art;
But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
Deadens, or clouds, his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language still must soft and easy run.
These laws may sound a little too severe;
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
Which, though extravagant, this Muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shows.
Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire, well-writ, has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft before:
Some vulgar errours only we'll remove,
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be, as the subject, rough;
This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
The Laureat[5] here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by Mack Fleckno[6] with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegasus[7] has borne dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.
Here rest, my Muse, suspend thy cares awhile,
A more important task attends thy toil.
As some young eagle, that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey through the sky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprize before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar,
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;

[3] Waller's. [4] Denham's. [5] Mr. Dryden.
[6] A famous satirical poem of his.
[7] A poem called the Hind and Panther.

But yet, incited by some bold design,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes every feather, views herself with care,
At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last:
So (though too weak for such a weighty thing)
The Muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
And why should truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On, then, my Muse, adventurously engage
To give instructions that concern the Stage.

The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if observ'd, gives plays so great a grace,
Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the present age,
Less obvious errours of the English stage.

First, then, soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a friend, only to tell it us;
Th' occasion should as naturally fall,
As when Bellario[8] confesses all.

Figures of speech, which poets think so fine,
(Art's needless varnish to make Nature shine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in descriptions only claim a place:
But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
From lovers in despair fine things to force,
Must needs succeed; for who can choose but pity
A dying hero, miserably witty?
But, oh! the dialogues, where jest and mock
Is held up like a rest at shittle-cock;
Or else, like bells, eternally they chime,
They sigh in simile, and die in rhyme.
What things are these who would be poets thought,
By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better course than this, by which they starve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay, more; for they must look within, to find
Those secret turns of nature in the mind:
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a soul.
All this united, yet but makes a part
Of dialogue, that great and powerful art,
Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since, but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the best remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
Shakespeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go, see them play'd; then read them as before;
For though in many things they grossly fail,
Over our passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults:
First, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thousand several ways;
This oft, alone, has given success to plays.

[8] In Philaster, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Reject that vulgar errour (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw.
Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design, compos'd with art,
Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark every place,
As painters first chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this;
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where shining thoughts to place,
As what a man would say in such a case:
Neither in comedy will this suffice,
The player too must be before your eyes;
And, though 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your secret meaning show.

Expose no single fop, but lay the load
More equally, and spread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft we see
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from every flower,
Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
In spite of faction this would favour get;
But Falstaff[9] stands inimitable yet.

Another fault which, often may befall,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if possest,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
If once the justness of each part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.
That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd:
Humour is all; wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.

But since the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.

First, a soliloquy is calmly made;
Where every reason is exactly weighed,
Which, once perform'd, most opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noise of drums;
For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
And all in metaphor his passion proves:
But some sad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone;
He strait grows jealous, though we know not why;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
The absent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generously now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who strait appears; but who can Fate withstand?
Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,
That just has given himself the cruel stroke!
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind,
Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.

[9] The matchless character of Shakespeare.

What shameful and what monstrous things are these!
And then they rail at those they cannot please;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the sign of old Ben Jonson's head;
When the intrinsic value of the stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme,
May keep up sinking nonsense for a time;
But that must fail, which now so much o'er-rules,
And sense no longer will submit to fools.
By painful steps, at last, we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The Epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth!
Homer and Virgil! with what sacred awe,
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast;
So these gigantic souls, amaz'd, we find
As much above the rest of human kind!
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of skill;
As something of divine the work admir'd;
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shown where all the mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.
But what, alas! avails it poor mankind,
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak Reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,
Never to say too little, or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser, and ev'n Milton fail.

ODE ON BRUTUS.

'Tis said, that favourite, mankind,
Was made the lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find,
'Tis only one man tells another so.
And, for this great dominion here,
Which over other beasts we claim,
Reason our best credential does appear,
By which indeed we domineer,
But how absurdly, we may see with shame.
Reason, that solemn trifle! light as air,
Driven up and down by censure or applause;
By partial love away 'tis blown,
Or the least prejudice can weigh it down;
Thus our high privilege becomes our snare.
In any nice and weighty cause,
How weak, at best, is Reason! yet the grave
Impose on that small judgment which we have.

In all those wits, whose names have spread so wide,
And ev'n the force of time defy'd,
Some failings yet may be descry'd.
Among the rest, with wonder be it told,
That Brutus is admir'd for Cæsar's death;
By which he yet survives in Fame's immortal breath.
Brutus, ev'n he, of all the rest,
In whom we should that deed the most detest,
Is of mankind esteem'd the best.
As snow, descending from some lofty hill,
Is by its rolling course augmenting still,
So from illustrious authors down have roll'd
Those great encomiums he receiv'd of old:
Republic orators will shew esteem,
And gild their eloquence with praise of him:
But Truth, unveil'd, like a bright sun appears,
To shine away this heap of seventeen hundred years.

In vain 'tis urg'd by an illustrious wit,
(To whom in all besides I willingly submit)
That Cæsar's life no pity could deserve
From one who kill'd himself, rather than serve,
Had Brutus chose rather himself to slay,
Than any master to obey,
Happy for Rome had been that noble pride;
The world had then remain'd in peace, and only Brutus dy'd,
For he, whose soul disdains to own
Subjection to a tyrant's frown,
And his own life would rather end,
Would sure much rather kill himself, than only hurt his friend.
To his own sword in the Philippian field
Brutus indeed at last did yield:
But in those times self-killing was not rare,
And his proceeded only from despair:
He might have chosen else to live,
In hopes another Cæsar would forgive;
Then, for the good of Rome, he could once more
Conspire against a life which had spar'd his before.

Our country challenges our utmost care,
And in our thoughts deserves the tenderest share;
Her to a thousand friends we should prefer,
Yet not betray them, though it be for her.
Hard is his heart, whom no desert can move,
A mistress or a friend to love,
Above whate'er he does besides enjoy;
But may he, for their sakes, his sire or sons destroy!
For sacred justice, or for public good,
Scorn'd be our wealth, our honour, and our blood:
In such a cause, want is a happy state,
Ev'n low disgrace would be a glorious fate;
And death itself, when noble fame survives,
More to be valued than a thousand lives.
But 'tis not surely of so fair renown
To spill another's blood, as to expose our own:
Of all that's ours we cannot give too much,
But what belongs to friendship, oh! 'tis sacrilege to touch.

Can we stand by unmov'd, and see
Our mother robb'd and ravish'd? Can we be

Excus'd, if in her cause we never stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher?
Thus sings our bard with heat almost divine;
'Tis pity that his thought was not as strong as fine.
Would it more justly did the case express,
Or that its beauty, and its grace were less,
(Thus a nymph sometimes we see,
Who so charming seems to be,
That, jealous of a soft surprise,
We scarce durst trust our eager eyes)
Such a fallacious ambush to escape,
It were but vain to plead a willing rape;
A valiant son would be provok'd the more;
A force we therefore must confess, but acted long before;
A marriage since did intervene,
With all the solemn and the sacred scene:
Loud was the Hymenean song;
The violated dame[1] walk'd smilingly along,
And in the midst of the most sacred dance,
As if enamour'd of his sight,
Often she cast a kind admiring glance
On the bold struggler for delight;
Who afterwards appear'd so moderate and cool,
As if for public good alone he so desir'd to rule.

But, oh! that this were all which we can urge
Against a Roman of so great a soul!
And that fair truth permitted us to purge
His fact, of what appears so foul!
Friendship, that sacred and sublimest thing!
The noblest quality, and chiefest good,
(In this dull age scarce understood) to sing.
Inspires us with unusual warmth her injur'd rites
Assist, ye angels! whose immortal bliss,
Though more refin'd, chiefly consists in this,
How plainly your bright thoughts to one another shine!
Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine!
The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run,
A course, as far from any end, as when at first begun.
Ye saw, and smil'd upon this matchless pair,
Who still betwixt them did so many virtues share,
Some which belong to peace, and some to strife,
Those of a calm, and of an active life,
That all the excellence of human-kind
Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind,
Which friendship did so fast and closely bind,
Not the least cement could appear by which their souls were join'd.
That tye which holds our mortal frame,
Which poor unknowing we a soul and body name,
Seems not a composition more divine, shine.
Or more abstruse, than all that does in friendship

From mighty Cæsar and his boundless grace,
Though Brutus, once at least, his life receiv'd;
Such obligations, though so high believ'd,
Are yet but slight in such a case.
Where friendship so possesses all the place,
There is no room for gratitude, since he,
Who so obliges, is more pleas'd than his sav'd friend can be.
Just in the midst of all this noble heat,
While their great hearts did both so kindly beat,
That it amaz'd the lookers-on,
And forc'd them to suspect a father and a son[2];

(Though here ev'n Nature's self still seem'd to be outdone)
From such a friendship unprovok'd to fall
Is horrid, yet I wish that fact were all [call.
Which does with too much cause ungrateful Brutus

In coolest blood he laid a long design
Against his best and dearest friend;
Did ev'n his foes in zeal exceed,
To spirit others up to work so black a deed;
Himself the centre where they all did join.
Cæsar, meantime, fearless, and fond of him,
Was as industrious all the while
To give such ample marks of fond esteem,
As made the gravest Romans smile
To see with how much ease love can the wise beguile.
He, whom thus Brutus doom'd to bleed,
Did, setting his own race aside,
Nothing less for him provide,
Than in the world's great empire to succeed:
Which we are bound in justice to allow,
Is all-sufficient proof to show
That Brutus did not strike for his own sake:
And if, alas! he fail'd, 'twas only by mistake,

[1] Rome.

[2] Cæsar was suspected to have begotten Brutus.

MISCELLANIES.

THE RAPTURE.

I YIELD, I yield, and can no longer stay
My eager thoughts, that force themselves away.
Sure none inspir'd (whose heat transports them still
Above their reason, and beyond their *will*)
Can firm against the strong impulse remain;
Censure itself were not so sharp a pain.
Let vulgar minds submit to vulgar sway;
What Ignorance shall think, or Malice say,
To me are trifles; if the knowing few,
Who can see faults, but can see beauties too,
Applaud that genius which themselves partake,
And spare the poet for the Muse's sake.
The Muse, who raises me from humble ground,
To view the vast and various world around;
How fast I mount! in what a wondrous way
I grow transported to this large survey!
I value Earth no more, and far below
Methinks I see the busy pigmies go.
My soul entranc'd is in a rapture brought
Above the common tracks of vulgar thought:
With fancy wing'd, I feel the purer air,
And with contempt look down on human care.
Airy Ambition, ever soaring high,
Stands first expos'd to my censorious eye.
Behold some toiling up a slippery hill,
Where, though arriv'd, they must be toiling still:
Some, with unsteady feet, just fallen to ground,
Others at top, whose heads are turning round.
To this high sphere it happens still that some,
The most unfit, are forwardest to come;
Yet among these are princes forc'd to choose,
Or seek out such as would perhaps refuse.
Favour too great is safely plac'd on none,
And soon becomes a dragon or a drone,
Either remiss and negligent of all,
Or else imperious and tyrannical.

The Muse inspires me now to look again,
And see a meaner sort of sordid men
Doating on little heaps of yellow dust;
For that despising honour, ease, and lust.
Let other bards, expressing how it shines,
Describe with envy what the miser finds;
Only as heaps of dirt it seems to me,
Where we such despicable vermin see,
Who creep through filth a thousand crooked ways,
Insensible of infamy or praise:
Loaded with guilt, they still pursue their course,
Not ev'n restrain'd by love or friendship's force.
Not to enlarge on such an obvious thought,
Behold their folly, which transcends their fault!
Alas! their cares and cautions only tend
To gain the means, and then to lose the end.
Like heroes in romances, still in sight
For mistresses that yield them no delight.
This, of all vice, does most debase the mind,
Gold is itself th' allay to human-kind.
Oh, happy times! when no such thing as coin
E'er tempted friends to part, or foes to join!
Cattle or corn, among those harmless men,
Was all their wealth, the gold and silver then:
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,
And bellowing herds would have betray'd the bribe.
Ev'n traffic now is intercourse of ill,
And every wind brings a new mischief still;
By trade we flourish in our leaves and fruit,
But avarice and excess devour the root.
Thus far the Muse unwillingly has been
Fix'd on the dull, less happy sorts of sin;
But now, more pleas'd, she views the different ways
Of luxury, and all its charms surveys.
Dear Luxury! thou soft, but sure deceit!
Rise of the mean, and ruin of the great!
Thou sure presage of ill-approaching fates,
The bane of empires, and the change of states!
Armies in vain resist thy mighty power;
Not the worst conduct would confound them more.
Thus Rome herself, while o'er the world she flew,
And did by virtue all that world subdue,
Was by her own victorious arms oppress'd,
And catch'd infection from the conquer'd East;
Whence all those vices came, which soon devour
The best foundations of renown and power.
But oh! what need have we abroad to roam,
Who feel too much the sad effects at home,
Of wild excess! which we so plainly find
Decays the body, and impairs the mind.
But yet grave fops must not presume from hence
To slight the sacred pleasures of the sense:
Our appetites are Nature's laws, and given
Under the broad authentic seal of Heaven.
Let pedants wrangle, and let bigots fight,
To put restraint on innocent delight,
But Heaven and Nature's always in the right;
They would not draw poor wretched mortals in,
Or give desires that shall be doom'd for sin.
Yet, that in height of harmless joy we may
Last to old age, and never lose a day,
Amidst our pleasures we ourselves should spare,
And manage all with temperance and care.
The gods forbid but we sometimes may steep
Our joys in wine, and lull our cares asleep:
It raises Nature, ripens seeds of worth,
As moistening pictures calls the colours forth;
But if the varnish we too oft apply,
Alas! like colours, we grow faint and die.
Hold, hold, impetuous Muse—I would restrain
Her over-eager heat, but all in vain;
Abandon'd to delights, she longs to rove;
I check'd her here, and now she flies to love;
Shows me some rural nymph, by shepherd chas'd,
Soon overtaken, and as soon embrac'd:
The grass by her, as she by him, is press'd;
For shame, my Muse, let fancy guess the rest:
At such a point fancy can never stay,
But flies beyond whatever you can say.
Behold the silent shades, the amorous grove,
The dear delights, the very act of Love.
This is his lowest sphere, his country scene,
Where Love is humble, and his fare but mean;
Yet springing up without the help of art,
Leaves a sincerer relish in the heart,
More healthfully, though not so finely fed,
And better thrives than where more nicely bred.
But 'tis in courts where most he makes a show,
And, high enthron'd, governs the world below;
For though in histories learn'd ignorance
Attributes all to cunning or to chance,
Love will in those disguises often smile,
And knows the cause was kindness all the while.
What story, place, or person, cannot prove
The boundless influence of mighty Love?
Where'er the Sun can vigorous heat inspire,
Both sexes glow, and languish with desire.
The weary'd swain, fast in the arms of sleep,
Love can awake, and often sighing keep;
And busy gown-men, by fond love disguis'd,
Will leisure find to make themselves despis'd.
The proudest kings submit to Beauty's sway;
Beauty itself, a greater prince than they,
Lies sometimes languishing with all its pride
By a belov'd, though fickle lover's side.
I mean to slight the soft enchanting charm,
But, oh! my head and heart are both too warm.
I doat on woman-kind with all their faults,
Love turns my satire into softest thoughts;
Of all that passion which our peace destroys
Instead of mischief, I describe the joys.
But short will be his reign (I fear too short),
And present cares shall be my future sport.
Then Love's bright torch put out, his arrows broke,
Loose from kind chains, and from th' engaging yoke,
To all fond thoughts I'll sing such counter-charms,
The fair shall listen in their lovers arms.
Now the enthusiastic fit is spent,
I feel my weakness, and too late repent.
As they who walk in dreams oft climb too high
For sense to follow with a waking eye;
And in such wild attempts are blindly bold,
Which afterwards they tremble to behold:
So I review these sallies of my pen,
And modest Reason is return'd again;
My confidence I curse, my fate accuse,
Scarce hold from censuring the sacred Muse.
No wretched poet of the railing pit,
No critic curs'd with the wrong side of wit,
Is more severe from ignorance and spite,
Than I with judgment against all I write.

ON

MR. HOBBES, AND HIS WRITINGS.

Such is the mode of these censorious days,
The art is lost of knowing how to praise;

Poets are envious now, and fools alone
Admire at wit, because themselves have none.
Yet whatsoe'er is by vain critics thought,
Praising is harder much than finding fault;
In homely pieces ev'n the Dutch excel,
Italians only can draw beauty well.
As strings, alike wound up, so equal prove,
That one resounding makes the other move;
From such a cause our satires please so much,
We sympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
And as the sharp infection spreads about,
The reader's malice helps the writer out.
To blame, is easy; to commend, is bold;
Yet, if the Muse inspires it, who can hold?
To merit we are bound to give applause,
Content to suffer in so just a cause.
While in dark ignorance we lay, afraid
Of fancies, ghosts, and every empty shade,
Great Hobbes appear'd, and by plain reason's light
Put such fantastic forms to shameful flight.
Fond is their fear, who think men needs must be
To vice enslav'd, if from vain terrours free;
The wise and good morality will guide,
And superstition all the world beside.
In other authors, though the thought be good,
'Tis not sometimes so easily understood;
That jewel oft' unpolish'd has remain'd;
Some words should be left out, and some explain'd;
So that in search of sense, we either stray,
Or else grow weary in so rough a way.
But here sweet eloquence does always smile,
In such a choice, yet unaffected style,
As must both knowledge, and delight impart,
The force of reason, with the flowers of art;
Clear as a beautiful transparent skin,
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in:
Like a delicious stream it ever ran,
As smooth as woman, but as strong as man.
Bacon himself, whose universal wit
Does admiration through the world beget,
Scarce more his age's ornament is thought,
Or greater credit to his country brought.
While Fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Malice pursues her, like some bird of prey;
But once on wing, then all the quarrels cease;
Envy herself is glad to be at peace,
Gives over, weary'd with so high a flight,
Above her reach, and scarce within her sight.
Hobbes, to this happy pitch arriv'd at last,
Might have look'd down with pride on dangers past:
But such the frailty is of human-kind,
Men toil for Fame, which no man lives to find;
Long ripening under ground this China lies;
Fame bears no fruit, till the vain planter dies.
Thus Nature, tir'd with his unusual length
Of life, which put her to her utmost strength,
Such stook of wit unable to supply,
To spare herself, was glad to let him die.

WRITTEN OVER A GATE.

Here lives a man, who, by relation,
Depends upon predestination;
For which the learned and the wise
His understanding much despise:
But I pronounce with loyal tongue
Him in the right, them in the wrong;
For how could such a wretch succeed,
But that, alas, it was decreed?

THE MIRACLE, 1701.

Merit they hate, and wit they slight;
They neither act, nor reason right,
And nothing mind but pence.
Unskilful they victorious are,
Conduct a kingdom without care,
A council without sense.
So Moses once and Joshua,
And that virago Debora,
Bestrid poor Israel:
Like reverence pay to these! for who
Could ride a nation as they do,
Without a miracle?

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY PURCELL.

Good angels snatch'd him eagerly on high;
Joyful they flew, singing and soaring through the sky,
Teaching his new-fledg'd soul to fly;
While we, alas! lamenting lie.
He went musing all along,
Composing new their heavenly song:
A while his skilful notes loud hallelujahs drown'd;
But soon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleasing sound.
David himself improv'd the harmony,
David, in sacred story so renown'd
No less for music, than for poetry!
Genius sublime in either art!
Crown'd with applause surpassing all desert!
A man just after God's own heart!
If human cares are lawful to the blest,
Already settled in eternal rest;
Needs must he wish, that Purcell only might
Have liv'd to set what he vouchsaf'd to write;
For, sure, the noble thirst of fame
With the frail body never dies;
But with the soul ascends the skies,
From whence at first it came.
'Tis sure no little proof we have
That part of us survives the grave,
And in our fame below still bears a share:
Why is the future else so much our care,
Ev'n in our latest moment of despair?
And death despis'd for fame by all the wise and brave?
Oh, all ye blest harmonious choir!
Who Power Almighty only love, and only that admire!
Look down with pity from your peaceful bower,
On this sad isle perplex'd,
And ever, ever vex'd
With anxious care of trifles, wealth and power.
In our rough minds due reverence infuse
For sweet melodious sounds, and each harmonious Muse.
Music exalts man's nature, and inspires
High elevated thoughts, or gentle, kind desires.

ON THE LOSS OF AN ONLY SON,

ROBERT MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

Our morning's gay and shining;
The days our joys declare;
At evening no repining;
And night's all void of care.

A fond transported mother
Was often heard to cry,
Oh, where is such an other
So bless'd by Heaven as I?

A child at first was wanting;
Now such a son is sent,
As parents most lamenting
In him would find content.

A child of whom kind Heaven
Not only hope bestows,
But has already given
Him all our hopes propose.

The happy sire's possessing
His share in such a boy,
Adds still a greater blessing
To all my other joy.

But ah! this shiny weather
Became too hot at last;
Black clouds began to gather,
And all the sky o'ercast.

So fierce a fever rages,
We all lie drown'd in tears;
And dismal sad presages
Come thundering in our ears.

The doubts that made us languish
Did worse, far worse than kill.
Yet, oh, with all their anguish,
Would we had doubted still!

But why so much digression,
This fatal loss to show?
Alas, there's no expression
Can tell a parent's woe!

ON MR. POPE, AND HIS POEMS.

With age decay'd, with courts and business tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what ease requir'd,
Too serious now a wanton Muse to court,
And from the critics safe arriv'd in port;
I little thought of lanching forth again,
Amidst adventurous rovers of the pen;
And, after some small undeserv'd success,
Thus hazarding at last to make it less.
Encomiums suit not this censorious time,
Itself a subject for satiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd.
But to this genius, join'd with so much art,
Such various learning mix'd in every part,
Poets are bound a loud applause to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they must obey.
And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing;
Except I justly could at once commend
A good companion, and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all desert in sciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at some men's ways;
But a much greater to give merit praise.

STANZAS.

Whene'er my foolish bent to public good,
Or fonder zeal for some misguided prince,
Shall make my dangerous humour understood,
For changing ministers for men of sense:

When, vainly proud to show my public care,
And ev'n asham'd to see three nations fool'd,
I shall no longer bear a wretched share
In ruling ill, or being over-rul'd:

Then, as old lechers in a winter's night
To yawning hearers all their pranks disclose;
And what decay deprives them of delight,
Supply with vain endeavours to impose:

Just so shall I as idly entertain
Some stripling patriots, fond of seeming wise;
Tell how I still could great employments gain,
Without concealing truths, or whispering lies!

Boast of succeeding in my country's cause
Ev'n against some almost too high to blame;
Whom, when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,
I oft' had ridicul'd to sense and shame:

Say, I resisted the most potent fraud;
But friendless merit openly approv'd;
And that I was above the being aw'd
Not only by my prince, but those he lov'd:

Who knows but my example then may please
Such noble, hopeful spirits as appear
Willing to slight their pleasures and their ease,
For fame and honour? till at last they hear,

After much trouble borne, and danger run,
The crown assisted, and my country serv'd;
Without good fortune I had been undone,
Without a good estate I might have starv'd.

THE ELECTION OF A POET LAUREAT

IN M.DCC.XIX.

A famous assembly was summon'd of late:
To crown a new Laureat, came Phœbus in state,
With all that Montfaucon himself could desire,
His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At Bartlemew-fair ne'er did bullies so justle,
No country-election e'er made such a bustle:
From garret, mint, tavern, they all post away,
Some thirsting for sack, some ambitious of bay.

All came with full confidence, flush'd with vain hope,
From Cibber and Durfey, to Prior and Pope.
Phœbus smil'd on them last, but yet ne'ertheless,
Said, he hop'd they had got enough by the press.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber,
Which from Tonson to Curll every press had groan'd under,

Came Blackmore, and cry'd, "Look, all these are my lays,
But at present I beg you'd but read my Essays."

Lampooners and critics rush'd in like a tide,
Stern Dennis and Gildon came first side-by side.
Apollo confess'd that their lashes had stings,
But beadles and hangmen were never chose kings.

Steele long had so cunningly manag'd the town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown;
Apollo demurr'd as to granting his wish,
But wish'd him good luck in his project of fish.

Lame Congreve, unable such things to endure,
Of Apollo begg'd either a crown or a cure;
To refuse such a writer, Apollo was loth,
And almost inclin'd to have granted him both.

When Buckingham came, he scarce car'd to be seen,
Till Phœbus desir'd his old friend to walk in;
But a laureat peer had never been known,
The commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet if the kind god had been ne'er so inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,
Who of such preferment would only make sport,
And laugh'd at all suitors for places at court.

Notwithstanding this law, yet Lansdowne was nam'd,
But Apollo with kindness his indolence blam'd,
And said he would choose him, but that he should fear
An employment of trouble he never could bear.

A prelate[3] for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
Apollo soon miss'd, and he needs not be nam'd;
Since, amidst a whole bench, of which some are so bright,
No one of them shines so learn'd and polite.

To Shippen, Apollo was cold with respect,
Since he for the state could the Muses neglect!
But said, in a greater assembly he shin'd,
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

Trapp, Young, and Vanbrugh, expected reward,
For some things writ well: but Apollo declar'd,
That one was too flat, the other too rough,
And the third sure already had places enough.

Pert Budgell came next, and, demanding the bays,
Said, "Those works must be good, which had Addison's praise;"
But Apollo reply'd, "Child Eustace, 'tis known,
Most authors will praise whatsoever's their own."

When Philips came forth, as starch as a Quaker,
Whose simple profession's a Pastoral-maker;
Apollo advis'd him from playhouse to keep,
And pipe to nought else but his dog and his sheep.

Hughes, Fenton, and Gay, came last in the train,
Too modest to ask for the crown they would gain:
Phœbus thought them too bashful, and said they would need
More boldness, if ever they hop'd to succeed.

Apollo, now driven to a cursed quandary,
Was wishing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary:
Nay, had honest Tom Southerne but been within call—
But at last he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all:

[3] Dr. Atterbury, bishop of Rochester.

And so spying one who came only to gaze,
A hater of verse, and despiser of plays;
To him in great form, without any delay,
(Though a zealous fanatic) presented the bay.

All the wits stood astonish'd at hearing the god
So gravely pronounce an election so odd;
And though Prior and Pope only laugh'd in his face,
Most others were ready to sink in the place.

Yet some thought the vacancy open was kept,
Concluding the bigot would never accept:
But the hypocrite told them, he well understood,
Though the function was wicked, the stipend was good.

At last in rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, "Who shall have it,
But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave it?"
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim;
But vow'd though, till then he ne'er heard of his name.

ON THE TIMES.

Since in vain our parsons teach,
Hear, for once, a poet preach.
Vice has lost its very name,
Skill and cozenage thought the same;
Only playing well the game.
Foul contrivances we see
Call'd but ingenuity:
Ample fortunes often made
Out of frauds in every trade,
Which an aukward child afford
Enough to wed the greatest lord.
The miser starves to raise a son,
But, if once the fool is gone,
Years of thrift scarce serve a day,
Rake-hell squanders all away.
Husbands seeking for a place,
Or toiling for their pay;
While their wives undo their race
By petticoats and play:
Breeding boys to drink and dice,
Carrying girls to comedies,
Where mamma's intrigues are shown,
Which ere long will be their own.
Having first at sermon slept,
Tedious day is weekly kept
By worse hypocrites than men,
Till Monday comes to cheat again.
Ev'n among the noblest-born,
Moral virtue is a scorn;
Gratitude, but rare at best,
And fidelity a jest.
All our wit but party-mocks,
All our wisdom raising stocks:
Counted folly to defend
Sinking side, or falling friend.
Long an officer may serve,
Prais'd and wounded, he may starve:
No receipt, to make him rise,
Like inventing loyal lies.
We, whose ancestors have shin'd
In arts of peace, and fields of fame,
To ill and idleness inclin'd,
Now are grown a public shame.

Fatal that intestine jar,
Which produc'd our civil war!
Ever since, how sad a race!
Senseless, violent, and base!

ON THE DUKE OF YORK

BANISHED TO BRUSSELS.

I feel a strange impulse, a strong desire,
(For what vain thoughts will not a Muse inspire?)
To sing on lofty subjects, and to raise
My own low fame, by writing James's praise.
Oft' have we heard the wonders of his youth,
Observ'd those seeds of fortititude and truth,
Which since have spread so wide, so wondrous high,
The good distress'd beneath that shelter lie.
In arms more active than ev'n war requir'd,
And in the midst of mighty chiefs admir'd.
Of all Heaven's gifts, no temper is so rare,
As so much courage mix'd with so much care.
When martial fire makes all the spirits boil,
And forces youth to military toil;
No wonder it should fiercely then engage:
Women themselves will venture in a rage:
But in the midst of all that furious heat,
While so intent on actions brave and great,
For others' lives to feel such tender fears,
And, careless of his own, to care for theirs,
Is that composure which a hero makes,
And which illustrious York alone partakes,
With that great-man[4], whose fame has flown so far,
Who taught him first the noble art of war.
Oh, wondrous pair! whom equal virtues crown,
Oh worthy of each other's vast renown!
None but Turenne with York could glory share,
And none but York deserves so great a master's care.
Scarce was he come to bless his native isle,
And reap the soft reward of glorious toil,
But, like Alcides, still new dangers call
His courage forth, and still he vanquish'd all.
At sea, that bloody scene of boundless rage,
Where floating castles in fierce flames engage,
(Where Mars himself does frowningly command,
And by lieutenants only fights at land)
For his own fame howe'er he fought before,
For England's honour yet he ventur'd more.
In those black times, when, faction raging high,
Valour and Innocence were forc'd to fly,
With York they fled; but not deprest his mind,
Still, like a diamond in the dust, it shin'd.
When from afar his drooping friends beheld
How in distress he ev'n himself excell'd;
How to his envious fate, his country's frown,
His brother's will, he sacrific'd his own;
They rais'd their hearts, and never doubted more
But that just Heaven would all our joys restore.
So when black clouds surround Heaven's glorious face,
Tempestuous darkness covering all the place,
If we discern but the least glimmering ray
Of that bright orb of fire which rules the day,
The cheerful sight our fainting courage warms,
Fix'd upon that we fear no future harms.

[4] The mareschal de Turenne.

ON THE DEITY.

Wretched mankind! void of both strength and skill!
Dextrous at nothing but at doing ill!
In merit humble, in pretensions high,
Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
And none more blind: though still I worthless thought
The best I ever spoke, or ever wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humblest mind;
Within my soul such strong impulse I find
The heavenly tribute of due praise to pay:
Perhaps 'tis sacred, and I must obey.

Yet such the subjects, various, and so high,
Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
Miraculous effects of boundless power!
And that as boundless goodness shining more!
All these so numberless my thoughts attend,
Oh where shall I begin, or ever end?

But on that theme which ev'n the wise abuse,
So sacred, so sublime, and so abstruse,
Abruptly to break off, wants no excuse.

While others vainly strive to know thee more,
Let me in silent reverence adore;
Wishing that human power were higher rais'd,
Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!
Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
Created worthy of extolling thee!

PROLOGUE

TO THE ALTERATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Hope to mend Shakespeare! or to match his style!
'Tis such a jest would make a Stoic smile.
Too fond of fame, our poet soars too high,
Yet freely owns he wants the wings to fly:
So sensible of his presumptuous thought,
That he confesses while he does the fault;
This to the fair will no great wonder prove,
Who oft in blushes yield to what they love,
Of greatest actions, and of noblest men,
This story most deserves a poet's pen:
For who can wish a scene more justly fam'd,
When Rome and mighty Julius are but nam'd!
That state of heroes who the world had brav'd!
That wondrous man who such a state enslav'd!
Yet loth he was to take so rough a way,
And after govern'd with so mild a sway.
At distance now of seventeen hundred years,
Methinks a lovely ravisher appears;
Whom, though forbid by virtue to excuse,
A nymph might pardon, and could scarce refuse.

CHORUSES IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

CHORUS I.

Whither is Roman honour gone?
Where is your ancient virtue now?
That valour, which so bright has shone,
And with the wings of conquest flown,
Must to a haughty master bow:
Who, with our toil, our blood, and all we have beside,
Gorges his ill-got power, his humour, and his pride.

Fearless he will his life expose;
So does a lion or a bear.
His very virtues threaten those,
Who more his bold ambition fear.
How stupid wretches we appear,
Who round the world for wealth and empire roam,
Yet never, never think what slaves we are at home!

Did men for this together join,
Quitting the free wild life of Nature?
What other beast did e'er design
The setting up his fellow-creature,
And of two mischiefs choose the greater?
Oh! rather than be slaves to bold imperious men,
Give us our wildness, and our woods, our huts and caves again.

There, secure from lawless sway,
Out of Pride or Envy's way;
Living up to Nature's rules,
Not deprav'd by knaves and fools:
Happily we all should live, and harmless as our sheep,
And at last as calmly die as infants fall asleep.

CHORUS II.

Lo! to prevent this mighty empire's doom,
From bright unknown abodes of bliss I come,
The awful genius of majestic Rome.

Great is her danger: but I will engage
Some few, the master-souls of all this age,
To do an act of just heroic rage.

'Tis hard, a man so great should fall so low;
More hard to let so brave a people bow
To one themselves have rais'd, who scorns them now.

Yet, oh! I grieve that Brutus should be stain'd,
Whose life, excepting this one act, remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the rest combine;
The very life and soul of their design,
The centre, where those mighty spirits join.

Unthinking men no sort of scruples make;
Others do ill, only for mischief's sake;
But ev'n the best are guilty by mistake.

Thus some for envy, or revenge, intend
To bring the bold usurper to his end:
But for his country Brutus stabs his friend.

CHORUS III.

BY TWO AERIAL SPIRITS.

FIRST.

Tell, oh! tell me, whence arise
These disorders in our skies?
Rome's great genius wildly gaz'd,
And the gods seem all amaz'd.

SECOND.

Know, in sight of this day's Sun,
Such a deed is to be done,
Black enough to shroud the light
Of all this world in dismal night.

FIRST.

What is this deed?

SECOND.

To kill a man,
The greatest since mankind began:
Learned, eloquent, and wise,
Generous, merciful, and brave!

FIRST.

Yet not too great a sacrifice,
The liberty of Rome to save.

SECOND.

But will not godliness claim regard,
And does not worth deserve reward?

FIRST.

Does not their country lie at stake?
Can they do too much for her sake?

BOTH SPIRITS TOGETHER.

Though dreadful be this doom of fate,
Just is that power which governs all:
Better this wondrous man should fall,
Than a most glorious, virtuous state.

CHORUS IV.

How great a curse has Providence
Thought fit to cast on human kind!
Learning, courage, eloquence,
The gentlest nature, noblest mind,
Were intermixt in one alone;
Yet in one moment overthrown.

Could chance, or senseless atoms, join
To form a soul so great as his?
Or would those powers we hold divine
Destroy their own chief master-piece?
Where so much difficulty lies,
The doubtful are the only wise.

And, what must more perplex our thoughts,
Great Jove the best of Romans sends,
To do the very worst of faults,
And kill the kindest of his friends.
All this is far above our reach,
Whatever priests presume to preach.

PROLOGUE

TO MARCUS BRUTUS.

Our scene is Athens. And great Athens nam'd,
What soul so dull as not to be inflam'd?
Methinks, at mentioning that sacred place,
A reverend awe appears in every face,
For men so fam'd, of such prodigious parts,
As taught the world all sciences and arts.
Amidst all these ye shall behold a man
The most applauded since mankind began,
Out-shining ev'n those Greeks who most excel,
Whose life was one fix'd course of doing well.
Oh! who can therefore without tears attend
On such a life, and such a fatal end?
But here our author, besides other faults
Of ill expressions, and of vulgar thoughts,
Commits one crime that needs an act of grace,
And breaks the law of unity of place:
Yet to such noble patriots, overcome
By factious violence, and banish'd Rome,
Athens alone a fit retreat could yield;
And where can Brutus fall, but in Philippi field?

43730

Some critics judge ev'n love itself too mean
A care to mix in such a lofty scene,
And with those ancient bards of Greece believe
Friendship has stronger charms to please or grieve:
But our more amorous poet, finding love
Amidst all other cares, still shines above,
Lets not the best of Romans end their lives
Without just softness for the kindest wives.
Yet, if ye think his gentle nature such
As to have soften'd this great tale too much,
Soon will your eyes grow dry, and passion fall,
When ye reflect 'tis all but conjugal.
This to the few and knowing was addrest;
And now 'tis fit I should salute the rest.
Most reverend dull judges ofthe pit,
By Nature curs'd with the wrong side of wit!
You need not care, whate'er you see to-night,
How ill some players act, or poets write;
Should our mistakes be never so notorious,
You'll have the joy of being more censorious:
Show your small talent then, let that suffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I advise ye:
Each petty critic can objections raise,
The greatest skill is knowing when to praise.

CHORUSES IN MARCUS BRUTUS.

CHORUS III[5].

Dark is the maze poor mortals tread;
Wisdom itself a guide will need:
We little thought, when Cæsar bled,
That a worse Cæsar would succeed.
And are we under such a curse,
We cannot change but for the worse?

With fair pretence of foreign force,
By which Rome must herself enthral;
These, without blushes or remorse,
Proscribe the best, impoverish all.
The Gauls themselves, our greatest foes,
Could act no mischiefs worse than those.

That Julius, with ambitious thoughts,
Had virtues too, his foes could find;
These equal him in all his faults,
But never in his noble mind.

That free-born spirits should obey
Wretches, who know not how to sway!

Late we repent our hasty choice,
In vain bemoan so quick a turn.
Hark all to Rome's united voice!
Better that we a while had borne
Ev'n all those ills which most displease,
Than sought a cure far worse than the disease.

CHORUS IV.

Our vows thus cheerfully we sing,
While martial music fires our blood;
Let all the neighbouring echoes ring
With clamours for our country's good:
And, for reward, of the just gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

May Rome be freed from wars alarms,
And taxes heavy to be borne;
May she beware of foreign arms,
And send them back with noble scorn:
And, for reward, &c.

May she no more confide in friends,
Who nothing farther understood,
Than only, for their private ends,
To waste her wealth, and spill her blood:
And for reward, &c.

Our senators, great Jove, restrain
From private piques, they prudence call;
From the low thoughts of little gain,
And hazarding the losing all:
And, for reward, &c.

The shining arms with haste prepare,
Then to the glorious combat fly;
Our minds unclogg'd with farther care,
Except to overcome or die:
And, for reward, &c.

They fight, oppression to increase,
We for our liberties and laws;
It were a sin to doubt success,
When freedom is the noble cause:
And, for reward, of the just gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

[5] See the first and second choruses, in the Poems of Mr. Pope.

THE

POEMS

OF

MATTHEW PRIOR.

THE

LIFE OF PRIOR.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

MATTHEW PRIOR is one of those that have burst out from an obscure original to great eminence. He was born July 21, 1664, according to some, at Winburn in Dorsetshire, of I know not what parents; others say, that he was the son of a joiner of London: he was perhaps willing enough to leave his birth unsettled [1], in hope, like Don Quixote, that the historian of his actions might find him some illustrious alliance.

He is supposed to have fallen, by his father's death, into the hands of his uncle, a vintner [2] near Charing Cross, who sent him for some time to Dr. Busby, at Westminster; but, not intending to give him any education beyond that of the school, took him, when he was well advanced in literature, to his own house, where the earl of Dorset, celebrated for patronage of genius, found him by chance, as Burnet relates, reading Horace, and was so well pleased with his proficiency, that he undertook the care and cost of his academical education.

He entered his name in St. John's College at Cambridge in 1682, in his eighteenth year; and it may be reasonably supposed, that he was distinguished among his contemporaries. He became a bachelor, as is usual, in four years [3]; and two years afterwards wrote the poem on the Deity, which stands first in his volume.

[1] The difficulty of settling Prior's birth-place is great. In the register of his college he is called, at his admission by the president, Matthew Prior, of Winburn in Middlesex; by himself, next day, Matthew Prior of Dorsetshire, in which county, not in Middlesex, Winborn, or Winborne as it stands in the Villare, is found. When he stood candidate for his fellowship, five years afterwards, he was registered again by himself as of Middlesex. The last record ought to be preferred, because it was made upon oath. It is observable, that, as a native of Winborne, he is stiled *filius Georgii Prior, generosi*; not consistently with the common account of the meanness of his birth. *Dr. J.*

[2] Samuel Prior kept the Rummer Tavern, near Charing Cross, in 1685. The annual feast of the nobility and gentry living in the parish of St. Martin in the Fields was held at his house, October 14, that year. *N.*

[3] He was admitted to his bachelor's degree in 1686; and to his master's, by mandate, in 1700. *N.*

It is the established practice of that college, to send every year to the earl of Exeter some poems upon sacred subjects, in acknowledgment of a benefaction enjoyed by them from the bounty of his ancestor. On this occasion were those verses written, which, though nothing is said of their success, seem to have recommended him to some notice; for his praise of the countess's music, and his lines on the famous picture of Seneca, afford reason for imagining, that he was more or less conversant with that family.

The same year he published the City Mouse and Country Mouse, to ridicule Dryden's Hind and Panther, in conjunction with Mr. Montague. There is a story of great pain suffered[4], and of tears shed, on this occasion, by Dryden, who thought it hard, that "an old man should be so treated by those to whom he had always been civil." By tales like these is the envy, raised by superior abilities, every day gratified: when they are attacked, every one hopes to see them humbled: what is hoped is readily believed; and what is believed is confidently told. Dryden had been more accustomed to hostilities, than that such enemies should break his quiet; and, if we can suppose him vexed, it would be hard to deny him sense enough to conceal his uneasiness.

The City Mouse and Country Mouse procured its authors more solid advantages than the pleasure of fretting Dryden; for they were both speedily preferred. Montague, indeed, obtained the first notice, with some degree of discontent, as it seems, in Prior, who probably knew that his own part of the performance was the best. He had not, however, much reason to complain; for he came to London, and obtained such notice, that (in 1691) he was sent to the congress at the Hague as secretary to the embassy. In this assembly of princes and nobles, to which Europe has, perhaps, scarcely seen any thing equal, was formed the grand alliance against Lewis, which at last did not produce effects proportionate to the magnificence of the transaction.

The conduct of Prior, in this splendid initiation into public business, was so pleasing to king William, that he made him one of the gentlemen of his bed-chamber; and he is supposed to have passed some of the next years in the quiet cultivation of literature and poetry.

The death of queen Mary (in 1695) produced a subject for all the writers: perhaps no funeral was ever so poetically attended. Dryden, indeed, as a man discountenanced and deprived, was silent; but scarcely any other maker of verses omitted to bring his tribute of tuneful sorrow. An emulation of elegy was universal. Maria's praise was not confined to the English language, but fills a great part of the Musæ Anglicanæ.

Prior, who was both a poet and a courtier, was too diligent to miss this opportunity of respect. He wrote a long ode, which was presented to the king, by whom it was not likely to be ever read.

In two years he was secretary to another embassy at the treaty of Ryswick (in 1697[5]); and next year had the same office at the court of France, where he is said to have been considered with great distinction.

As he was one day surveying the apartments at Versailles, being shown the vic-

[4] Spence.

[5] He received, in September, 1697, a present of 200 guineas from the lords justices, for his trouble in bringing over the treaty of peace. *N.*

tories of Louis, painted by Le Brun, and asked whether the king of England's palace had any such decorations: "The monuments of my master's actions," said he, "are to be seen every where but in his own house." The pictures of Le Brun are not only in themselves sufficiently ostentatious, but were explained by inscriptions so arrogant, that Boileau and Racine thought it necessary to make them more simple.

He was in the following year at Loo with the king; from whom, after a long audience, he carried orders to England, and, upon his arrival, became under secretary of state in the earl of Jersey's office; a post which he did not retain long, because Jersey was removed; but he was soon made commissioner of trade.

This year (1700) produced one of his longest and most splendid compositions, the Carmen Seculare, in which he exhausts all his powers of celebration. I mean not to accuse him of flattery: he probably thought all that he writ, and retained as much veracity as can be properly exacted from a poet professedly encomiastic. King William supplied copious materials for either verse or prose. His whole life had been action, and none ever denied him the resplendent qualities of steady resolution and personal courage. He was really, in Prior's mind, what he represents him in his verses; he considered him as a hero, and was accustomed to say, that he praised others in compliance with the fashion, but that, in celebrating king William, he followed his inclination. To Prior gratitude would dictate praise, which reason would not refuse.

Among the advantages to arise from the future years of William's reign, he mentions *societies for peaceful arts*, and among them

> Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,
> And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech;
> That from our writers distant realms may know
> The thanks we to our monarchs owe,
> And schools profess our tongue through every land,
> That has invok'd his aid, or bless'd his hand.

Tickell, in his Prospect of Peace, has the same hope of a new academy:

> In happy chains our daring language bound,
> Shall sport no more in arbitrary sound.

Whether the similitude of those passages, which exhibit the same thought on the same occasion, proceeded from accident or imitation, is not easy to determine. Tickell might have been impressed with his expectation from Swift's Proposal for ascertaining the English Language, then lately published.

In the parliament that met in 1701, he was chosen representative of East Grinstead. Perhaps it was about this time that he changed his party; for he voted for the impeachment of those lords who had persuaded the king to the Partition-treaty, a treaty in which he had himself been ministerially employed.

A great part of queen Anne's reign was a time of war, in which there was little employment for negotiators, and Prior had therefore leisure to make or to polish verses. When the battle of Blenheim called forth all the versemen, Prior, among the rest, took care to show his delight in the increasing honour of his country by an epistle to Boileau.

He published, soon afterwards, a volume of poems, with the encomiastic character of his deceased patron the duke of Dorset: it began with the College Exercise, and ended with the Nut-brown Maid.

The battle of Ramilies soon afterwards (in 1706) excited him to another effort of poetry. On this occasion he had fewer or less formidable rivals; and it would be not easy to name any other composition produced by that event which is now remembered.

Every thing has its day. Through the reigns of William and Anne no prosperous event passed undignified by poetry. In the last war, when France was disgraced and overpowered in every quarter of the globe, when Spain, coming to her assistance, only shared her calamities, and the name of an Englishman was reverenced through Europe, no poet was heard amidst the general acclamation; the fame of our counsellors and heroes was intrusted to the Gazetteer.

The nation, in time, grew weary of the war, and the queen grew weary of her ministers. The war was burthensome, and the ministers were insolent. Harley and his friends began to hope, that they might, by driving the Whigs from court and from power, gratify at once the queen and the people. There was now a call for writers, who might convey intelligence of past abuses, and show the waste of public money, the unreasonable *Conduct of the Allies*, the avarice of generals, the tyranny of minions, and the general danger of approaching ruin.

For this purpose a paper, called the Examiner, was periodically published, written, as it happened, by any wit of the party, and sometimes, as is said, by Mrs. Manley. Some are owned by Swift; and one, in ridicule of Garth's verses to Godolphin upon the loss of his place, was written by Prior, and answered by Addison, who appears to have known the author either by conjecture or intelligence.

The Tories, who were now in power, were in haste to end the war; and Prior, being recalled (1710) to his former employment of making treaties, was sent (July 1711) privately to Paris with propositions of peace. He was remembered at the French court; and, returning in about a month, brought with him the abbé Gaultier, and Mr. Mesnager, a minister from France, invested with full powers.

This transaction not being avowed, Mackay, the master of the Dover packet-boat, either zealously or officiously, seized Prior and his associates at Canterbury. It is easily supposed that they were soon released.

The negotiation was begun at Prior's house, where the queen's ministers met Mesnager (September 20, 1711), and entered privately upon the great business. The importance of Prior appears from the mention made of him by St. John in his letter to the queen.

"My lord treasurer moved, and all my lords were of the same opinion, that Mr. Prior should be added to those who are empowered to sign; the reason for which is, because he, having personally treated with Monsieur de Torcy, is the best witness we can produce of the sense in which the general preliminary engagements are entered into: besides which, as he is the best versed in matters of trade of all your majesty's servants who have been trusted in this secret, if you should think fit to employ him in the future treaty of commerce, it will be of consequence that he has been a party concerned in concluding that convention, which must be the rule of this treaty."

The assembly of this important night was in some degree clandestine, the design of treating not being yet openly declared, and, when the Whigs returned to power, was aggravated to a charge of high treason; though, as Prior remarks in his imperfect

answer to the Report of the Committee of Secrecy, no treaty ever was made without private interviews and preliminary discussions.

My business is not the history of the peace, but the life of Prior. The conferences began at Utrecht on the first of January (1711-12), and the English plenipotentiaries arrived on the fifteenth. The ministers of the different potentates conferred and conferred; but the peace advanced so slowly, that speedier methods were found necessary; and Bolingbroke was sent to Paris to adjust differences with less formality; Prior either accompanied him or followed him; and, after his departure, had the appointments and authority of an ambassador, though no public character.

By some mistake of the queen's orders, the court of France had been disgusted; and Bolingbroke says in his letter: "Dear Mat, hide the nakedness of thy country, and give the best turn thy fertile brain will furnish thee with to the blunders of thy countrymen, who are not much better politicians than the French are poets."

Soon after, the duke of Shrewsbury went on a formal embassy to Paris. It is related by Boyer, that the intention was to have joined Prior in the commission, but that Shrewsbury refused to be associated with a man so meanly born. Prior therefore continued to act without a title till the duke returned next year to England, and then he assumed the style and dignity of ambassador.

But while he continued, in appearance, a private man, he was treated with confidence by Lewis, who sent him with a letter to the queen, written in favour of the elector of Bavaria. "I shall expect," says he, "with impatience, the return of Mr. Prior, whose conduct is very agreeable to me." And while the duke of Shrewsbury was still at Paris, Bolingbroke wrote to Prior thus: "Monsieur de Torcy has a confidence in you; make use of it, once for all, upon this occasion, and convince him thoroughly, that we must give a different turn to our parliament and our people, according to their resolution at this crisis."

Prior's public dignity and splendour commenced in August, 1713, and continued till the August following; but I am afraid, that, according to the usual fate of greatness, it was attended with some perplexities and mortifications. He had not all that is customarily given to ambassadors: he hints to the queen, in an imperfect poem, that he had no service of plate; and it appeared, by the debts which he contracted, that his remittances were not punctually made.

On the first of August, 1714, ensued the downfall of the Tories, and the degradation of Prior. He was recalled; but was not able to return, being detained by the debts which he had found it necessary to contract, and which were not discharged before March, though his old friend Montague was now at the head of the treasury.

He returned then as soon as he could, and was welcomed on the 25th of March[6] by a warrant, but was, however, suffered to live in his own house, under the custody of the messenger, till he was examined before a committee of the privy council, of which Mr. Walpole was chairman, and lord Coningsby, Mr. Stanhope, and Mr. Lechmere, were the principal interrogators; who, in this examination, of which there is printed an account not unentertaining, behaved with the boisterousness of men elated by recent authority. They are represented as asking questions sometimes

[6] 1715.

vague, sometimes insidious, and writing answers different from those which they received. Prior, however, seems to have been overpowered by their turbulence; for he confesses, that he signed what, if he had ever come before a legal judicature, he should have contradicted or explained away. The oath was administered by Boscawen, a Middlesex justice, who at last was going to write his attestation on the wrong side of the paper.

They were very industrious to find some charge against Oxford; and asked Prior, with great earnestness, Who was present when the preliminary articles were talked of or signed at his house? He told them, that either the earl of Oxford or the duke of Shrewsbury was absent, but he could not remember which; an answer which perplexed them, because it supplied no accusation against either. "Could any thing be more absurd," says he, "or more inhuman, than to propose to me a question, by the answering of which I might, according to them, prove myself a traitor? And notwithstanding their solemn promise, that nothing which I could say should hurt myself, I had no reason to trust them: for they violated that promise about five hours after. However, I owned I was there present. Whether this was wisely done or no, I leave to my friends to determine."

When he had signed the paper, he was told by Walpole, that the committee were not satisfied with his behaviour, nor could give such an account of it to the commons as might merit favour: and that they now thought a stricter confinement necessary than to his own house. "Here," says he, "Boscawen played the moralist, and Coningsby the Christian, but both very awkwardly." The messenger, in whose custody he was to be placed, was then called, and very decently asked by Coningsby, "if his house was secured by bars and bolts?" The messenger answered, "No," with astonishment. At which Coningsby very angrily said, "Sir, you must secure this prisoner; it is for the safety of the nation: if he escape, you shall answer for it."

They had already printed their report; and in this examination were endeavouring to find proofs.

He continued thus confined for some time; and Mr. Walpole (June 10, 1715) moved for an impeachment against him. What made him so acrimonious does not appear: he was by nature no thirster for blood. Prior was a week after committed to close custody, with orders that "no person should be admitted to see him without leave from the speaker."

When, two years after, an act of grace was passed, he was excepted, and continued still in custody, which he had made less tedious by writing his Alma. He was, however, soon after discharged.

He had now his liberty, but he had nothing else. Whatever the profit of his employments might have been, he had always spent it; and at the age of fifty-three was, with all his abilities, in danger of penury, having yet no solid revenue but from the fellowship of his college, which, when in his exaltation he was censured for retaining it, he said, he could live upon at last.

Being, however, generally known and esteemed, he was encouraged to add other poems to those which he had printed, and to publish them by subscription. The expedient succeeded by the industry of many friends, who circulated the proposals[7],

[7] Swift obtained many subscriptions for him in Ireland.

and the care of some, who, it is said, withheld the money from him, lest he should squander it. The price of the volume was two guineas; the whole collection was four thousand; to which lord Harley, the son of the earl of Oxford, to whom he had invariably adhered, added an equal sum for the purchase of Down-hall, which Prior was to enjoy during life, and Harley after his decease.

He had now, what wits and philosophers have often wished, the power of passing the day in contemplative tranquillity. But it seems that busy men seldom live long in a state of quiet. It is not unlikely that his health declined. He complains of deafness; "for," says he, "I took little care of my ears while I was not sure if my head was my own."

Of any occurrences in his remaining life I have found no account. In a letter to Swift, "I have," says he, "treated lady Harriot at Cambridge (a fellow of a college treat!) and spoke verses to her in a gown and cap! What, the plenipotentiary, so far concerned in the damned peace at Utrecht; the man that makes up half the volume of terse prose, that makes up the report of the committee, speaking verses! *Sic est, homo sum.*"

He died at Wimpole, a seat of the earl of Oxford, on the eighteenth of September, 1721, and was buried in Westminster; where on a monument, for which, as the *last piece of human vanity*, he left five hundred pounds, is engraven this epitaph:

Sui Temporis Historiam meditanti,
Paulatim obrepens Febris
Operi simul & Vitæ filum abrupit,
Sept. 18. An. Dom. 1721. Ætat. 57.
H. S. E.
Vir Eximius,
Serenissimis
Regi GULIELMO Reginæque MARIÆ
In Congressione Fœderatorum
Hagæ anno 1690 celebrata,
Deinde Magnæ Britanniæ Legatis,
Tum iis
Qui anno 1697 Pacem RYSWICKI confecerunt,
Tum iis
Qui apud Gallos annis proximis Legationem obierunt;
Eodem etiam anno 1697 in Hibernia
SECRETARIUS;
Necnon in utroque Honorabili consessu
Eorum,
Qui anno 1700 ordinandis Commercii negotiis,
Quique anno 1711 dirigendis Portorii rebus,
Præsidebant,
COMMISSIONARIUS;
Postremo
Ab ANNA
Felicissimæ memoriæ Reginâ
Ad LUDOVICUM XIV. Galliæ Regem
Missus anno 1711
De Pace stabilienda,
(Pace etiamnum durante
Diuque ut boni jam omnes sperant duratura)
Cum summa potestate Legatus;
MATTHÆUS PRIOR, Armiger:

Qui
Hos omnes, quibus cumulatus est, Titulos
Humanitatis, Ingenii, Eruditionis laude
Superavit;
Cui enim nascenti faciles arriserant Musæ.
Hunc Puerum Schola hic Regia perpolivit;
Juvenem in Collegio S'ti Johannis
Cantabrigiæ optimis Scientiis instruxit;
Virum denique auxit; & perfecit
Multa cum viris Principibus consuetudo;
Ita natus, ita institutus,
A Vatum Choro avelli nunquam potuit,
Sed solebat sæpe rerum Civilium gravitatem
Amœniorum Literarum Studiis condire:
Et cum omne adeo Poetices genus
Haud infeliciter tentaret,
Tum in Fabellis concinne lepideque texendis
Mirus Artifex
Neminem habuit parem.
Hæc liberalis animi oblectamenta,
Quàm nullo Illi labore constiterint,
Facile ii perspexere quibus usus est Amici;
Apud quos Urbanitatum & Leporum plenus
Cum ad rem, quæcunque forte inciderat,
Aptè, variè, copioséque alluderet,
Interea nihil quæsitum, nihil vi expressum
Videbatur,
Sed omnia ultro effluere,
Et quasi jugi è fonte affatim exuberâre,
Ita suos tandem dubios reliquit,
Essetne in Scriptis Poeta Elegantior,
An in Convictu Comes Jucundior.

Of Prior, eminent as he was, both by his abilities and station, very few memorials have been left by his contemporaries; the account, therefore, must now be destitute of his private character and familiar practices. He lived at a time when the rage of party detected all which it was any man's interest to hide; and, as little ill is heard of Prior, it is certain that not much was known. He was not afraid of provoking censure; for, when he forsook the Whigs[8], under whose patronage he first entered the world, he became a Tory so ardent and determinate, that he did not willingly consort with men of different opinions. He was one of the sixteen Tories who met weekly, and agreed to address each other by the title of *brother;* and seems to have adhered, not only by concurrence of political designs, but by peculiar affection, to the earl of Oxford and his family. With how much confidence he was trusted has been already told.

He was, however, in Pope's opinion[8], fit only to make verses, and less qualified for business than Addison himself. This was surely said without consideration. Addison, exalted to a high place, was forced into degradation by a sense of his own incapacity; Prior, who was employed by men very capable of estimating his value, having been secretary to one embassy, had, when great abilities were again wanted, the same office another time; and was, after so much experience of his knowledge and dexterity, at last sent to transact a negotiation in the highest degree arduous and

[8] Spence.

important, for which he was qualified, among other requisites, in the opinion of Bolingbroke, by his influence upon the French minister, and by skill in questions of commerce above other men.

Of his behaviour in the lighter parts of life, it is too late to get much intelligence. One of his answers to a boastful Frenchman has been related; and to an impertinent one he made another equally proper. During his embassy, he sat at the opera by a man, who, in his rapture, accompanied with his own voice the principal singer. Prior fell to railing at the performer with all the terms of reproach that he could collect, till the Frenchman, ceasing from his song, began to expostulate with him for his harsh censure of a man, who was confessedly the ornament of the stage. "I know all that," says the ambassador, "mais il chante si haut, que je ne sçaurois vous entendre."

In a gay French company, where every one sang a little song or stanza, of which the burthen was, Bannissons la Melancholie; when it came to his turn to sing, after the performance of a young lady that sat next him, he produced these extemporary lines:

Mais cette voix, et ces beaux yeux,
Font Cupidon trop dangereux;
Et je suis triste quand je crie,
Bannissons la Melancholie.

Tradition represents him as willing to descend from the dignity of the poet and statesman to the low delights of mean company. His Chloe probably was sometimes ideal: but the woman with whom he cohabited was a despicable drab of the lowest species[1]. One of his wenches, perhaps Chloe, while he was absent from his house, stole his plate, and ran away; as was related by a woman who had been his servant. Of this propensity to sordid converse I have seen an account so seriously ridiculous, that it seems to deserve insertion[2]:

"I have been assured, that Prior, after having spent the evening with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift, would go and smoke a pipe, and drink a bottle of ale, with a common soldier and his wife, in Long Acre, before he went to bed; not from any remains of the lowness of his original, as one said, but, I suppose, that his faculties,

——Strain'd to the height,
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair."

Poor Prior! why was he so *strained*, and in such *want* of *repair*, after a conversation with men, not, in the opinion of the world, much wiser than himself? But such are the conceits of speculatists, who *strain* their *faculties* to find, in a mine, what lies upon the surface.

His opinions, so far as the means of judging are left us, seem to have been right; but his life was, it seems, irregular, negligent, and sensual.

PRIOR has written with great variety; and his variety has made him popular. He has tried all styles, from the grotesque to the solemn, and has not so failed in any as to incur derision or disgrace.

[1] Spence; and see Gent. Mag. Vol. LVII. p. 1039. [2] Richardsoniana.

His works may be distinctly considered, as comprising tales, love-verses, occasional poems, Alma, and Solomon.

His tales have obtained general approbation, being written with great familiarity and great sprightliness; the language is easy, but seldom gross, and the numbers smooth, without appearance of care. Of these tales there are only four. The Ladle, which is introduced by a preface, neither necessary nor pleasing, neither grave nor merry. Paulo Purganti; which has likewise a preface, but of more value than the tale. Hans Carvel, not over decent; and Protogenes and Apelles, an old story, mingled, by an affectation not disagreeable, with modern images. The Young Gentleman in Love has hardly a just claim to the title of a tale. I know not whether he be the original author of any tale which he has given us. The adventure of Hans Carvel has passed through many successions of merry wits; for it is to be found in Ariosto's Satires, and is perhaps yet older. But the merit of such stories is the art of telling them.

In his amorous effusions he is less happy; for they are not dictated by nature or by passion, and have neither gallantry nor tenderness. They have the coldness of Cowley, without his wit, the dull exercises of a skilful versifier, resolved at all adventures to write something about Chloe, and trying to be amorous by dint of study. His fictions therefore are mythological. Venus, after the example of the Greek epigram, asks when she was seen *naked and bathing*. Then Cupid is *mistaken;* then Cupid is *disarmed;* then he loses his darts to Ganymede; then Jupiter sends him a summons by Mercury. Then Chloe goes a-hunting, with an *ivory quiver graceful at her side;* Diana mistakes her for one of her nymphs, and Cupid laughs at the blunder. All this is surely despicable; and even when he tries to act the lover, without the help of gods or goddesses, his thoughts are unaffecting or remote. He talks not "like a man of this world."

The greatest of all his amorous essays is Henry and Emma; a dull and tedious dialogue, which excites neither esteem for the man, nor tenderness for the woman. The example of Emma, who resolves to follow an outlawed murderer wherever fear and guilt shall drive him, deserves no imitation; and the experiment by which Henry tries the lady's constancy, is such as must end either in infamy to her, or in disappointment to himself.

His occasional poems necessarily lost part of their value, as their occasions, being less remembered, raised less emotion. Some of them, however, are preserved by their inherent excellence. The burlesque of Boileau's Ode on Namur has, in some parts, such airiness and levity as will always procure it readers, even among those who cannot compare it with the original. The letter to Boileau is not so happy. The poems to the King are now perused only by young students, who read merely that they may learn to write; and of the Carmen Seculare, I cannot but suspect that I might praise or censure it by caprice, without danger of detection; for who can be supposed to have laboured through it? Yet the time has been when this neglected work was so popular, that it was translated into Latin by no common master.

His poem on the battle of Ramilies is necessarily tedious by the form of the stanza; an uniform mass of ten lines thirty-five times repeated, inconsequential and slightly connected, must weary both the ear and the understanding. His imitation of Spenser, which consists principally in *I ween* and *I wot*, without exclusion of later

modes of speech, makes his poem neither ancient nor modern. His mention of Mars and Bellona, and his comparison of Marlborough to the eagle that bears the thunder of Jupiter, are all puerile and unaffecting; and yet more despicable is the long tale told by Lewis in his despair of Brute and Troynovante, and the teeth of Cadmus, with his similies of the raven and eagle, and wolf and lion. By the help of such easy fictions, and vulgar topics, without acquaintance with life, and without knowledge of art or nature, a poem of any length, cold and lifeless like this, may be easily written on any subject.

In his Epilogues to Phædra and to Lucius he is very happily facetious; but in the Prologue before the Queen, the pedant has found his way, with Minerva, Perseus, and Andromeda.

His Epigrams and lighter pieces are, like those of others, sometimes elegant, sometimes trifling, and sometimes dull; amongst the best are the Camelion, and the Epitaph on John and Joan.

Scarcely any one of our poets has written so much and translated so little: the version of Callimachus is sufficiently licentious; the paraphrase on St. Paul's Exhortation to Charity is eminently beautiful.

Alma is written in professed imitation of Hudibras, and has at least one accidental resemblance: Hudibras wants a plan, because it is left imperfect; Alma is imperfect, because it seems never to have had a plan. Prior appears not to have proposed to himself any drift or design, but to have written the casual dictates of the present moment.

What Horace said, when he imitated Lucilius, might be said of Butler by Prior; his numbers were not smooth or neat. Prior excelled him in versification; but he was, like Horace, *inventore minor;* he had not Butler's exuberance of matter and variety of illustration. The spangles of wit which he could afford, he knew how to polish; but he wanted the bullion of his master. Butler pours out a negligent profusion, certain of the weight, but careless of the stamp. Prior has comparatively little, but with that little he makes a fine show. Alma has many admirers, and was the only piece among Prior's works of which Pope said, that he should wish to be the author.

Solomon is the work to which he entrusted the protection of his name, and which he expected succeeding ages to regard with veneration. His affection was natural; it had undoubtedly been written with great labour; and who is willing to think that he has been labouring in vain? He had infused into it much knowledge and much thought; had often polished it to elegance, often dignified it with splendour, and sometimes heightened it to sublimity: he perceived in it many excellences, and did not discover, that it wanted that without which all others are of small avail, the power of engaging attention and alluring curiosity.

Tediousness is the most fatal of all faults; negligences or errours are single and local, but tediousness pervades the whole; other faults are censured and forgotten, but the power of tediousness propagates itself. He that is weary the first hour, is more weary the second; as bodies forced into motion contrary to their tendency pass more and more slowly through every successive interval of space.

Unhappily this pernicious failure is that which an author is least able to discover. We are seldom tiresome to ourselves; and the act of composition fills and delights the

mind with change of language and succession of images; every couplet when produced is new, and novelty is the great source of pleasure. Perhaps no man ever thought a line superfluous when he first wrote it, or contracted his work till his ebullitions of invention had subsided. And even if he should control his desire of immediate renown, and keep his work *nine years* unpublished, he will be still the author, and still in danger of deceiving himself: and if he consults his friends, he will probably find men who have more kindness than judgment, or more fear to offend than desire to instruct.

The tediousness of this poem proceeds not from the uniformity of the subject, for it is sufficiently diversified, but from the continued tenour of the narration; in which Solomon relates the successive vicissitudes of his own mind, without the intervention of any other speaker, or the mention of any other agent, unless it be Abra; the reader is only to learn what he thought, and to be told that he thought wrong. The event of every experiment is foreseen, and therefore the process is not much regarded.

Yet the work is far from deserving to be neglected. He that shall peruse it will be able to mark many passages, to which he may recur for instruction or delight; many from which the poet may learn to write, and the philosopher to reason.

If Prior's poetry be generally considered, his praise will be that of correctness and industry, rather than of compass of comprehension, or activity of fancy. He never made any effort of invention: his greater pieces are only tissues of common thoughts; and his smaller, which consist of light images or single conceits, are not always his own. I have traced him among the French epigrammatists, and have been informed, that he poached for prey among obscure authors. The Thief and Cordelier is, I suppose, generally considered as an original production: with how much justice, this epigram may tell, which was written by Georgius Sabinus, a poet now little known or read, though once the friend of Luther and Melancthon:

DE SACERDOTE FUREM CONSOLANTE.

Quidam sacrificus furem comitatus euntem
Huc ubi dat sontes carnificina fieri,
Ne sis mœstus, ait; summi conviva Tonantis
Jam cum cœlitibus (si modo credis) eris.
Ille gemens, si vera mihi solatia præbes,
Hospes apud superos sis meus oro, refert.
Sacrificus contra; mihi non convivia fas est
Ducere, jejunans hac edo luce nihil.

What he has valuable he owes to his diligence and his judgment. His diligence has justly placed him amongst the most correct of the English poets; and he was one of the first that resolutely endeavoured at correctness. He never sacrifices accuracy to haste, nor indulges himself in contemptuous negligence, or impatient idleness: he has no careless lines, or entangled sentiments; his words are nicely selected, and his thoughts fully expanded. If this part of his character suffers an abatement, it must be from the disproportion of his rhymes, which have not always sufficient consonance, and from the admission of broken lines into his Solomon; but perhaps he thought, like Cowley, that hemistichs ought to be admitted into heroic poetry.

He had apparently such rectitude of judgment as secured him from every thing that approached to the ridiculous or absurd; but as laws operate in civil agency not to the excitement of virtue, but the repression of wickedness, so judgment in the operations of intellect can hinder faults, but not produce excellence. Prior is never low, nor very often sublime. It is said by Longinus of Euripides, that he forces himself sometimes into grandeur by violence of effort, as the lion kindles his fury by the lashes of his own tail. Whatever Prior obtains above mediocrity seems the effort of struggle and of toil. He has many vigourous but few happy lines; he has every thing by purchase, and nothing by gift; he had no *nightly visitations* of the Muse, no infusions of sentiment or felicities of fancy.

His diction, however, is more his own than of any among the successors of Dryden; he borrows no lucky turns, or commodious modes of language, from his predecessors. His phrases are original, but they are sometimes harsh; as he inherited no elegances, none has he bequeathed. His expression has every mark of laborious study; the line seldom seems to have been formed at once; the words did not come till they were called, and were then put by constraint into their places, where they do their duty, but do it sullenly. In his greater compositions there may be found more rigid stateliness than graceful dignity.

Of versification he was not negligent: what he received from Dryden he did not lose; neither did he increase the difficulty of writing by unnecessary severity, but uses triplets and Alexandrines without scruple. In his preface to Solomon he proposes some improvements, by extending the sense from one couplet to another, with variety of pauses. This he has attempted, but without success; his interrupted lines are unpleasing, and his sense, as less distinct, is less striking.

He has altered the stanza of Spenser, as a house is altered by building another in its place of a different form. With how little resemblance he has formed his new stanza to that of his master, these specimens will show:

SPENSER.

She, flying fast from Heaven's hated face,
And from the world that her discover'd wide,
Fled to the wasteful wilderness apace,
From living eyes her open shame to hide,
And lurk'd in rocks and caves long unespy'd.
But that fair crew of knights, and Una fair,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and weary powers repair,
Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.

PRIOR.

To the close rock the frighted raven flies,
Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air:
The shaggy wolf unseen and trembling lies,
When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
To dare our British foes to open fight:
Our conquest we by stratagem should make;
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours, by craft and by surprise to gain:
'Tis theirs to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

By this new structure of his lines he has avoided difficulties; nor am I sure that he has lost any of the power of pleasing; but he no longer imitates Spenser.

Some of his poems are written without regularity of measure; for, when he commenced poet, he had not recovered from our Pindaric infatuation; but he probably lived to be convinced, that the essence of verse is order and consonance.

His numbers are such as mere diligence may attain; they seldom offend the ear, and seldom soothe it; they commonly want airiness, lightness, and facility; what is smooth is not soft. His verses always roll, but they seldom flow.

A survey of the life and writings of Prior may exemplify a sentence which he doubtless understood well, when he read Horace at his uncle's: "The vessel long retains the scent which it first receives." In his private relaxation he revived the tavern, and in his amorous pedantry he exhibited the college. But on higher occasions and nobler subjects, when habit was overpowered by the necessity of reflection, he wanted not wisdom as a statesman, or elegance as a poet.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LIONEL,

EARL OF DORSET AND MIDDLESEX.

It looks like no great compliment to your lordship, that I prefer your name to this epistle; when, in the preface, I declare the book is published almost against my inclination. But, in all cases, my lord, you have an hereditary right to whatever may be called mine. Many of the following pieces were written by the command of your excellent father; and most of the rest, under his protection and patronage.

The particular felicity of your birth, my lord; the natural endowments of your mind, which, without suspicion of flattery, I may tell you, are very great; the good education with which these parts have been improved; and your coming into the world, and seeing men very early; make us expect from your lordship all the good which our hopes can form in favour of a young nobleman. Tu Marcellus eris—Our eyes and our hearts are turned on you. You must be a judge and master of polite learning; a friend and patron to men of letters and merit; a faithful and able counsellor to your prince; a true patriot to your country; an ornament and honour to the titles you possess; and, in one word, a worthy son to the great earl of Dorset.

It is as impossible to mention that name, without desiring to commend the person, as it is to give him the commendations which his virtues deserved. But I assure myself, the most agreeable compliment I can bring your lordship is to pay a grateful respect to your father's memory: and my own obligations to him were such, that the world must pardon my endeavouring at his character, however I may miscarry in the attempt.

A thousand ornaments and graces met in the composition of this great man, and contributed to make him universally beloved and esteemed. The figure of his body was strong, proportionable, beautiful; and, were his picture well drawn, it must deserve the praise given to the portraits of Raphael; and, at once, create love and respect. While the greatness of his mien informed men, they were approaching the nobleman; the sweetness of it invited them to come nearer to the patron. There was in his look and

gesture something that is more easily conceived than described; that gained upon you in his favour, before he spake one word. His behaviour was easy and courteous to all; but distinguished and adapted to each man in particular, according to his station and quality. His civility was free from the formality of rule, and flowed immediately from his good sense.

Such were the natural faculties and strength of his mind, that he had occasion to borrow very little from education; and he owed those advantages to his own good parts, which others acquire by study and imitation. His wit was abundant, noble, bold. Wit in most writers is like a fountain in a garden, supplied by several streams brought through artful pipes, and playing sometimes agreeably. But the earl of Dorset's was a source rising from the top of a mountain, which forced its own way, and with inexhaustible supplies delighted and enriched the country through which it passed. This extraordinary genius was accompanied with so true a judgment in all parts of fine learning, that, whatever subject was before him, he discoursed as properly of it, as if the peculiar bent of his study had been applied that way: and he perfected his judgment by reading and digesting the best authors, though he quoted them very seldom.

Contemnebat potius literas, quam nesciebat:

and rather seemed to draw his knowlege from his own stores, than to owe it to any foreign assistance.

The brightness of his parts, the solidity of his judgment, and the candour and generosity of his temper, distinguished him in an age of great politeness, and at a court abounding with men of the finest sense and learning. The most eminent masters, in their several ways, appealed to his determination. Waller thought it an honour to consult him in the softness and harmony of his verse: and Dr. Sprat, in the delicacy and turn of his prose. Dryden determines by him, under the character of Eugenius, as to the laws of dramatic poetry. Butler owed it to him, that the court tasted his Hudibras: Wycherley, that the town liked his Plain Dealer: and the late duke of Buckingham deferred to publish his Rehearsal, till he was sure (as he expressed it) that my lord Dorset would not rehearse upon him again. If we wanted a foreign testimony, La Fontaine and St. Evremond have acknowledged, that he was a perfect master in the beauty and fineness of their language, and of all that they call les belles lettres. Nor was this nicety of his judgment confined only to books and literature; but was the same in statuary, painting, and all other parts of art. Bernini would have taken his opinion upon the beauty and attitude of a figure; and king Charles did not agree with Lely, that my lady Cleveland's picture was finished, till it had the approbation of my lord Buckhurst.

As the judgment which he made of others writings could not be refuted, the manner in which he wrote will hardly ever be equalled. Every one of his

pieces is an ingot of gold, intrinsically and solidly valuable; such as, wrought or beaten thinner, would shine through a whole book of any other author. His thought was always new; and the expression of it so particularly happy, that every body knew immediately it could only be my lord Dorset's: and yet it was so easy too, that every body was ready to imagine himself capable of writing it. There is a lustre in his verses, like that of the sun in Claude Lorrain's landscapes: it looks natural, and is inimitable. His love-verses have a mixture of delicacy and strength: they convey the wit of Petronius in the softness of Tibullus. His satire indeed is so severely pointed, that in it he appears, what his great friend the earl of Rochester (that other prodigy of the age) says he was,

The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.

Yet, even here, that character may justly be applied to him, which Persius gives of the best writer of this kind that ever lived:

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit:

And the gentleman had always so much the better of the satirist, that the persons touched did not know where to fix their resentments; and were forced to appear rather ashamed than angry. Yet so far was this great author from valuing himself upon his works, that he cared not what became of them, though every body else did. There are many things of his not extant in writing, which, however, are always repeated: like the verses and sayings of the ancient Druids, they retain an universal veneration, though they are preserved only by memory.

As it is often seen, that those men who are least qualified for business love it most; my lord Dorset's character was, that he certainly understood it, but did not care for it.

Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he turned his parts rather to books and conversation, than to politics, and what more immediately related to the public. But, whenever the safety of his country demanded his assistance, he readily entered into the most active parts of life; and underwent the greatest dangers, with a constancy of mind which showed, that he had not only read the rules of philosophy, but understood the practice of them.

In the first Dutch war, he went a volunteer under the duke of York: his behaviour, during that campaign, was such as distinguished the Sackville descended from that Hildebrand of the name, who was one of the greatest captains that came into England with the Conqueror. But his making a song the night before the engagement (and it was one of the prettiest that ever was made) carries with it so sedate a presence of mind, and such an

unusual gallantry, that it deserves as much to be recorded, as Alexander's jesting with his soldiers before he passed the Granicus; or William the First of Orange giving orders over-night for a battle, and desiring to be called in the morning, lest he should happen to sleep too long.

From hence, during the remaining part of king Charles's reign, he continued to live in honourable leisure. He was of the bed-chamber to the king, and possessed not only his master's favour, but (in a great degree) his familiarity; never leaving the court, but when he was sent to that of France, on some short commissions and embassies of compliment: as if the king designed to show the French, (who would be thought the politest nation) that one of the finest gentlemen in Europe was his subject; and that we had a prince who understood his worth so well, as not to suffer him to be long out of his presence.

The succeeding reign neither relished my lord's wit, nor approved his maxims: so he retired altogether from court. But, as the irretrievable mistake of that unhappy government went on to threaten the nation with something more terrible than a Dutch war, he thought it became him to resume the courage of his youth, and once more to engage himself in defending the liberty of his country. He entered into the prince of Orange's interest; and carried on his part of that great enterprise here in London, and under the eye of the court, with the same resolution, as his friend and fellow-patriot, the late duke of Devonshire, did in open arms at Nottingham; till the dangers of those times increased to extremity, and just apprehensions arose for the safety of the princess, our present glorious queen: then the earl of Dorset was thought the properest guide of her necessary flight, and the person under whose courage and direction the nation might most safely trust a charge so precious and important.

After the establishment of their late majesties upon the throne, there was room again at court for men of my lord's character. He had a part in the councils of those princes, a great share in their friendship, and all the marks of distinction with which a good government could reward a patriot. He was made chamberlain of their majesties household; a place which he so eminently adorned by the grace of his person, the fineness of his breeding, and the knowledge and practice of what was decent and magnificent, that he could only be rivalled in these qualifications by one great man, who has since held the same staff.

The last honours he received from his sovereign (and indeed they were the greatest which a subject could receive) were, that he was made knight of the garter, and constituted one of the regents of the kingdom during his majesty's absence. But his health, about that time, sensibly declining, and the public affairs not threatened by any imminent danger, he left the business to those who delighted more in the state of it, and appeared only

sometimes at council, to show his respect to the commission; giving as much leisure as he could to the relief of those pains with which it pleased God to afflict him; and indulging the reflections of a mind, that had looked through the world with too piercing an eye, and was grown weary of the prospect. Upon the whole, it may very justly be said of this great man, with regard to the public, that through the course of his life he acted like an able pilot in a long voyage; contented to sit quiet in the cabin, when the winds were allayed, and the waters smooth; but vigilant and ready to resume the helm, when the storm arose, and the sea grew tumultuous.

I ask your pardon, my lord, if I look yet a little more nearly into the late lord Dorset's character: if I examine it not without some intention of finding fault, and (which is an odd way of making a panegyric) set his blemishes and imperfections in open view.

The fire of his youth carried him to some excesses; but they were accompanied with a most lively invention, and true humour. The little violences and easy mistakes of a night too gaily spent (and that too in the beginning of life) were always set right the next day, with great humanity, and ample retribution. His faults brought their excuse with them; and his very failings had their beauties. So much sweetness accompanied what he said, and so great generosity what he did, that people were always prepossessed in his favour: and it was in fact true, what the late earl of Rochester said in jest to king Charles, that he did not know how it was, but my lord Dorset might do any thing, yet was never to blame.

He was naturally very subject to passion; but the short gust was soon over, and served only to set off the charms of his temper, when more composed. That very passion broke out with a force of wit, which made even anger agreeable: while it lasted, he said and forgot a thousand things, which other men would have been glad to have studied and wrote; but the impetuosity was corrected upon a moment's reflection, and the measure altered with such grace and delicacy, that you could scarce perceive where the key was changed.

He was very sharp in his reflections; but never in the wrong place. His darts were sure to wound; but they were sure too to hit none, but those whose follies gave him very fair aim. And, when he allowed no quarter, he had certainly been provoked by more than common errour; by men's tedious and circumstantial recitals of their affairs; or by their multiplied questions about his own; by extreme ignorance and impertinence; or the mixture of these, an ill-judged and never-ceasing civility; or, lastly, by the two things which were his utter aversion, the insinuation of a flatterer, and the whisper of a tale-bearer.

If therefore we set the piece in its worst position, if its faults be most exposed, the shades will still appear very finely joined with their lights, and

every imperfection will be diminished by the lustre of some neighbouring virtue. But, if we turn the great drawings and wonderful colourings to their true light, the whole must appear beautiful, noble, admirable.

He possessed all those virtues, in the highest degree, upon which the pleasure of society, and the happiness of life, depend: and he exercised them with the greatest decency, and best manners. As good-nature is said, by a great author[1], to belong more particularly to the English, than any other nation; it may again be said, that it belonged more particularly to the late earl of Dorset, than to any other Englishman.

A kind husband he was, without fondness; and an indulgent father, without partiality. So extraordinary good a master, that this quality ought indeed to have been numbered among his defects; for he was often served worse than became his station, from his unwillingness to assume an authority too severe. And, during those little transports of passion, to which I just now said he was subject, I have known his servants get into his way, that they might make a merit of it immediately after; for he, that had the good fortune to be chid, was sure of being rewarded for it.

His table was one of the last that gave us an example of the old housekeeping of an English nobleman. A freedom reigned at it, which made every one of his guests think himself at home; and an abundance, which showed that the master's hospitality extended to many more than those who had the honour to sit at the table with him.

In his dealings with others, his care and exactness, that every man should have his due, was such, that you would think he had never seen a court: the politeness and civility, with which this justice was administered, would convince you he never had lived out of one.

He was so strict an observer of his word, that no consideration whatever could make him break it; yet so cautious, lest the merit of his act should arise from that obligation only, that he usually did the greatest favours, without making any previous promise. So inviolable was he in his friendship, and so kind to the character of those whom he had once honoured with a more intimate acquaintance, that nothing less than a demonstration of some essential fault could make him break with them; and then too, his good-nature did not consent to it, without the greatest reluctance and difficulty. Let me give one instance of this amongst many. When, as lord chamberlain, he was obliged to take the king's pension from Mr. Dryden, who had long before put himself out of a possibility of receiving any favour from the court; my lord allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. However displeased with the conduct of his old acquaintance, he re-

[1] Sprat.

lieved his necessities; and while he gave him his assistance in private, in public he extenuated and pitied his errour.

The foundation indeed of these excellent qualities, and the perfection of my lord Dorset's character, was that unbounded Charity which ran through the whole tenour of his life, and sat as visibly predominant over the other faculties of his soul, as she is said to do in Heaven above her sister-virtues.

Crowds of poor daily thronged his gates, expecting thence their bread; and were still lessened by his sending the most proper objects of his bounty to apprenticeships or hospitals. The lazy and the sick, as he accidentally saw them, were removed from the street to the physician; and many of them not only restored to health, but supplied with what might enable them to resume their former callings, and make their future life happy. The prisoner has often been released, by my lord's paying the debt; and the condemned has been saved, by his intercession with the sovereign, where he thought the letter of the law too rigid. To those whose circumstances were such as made them ashamed of their poverty, he knew how to bestow his munificence, without offending their modesty; and, under the notion of frequent presents, gave them what amounted to a subsistence. Many yet alive know this to be true; though he told it to none, nor ever was more uneasy than when any one mentioned it to him.

We may find, among the Greeks and Latins, Tibullus and Gallus, the noblemen that writ poetry; Augustus and Mæcenas, the protectors of learning; Aristides, the good citizen; and Atticus, the well-bred friend; and bring them in as examples of my lord Dorset's wit, his judgment, his justice, and his civility. But for his charity, my lord, we can scarce find a parallel in history itself.

Titus was not more the deliciæ humani generis, on this account, than my lord Dorset was. And, without any exaggeration, that prince did not do more good in proportion out of the revenue of the Roman empire, than your father out of the income of a private estate. Let this, my lord, remain to you and your posterity a possession for ever, to be imitated, and, if possible, to be excelled.

As to my own particular, I scarce knew what life was, sooner than I found myself obliged to his favour; nor have had reason to feel any sorrow so sensibly as that of his death.

> Ille dies—quem semper acerbum
> Semper honoratum (sic Di voluistis) habebo.

Æneas could not reflect upon the loss of his own father with greater piety, my lord, than I must recall the memory of yours: and, when I think whose son I am writing to, the least I promise myself, from your goodness, is an uninterrupted continuance of favour, and a friendship for life. To

which that I may with some justice entitle myself, I send your lordship a dedication, not filled with a long detail of your praises, but with my sincerest wishes that you may deserve them; that you may employ those extraordinary parts and abilities, with which Heaven has blessed you, to the honour of your family, the benefit of your friends, and the good of your country; that all your actions may be great, open, and noble, such as may tell the world whose son and whose successor you are.

What I now offer to your lordship is a collection of poetry, a kind of garland of good-will. If any verses of my writing should appear in print under another name and patronage than that of an Earl of Dorset, people might suspect them not to be genuine. I have attained my present end, if these poems prove the diversion of some of your youthful hours, as they have been occasionally the amusement of some of mine; and I humbly hope, that, as I may hereafter bind up my fuller sheaf, and lay some pieces of a very different nature (the product of my severer studies) at your lordship's feet, I shall engage your more serious reflection: happy, if in all my endeavours I may contribute to your delight, or to your instruction.

I am, with all duty and respect,
my lord,
your lordship's
most obedient, and
most humble servant,

MAT. PRIOR.

PREFACE.

The greatest part of what I have written having been already published, either singly or in some of the miscellanies, it would be too late for me to make any excuse for appearing in print. But a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, though without my knowledge, in which the publisher has given me the honour of some things that did not belong to me; and has transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine. This has obliged me, in my own defence, to look back upon some of those lighter studies, which I ought long since to have quitted; and to publish an indifferent collection of poems, for fear of being thought the author of a worse.

Thus I beg pardon of the public for re-printing some pieces, which, as they came singly from their first impression, have (I fancy) lain long and quietly in Mr. Tonson's shop; and adding others to them, which were never before printed, and might have lain as quietly, and perhaps more safely, in a corner of my own study.

The reader will, I hope, make allowance for their having been written at very distant times, and on very different occasions; and take them as they happen to come: public panegyrics, amorous odes, serious reflections, or idle tales, the product of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.

I own myself much obliged to Mrs. Singer, who has given me leave to print a pastoral of her writing; that poem having produced the verses immediately following it. I wish she might be prevailed with to publish some other pieces of that kind, in which the softness of her sex, and the sweetness of her genius, conspire to give her a very distinguishing character.

POSTSCRIPT.

I must help my preface by a postscript, to tell the reader that there is ten years distance between my writing one and the other; and that (whatever I thought then, and have somewhere said, that I would publish no more poetry) he will find several copies of verses scattered through this edition which were not printed in the first. Those relating to the public stand in the order they did before, according to the several years in which they were written; however the disposition of our national affairs, the actions or fortunes of some men, and the opinions of others, may have changed. Verse, and other human things, may take what turn they can; but poetry, which pretends to have something of divinity in it, is to be more permanent. Odes, once printed, cannot well be altered, when the author has already said, that he expects his works should live for ever: and it had been very foolish in my friend Horace, if, some years after his Exegi Monumentum, he should have desired to see his building taken down again.

The dedication likewise is re-printed, to the earl of Dorset, in the foregoing leaves, without any alteration; though I had the fairest opportunity, and the strongest inclination, to have added a great deal to it. The blooming hopes, which I said the world expected from my then very young patron, have been confirmed by most noble and distinguished first-fruits; and his life is going on towards a plentiful harvest of all accumulated virtues. He has, in fact, exceeded whatever the fondness of my wishes could invent in his favour: his equally good and beautiful lady enjoys in him an indulgent and obliging husband; his children, a kind and careful father; and his acquaintance, a

faithful, generous, and polite friend. His fellow-peers have attended to the persuasion of his eloquence; and have been convinced by the solidity of his reasoning. He has, long since, deserved and attained the honour of the garter. He has managed some of the greatest charges of the kingdom with known ability; and laid them down with entire disinteressment. And as he continues the exercises of these eminent virtues, (which that he may to a very old age, shall be my perpetual wish) he may be one of the greatest men that our age, or possibly our nation, has bred; and leave materials for a panegyric, not unworthy the pen of some future Pliny.

From so noble a subject as the earl of Dorset, to so mean a one as myself, is (I confess) a very Pindaric transition: I shall only say one word, and trouble the reader no further. I published my poems formerly, as Monsieur Jourdain sold his silk: he would not be thought a tradesman; but ordered some pieces to be measured out to his particular friends. Now I give up my shop, and dispose of all my poetical goods at once: I must therefore desire, that the public would please to take them in the gross; and that every body would turn over what he does not like.

POEMS

OF

MATTHEW PRIOR.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF

GEORGE PRINCE OF DENMARK, AND THE LADY ANNE[1].

BY MR. PRIOR, 1683.

Conjunctum Veneri Martem, Danosque Britannis
  Dum canit altisonis docta caterva modis,
Affero sincerum culto pro carmine votum,
  Quod minus ingenii, plus pietatis habet.
Vivant Ambo diu, vivant feliciter, opto;
  Diligat hic sponsam, diligat illa virum:
Junctos perpetuâ teneas, Hymenæe, catenâ;
  Junctos, Juno, die protege; nocte, Venus!
Exultent simili felices prole parentes,
  Ut petat hinc multos natio bina duces!

[1] From the Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis, Cantabrigiæ, 1683. This copy, notwithstanding the signature, is beyond a doubt the property of the facetious Matt. Prior. See the Miscellany Poems, 1731, Vol. VII. p. 93.—All our college exercises are given up, signed only by us, with our surname.—The dean of the college, to whom, in right of his office, Prior's verses were delivered, not knowing, or mistaking Prior's name, who was then a freshman, marked them with A. instead of M. when he gave them into the university inspectors for their approbation: or, probably, he might have made so aukward an M. that they mistook it for an A. They bear internal evidence of their being written by one, though a freshman, used to write Latin verse; and to write it too, in a great school, under a great master—as was Prior's—Dr. Busby. There is a classical terseness in the diction, and ease and harmony in the numbers. And the distant imitation of Martial's admirable lines on the Happy Married Pair—or rather the allusion to that excellent little piece (for it can hardly be called an imitation of it) shows the taste of a master, at the years of a boy, and is not unworthy the name, or the fame, of Prior. KYNASTON.

Cumque senes pariter cupiant valedicere terris,
  Nè mors augustum dividat atra jugum:
Sed qualis raptum transvexit currus Elijam,
  Transvehat ad superas talis utrumque domos!
A. PRIOR, Coll. Div. Joh. Alumn

ON EXODUS III. 14.

I AM THAT I AM.

AN ODE.

WRITTEN 1688, AS AN EXERCISE AT ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

Man! foolish man!
Scarce know'st thou how thyself began;
Scarce hast thou thought enough to prove thou art;
Yet, steel'd with study'd boldness, thou dar'st try
To send thy doubting Reason's dazzled eye
Through the mysterious gulph of vast immensity.
Much thou canst there discern, much thence impart.
  Vain wretch! suppress thy knowing pride;
  Mortify thy learned lust.
Vain are thy thoughts, while thou thyself art dust.

Let Wit her sails, her oars let Wisdom lend;
The helm let politic Experience guide:
Yet cease to hope thy short-liv'd bark shall ride
Down spreading Fate's unnavigable tide.
  What though still it farther tend,
  Still 'tis farther from its end;
And, in the bosom of that boundless sea,
Still finds its errour lengthen'd with its way.

With daring pride and insolent delight,
Your doubts resolv'd you boast, your labours crown'd,
And, "ETPHKA! your God, forsooth, is found
Incomprehensible and infinite.
But is he therefore found? vain searcher! no:
Let your imperfect definition show
That nothing you, the weak definer, know.

  Say, why should the collected Main
  Itself within itself contain?

Why to its caverns should it sometimes creep,
And with delighted silence sleep
On the lov'd bosom of its parent Deep?
Why should its numerous waters stay
In comely discipline, and fair array,
Till winds and tides exert their high command!
Then prompt and ready to obey,
Why do the rising surges spread
Their opening ranks o'er Earth's submissive head,
Marching through different paths to different lands?

Why does the constant Sun,
With measur'd steps, his radiant journies run?
Why does he order the diurnal hours
To leave Earth's other part, and rise in ours?
Why does he wake the correspondent Moon,
And fill her willing lamp with liquid light,
Commanding her with delegated powers
To beautify the world, and bless the night?
Why does each animated star
Love the just limits of its proper sphere?
Why does each consenting sign
With prudent harmony combine
In turns to move, and subsequent appear,
To gird the globe, and regulate the year?

Man does, with dangerous curiosity,
These unfathom'd wonders try:
With fancied rules and arbitrary laws
Matter and motion he restrains;
And studied lines and fictious circles draws:
Then, with imagin'd sovereignty,
Lord of his new hypothesis he reigns.
He reigns: how long? till some usurper rise;
And he too, mighty thoughtful, mighty wise,
Studies new lines, and other circles feigns.
From this last toil again what knowledge flows?
Just as much, perhaps, as shows
That all his predecessor's rules
Were empty cant, all jargon of the schools;
That he on t'other's ruin rears his throne;
And shows his friend's mistake, and thence confirms his own.

On earth, in air, amidst the seas and skies,
Mountainous heaps of wonders rise,
Whose towering strength will ne'er submit
To Reason's batteries, or the mines of Wit:
Yet still inquiring, still mistaken man,
Each hour repuls'd, each hour dares onward press:
And, levelling at God his wandering guess,
(That feeble engine of his reasoning war, [spair)
Which guides his doubts, and combats his de-
Laws to his Maker the learn'd wretch can give:
Can bound that nature, and prescribe that will,
Whose pregnant word did either ocean fill:
Can tell us whence all beings are, and how they move and live.
Through either ocean, foolish man!
That pregnant word sent forth again,
Might to a world extend each atom there; [star.
For every drop call forth a sea, a heaven for every

Let cunning Earth her fruitful wonders hide;
And only lift thy staggering reason up
To trembling Calvary's astonish'd top;
Then mock thy knowledge, and confound thy pride,
Explaining how Perfection suffer'd pain
Almighty languish'd, and Eternal died:,
How by her patient victor Death was slain;
And Earth profan'd, yet bless'd, with Deicide.

Then down with all thy boasted volumes, down;
Only reserve the sacred one:
Low, reverently low,
Make thy stubborn knowledge bow;
Weep out thy reason's and thy body's eyes;
Deject thyself, that thou may'st rise;
To look to Heaven, be blind to all below.

Then Faith, for Reason's glimmering light, shall
Her immortal perspective; [give
And Grace's presence Nature's loss retrieve:
Then thy enliven'd soul shall see,
That all the volumes of Philosophy,
With all their comments, never could invent
So politic an instrument,
To reach the Heaven of heavens, the high abode,
Where Moses places his mysterious God,
As was the ladder which old Jacob rear'd,
When light divine had human darkness clear'd;
And his enlarg'd ideas found the road,
Which Faith had dictated, and angels trod.

CONSIDERATIONS ON

PART OF THE LXXXVIIITH PSALM:

A COLLEGE EXERCISE, 1690.

Heavy, O Lord, on me thy judgments lie,
Accurst I am, while God rejects my cry.
O'erwhelm'd in darkness and despair I groan;
And every place is hell; for God is gone.
O! Lord, and let thy beam control
Those horrid clouds, that press my frighted soul:
Save the poor wanderer from eternal night,
Thou that art the God of Light.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd place;
There none obtain thy aid, or sing thy praise.
Soon I shall lie in Death's deep ocean drown'd:
Is mercy there, or sweet forgiveness found?
O save me yet, whilst on the brink I stand;
Rebuke the storm, and waft my soul to land.
O let her rest beneath thy wing secure,
Thou that art the God of Power.

Behold the prodigal! to thee I come,
To hail my father, and to seek my home.
Nor refuge could I find, nor friend abroad,
Straying in vice, and destitute of God.
O let thy terrours, and my anguish end!
Be thou my refuge and be thou my friend:
Receive the son thou didst so long reprove,
Thou that art the God of Love.

TO THE

REV. DR. F. TURNER, BISHOP OF ELY,

WHO HAD ADVISED A TRANSLATION OF PRUDENTIUS.

If poets, ere they cloth'd their infant thought,
And the rude work to just perfection brought,
Did still some god, or godlike man invoke,
Whose mighty name their sacred silence broke:
Your goodness, sir, will easily excuse
The bold requests of an aspiring Muse;
Who, with your blessing, would your aid implore,
And in her weakness justify your power.—

From your fair pattern she would strive to write,
And with unequal strength pursue your flight;
Yet hopes she ne'er can err that follows you,
Led by your blest commands, and great example too.
Then smiling and aspiring influence give,
And make the Muse and her endeavours live;
Claim all her future labours as your due,
Let every song begin and end with you:
So to the blest retrent she'll gladly go,
Where the saints' palm and Muses' laurel grow;
Where kindly both in glad embrace shall join,
And round your brow their mingled honours twine;
Both to the virtue due, which could excel,
As much in writing, as in living well—
So shall she proudly press the tuneful string,
And mighty things in mighty numbers sing;
Nor doubt to strike Prudentius' daring lyre,
And humbly bring the verse which you inspire.

A PASTORAL.

TO THE BISHOP OF ELY,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FROM CAMBRIDGE.

DAMON.

Tell, dear Alexis, tell thy Damon, why
Dost thou in mournful shades obscurely lie?
Why dost thou sigh, why strike thy panting breast?
And steal from life the needful hours of rest?
Are thy kids starv'd by winter's early frost?
Are any of thy bleating stragglers lost? [ground?
Have strangers' cattle trod thy new-plough'd
Has great Joanna, or her greater shepherd, frown'd?

ALEXIS.

See my kids browze, my lambs securely play:
(Ah! were their master unconcern'd as they!)
No beasts (at noon I look'd) had trod my ground;
Nor has Joanna, or her shepherd, frown'd.

DAMON.

Then stop the lavish fountain of your eyes,
Nor let those sighs from your swoln bosom rise;
Chase sadness, friend, and solitude away;
And once again rejoice, and once again look gay.

ALEXIS.

Say what can more our tortur'd souls annoy,
Than to behold, admire, and lose our joy?
Whose fate more hard than those who sadly run,
For the last glimpse of the departing Sun?
Or what severer sentence can be given,
Than, having seen, to be excluded Heaven?

DAMON.

None, shepherd, none—

ALEXIS.

Then cease to chide my cares!
And rather pity than restrain my tears;
Those tears, my Damon, which I justly shed,
To think how great my joys; how soon they fled.
I told thee, friend, (now bless the shepherd's name,
From whose dear care the kind occasion came)
That I, even I, might happily receive [give:
The sacred wealth, which Heaven and Daphnis
That I might see the lovely awful swain,
Whose holy crosier guides our willing plain;
Whose pleasing power and ruling goodness keep
Our souls with equal care as we our sheep;
Whose praise excites each lyre, employs each tongue:
Whilst only he who caus'd, dislikes the song.
To this great, humble, parting man I gain'd
Access, and happy for an hour I reign'd;
Happy as new-form'd man in paradise,
Ere sin debauch'd his innoffensive bliss;
Happy as heroes after battles won,
Prophets entranc'd, or monarchs on the throne;
But (oh, my friend!) those joys with Daphnis flew:
To them these tributary tears are due.

DAMON.

Was he so humble then? those joys so vast?
Cease to admire that both so quickly past.
Too happy should we be, would smiling Fate
Render one blessing durable and great;
But (oh the sad vicissitude!) how soon
Unwelcome night succeeds the cheerful noon;
And rigid winter nips the flowery pomp of June!
Then grieve not, friend, like you, since all man-kind
A certain change of joy and sorrow find.
Suppress your sigh, your down-cast eyelids raise,
Whom present you revere, him absent praise.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EXETER,

PLAYING ON THE LUTE.

What charms you have, from what high race you sprung,
Have been the pleasing subjects of my song:
Unskill'd and young, yet something still I writ,
Of Cavendish' beauty join'd to Cecil's wit.
But when you please to show the labouring Muse,
What greater theme your music can produce;
My babbling praises I repeat no more,
But hear, rejoice, stand silent, and adore.
The Persians thus, first gazing on the Sun,
Admir'd how high 'twas plac'd, how bright it shone:
But, as his power was known, their thoughts were rais'd;
And soon they worship'd, what at first they prais'd.
Eliza's glory lives in Spenser's song;
And Cowley's verse keeps fair Orinda young.
That as in birth, in beauty you excel,
The Muse might dictate, and the poet tell:
Your art no other art can speak; and you,
To show how well you play, must play anew;
Your music's power your music must disclose;
For what *light is, 'tis only light that shows.*
Strange force of harmony, that thus controls
Our thoughts, and turns and sanctifies our souls:
While with its utmost art your sex could move
Our wonder only, or at best our love:
You far above both these your God did place,
That your high power might worldly thoughts destroy;
That with your numbers you our zeal might raise,
And, like himself, communicate your joy.
When to your native Heaven you shall repair,
And with your presence crown the blessings there,
Your lute may wind its strings but little higher,
To tune their notes to that immortal quire:

Your art is perfect here; your numbers do,
More than our books, make the rude atheist know
That there's a Heaven by what he hears below.
As in some piece, while Luke his skill exprest,
A cunning angel came, and drew the rest:
So when you play, some godhead does impart
Harmonious aid, divinity helps art;
Some cherub finishes what you begun,
And to a miracle improves a tune.
To burning Rome, when frantic Nero play'd,
Viewing that face, no more he had survey'd
The raging flames; but, struck with strange surprise,
Confess'd them less than those of Anna's eyes:
But, had he heard thy lute, he soon had found
His rage eluded, and his crime aton'd:
Thine, like Amphion's hand, had wak'd the stone,
And from destruction call'd the rising town:
Malice to Music had been forc'd to yield;
Nor could he burn so fast, as thou could'st build.

ON A

PICTURE OF SENECA DYING IN A BATH;

BY JORDAIN:

AT THE EARL OF EXETER'S, AT BURLEIGH-HOUSE.

While cruel Nero only drains
The moral Spaniard's ebbing veins,
By study worn, and slack with age,
How dull, how thoughtless, is his rage!
Heighten'd revenge would he have took,
He should have burnt his tutor's book;
And long have reign'd supreme in vice:
One nobler wretch can only rise;
'Tis he whose fury shall deface
The Stoic's image in this piece;
For while unhurt, divine Jordain,
Thy work and Seneca's remain,
He still has body, still has soul,
And lives and speaks, restor'd and whole.

AN ODE.

While blooming youth and gay delight
Sit on thy rosy cheeks confest,
Thou hast, my dear, undoubted right
To triumph o'er this destin'd breast.
My reason bends to what thy eyes ordain;
For I was born to love, and thou to reign.

But would you meanly thus rely
On power you know I must obey?
Exert a legal tyranny,
And do an ill, because you may?
Still must I thee, as atheists Heaven, adore;
Not see thy mercy, and yet dread thy power?

Take heed, my dear: youth flies apace;
As well as Cupid, Time is blind:
Soon must those glories of thy face
The fate of vulgar beauty find:
The thousand Loves, that arm thy potent eye,
Must drop their quivers, clap their wings, and die.

Then wilt thou sigh, when in each frown
A hateful wrinkle more appears;
And putting peevish humours on,
Seems but the sad effect of years:
Kindness, itself too weak a charm will prove
To raise the feeble fires of aged love.

Forc'd compliments, and formal bows,
Will show thee just above neglect:
The heat with which thy lover glows,
Will settle into cold respect:
A talking dull Platonic I shall turn:
Learn to be civil, when I cease to burn.

Then shun the ill, and know, my dear,
Kindness and constancy will prove
The only pillars, fit to bear
So vast a weight as that of love.
If thou canst wish to make my flames endure,
Thine must be very fierce, and very pure.

Haste, Celia, haste, while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's present voice;
Fill every sense with soft delights,
And give thy soul a loose to joys:
Let millions of repeated blisses prove
That thou all kindness art, and I all love.

Be mine, and only mine; take care
Thy looks, thy thoughts, thy dreams, to guide
To me alone; nor come so far,
As liking any youth beside:
What men e'er court thee, fly them, and believe
They're serpents all, and thou the tempted Eve.

So shall I court thy dearest truth,
When beauty ceases to engage;
So, thinking on thy charming youth,
I'll love it o'er again in age:
So time itself our raptures shall improve,
While still we wake to joy, and live to love.

AN EPISTLE

TO FLEETWOOD SHEPHARD, ESQ.

When crowding folks, with strange ill faces,
Were making legs, and begging places,
And some with patents, some with merit,
Tir'd out my good lord Dorset's spirit:
Sneaking I stood amongst the crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.
I waited while the clock struck thrice,
And footman brought out fifty lies;
Till, patience vext, and legs grown weary,
I thought it was in vain to tarry:
But did opine it might be better
By penny-post to send a letter;
Now, if you miss of this epistle,
I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle.
My business, sir, you'll quickly guess,
Is to desire some little place;
And fair pretensions I have for't,
Much need, and very small desert.
Whene'er I writ to you, I wanted;
I always begg'd, you always granted.
Now, as you took me up when little,
Gave me my learning and my vittle;
Ask'd for me, from my lord, things fitting,
Kind as I'ad been your own begetting;
Confirm what formerly you've given,
Nor leave me now at six and seven,
As Sunderland has left Mun Stephen.
No family, that takes a whelp
When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,

Neglects or turns him out of gate
When he's grown up to dog's estate:
Nor parish, if they once adopt
The spurious brats by strollers dropt,
Leave them, when grown up lusty fellows,
To the wide world, that is, the gallows:
No, thank them for their love, that's worse,
Than if they 'd throttled them at nurse.
My uncle, rest his soul! when living,
Might have contriv'd me ways of thriving;
Taught me with cider to replenish
My vats, or ebbing tide of Rhenish.
So when for hock I drew prickt white-wine,
Swear 't had the flavour, and was right wine.
Or sent me with ten pounds to Furnival's inn, to some good rogue-attorney;
Where now, by forging deeds, and cheating,
I 'ad found some handsome ways of g tting.
All this you made me quit, to follow
That sneaking whey-fac'd god Apollo;
Sent me among a fiddling crew
Of folks, I 'ad never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
To add no more invectives to it,
You spoil'd the youth, to make a poet.
In common justice, sir, there's no man
That makes the whore, but keeps the woman.
Among all honest christian people,
Whoe'er breaks limbs, maintains the cripple.
The sum of all I have to say,
Is, that you'd put me in some way;
And your petitioner shall pray—
There's one thing more I had almost slipt,
But that may do as well in postscript:
My friend Charles Montague's preferr'd;
Nor would I have it long obs rv'd,
That one mouse eats, while t'other's starv'd.

ANOTHER EPISTLE TO THE SAME.

SIR, BURLEIGH, MAY 14, 1689.

As once a twelvemonth to the priest,
Holy at Rome, here antichrist,
The Spanish king presents a jennet,
To show his love;—that's all that's in it:
For if his holiness would thump
His reverend bum 'gainst horse's rump,
He might b' equipt from his own stable
With one more white, and eke more able.
Or as, with gondolas and men, his
Good excellence the duke of Venice
(I wish, for rhyme, 't had been the king)
Sails out, and gives the Gulph a ring;
Which trick of state, he wisely maintains,
Keeps kindness up 'twixt old acquaintance;
For else, in honest truth, the sea
Has much less need of gold than he.
Or, not to rove, and pump one's fancy
For popish similies beyond sea;
As folks from mud-wall'd tenement
Bring landlords pepper-corn for rent;
Present a turkey, or a hen,
To those might better spare them ten;
Ev'n so, with all submission, I
(For first men instance, then apply)
Send you each year a homely letter,
Who may return me much a better.
Then take it, sir, as it was writ,
To pay respect, and not shew wit:
Nor look askew at what it saith;
There's no petition in it—faith.
Here some would scratch their heads, and try
What they should write, and how, and why;
But, I conceive, such folks are quite in
Mistakes, in theory of writing.
If once for principle 'tis laid,
That thought is trouble to the head;
I argue thus: the world agrees
That he writes well, who writes with ease:
Then he, by sequel logical,
Writes best, who never thinks at all.
Verse comes from Heaven, like inward light;
More human pains can ne'er come by 't:
The god, not we, the poem makes;
We only tell folks what he speaks.
Hence, when anatomists discourse,
How like brutes' organs are to ours;
They grant, if higher powers think fit,
A bear might soon be made a wit;
And that, for any thing in nature,
Pigs might squeak love-odes, dogs bark satire.
Memnon, though stone, was counted vocal;
But 'twas the god, meanwhile, that spoke all.
Rome oft has heard a cross haranguing,
With prompting priest behind the hanging:
The wooden head resolv'd the question;
While you and Pettis help'd the jest on.
Your crabbed rogues, that read Lucretius,
Are against gods, you know; and teach us,
The gods make not the poet; but
The thesis, vice-versa put,
Should Hebrew-wise be understood;
And means, the poet makes the god.
Egyptian gardeners thus are said to
Have set the leeks they after pray'd to:
And Romish bakers praise the deity
They chipp'd while yet in its paneity.
That when you poets swear and cry,
"The god inspires! I rave, I die!"
If inward wind does truly swell ye,
'T must be the colic in your belly:
That writing is but just like dice,
And lucky mains make people wise:
That jumbled words, if Fortune throw 'em,
Shall, well as Dryden, form a poem;
Or make a speech, correct and witty,
As you know who—at the committee.
So atoms dancing round the centre,
They urge, made all things at a venture.
But, granting matters should be spoke
By method, rather than by luck;
This may confine their younger styles,
Whom Dryden pedagogues at Will's;
But never could be meant to tye
Authentic wits, like you and I:
For as young children, who are tied in
Go-carts, to keep their steps from sliding;
When members knit, and legs grow stronger,
Make use of such machine no longer;
But leap *pro libitu*, and scout
On horse call'd hobby, or without;
So when at school we first declaim,
Old Busby walks us in a theme,
Whose props support our infant vein,
And help the rickets in the brain:
But, when our souls their force dilate,
And thoughts grow up to wit's estate;

In verse or prose, we write or chat,
Not sixpence matter upon what.
'Tis not how well an author says;
But 'tis how much, that gathers praise.
Tonson, who is himself a wit,
Counts writers' merits by the sheet.
Thus each should down with all he thinks,
As boys eat bread, to fill up chinks.
Kind sir, I should be glad to see you;
I hope y' are well; so God be wi' you.
Was all I thought at first to write;
But things, since then, are alter'd quite:
Fancies flow in, and Muse flies high;
So God knows when my clack will lie.
I must, sir, prattle on, as afore,
And b g your pardon yet this half-hour.
So at pure barn of loud Non-con,
Where with my granam I have gone,
When Lobb had sifted all his text,
And I well hop'd the pudding next;
"Now to apply," has plagu'd me more
Than all his villain cant before.
For your Religion, first, of her
Your friends do savoury things aver:
They say, she's honest as your claret,
Not sour'd with cant, nor stumm'd with merit;
Your chamber is the sole retreat
Of chaplains every Sunday night:
Of grace, no doubt, a certain sign,
When layman herds with man divine;
For, if their fame be justly great,
Who would no popish nuncio treat;
That his is greater, we must grant,
Who will treat nuncios protestant.
One single positive weighs more,
You know, than negatives a score.
In politics, I hear, you 're stanch,
Directly bent against the French;
Deny to have your free-born toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden shoe:
Are in no plots; but fairly drive at
The public welfare, in your private;
And will for England's glory try
Turks, Jews, and Jesuits, to defy,
And keep your places till you die.
For me, whom wandering Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the town and you:
Let me just tell you how my time is
Past in a country life.—Imprimis,
As soon as Phœbus' rays inspect us,
First, sir, I read, and then I breakfast;
So on, till foresaid god does set,
I sometimes study, sometimes eat.
Thus, of your heroes and brave boys,
With whom old Homer makes such noise,
The greatest actions I can find,
Are, that they did their work, and din'd.
The books, of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are such as you have whilom conn'd;
That treat of China's civil law,
And subjects' right in Golconda;
Of highway-elephants at Ceylan,
That rob in clans, like men o' th' Highland;
Of apes that storm, or keep a town,
As well almost as count Lauzun;
Of unicorns and alligators,
Elks, mermaids, mummies, witches, satyrs,
And twenty other stranger matters;
Which, though they're things I've no concern in,
Make all our grooms admire my learning.
Critics I read on other men,
And hypers upon them again;
From whose remarks I give opinion
On twenty books, yet ne'er look in one.
Then all your wits, that fleer and sham,
Down from Don Quixote to Tom Tram;
From whom I jests and puns purloin,
And slily put them off for mine:
Fond to be thought a country wit:
The rest—when Fate and you think fit.
Sometimes I climb my mare, and kick her
To bottled ale, and neighbouring vicar;
Sometimes at Stamford take a quart,
"Squire Shephard's health"—"With all my heart."!
Thus, without much delight or grief,
I fool away an idle life:
Till Shadwell from the town retires
(Chok'd up with fame and sea-coal fires),
To bless the wood with peaceful lyric:
Then hey for praise and panegyric;
Justice restor'd, and nations freed,
And wreaths round William's glorious head.

TO THE COUNTESS OF DORSET.

WRITTEN IN HER MILTON.

BY MR. BRADBURY.

See here how bright the first-born virgin shone,
And how the first fond lover was undone.
Such charming words, our beauteous mother spoke,
As Milton wrote, and such as yours her look.
Yours, the best copy of th' original face,
Whose beauty was to furnish all the race:
Such chains no author could escape but he;
There's no way to be safe, but not to see.

TO THE LADY DURSLEY.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Here reading how fond Adam was betray'd,
And how by sin Eve's blasted charms decay'd;
Our common loss unjustly you complain;
So small that part of it, which you sustain.
You still, fair mother, in your offspring trace
The stock of beauty destin'd for the race:
Kind Nature, forming them, the pattern took
From Heaven's first work, and Eve's original look.
You, happy saint, the serpent's power control:
Scarce any actual guilt defiles your soul:
And Hell does o'er that mind vain triumph boast,
Which gains a Heaven, for earthly Eden lost.
With virtue strong as yours had Eve been arm'd,
In vain the fruit had blush'd, or serpent charm'd;
Nor had our bliss by penitence been bought;
Nor had frail Adam fall'n, nor Milton wrote.

TO MY LORD BUCKHURST,

VERY YOUNG, PLAYING WITH A CAT.

The amorous youth, whose tender breast
Was by his darling cat possest,

Obtain'd of Venus his desire,
Howe'er irregular his fire:
Nature the power of love obey'd,
The cat became a blushing maid;
And, on the happy change, the boy
Employ'd his wonder and his joy.
Take care, O beauteous child, take care,
Lest thou prefer so rash a prayer:
Nor vainly hope, the queen of love
Will e'er thy favourite's charms improve.
O quickly from her shrine retreat;
Or tremble for thy darling's fate.
The queen of love, who soon will see
Her own Adonis live in thee,
Will lightly her first loss deplore;
Will easily forgive the boar:
Her eyes with tears no more will flow;
With jealous rage her breast will glow:
And, on her tabby rival's face,
She deep will mark her new disgrace.

AN ODE.

While from our looks, fair nymph, you guess
The secret passions of our mind;
My heavy eyes, you say, confess
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas! but little art,
To have this fatal secret found;
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may show the wound,

How can I see you, and not love,
While you as opening east are fair?
While cold as northern blasts you prove,
How can I love, and not despair?

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may release:
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair prophetess, my grief would cease.

A SONG.

In vain you tell your parting lover,
You wish fair winds may waft him over.
Alas! what winds can happy prove,
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain,
From slighted vows, and cold disdain?

Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempests loose:
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost,
I may once more repeat my pain;
Once more in dying notes complain
Of slighted vows, and cold disdain.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERD.

Alexis shunn'd his fellow-swains,
Their rural sports, and jocund strains:
(Heaven guard us all from Cupid's boy!)
He lost his crook, he left his flocks;
And, wandering through the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

The nymphs and shepherds round him came:
His grief some pity, others blame;
The fatal cause all kindly seek:
He mingled his concern with theirs;
He gave them back their friendly tears;
He sigh'd, but would not speak.

Clorinda came amongst the rest;
And she too kind concern exprest,
And ask'd the reason of his woe:
She ask'd, but with an air and mien,
That made it easily foreseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful head;
"And will you pardon me," he said,
"While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which nothing from my breast should tear;
Which never should offend your ear,
But that you bid me tell.

"'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care;
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart;
Ten thousand torments vex my heart:
I love, and I despair."

"Too much, Alexis, I have heard:
'Tis what I thought; 'tis what I fear'd:
And yet I pardon you," she cried:
"But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your pain:"
He bow'd, obey'd, and died.

TO THE HON. CHARLES MONTAGUE, ESQ.

AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX.

However, 'tis well, that while mankind
Through fate's perverse meander errs,
He can imagin'd pleasures find,
To combat against real cares.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
Which ne'er had being but in thought:
Each, like the Grecian artist, woos
The image he himself has wrought.

Against experience he believes;
He argues against demonstration;
Pleas'd when his reason he deceives;
And sets his judgment by his passion.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has struggled with continued sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desperate bett upon to morrow.

To morrow comes; 'tis noon, 'tis night;
This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to seek delight
To morrow, till to night he dies.

Our hopes, like towering falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height:
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In search of what we like, employ:
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

At distance through an artful glass
To the mind's eye things will appear;
They lose their forms, and make a mass
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

If we see right, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows:
The only wretched are the wise.

We wearied should lie down in death:
This cheat of life would take no more,
If you thought fame but empty breath,
I, Phillis but a perjur'd whore,

VARIATIONS IN A COPY, PRINTED 1692.

Our hopes, like towering falcons aim
At objects in an airy height;
But all the pleasure of the game
Is afar off to view the flight.

The worthless prey but only shews
The joy consisted in the strife;
Whate'er we take, as soon we lose
In Homer's riddle and in life.

So, whilst in feverish sleeps we think
We taste what waking we desire,
The dream is better than the drink,
Which only feeds the sickly fire.

To the mind's eye things well appear,
At distance through an artful glass;
Bring but the flattering objects near,
They're all a senseless gloomy mass.

Seeing aright, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise.

We wearied should lie down in death,
This cheat of life would take no more;
If you thought fame but stinking breath,
And Phyllis but a perjur'd whore.

AD VIRUM DOCTISSIMUM DOMINUM SAMUELEM SHAW,

CUM THESES DE ICTERO PRO GRADU DOCTORIS DEFENDERET, 4 JUNII, 1692.

Phœbe potens sævis morbis vel lædere gentes,
Læsas solerti vel relevare manu,
Aspice tu deeus hoc nostrum, placidusque fatere
Indomitus quantum prosit in arte labor:
Non icterum posthac pestemve minaberis orbi,
Fortius hic juvenis dum medicamen habet:
Mitte dehinc iras, et nato carmina dona;
Neglectum telum dejice, sume lyram.

TRANSLATION.

BY MR. COOKE.

O! Phœbus, deity, whose powerful hand
Can spread diseases through the joyful land,
Alike all-powerful to relieve the pain,
And bid the groaning nations smile again;
When this our pride you see, confess you find
In him what art can do with labour join'd:
No more the world thy direful threats shall fear,
While he, the youth, our remedy, is near;
Suppress thy rage; with verse thy son inspire,
The dart neglected, to assume the lyre.

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

The town which Louis bought, Nassau re-claims,
And brings instead of bribes avenging flames.
Now, Louis, take thy titles from above,
Boileau shall sing, and we'll believe thee Jove:
Jove gain'd his mistress with alluring gold,
But Jove like thee was impotent and old!
Active and young did he like William stand,
He 'ad stunn'd the dame, his thunder in his hand.

ODE.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, III. OD. ii,

WRITTEN IN 1692.

How long, deluded Albion, wilt thou lie
In the lethargic sleep, the sad repose,
By which thy close, thy constant enemy,
Has softly lull'd thee to thy woes?
Or wake, degenerate isle, or cease to own
What thy old kings in Gallic camps have done;
The spoils they brought thee back, the crowns they won;
William (so Fate requires) again is arm'd;
Thy father to the field is gone:
Again Maria weeps her absent lord,
For thy repose content to rule alone.
Are thy enervate sons not yet alarm'd?
When William fights, dare they look tamely on,
So slow to get their ancient fame restor'd,
As nor to melt at Beauty's tears, nor follow Valour's sword?

See the repenting isle awakes,
Her vicious chains the generous goddess breaks:
The fogs around her temples are dispell'd;
Abroad she looks, and sees arm'd Belgia stand
Prepar'd to meet their common Lord's command;
Her lions roaring by her side, her arrows in her hand:
And, blushing to have been so long with-held,
Weeps off her crime, and hastens to the field.
Henceforth her youth shall be inur'd to bear
Hazardous toil and active war;
To march beneath the dog-star's raging heat,
Patient of summer's drought, and martial sweat;
And only grieve in winter's camps to find
Its days too short for labours they design'd:
All night beneath hard heavy arms to watch;
All day to mount the trench, to storm the breach;
And all the rugged paths to tread,
Where William and his virtue lead.

Silence is the soul of war;
Deliberate counsel must prepare
The mighty work, which valour must complete:
Thus William rescued, thus preserves the state;
Thus teaches us to think and dare.

As whilst his cannon just prepar'd to breathe
Avenging anger and swift death,
In the tried metal the close dangers glow,
And now, too late, the dying foe
Perceives the flame, yet cannot ward the blow;
So whilst in William's breast ripe counsels lie,
Secret and sure as brooding Fate,
No more of his design appears,
Than what awakens Gallia's fears;
And (though Guilt's eye can sharply penetrate)
Distracted Lewis can descry
Only a long unmeasur'd ruin nigh.

On Norman coasts and banks of frighted Seine
Lo! the impending storms begin:
Britannia safely through her master's sea
Plows up her victorious way.
The French Salmoneus throws his bolts in vain,
Whilst the true Thunderer asserts the main.
'Tis done! to shelves and rocks his fleets retire,
Swift Victory in vengeful flames
Burns down the pride of their presumptuous names:
They run to shipwreck to avoid our fire,
And the torn vessels that regain their coast
Are but sad marks to show the rest are lost:
All this the mild, the beauteous queen has done,
And William's softer-half shakes Lewis' throne:
Maria does the sea command
Whilst Gallia flies her husband's arms by land.
So, the Sun absent, with full sway the Moon
Governs the isles, and rules the waves alone:
So Juno thunders when her Jove is gone.
Io Britannia! loose thy ocean's chains,
Whilst Russel strikes the blow thy queen ordains:
Thus rescued, thus reverd, for ever stand,
And bless the counsel, and reward the hand,
Io Britannia! thy Maria reigns.

From Mary's conquests, and the rescued main,
Let France look forth to Sambre's armed shore,
And boast her joy for William's death no more.
He lives; let France confess, the victor lives;
Her triumphs for his death were vain,
And spoke her terrour of his life too plain.
The mighty years begin, the day draws nigh,
In which *that one* of Lewis' many wives,
Who, by the baleful force of guilty charms,
Has long enthrall'd him in her wither'd arms,
Shall o'er the plains, from distant towers on high,
Cast around her mournful eye,
And with prophetic sorrow cry:
"Why does my ruin'd lord retard his flight?
Why does Despair provoke his age to fight?
As well the wolf may venture to engage
The angry lion's generous rage;
The ravenous vulture, and the bird of night,
As safely tempt the stooping eagle's flight;
As Lewis to unequal arms defy
Yon' hero, crown'd with blooming victory,
Just triumphing o'er rebel rage restrain'd,
And yet unbreath'd from battles gain'd.
See! all yon' dusty field's quite cover'd o'er
With hostile troops, and Orange at their head;
Orange, destin'd to complete
The great designs of labouring Fate;
Orange, the name that tyrants dread:
He comes; our ruin'd empire is no more;
Down, like the Persian, goes the Gallic throne;
Darius flies, young Ammon urges on."

Now from the dubious battle's mingled heat,
Let Fear look back, and stretch her hasty wing,
Impatient to secure a base retreat:
Let the pale coward leave his wounded king,
For the vile privilege to breathe,
To live with shame in dread of glorious death!
In vain: for Fate has swifter wings than Fear,
She follows hard, and strikes him in the rear;
Dying and mad the traitor bites the ground,
His back transfix'd with a dishonest wound;
Whilst though the fiercest troops, and thickest press,
Virtue carries on success;
Whilst equal Heaven guards the distinguish'd brave,
And armies cannot hurt whom angels save.

Virtue to verse immortal lustre gives,
Each by the other's mutual friendship lives;
Æneas suffer'd, and Achilles fought,
The hero's acts enlarg'd the poet's thought,
Or Virgil's majesty, and Homer's rage,
Had ne'er like lasting nature vanquish'd age.
Whilst Lewis then his rising terrour drowns
With drums' alarms, and trumpets' sounds,
Whilst, hid in arm'd retreats and guarded towns,
From danger as from honour far,
He bribes close murder against open war:
In vain you, Gallic Muses, strive
With labour'd verse to keep his fame alive:
Your mouldering monuments in vain ye raise
On the weak basis of the tyrant's praise:
Your songs are sold, your numbers are profane,
'Tis incense to an idol given,
Meat offer'd to Prometheus' man
That had no soul from Heaven.
Against his will, you chain your frighted king
On rapid Rhine's divided bed;
And mock your hero, whilst ye sing
The wounds for which he never bled;
Falsehood does poison on your praise diffuse,
And Lewis' fear gives death to Boileau's Muse.

On its own worth true majesty is rear'd,
And Virtue is her own reward;
With solid beams and native glory bright,
She neither darkness dreads, nor covets light;
True to herself, and fix'd to inborn laws,
Nor sunk by spite, nor lifted by applause,
She from her settled orb looks calmly down,
On life or death, a prison or a crown.
When bound in double chains poor Belgia lay,
To foreign arms and inward strife a prey,
Whilst one good man buoy'd up her sinking state,
And Virtue labour'd against Fate;
When Fortune basely with Ambition join'd,
And all was conquer'd but the patriot's mind;
When storms let loose, and raging seas,
Just ready the torn vessel to o'erwhelm,
Forc'd not the faithful *pilot* from his helm,
Nor all the syren songs of future peace,
And dazzling prospect of a promis'd crown,
Could lure his stubborn virtue down;
But against *charms*, and threats, and hell, he stood,
To that which was severely good;
Then, had no trophies justified his fame,
No poet blest his song with Nassau's name,
Virtue alone did all that honour bring,
And Heaven as plainly pointed out THE KING,
As when, he at the altar stood
In all his types and robes of power,
Whilst at his feet religious Britain bow'd,
And own'd him next to what we there adore,

Say, joyful Maese, and Boyne's victorious flood,
(For each has mixt his waves with royal blood)
When William's armies past, did he retire,
Or view from far the battle's distant fire?
Could he believe his person was too dear?
Or use his greatness to conceal his fear?
Could prayers or sighs the dauntless hero move?
Arm'd with Heaven's justice, and his people's love,
Through the first waves he wing'd his venturous way,
And on the adverse shore arose,
(Ten thousand flying deaths in vain oppose).
Like the great ruler of the day,
With strength and swiftness mounting from the sea:
Like him all day he toil'd; but long in night
The god has eas'd his wearied light,
Ere vengeance left the stubborn foes,
Or William's labours found repose!
When his troops faulter'd, stept not he between?
Restor'd the dubious fight again,
Mark'd out the coward that durst fly,
And led the fainting brave to Victory?
Still as she fled him, did he not o'ertake
Her doubtful course, still brought her bleeding back?
By his keen sword did not the boldest fall?
Was he not king, commander, soldier, all?—
His dangers such as, with becoming dread,
His subjects yet unborn shall weep to read:
And were not those the only days that e'er
The pious prince refus'd to hear
His friends' advices, or his subjects' prayer?

Where'er old Rhine his fruitful water turns,
Or fills his vassals' tributary urns;
To Belgia's sav'd dominions, and the sea,
Whose righted waves rejoice in William's sway;
Is there a town where children are not taught,
Here Holland prosper'd, for here Orange fought;
Through rapid waters, and through flying fire,
Here rush'd the prince, here made whole France retire?
By different nations be his valour blest,
In different languages confest;
And then let Shannon speak the rest:
Let Shannon speak, how on her wondering shore,
When Conquest hovering on his arms did wait,
And only ask'd some lives to bribe her o'er;
The god-like man, the more than conqueror,
With high contempt sent back the specious bait;
And, scorning glory at a price too great,
With so much power, such piety did join,
As made a perfect virtue soar
A pitch unknown to man before;
And lifted Shannon's waves o'er those of Boyne.

Nor do his subjects only share
The prosperous fruits of his indulgent reign;
His enemies approve the pious war,
Which, with their weapon, takes away their chain.
More than his sword his goodness strikes his foes;
They bless his arms, and sigh they must oppose.
Justice and freedom on his conquests wait;
And 'tis for man's delight that he is great:
Succeeding times shall with long joy contend,
If he were more a victor, or a friend:
So much his courage and his mercy strive,
He wounds, to cure; and conquers, to forgive.

Ye heroes, that have fought your country's cause,
Redress'd her injuries, or form'd her laws,
To my adventurous song just witness bear,
Assist the pious Muse, and hear her swear,
That 'tis no poet's thought, no flight of youth,
But solid story, and severest truth,
That William treasures up a greater name,
Than any country, any age, can boast:
And all that ancient stock of fame
He did from his fore-fathers take,
He has improv'd and gives with interest back;
And in his constellation does unite
Their scatter'd rays of fainter light:
Above or Envy's lash, or Fortune's wheel,
That settled glory shall for ever dwell:
Above the rolling orbs, and common sky,
Where nothing comes that e'er shall die.

Where roves the Muse? Where, thoughtless to return,
Is her short-liv'd vessel borne,
By potent winds too subject to be tost,
And in the sea of William's praises lost?
Nor let her tempt that deep, nor make the shore,
Where our abandon'd youth she sees,
Shipwreck'd in luxury, and lost in ease;
Whom nor Britannia's danger can alarm,
Nor William's exemplary virtue warm:
Tell them, howe'er, the king can yet forgive
Their guilty sloth, their homage yet receive,
And let their wounded honour live:
But sure and sudden be their just remorse;
Swift be their virtue's rise, and strong its course;
For though for certain years and destin'd times,
Merit has lain confus'd with crimes;
Though Jove seem'd negligent of human cares,
Nor scourg'd our follies, nor return'd our prayers,
His justice now demands the equal scales,
Sedition is suppress'd, and truth prevails:
Fate its great ends by slow degrees attains,
And Europe is redeem'd, and William reigns.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

SET BY DR. H. PURCELL.

AND INTENDED TO BE SUNG BEFORE THEIR MAJESTIES ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1693-4.

Light of the world, and ruler of the year,
With happy speed begin thy great career;
And, as thou dost thy radiant journies run,
Through every distant climate own
That in fair Albion thou hast seen
The greatest prince, the brightest queen,
That ever sav'd a land, or blest a throne,
Since first thy beams were spread, or genial power was known.

So may thy godhead be confest,
So the returning Year be blest,
As his infant Months bestow
Springing wreaths for William's brow;
As his Summer's youth shall shed
Eternal sweets around Maria's head.
From the blessings they bestow,
Our times are dated, and our eras move:
They govern and enlighten all below,
As thou dost all above.

Let our hero in the war
Active and fierce, like thee, appear:
Like thee, great son of Jove, like thee
When, clad in rising majesty,

Thou marchest down o'er Delos' hill confest,
With all thy arrows arm'd, in all thy glory drest.
Like thee, the hero does his arms employ,
The raging Python to destroy,
And give the injur'd nations peace and joy.

From fairest Years, and Time's more happy stores,
Gather all the smiling Hours;
Such as with friendly care have guarded
Patriots and kings in rightful wars;
Such as with conquest have rewarded
Triumphant victors' happy cares;
Such as story has recorded
Sacred to Nassau's long renown,
For countries sav'd, and battles won.

March them again in fair array,
And bid them form the happy day,
The happy day, design'd to wait
On William's fame, and Europe's fate.
Let the happy day be crown'd
With great event, and fair success;
No brighter in the year be found,
But that which brings the victor home in peace.

Again thy godhead we implore,
Great in wisdom as in power;
Again, for good Maria's sake, and ours,
Choose out other smiling Hours;
Such as with joyous wings have fled,
When happy counsels were advising;
Such as have lucky omens shed
O'er forming laws, and empires rising;
Such as many courses ran,
Hand in hand, a goodly train,
To bless the great Eliza's reign;
And in the typic glory show
What fuller bliss Maria shall bestow.

As the solemn Hours advance,
Mingled send into the dance
Many fraught with all the treasures,
Which thy eastern travel views;
Many wing'd with all the pleasures,
Man can ask, or Heaven diffuse:
That great Maria all those joys may know,
Which, from her cares, upon her subjects flow.

For thy own glory sing our sovereign's praise,
God of verses and of days:
Let all thy tuneful sons adorn
Their lasting work with William's name;
Let chosen Muses, yet unborn,
Take great Maria for their future theme:
Eternal structures let them raise
On William's and Maria's praise:
Nor want new subject for the song,
Nor fear they can exhaust the store,
Till Nature's music lies unstrung;
Till thou, great god, shalt lose thy double power,
And touch thy lyre, and shoot thy beams no more.

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

Celia and I, the other day,
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
The setting Sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost;
And, on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars,
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horrour of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight:
And, trembling, vows she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.
"Once more, at least, look back," said I,
"Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good-humour drest;
When gentle reason rules thy breast;
The Sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of Love:
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.
"But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh;
'Tis then, thou art yon' angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.
"Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back:
Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die."

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP:

A PASTORAL.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH SINGER, AFTERWARDS ROWE.

AMARYLLIS.

While from the skies the ruddy Sun descends,
And rising night the evening shade extends;
While pearly dews o'erspread the fruitful field,
And closing flowers reviving odours yield:
Let us, beneath these spreading trees, recite
What from our hearts our Muses may indite.
Nor need we, in this close retirement, fear,
Lest any swain our amorous secrets hear.

SYLVIA.

To every shepherd I would mine proclaim;
Since fair Aminta is my softest theme:
A stranger to the loose delights of Love,
My thoughts the nobler warmth of Friendship prove;
And, while its pure and sacred fire I sing,
Chaste goddess of the groves, thy succour bring.

AMARYLLIS.

Propitious god of love, my breast inspire
With all thy charms, with all thy pleasing fire;

Propitious god of love, thy succour bring,
Whilst I thy darling, thy Alexis sing;
Alexis, as the opening blossoms fair,
Lovely as light, and soft as yielding air.
For him each virgin sighs; and, on the plains,
The happy youth above each rival reigns.
Nor to the echoing groves, and whispering spring,
In sweeter strains, does artful Conon sing;
When loud applauses fill the crowded groves,
And Phœbus the superior song approves.

SYLVIA.

Beauteous Aminta is as early light,
Breaking the melancholy shades of night.
When she is near, all anxious trouble flies,
And our reviving hearts confess her eyes.
Young love, and blooming joy, and gay desires,
In every breast the beauteous nymph inspires;
And on the plain when she no more appears,
The plain a dark and gloomy prospect wears.
In vain the streams roll on: the eastern breeze
Dances in vain among the trembling trees:
In vain the birds begin their evening song,
And to the silent night their notes prolong:
Nor groves, nor crystal streams, nor verdant field,
Does wonted pleasure in her absence yield.

AMARYLLIS.

And, in his absence, all the pensive day,
In some obscure retreat, I lonely stray;
All day to the repeating caves complain,
In mournful accents and a dying strain:
"Dear lovely youth," I cry to all around;
"Dear lovely youth," the flattering vales resound.

SYLVIA.

On flowery banks, by every murmuring stream,
Aminta is my Muse's softest theme:
'Tis she that does my artful notes refine; [shine.
With fair Aminta's name my noblest verse shall

AMARYLLIS.

I'll twine fresh garlands for Alexis' brows,
And consecrate to him eternal vows:
The charming youth shall my Apollo prove;
He shall adorn my songs, and tune my voice to love.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE FOREGOING PASTORAL.

By Sylvia, if thy charming self be meant;
If friendship be thy virgin vows extent:
Oh! let me in Aminta's praises join:
Her's my esteem shall be, my passion thine.
When for thy head the garland I prepare,
A second wreath shall bind Aminta's hair;
And, when my choicest songs thy worth proclaim,
Alternate verse shall bless Aminta's name;
My heart shall own the justice of her cause,
And Love himself submit to Friendship's laws.
But if, beneath thy numbers' soft disguise,
Some favour'd swain, some true Alexis lies;
If Amaryllis breathes thy secret pains,
And thy fond heart beats n pasure to thy strains;
May'st thou, howe'er I grieve, for ever find
The flame propitious, and the lover kind!
May Venus long exert her happy power,
And make thy beauty, like thy verse, endure!
May every god his friendly aid afford,
Pan guard thy flock, and Ceres bless thy board!
But if, by chance, the series of thy joys
Permit one thought less cheerful to arise,
Piteous transfer it to the mournful swain,
Who, loving much, who, not belov'd again,
Feels an ill-fated passion's last excess,
And dies in woe, that thou may'st live in peace.

TO A LADY:

SHE REFUSING TO CONTINUE A DISPUTE WITH ME, AND LEAVING ME IN THE ARGUMENT,

AN ODE.

Spare, generous victor, spare the slave,
Who did unequal war pursue;
That more than triumph he might have,
In being overcome by you.

In the dispute, whate'er I said,
My heart was by my tongue belied;
And in my looks you might have read
How much I argued on your side.

You, far from danger as from fear,
Might have sustain'd an open fight;
For seldom your opinions err;
Your eyes are always in the right.

Why, fair one, would you not rely
On Reason's force with Beauty's join'd?
Could I their prevalence deny,
I must at once be deaf and blind.

Alas! not hoping to subdue,
I only to the fight aspir'd:
To keep the beauteous foe in view
Was all the glory I desir'd.

But she, howe'er of victory sure,
Contemns the wreath too long delay'd;
And, arm'd with more immediate power,
Calls cruel Silence to her aid.

Deeper to wound, she shuns the fight;
She drops her arms, to gain the field;
Secures her conquest by her flight;
And triumphs, when she seems to yield.

So, when the Parthian turn'd his steed,
And from the hostile camp withdrew,
With cruel skill the backward reed
He sent; and, as he fled, he slew.

SEEING

THE DUKE OF ORMOND'S PICTURE

AT SIR GODFREY KNELLER'S.

Out from the injur'd canvass, Kneller, strike
These lines too faint: this picture is not like.
Exalt thy thought, and try thy toil again:
Dreadful in arms, on Landen's glorious plain
Place Ormond's duke: impendent in the air
Let his keen sabre, comet-like, appear,
Where'er it points, denouncing death: below
Draw routed squadrons, and the numerous foe,
Falling beneath, or flying from his blow:
Till, weak with wounds, and cover'd o'er with blood,
Which from the patriot's breast in torrents flow'd,

He faints; his steed no longer feels the rein;
But stumbles o'er the heap, his hand had slain.
And now exhausted, bleeding, pale he lies;
Lovely, sad object! in his half-clos'd eyes
Stern vengeance yet, and hostile terrour, stand:
His front yet threatens, and his frowns command.
The Gallic chiefs their troops around him call;
Fear to approach him, though they see him fall.—
O Kneller! could thy shades and lights express
The perfect hero in that glorious dress;
Ages to come might Ormond's picture know,
And palms for thee beneath his laurels grow:
In spite of Time, thy work might ever shine;
Nor Homer's colours last so long as thine.

CELIA TO DAMON.

Atque in amore mala hæc proprio, summéque secundo
Inveniuntur.— Lucret. lib. iv.

What can I say, what arguments can prove
My truth, what colours can describe my love,
If its excess and fury be not known,
In what my Celia has already done?
Thy infant flames, while yet they were conceal'd
In timorous doubts, with pity I beheld;
With easy smiles dispell'd the silent fear,
That durst not tell me what I dy'd to hear.
In vain I strove to check my growing flame,
Or shelter passion under Friendship's name,
You saw my heart, how it my tongue bely'd;
And when you press'd, how faintly I deny'd.—
Ere guardian Thought could bring its scatter'd aid,
Ere Reason could support the doubting maid,
My soul, surpris'd, and from herself disjoin'd,
Left all reserve, and all the sex, behind:
From your command her motions she receiv'd;
And not for me, but you, she breath'd and liv'd.
But ever blest be Cytherea's shrine,
And fires eternal on her altars shine!
Since thy dear breast has felt an equal wound;
Since in thy kindness my desires are crown'd.
By thy each look, and thought, and care, 'tis shown,
Thy joys are center'd all in me alone;
And sure I am, thou wouldst not change this hour
For all the white ones Fate has in its power.—
Yet thus belov'd, thus loving to excess,
Yet thus receiving and returning bliss,
In this great moment, in this golden now,
When every trace of what, or when, or how,
Should from my soul by raging love be torn,
And far on swelling seas of rapture borne;
A melancholy tear afflicts my eye,
And my heart labours with a sudden sigh:
Invading fears repel my coward joy,
And ills, foreseen, the present bliss destroy.
Poor as it is, this beauty was the cause,
That with first sighs your panting bosom rose:
But with no owner Beauty long will stay,
Upon the wings of Time borne swift away;
Pass but some fleeting years, and these poor eyes
(Where now, without a boast, some lustre lies)
No longer shall their little honours keep;
Shall only be of use to read or weep:
And on this forehead, where, your verse has said,
"The Loves delighted, and the Graces play'd,"
Insulting Age will trace his cruel way,
And leave sad marks of his destructive sway.
Mov'd by my charms, with them your love may cease,
And, as the fuel sinks, the flame decrease:
Or angry Heaven may quicker darts prepare,
And Sickness strike what Time a while would spare:
Then will my swain his glowing vows renew;
Then will his throbbing heart to mine beat true;
When my own face deters me from my glass,
And Kneller only shows what Celia was?
Fantastic Fame may sound her wild alarms;
Your country, as you think, may want your arms.
You may neglect, or quench, or hate the flame,
Whose smoke too long obscur'd your rising name;
And quickly cold indifference will ensue,
When you Love's joys through Honour's optic view.
Then Celia's loudest prayer will prove too weak,
To this abandon'd breast to bring you back;
When my lost lover the tall ship ascends,
With music gay, and wet with jovial friends,
The tender accent of a woman's cry
Will pass unheard, will unregarded die;
When the rough seamen's louder shouts prevail,
When fair occasion shows the springing gale,
And Interest guides the helm, and Honour swells the sail.
Some wretched lines, from this neglected hand,
May find my hero on the foreign strand,
Warm with new fires, and pleas'd with new command:
While she who wrote them, of all joy bereft,
To the rude censure of the world is left;
Her mangled fame in barbarous pastime lost,
The coxcomb's novel, and the drunkard's toast.
But nearer care (O pardon it!) supplies
Sighs to my breast, and sorrow to my eyes.
Love, Love himself (the only friend I have)
May scorn his triumph, having bound his slave.
That tyrant-god, that restless conqueror,
May quit his pleasure, may assert his power;
Forsake the provinces that bless his sway,
To vanquish those which will not yet obey.
Another nymph with fatal power may rise,
To damp the sinking beams of Celia's eyes;
With haughty pride may hear her charms confest,
And scorn the ardent vows that I have blest.
You every night may sigh for her in vain,
And rise each morning to some fresh disdain:
While Celia's softest look may cease to charm,
And her embraces want the power to warm:
While these fond arms, thus circling you, may prove
More heavy chains than those of hopeless love.
Just gods! all other things their like produce;
The Vine arises from her mother's juice:
When feeble plants or tender flowers decay,
They to their seed their images convey:
Where the old Myrtle her good influence sheds,
Sprigs of like leaf erect their filial heads:
And when the parent Rose decays and dies,
With a resembling face the daughter buds arise.
That product only which our passions bear
Eludes the planter's miserable care.
While blooming Love assures us golden fruit,
Some inborn poison taints the secret root:
Soon fall the flowers of Joy, soon seeds of Hatred shoot.
Say, shepherd, say, are these reflections true?
Or was it but the woman's fear that drew
This cruel scene, unjust to love and you?
Will you be only and for ever mine?
Shall neither time nor age our souls disjoin?

From this dear bosom shall I ne'er be torn?
Or you grow cold, respectful, and forsworn?
And can you not for her you love do more
Than any youth for any nymph before?

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY LORD BUCKHURST, IN WESTMINSTER-SCHOOL,

AT A REPRESENTATION OF MR. DRYDEN'S CLEOMENES, AT CHRISTMAS 1695.

Pish, Lord, I wish this prologue was but Greek,
Then young Cleonidas would boldly speak;
But can lord Buckhurst in poor English say,
Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?
No, witness all ye gods of ancient Greece,
Rather than condescend to terms like these,
I'd go to school six hours on Christmas-day,
Or construe Persius while my comrades play.
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Who tremble when they see a critic frown;
Poor rogues, that smart like fencers for their bread,
And, if they are not wounded, are not fed.
But, sirs, our labour has more noble ends,
We act our tragedy to see our friends:
Our generous scenes are for pure love repeated,
And if you are not pleas'd, at least you're treated.
The candles and the clothes ourselves we bought,
Our tops neglected, and our balls forgot.
To learn our parts, we left our midnight bed,
Most of you snor'd whilst Cleomenes read:
Not that from this confusion we would sue
Praise undeserved; we know ourselves and you:
Resolv'd to stand or perish by our cause,
We neither censure fear, nor beg applause,
For these are Westminster and Sparta's laws.
Yet, if we see some judgment well inclin'd,
To young desert, and growing virtue kind,
That critic by ten thousand marks should know,
That greatest souls to goodness only bow;
And that your little hero does inherit
Not Cleomenes' more than Dorset's spirit.

AN ODE, PRESENTED TO THE KING,

ON HIS MAJESTY'S ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND AFTER THE QUEEN'S DEATH, 1695.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene.

At Mary's tomb (sad sacred place!)
The Virtues shall their vigils keep:
And every Muse, and every Grace,
In solemn state shall ever weep.

The future pious, mournful fair,
Oft as the rolling years return,
With fragrant wreaths and flowing hair,
Shall visit her distinguish'd urn.

For her the wise and great shall mourn,
When late records her deeds repeat:
Ages to come, and men unborn,
Shall bless her name, and sigh her fate.

Fair Albion shall, with faithful trust,
Her holy queen's sad relics guard,
Till Heaven awakes the precious dust,
And gives the saint her full reward.

But let the king dismiss his woes,
Reflecting on his fair renown;
And take the cypress from his brows,
To put his wonted laurels on.

If prest by grief our monarch stoops,
In vain the British lions roar:
If he, whose hand sustain'd them, droops,
The Belgic darts will wound no more.

Embattled princes wait the chief,
Whose voice should rule, whose arm should lead;
And, in kind murmurs, chide that grief,
Which hinders Europe being freed.

The great example they demand
Who still to conquest led the way;
Wishing him present to command,
As they stand ready to obey.

They seek that joy, which us'd to glow,
Expanded on the hero's face;
When the thick squadrons prest the foe,
And William led the glorious chase.

To give the mourning nations joy,
Restore them thy auspicious light,
Great Sun: with radiant beams destroy
Those clouds, which keep thee from our sight.

Let thy sublime meridian course
For Mary's setting rays atone:
Our lustre, with redoubled force,
Must now proceed from thee alone.

See, pious king, with different strife
Thy struggling Albion's bosom torn:
So much she fears for William's life,
That Mary's fate she dares not mourn.

Her beauty, in thy softer half
Bury'd and lost, she ought to grieve;
But let her strength in thee be safe;
And let her weep; but let her live.

Thou, guardian angel, save the land
From thy own grief, her fiercest foe;
Lest Britain, rescued by thy hand,
Should bend and sink beneath thy woe.

Her former triumphs all are vain,
Unless new trophies still be sought,
And hoary majesty sustain
The battles which thy youth has fought.

Where now is all that fearful love,
Which made her hate the war's alarms?
That soft excess, with which she strove
To keep her hero in her arms?

While still she chid the coming Spring,
Which call'd him o'er his subject seas:
While, for the safety of the king,
She wish'd the victor's glory less.

'Tis chang'd; 'tis gone: sad Britain now
Hastens her lord to foreign wars:
Happy, if toils may break his woe,
Or danger may divert his cares.

In martial din she drowns her sighs,
Lest he the rising grief should hear:
She pulls her helmet o'er her eyes,
Lest he should see the falling tear.

Go, mighty prince; let France be taught,
How constant minds by grief are try'd;
How great the land, that wept and fought,
When William led, and Mary dy'd.

Fierce in the battle make it known,
Where Death with all his darts is seen,
That he can touch thy heart with none,
But that which struck the beauteous queen.

Belgia indulg'd her open grief,
While yet her master was not near:
With sullen pride refus'd relief,
And sat obdurate in despair.

As waters from their sluices, flow'd
Unbounded sorrow from her eyes:
To earth her bended front she bow'd,
And sent her wailings to the skies.

But when her anxious lord return'd,
Rais'd is her head, her eyes are dry'd;
She smiles, as William ne'er had mourn'd,
She looks, as Mary ne'er had dy'd.

That freedom, which all sorrows claim,
She does for thy content resign:
Her piety itself would blame,
If her regrets should weaken thine.

To cure thy woe, she shows thy fame:
Lest the great mourner should forget
That all the race, whence Orange came,
Made Virtue triumph over Fate.

William his country's cause could fight,
And with his blood her freedom seal:
Maurice and Henry guard that right,
For which their pious parents fell.

How heroes rise, how patriots set,
Thy father's bloom and Death may tell:
Excelling others, these were great:
Thou, greater still, must these excel.

The last fair instance thou must give,
Whence Nassau's virtue can be try'd;
And show the world that thou canst live
Intrepid, as thy consort dy'd;

Thy virtue, whose resistless force
No dire event could ever stay,
Must carry on its destin'd course,
Though Death and Envy stop the way.

For Britain's sake, for Belgia's, live:
Pierc'd by their grief, forget thy own:
New toils endure, new conquest give,
And bring them ease, though thou hast none.

Vanquish again; though she be gone,
Whose garland crown'd the victor's hair:
And reign, though she has left the throne,
Who made thy glory worth thy care.

Fair Britain never yet before
Breath'd to her king an useless prayer:
Fond Belgia never did implore,
While William turn'd averse his ear.

But, should the weeping hero now
Relentless to their wishes prove;
Should he recall, with pleasing woe,
The object of his grief and love;

Her face with thousand beauties blest,
Her mind with thousand virtues stor'd,
Her power with boundless joy confest,
Her person only not ador'd:

Yet ought his sorrow to be checkt;
Yet ought his passions to abate;
If the great mourner would reflect,
Her glory in her death complete.

She was instructed to command,
Great king, by long obeying thee;
Her sceptre, guided by thy hand,
Preserv'd the isles, and rul'd the sea.

But oh! 'twas little, that her life
O'er earth and water bears thy fame:
In death, 'twas worthy William's wife,
Amidst the stars to fix his name.

Beyond where matter moves, or place
Receives its forms, thy virtues roll;
From Mary's glory, angels trace
The beauty of her partner's soul.

Wise Fate, which does its Heaven decree
To heroes, when they yield their breath,
Hastens thy triumph. Half of thee
Is deify'd before thy death.

Alone to thy renown 'tis given,
Unbounded through all worlds to go:
While she, great saint, rejoices Heaven;
And thou sustain'st the orb below.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

Let them censure: what care I?
The herd of critics I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write,
Regardless of their grace or spite.
No, no: the fair, the gay, the young,
Govern the numbers of my song;
All that they approve is sweet;
And all is sense that they repeat.

Bid the warbling Nine retire;
Venus, string thy servant's lyre:
Love shall be my endless theme;
Pleasure shall triumph over Fame:
And, when these maxims I decline,
Apollo, may thy fate be mine!
May I grasp at empty praise;
And lose the nymph, to gain the bays!

ODE
SUR LA PRISE DE NAMUR,

PAR LES ARMES DU ROY, L'ANNEE 1692.

PAR MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

Quelle docte & sainte yvresse
Aujourd'hui me fait la loi?
Chastes Nymphes du Permesse,
N'est-ce pas vous que je voi?
Accourez, troupe sçavante:
Des sons que ma lyre enfante
Ces arbres sont rejouis:
Marquez en bien la cadence:
Et vous, vents, faites silence:
Je vais parler de Louis.

Dans ses chansons immortelles,
Comme un aigle audacieux,
Pindare étendant ses aisles,
Fuit loin des vulgaires yeux.

Mais, ô ma fidele lyre,
Si, dans l'ardeur qui m'inspire,
Tu peus suivre mes transports:
Les chênes des monts de Thrace
N'ont rien oüi, que n'efface
La douceur de tes accords.

Est-ce Apollon et Neptune,
Qui sur ces rocs sourcilleux
Ont, compagnons de Fortune,
Basti ces murs orgueilleux?
De leur enceinte, fameuse
La Sambre unie à la Meuse,
Defend le fatal abord;
Et par cens bouches horribles
L'airain sur ces monts terribles
Vomit le fer, & la mort.

Dix mille vaillans Alcides
Les bordant de toutes parts,
D'éclairs au loin homicides
Font petiller leurs remparts:
Et dans son sein infidele
Par toute la terre y recele
Un feu prêt à s'élancer,
Qui soudain perçant son goufre,
Ouvre un sepulchre de soufre,
A quiconque ose avancer.

Namur, devant tes murailles
Jadis la Grece eût vingt ans
Sans fruit veu les funerailles
De ses plus fiers combattans.
Quelle effroyable puissance
Aujourd'hui pourtant s'avance,
Prête à foudroyer tes monts?
Quel bruit, quel feu l'environne?
C'est Jupiter en personne;
Ou c'est le vainqueur de Mons.

N'en doute point: c'est lui-même,
Tout brille en lui; tout est roi.
Dans Bruxelles Nassau blême
Commence à trembler pour toi.
En vain il voit le Batâve,
Desormais docile esclâve,
Rangé sous ses étendarts:
En vain au lion Belgique
Il voit l'aigle Germânique
Uni sous les leopards.

Plein de la frayeur nouvelle,
Dont ses sens sont agités,
A son secours il appelle
Les peuples les plus vantés.
Ceux-là viennent du rivage,
Où s'enorgueillit le Tage
De l'or, qui roule en ses eaux;
Ceux-ci des champs, où la neige
Des marais de la Norvége
Neuf mois couvre les roseaux.

Mais qui fait enfler la Sambre?
Sous les Jumeaux effrayés,
Des froids torrens de Decembre
Les champs par tout sont noyés.
Ceres s'enfuit, éplorée
De voir en proye à Borée
Ses guerets d'epis chargés,
Et sous les urns fangeuses
Des Hyades orageuses
Tous ses trésors submergés.

Déployez toutes vos rages,
Princes, vents, peuples, frimats;
Ramassez tous vos nuages;
Rassemblez tous vos soldats.
Malgré vous Namur en poudre
S'en va tomber sous la foudre
Qui domta Lille, Courtray,
Gand la superbe Espagnole,
Saint Omer, Bezançon, Dole,
Ypres, Mastricht, & Cambray.

Mes présages s'accomplissent:
Il commence à chanceler:
Sous les coups qui retentissent
Ses murs s'en vont s'écrouler.
Mars en feu qui les domine,
Souffle à grand bruit leur ruine,
Et les bombes dans les airs
Allant chercher le tonnere,
Semblent tombant sur la terre,
Vouloir s'ouvrir les enfers.

Accourez, Nassau, Baviere,
De ces murs l'unique espoir:
A couvert d'une riviere
Venez: vous pouvez tout voir.
Considerez ces approches:
Voyez grimper sur ces roches
Ces athletes belliqueux;
Et dans les eaux, dans la flame,
Louis à tout donnant l'ame,
Marcher, courir avec eux.

Contemplez dans la tempête,
Qui sort de ces boulevards,
La plume qui sur sa tête
Attire tous les regards.
A cet astre redoubtable
Toûjours un sort favorable
S'attache dans les combats:
Et toûjours avec la gloire
Mars amenant la victoire
Vole, & le suit à grands pas.

Grands defenseurs de l'Espagne,
Montrez-vous: il en est tems:
Courage; vers la Malagne
Voilà vos drapeaux flottans.
Jamais ses ondes craintives
N'ont vû sur leurs foibles rives
Tant de guerriers s'amasser.
Courez donc: Qui vous retarde?
Tout l'univers vous regarde.
N'osez vous la traverser?

Loin de fermer le passage
A vos nombreux bataillons,
Luxembourg a du rivage
Reculé ses pavillons.
Quoi? leur seul aspect vous glace?
Où sont ces chefs pleins d'audace,
Jadis si prompts à marcher,
Qui devoient de la Tamise,
Et de la Dráve soûmise,
Jusqu' à Paris nous chercher?

Cependant l'effroi redouble
Sur les remparts de Namur.
Son gouverneur qui se trouble
S'enfuit sous son dernier mur.
Déja jusques à ses portes
Je voi monter nos cohortes,

La flame & le fer en main:
Et sur les monceaux de piques,
De corps morts, de rocs, de briques,
S'ouvrir un large chemin.

C'en est fait. Je viens d'entendre
Sur ces rochers éperdus
Battre un signal pour se rendre:
Le feu cesse. Ils sont rendus.
Dépouillez vôtre arrogance,
Fiers ennemis de la France,
Et désormais gracieux,
Allez à Liege, à Bruxelles,
Porter les humbles nouvelles
De Namur pris à vos yeux.

AN ENGLISH BALLAD,

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR BY THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1695.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

Some folks are drunk, yet do not know it:
So might not Bacchus give you law?
Was it a Muse, O lofty poet,
Or virgin of St. Cyr, you saw?
Why all this fury? what's the matter,
That oaks must come from Thrace to dance?
Must stupid stocks be taught to flatter?
And is there no such wood in France?
Why must the winds all hold their tongue?
If they a little breath should raise,
Would that have spoil'd the poet's song,
Or puff'd away the monarch's praise?

Pindar, that eagle, mounts the skies,
While Virtue leads the noble way:
Too like a vulture Boileau flies,
Where sordid Interest shows the prey.
When once the poet's honour ceases,
From reason far his transports rove:
And Boileau, for eight hundred pieces,
Makes Louis take the wall of Jove.

Neptune and Sol came from above,
Shap'd like Megrigny and Vauban:
They arm'd these rocks; then show'd old Jove
Of Marli wood the wondrous plan.
Such walls, these three wise gods agreed,
By human force could ne'er be shaken:
But you and I in Homer read
Of gods, as well as men, mistaken.
Sambre and Maese their waves may join,
But ne'er can William's force restrain:
He'll pass them both, who pass'd the Boyne:
Remember this, and arm the Seine.

Full fifteen thousand lusty fellows,
With fire and sword, the fort maintain:
Each was a Hercules, you tell us;
Yet out they march'd, like common men.
Cannons above, and mines below,
Did death and tombs for foes contrive:
Yet matters have been order'd so,
That most of us are still alive.

If Namur be compar'd to Troy;
Then Britain's boys excell'd the Greeks:
Their siege did ten long years employ;
We've done our business in ten weeks.

What godhead does so fast advance,
With dreadful power, those hills to gain?
'Tis little Will, the scourge of France;
No godhead, but the first of men.
His mortal arm exerts the power
To keep e'en Mons's victor under:
And that same Jupiter no more
Shall fright the world with impious thunder.

Our king thus trembles at Namur;
Whilst Villeroy, who ne'er afraid is,
To Bruxelles marches on secure,
To bomb the monks, and scare the ladies.
After this glorious expedition,
One battle makes the marshal great:
He must perform the king's commission:
Who knows but Orange may retreat?
Kings are allow'd to feign the gout,
Or be prevail'd with not to fight:
And mighty Louis hop'd, no doubt,
That William would preserve that right.

From Seine and Loire, to Rhone and Po,
See every mother's son appear:
In such a case ne'er blame a foe,
If he betrays some little fear.
He comes, the mighty Villeroy comes;
Finds a small river in his way;
So waves his colours, beats his drums,
And thinks it prudent there to stay.
The Gallic troops breathe blood and war;
The marshal cares not to march faster:
Poor Villeroy moves so slowly here,
We fancied all, it was his master.

Will no kind flood, no friendly rain,
Disguise the marshal's plain disgrace?
No torrents swell the low Mehayne?
The world will say, he durst not pass.
Why will no Hyades appear,
Dear poet, on the banks of Sambre;
Just as they did that mighty year,
When you turn'd June into December?
The water-nymphs are too unkind
To Villeroy; are the land-nymphs so?
And fly they all, at once combin'd
To shame a general, and a beau?

Truth, Justice, Sense, Religion, Fame,
May join to finish William's story:
Nations set free may bless his name;
And France in secret own his glory.
But Ypres, Mastricht, and Cambray,
Besançon, Ghent, St. Omers, Lisle,
Courtray, and Dole——Ye critics, say,
How poor to this was Pindar's style?
With ekes and alsos tack thy strain,
Great bard! and sing the deathless prince,
Who lost Namur the same campaign
He bought Dixmuyd, and plunder'd Deynse.

I'll hold ten pound my dream is out:
I'd tell it you, but for the rattle
Of those confounded drums; no doubt
Yon bloody rogues intend a battle.
Dear me! a hundred thousand French
With terrour fill the neighbouring field:
While William carries on the trench,
Till both the town and castle yield.
Villeroy to Boufflers should advance,
Says Mars, through cannons' mouths in fire;
Id est, one mareschal of France
Tells t'other, he can come no nigher.

Regain the lines the shortest way,
Villeroy; or to Versailles take post;
For, having seen it, thou canst say
The steps, by which Namur was lost.
The smoke and flame may vex thy sight:
Look not once back: but, as thou goest,
Quicken the squadrons in their flight,
And bid the Devil take the slowest.
Think not what reason to produce,
From Louis to conceal thy fear:
He'll own the strength of thy excuse;
Tell him that William was but there.

Now let us look for Louis' feather,
That us'd to shine so like a star:
The generals could not get together,
Wanting that influence, great in war.
O poet! thou hadst been discreeter,
Hanging the monarch's hat so high,
If thou hadst dubb'd thy star, a meteor,
That did but blaze, and rove, and die.

To animate the doubtful fight,
Namur in vain expects that ray:
In vain France hopes, the sickly light
Should shine near William's fuller day:
It knows Versailles, its proper station;
Nor cares for any foreign sphere:
Where you see Boileau's constellation,
Be sure no danger can be near.

The French had gather'd all their force;
And William met them in their way:
Yet off they brush'd, both foot and horse.
What has friend Boileau left to say?
When his high Muse is bent upon't,
To sing her king—that great commander,
Or on the shores of Hellespont,
Or in the valleys near Scamander;
Would it not spoil his noble task,
If any foolish Phrygian there is,
Impertinent enough to ask,
How far Namur may be from Paris?

Two stanzas more before we end,
Of death, pikes, rocks, arms, bricks, and fire:
Leave them behind you, honest friend;
And with your countrymen retire.
Your ode is spoilt: Namur is freed;
For Dixmuyd something yet is due:
So good count Guiscard may proceed;
But Boufflers, sir, one word with you —

'Tis done. In sight of these commanders,
Who neither fight, nor raise the siege,
The foes of France march safe through Flanders;
Divide to Bruxelles, or to Liege.
Send, Fame, this news to Trianon,
That Boufflers may new honours gain:
He the same play by land has shown,
As Tourville did upon the main.
Yet is the marshal made a peer:
O William, may thy arms advance!
That he may lose Dinant next year,
And so be constable of France.

AN ODE.

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And, whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd: Euphelia frown'd:
I sung, and gaz'd: I play'd, and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.

PRESENTED TO THE KING,

AT HIS ARRIVAL IN HOLLAND, AFTER THE DISCOVERY OF THE CONSPIRACY, 1696.

Serus in cœlum redeas; diuque
Lætus intersis populo Quirini;
Neve te nostris vitiis iniquum
Ocyor aura
Tollat— Hor. ad Augustum.

Ye careful angels, whom eternal Fate
Ordains, on Earth and human acts to wait;
Who turn with secret power this restless ball,
And bid predestin'd empires rise and fall:
Your sacred aid religious monarchs own,
When first they merit, then ascend the throne:
But tyrants dread you, lest your just decree
Transfer the power, and set the people free.
See rescued Britain at your altars bow;
And hear her hymns your happy care avow:
That still her axes and her rods support
The judge's frown, and grace the awful court;
That Law with all her pompous terrour stands,
To wrest the dagger from the traitour's hands;
And rigid Justice reads the fatal word,
Poises the balance first, then draws the sword.
Britain her safety to your guidance owns,
That she can separate parricides from sons;
That, impious rage disarm'd, she lives and reigns,
Her freedom kept by him, who broke her chains.
And thou, great minister, above the rest
Of guardian spirits, be thou for ever blest;
Thou who of old wast sent to Israel's court,
With secret aid, great David's strong support,
To mock the frantic rage of cruel Saul,
And strike the useless javelin to the wall.
Thy later care o'er William's temples held,
On Boyne's propitious banks, the heavenly shield,
When power divine did sovereign right declare;
And cannons mark'd whom they were bid to spare.
Still, blessed angel, be thy care the same!
Be William's life untouch'd as is his fame!
Let him own thine, as Britain owns his hand:
Save thou the king, as he has sav'd the land!
We angels' forms in pious monarchs view;
We reverence William; for he acts like you:
Like you, commission'd to chastise and bless,
He must avenge the world, and give it peace.
Indulgent Fate our potent prayer receives;
And still Britannia smiles, and William lives.
The hero dear to Earth, by Heaven belov'd,
By troubles must be vex'd, by dangers prov'd:

His foes must aid, to make his fame complete,
And fix his throne secure on their defeat.
So, though with sudden rage the tempest comes;
Though the winds roar; and though the water foams;
Imperial Britain on the sea looks down,
And smiling sees her rebel-subjects frown.
Striking her cliff, the storm confirms her power;
The waves but whiten her triumphant shore:
In vain they would advance, in vain retreat;
Broken they dash, and perish at her feet.
For William still new wonders shall be shown:
The powers, that rescued, shall preserve the throne.
Safe on his darling Britain's joyful sea,
Behold, the monarch plows his liquid way:
His fleets in thunder through the world declare,
Whose empire they obey, whose arms they bear.
Bless'd by aspiring winds, he finds the strand
Blacken'd with crowds; he sees the nation stand,
Blessing his safety, proud of his command.
In various tongues he hears the captains dwell
On their great leader's praise; by turns they tell,
And listen, each with emulous glory fir'd,
How William conquer'd, and how France retir'd;
How Belgia freed the hero's arms confess'd,
But trembled for the courage which she blest.
O Louis, from this great example know,
To be at once a hero and a foe:
By sounding trumpets, hear, and rattling drums,
When William to the open vengeance comes:
And see the soldier plead the monarch's right,
Heading his troops, and foremost in the fight.
Hence then, close Ambush and perfidious War,
Down to your native seats of Night repair.
And thou, Bellona, weep thy cruel pride
Restrain'd, behind the victor's chariot tied
In brazen knots and everlasting chains,
(So Europe's peace, so William's fate ordains)
While on the ivory chair, in happy state,
He sits, secure in innocence, and great
In regal clemency; and views beneath
Averted darts of Rage, and pointless arms of Death.

THE SECRETARY.

WRITTEN AT THE HAGUE, 1696.

WHILE with labour assiduous due pleasure I mix,
And in one day atone for the business of six,
In a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night,
On my left-hand my Horace, a nymph on my right:
No memoirs to compose, and no post-boy to move,
That on Sunday may hinder the softness of love;
For her, neither visits, nor parties at tea,
Nor the long-winded cant of a dull refugee.
This night and the next shall be hers, shall be mine,
To good or ill-fortune the third we resign:
Thus scorning the world and superior to fate,
I drive on my car in processional state.
So with Phia through Athens Pisistratus rode;
Men thought her Minerva, and him a new god.
But why should I stories of Athens rehearse,
Where people knew love, and were partial to verse;
Since none can with justice my pleasures oppose,
In Holland half drowned in interest and prose?
By Greece and past ages what need I be tried,
When the Hague and the present are both on my side?
And is it enough for the joys of the day,
To think what Anacreon or Sappho would say?
When good Vandergoes, and his provident vrow,
As they gaze on my triumph, do freely allow,
That, search all the province, you'll find no man dar is.
So blest as the Englishen Heer Secretar' is.

TO CLOE WEEPING.

SEE, whilst thou weep'st, fair Cloe, see,
The world in sympathy with thee.
The cheerful birds no longer sing;
Each drops his head, and hangs his wing.
The clouds have bent their bosom lower,
And shed their sorrows in a shower.
The brooks beyond their limits flow;
And louder murmurs speak their woe.
The nymphs and swains adopt thy cares;
They heave thy sighs, and weep thy tears.
Fantastic nymph! that grief should move
Thy heart obdurate against love.
Strange tears! whose power can soften all,
But that dear breast on which they fall.

TO MR. HOWARD.

AN ODE.

DEAR Howard, from the soft assaults of Love,
Poets and painters never are secure;
Can I untouch'd the fair-one's passions move,
Or thou draw Beauty, and not feel its power?

To great Apelles when young Ammon brought
The darling idol of his captive heart;
And the pleas'd nymph with kind attention sat,
To have her charms recorded by his art:

The amorous master own'd her potent eyes;
Sigh'd when he look'd, and trembled as he drew;
Each flowing line confirm'd his first surprise,
And, as the piece advanc'd, the passion grew.

While Philip's son, while Venus' son, was near,
What different tortures does his bosom feel!
Great was the rival, and the god severe:
Nor could he hide his flame, nor durst reveal.

The prince, renown'd in bounty as in arms,
With pity saw the ill-conceal'd distress;
Quitted his title to Campaspe's charms,
And gave the fair-one to the friend's embrace.

Thus the more beauteous Cloe sat to thee,
Good Howard, emulous of the Grecian art:
But happy thou, from Cupid's arrow free,
And flames that pierc'd thy predecessor's heart!

Had thy poor breast receiv'd an equal pain;
Had I been vested with the monarch's power;
Thou must have sigh'd, unlucky youth, in vain;
Nor from my bounty hadst thou found a cure.

Though, to convince thee that the friend did feel
A kind concern for thy ill-fated care,
I would have sooth'd the flame I could not heal;
Given thee the world; though I withheld the fair.

LOVE DISARMED.

Beneath a myrtle's verdant shade
As Cloe half asleep was laid,
Cupid perch'd lightly on her breast,
And in that Heaven desir'd to rest:
Over her paps his wings he spread;
Between he found a downy bed,
And nestled in his little head.
Still lay the god: the nymph, surpris'd,
Yet mistress of herself, devis'd
How she the vagrant might inthral,
And captive him, who captives all.
Her bodice half-way she unlac'd;
About his arms she slily cast
The silken bond, and held him fast.
The god awak'd; and thrice in vain
He strove to break the cruel chain;
And thrice in vain he shook his wing,
Encumber'd in the silken string.
Fluttering the god, and weeping, said,
"Pity poor Cupid, generous maid,
Who happen'd, being blind, to stray,
And on thy bosom lost his way;
Who stray'd, alas! but knew too well,
He never there must hope to dwell:
Set an unhappy prisoner free,
Who ne'er intended harm to thee."
"To me pertains not," she replies,
"To know or care where Cupid flies;
What are his haunts, or which his way;
Where he would dwell, or whither stray:
Yet will I never set thee free;
For harm was meant, and harm to me."
"Vain fears that vex thy virgin heart!
I'll give thee up my bow and dart;
Untangle but this cruel chain,
And freely let me fly again."
"Agreed: secure my virgin heart:
Instant give up thy bow and dart:
The chain I'll in return untie;
And freely thou again shalt fly."
Thus she the captive did deliver;
The captive thus gave up his quiver.
The god disarm'd, e'er since that day,
Passes his life in harmless play;
Flies round, or sits upon her breast,
A little, fluttering, idle guest.
E'er since that day, the beauteous maid
Governs the world in Cupid's stead;
Directs his arrow as she wills;
Gives grief, or pleasure; spares, or kills.

CLOE HUNTING.

Behind her neck her comely tresses tied,
Her ivory quiver graceful by her side,
A hunting Cloe went: she lost her way,
And through the woods uncertain chanc'd to stray.
Apollo, passing by, beheld the maid,
And, "Sister dear, bright Cynthia, turn," he said;
"The hunted hind lies close in yonder brake."
Loud Cupid laugh'd, to see the God's mistake;
And, laughing, cried, "Learn better, great divine,
To know thy kindred, and to honour mine.
Rightly advis'd far hence thy sister seek,
Or on Meander's bank, or Latmus' peak.
But in this nymph, my friend, my sister know!
She draws my arrows, and she bends my bow:
Fair Thames she haunts, and ever neighbouring grove,
Sacred to soft recess, and gentle love.
Go, with thy Cynthia, hurl the pointed spear
At the rough boar, or chase the flying deer:
I and my Cloe take a nobler aim:
At human hearts we fling, nor ever miss the game."

CUPID AND GANYMEDE.

In Heaven, one holiday, you read
In wise Anacreon, Ganymede
Drew heedless Cupid in, to throw
A main, to pass an hour, or so.
The little Trojan by the way,
By Hermes taught, play'd all the play.
The god unhappily engag'd,
By nature rash, by play enrag'd,
Complain'd, and sigh'd, and cried and fretted;
Lost every earthly thing he betted:
In ready money, all the store
Pick'd up long since from Danaë's shower;
A snuff-box, set with bleeding hearts,
Rubies, all pierc'd with diamond darts;
His nine-pins made of myrtle wood
(The tree in Ida's forest stood);
His bowl pure gold, the very same
Which Paris gave the Cyprian dame;
Two table-books in shagreen covers,
Fill'd with good verse from real lovers;
Merchandise rare! a billet-doux,
Its matter passionate, yet true;
Heaps of hair-rings, and cypher'd seals;
Rich trifles; serious bagatelles.
What sad disorders play begets!
Desperate and mad, at length he sets
Those darts, whose points make gods adore
His might, and deprecate his power:
Those darts, whence all our joy and pain
Arise: those darts—"Come, seven's the main,"
Cries Ganymede: the usual trick:
Seven, slur a six; eleven, a nick
Ill news goes fast: 'twas quickly known
That simple Cupid was undone.
Swifter than lightning Venus flew:
Too late she found the thing too true.
Guess how the goddess greets her son;
"Come hither, sirrah; no, begone!
And, hark ye, is it so indeed?
A comrade you for Ganymede?
An imp as wicked, for his age,
As any earthly lady's page;
A scandal and a scourge to Troy;
A prince's son! a black-guard boy;
A sharper, that with box and dice
Draws in young deities to vice.
All Heaven is by the ears together,
Since first that little rogue came hither:
Juno herself has had no peace:
And truly I've been favour'd less:
For Jove, as Fame reports (but Fame
Says things not fit for me to name),
Has acted ill for such a god,
And taken ways extremely odd.
"And thou, unhappy child," she said,
(Her anger by her grief allay'd)

"Unhappy child, who thus hast lost
All the estate we e'er could boast;
Whither, O whither wilt thou run,
Thy name despis'd, thy weakness known?
Nor shall thy shrine on Earth be crown'd;
Nor shall thy power in Heaven be own'd;
When thou nor man nor god canst wound."
Obedient Cupid kneeling cried,
"Cease, dearest mother, cease to chide:
Gany's a cheat, and I'm a bubble:
Yet why this great excess of trouble?
The dice were false; the darts are gone:
Yet how are you, or I, undone?
The loss of these I can supply
With keener shafts from Cloe's eye:
Fear not we e'er can be disgrac'd
While that bright magazine shall last:
Your crowded altars still shall smoke;
And man your friendly aid invoke:
Jove shall again revere your power,
And rise a swan, or fall a shower.

CUPID MISTAKEN.

As after noon, one summer's day,
Venus stood bathing in a river;
Cupid a-shooting went that way,
New strung his bow, new fill'd his quiver.

With skill he chose his sharpest dart,
With all his might his bow he drew;
Swift to his beauteous parent's heart
The too-well-guided arrow flew.

"I faint! I die!" the goddess cried:
"O cruel, could'st thou find none other,
To wreck thy spleen on? parricide!
Like Nero, thou hast slain thy mother."

Poor Cupid sobbing scarce could speak;
"Indeed, mamma, I did not know ye:
Alas! how easy my mistake!
I took you for your likeness Cloe."

VENUS MISTAKEN.

When Cloe's picture was to Venus shown,
Surpris'd, the goddess took it for her own. [mean?
"And what," said she, "does this bold painter
When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?"

Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's pride;
"And who's blind now, mamma?" the urchin cried.
"Tis Cloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast:
Friend Howard's genius fancied all the rest."

A SONG.

In wine and music have the power
To ease the sickness of the soul,
Let Phœbus every string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.
Let them their friendly aid employ,
To make my Cloe's absence light;
And seek for pleasure, to destroy
The sorrows of this live-long night.

But she tomorrow will return:
Venus, be thou tomorrow great;
Thy myrtles strow, thy odours burn,
And meet thy favourite nymph in state.
Kind goddess, to no other powers
Let us tomorrow's blessings own:
Thy darling loves shall guide the hours;
And all the day be thine alone.

THE DOVE.

—Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ? Virg.

In Virgil's sacred verse we find,
That passion can depress or raise
The heavenly, as the human mind:
Who dare deny what Virgil says?

But if they should, what our great master
Has thus laid down, my tale shall prove:
Fair Venus wept the sad disaster
Of having lost her favourite Dove.

In complaisance poor Cupid mourn'd;
His grief reliev'd his mother's pain;
He vow'd he'd leave no stone unturn'd,
But she should have her Dove again.

"Though none," said he, "shall yet be nam'd,
I know the felon well enough:
But be she not, Mamma, condemn'd
Without a fair and legal proof."

With that, his longest dart he took,
As constable would take his staff:
That gods desire like men to look,
Would make e'en Heraclitus laugh.

Love's subalterns, a dutcous band,
Like watchmen, round their chief appear:
Each had his lantern in his hand;
And Venus mask'd brought up the rear.

Accoutred thus, their eager step
To Cloe's lodging they directed:
(At once I write, alas! and weep,
That Cloe is of theft suspected).

Late they set out, had far to go:
St. Dunstan's as they pass'd struck one.
Cloe, for reasons good, you know,
Lives at the sober end o' th' town.

With one great peal they rap the door,
Like footmen on a visiting-day.
Folks at her house at such an hour!
Lord! what will all the neighbours say?

The door is open: up they run:
Nor prayers, nor threats, divert their speed;
"Thieves! thieves!" cries Susan; "we're undone;
They'll kill my mistress in her bed."

In bed indeed the nymph had been.
Three hours: for, all historians say,
She commonly went up at ten,
Unless piquet was in the way.

She wak'd, be sure, with strange surprise;
O Cupid, is this right or law,
Thus to disturb the brightest eyes,
That ever slept, or ever saw?

Have you observ'd a sitting hare,
Listening, and fearful of the storm
Of horns and hounds, clap back her ear,
Afraid to keep, or leave her form?

Or have you mark'd a partridge quake,
Viewing the towering falcon nigh?
She cuddles low behind the brake:
Nor would she stay; nor dares she fly.

Then have you seen the beauteous maid;
When gazing on her midnight foes,
She turn'd each way her frighted head,
Then sunk it deep beneath the clothes.

Venus this while was in the chamber
Incognito: for Susan said,
It smelt so strong of myrrh and amber—
And Susan is no lying maid.

But, since we have no present need
Of Venus for an episode:
With Cupid let us e'en proceed;
And thus to Cloe spoke the god:

"Hold up your head: hold up your hand!
Would it were not my lot to show ye
This cruel writ, wherein you stand
Indicted by the name of Cloe!

"For that, by secret malice stirr'd,
Or by an emulous pride invited,
You have purloin'd the favourite bird,
In which my mother most delighted."

Her blushing face the lovely maid
Rais'd just above the milk-white sheet;
A rose-tree in a lily bed
Nor glows so red, nor breathes so sweet.

"Are ye not he whom virgins fear,
And widows court? is not your name
Cupid? If so, pray come not near"—
"Fair maiden, I'm the very same."

"Then what have I, good sir, to say,
Or do with her you call your mother?
If I should meet her in my way,
We hardly court'sy to each other.

"Diana chaste, and Hebe sweet,
Witness that what I speak is true:
I would not give my paroquet
For all the Doves that ever flew.

"Yet, to compose this midnight noise,
Go freely search where-e'er you please,
(The rage, that rais'd, adorn'd her voice)
Upon yon toilet lie my keys."

Her keys he takes; her doors unlocks;
Through wardrobe and through closet bounces;
Peeps into every chest and box;
Turns all her furbelows and flounces.

But dove, depend on't, finds he none;
So to the bed returns again:
And now the maiden, bolder grown,
Begins to treat him with disdain.

"I marvel much," she smiling said,
"Your poultry cannot yet be found;
Lies he in yonder slipper dead?
Or, may be, in the tea-pot drown'd?"

"No, traitor," angry Love replies,
"He's hid somewhere about your breast;
A place nor god nor man denies,
For Venus's Dove the proper nest."

"Search, then," she said, "put in your hand,
And Cynthia, dear protectress, guard me:
As guilty I, or free, may stand,
Do thou or punish or reward me."

But ah! what maid to Love can trust!
He scorns, and breaks, all legal power:
Into her breast his hand he thrust;
And in a moment forc'd it lower.

"O, whither do those fingers rove,"
Cries Cloe, "treacherous urchin, whither?"
"O Venus! I shall find thy Dove,"
Says he; "for sure I touch his feather."

A LOVER'S ANGER.

As Cloe came into the room t' other day,
I peevish began: Where so long could you stay?
In your life-time you never regarded your hour;
You 'promis'd at two; and (pray look child,) 'tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels:
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.
A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—"
Thus far I went on with a resolute air. [speak!"
"Lord bless me!" said she; "let a body but
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fallen into my neck:
It has hurt me, and vext me to such a degree—
See here! for you never believe me; pray see,
On the left side my breast, what a mark it has made!"
So saying, her bosom she careless display'd:
That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd
And forgot every word I design'd to have said.

MERCURY AND CUPID.

In sullen humour one day Jove
Sent Hermes down to Ida's grove,
Commanding Cupid to deliver
His store of darts, his total quiver;
That Hermes should the weapons break,
Or throw them into Lethe's lake.
Hermes, you know, must do his errand:
He found his man, produc'd his warrant:
"Cupid! your darts—this very hour—
There's no contending against power!"
How sullen Jupiter, just now,
I think I said; and you'll allow
That Cupid was as bad as he:
Hear but the youngster's repartee.
"Come, kinsman," said the little god,
"Put off your wings, lay by your rod;
Retire with me to yonder bower,
And rest yourself for half an hour:
'Tis far indeed from hence to Heaven;
But you fly fast: and 'tis but seven.
We'll take one cooling cup of nectar;
And drink to this celestial Hector.
"He break my darts! or hurt my power!
He, Leda's swan and Danaë's shower!
Go, bid him his wise tongue restrain,
And mind his thunder, and his rain.—
My darts! O certainly I'll give 'em:
From Cloe's eyes he shall receive 'em.

There's one, the best in all my quiver,
Twang! through his very heart and liver;
He then shall pine, and sigh, and rave:
Good Lord! what bustle shall we have!
Neptune must straight be sent to sea,
And Flora summon'd twice a day:
One must find shells, and t' other flowers,
For cooling grots, and fragrant bowers,
That Cloe may be serv'd in state,
The Hours must at her toilet wait:
Whilst all the reasoning fools below
Wonder their watches go too slow.
Lybs must fly south, and Eurus east,
For jewels for her hair and breast.
No matter, though their cruel haste
Sink cities, and lay forests waste.
No matter, though this fleet be lost;
Or that lie wind-bound on the coast.
What whispering in my mother's ear!
What care, that Juno should not hear!
What work among you scholar gods!
Phœbus must write him amorous odes,
And thou, poor cousin, must compose
His letters in submissive prose;
Whilst haughty Cloe, to sustain
The honour of my mystic reign,
Shall all his gifts and vows disdain,
And laugh at your old bully's pain."
"Dear couz," said Hermes, in a fright,
"For Heaven's sake! keep your darts! good night."

ON BEAUTY.

A RIDDLE.

Resolve me, Cloe, what is this:
Or forfeit me one precious kiss.
'Tis the first offspring of the Graces;
Bears different forms in different places;
Acknowledg'd fine, where'er beheld;
Yet fancied finer, when conceal'd.
'Twas Flora's wealth, and Circe's charm;
Pandora's box of good and harm:
'Twas Mars's wish, Endymion's dream;
Apelles' draught, and Ovid's theme.
This guided Theseus through the maze;
And sent him home with life and praise:
But this undid the Phrygian boy;
And blew the flames that ruin'd Troy.
This show'd great kindness to old Greece,
And help'd rich Jason to the fleece.
This through the East just vengeance hurl'd,
And lost poor Anthony the world.
Injur'd, though Lucrece found her doom,
This banish'd tyranny from Rome.
Appeas'd, though Lais gain'd her hire,
This set Persepolis on fire.
For this Alcides learn'd to spin:
His club laid down, and lion's skin.
For this Apollo deign'd to keep,
With servile care, a mortal's sheep.
For this the father of the gods,
Content to leave his high abodes,
In borrow'd figures loosely ran,
Europa's bull, and Leda's swan:
For this he re-assumes the nod,
(While Semele commands the god)
Launches the bolt, and shakes the poles:
Though Momus laughs, and Juno scolds.

Here listening Cloe smil'd, and said:
"Your riddle is not hard to read:
I guess it."—"Fair one, if you do,
Need I, alas! the theme pursue?
For this, thou'sweet, for this I leave
Whate'er the world thinks wise or grave,
Ambition, business, friendship, news,
My useful books, and serious Muse.
For this, I willingly decline
The mirth of feasts, and joys of wine;
And choose to sit and talk with thee
(As thy great orders may decree)
Of cocks and bulls, and flutes and fiddles,
Of idle tales and foolish riddles."

THE QUESTION.

TO LISETTA.

What nymph should I admire or trust,
But Cloe beauteous, Cloe just?
What nymph should I desire to see,
But her who leaves the plain for me?
To whom should I compose the lay,
But her who listens when I play?
To whom in song repeat my cares,
But her who in my sorrow shares?
For whom should I the garland make?
But her who joys the gift to take,
And boasts she wears it for my sake.
In love am I not fully blest?
Lisetta, pr'ythee tell the rest.

LISETTA'S REPLY.

Sure Cloe just, and Cloe fair,
Deserves to be your only care:
But, when you and she today
Far into the wood did stray,
And I happen'd to pass by;
Which way did you cast your eye?
But, when your cares to her you sing,
Yet dare not tell her whence they spring?
Does it not more afflict your heart,
That in those cares she bears a part?
When you the flowers for Cloe twine,
Why do you to her garland join
The meanest bud that falls from mine?
Simplest of swains! the world may see
Whom Cloe loves, and who loves me.

THE GARLAND.

The pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day:
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past;
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
"My love, my life," said I, "explain
This change of humour: pr'ythee tell:
That falling tear—what does it mean?"

She sigh'd; she smil'd: and, to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
"See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made!

"Ah, me! the blooming pride of May,
And that of Beauty, are but one:
At morn both flourish bright and gay;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

"At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung;
The amorous youth around her bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

"Such as she is, who died today;
Such I, alas! may be tomorrow:
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow."

THE LADY WHO OFFERS HER LOOKING-GLASS TO VENUS.

TAKEN FROM AN EPIGRAM OF PLATO.

Venus, take my votive glass;
Since I am not what I was,
What from this day I shall be,
Venus, let me never see.

CLOE JEALOUS.

Forbear to ask me, why I weep;
Vext Cloe to her shepherd said;
'Tis for my two poor straggling sheep,
Perhaps, or for my squirrel dead.

For mind I what you late have writ?
Your subtle questions and replies?
Emblems, to teach a female wit
The ways, where changing Cupid flies?

Your riddle purpos'd to rehearse
The general power that beauty has:
But why did not peculiar verse
Describe one charm of Cloe's face?

The glass, which was at Venus' shrine,
With such mysterious sorrow laid:
The garland (and you call it mine)
Which show'd how youth and beauty fade:

Ten thousand trifles light as these
Nor can my rage, nor anger, move:
She should be humble, who would please;
And she must suffer, who can love.

When in my glass I chanc'd to look;
Of Venus what did I implore?
That every grace, which thence I took,
Should know to charm my Damon more.

Reading thy verse; "Who heeds," said I,
"If here or there his glances flew?
O, free for ever be his eye,
Whose heart to me is always true!"

My bloom indeed, my little flower
Of Beauty quickly lost its pride:
For, sever'd from its native bower,
It on thy glowing bosom dy'd.

Yet car'd I not what might presage
Or withering wreath, or fleeting youth;
Love I esteem'd more strong than Age,
And Time less permanent than Truth.

Why then I weep, forbear to know:
Full uncontroll'd, my tears, and free;
O Damon! tis the only woe,
I ever yet conceal'd from thee.

The secret wound with which I bleed
Shall lie wrapt up, ev'n in my hearse;
But on my tomb-stone thou shalt read
My answer to thy dubious verse.

ANSWER TO CHLOE JEALOUS,
IN THE SAME STYLE; THE AUTHOR SICK.

Yes, fairest proof of Beauty's power,
Dear idol of my panting heart,
Nature points this my fatal hour:
And I have liv'd; and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear;
Lest yet my half-clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

From Jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed:
That nothing may disturb thy life,
Content I hasten to the dead.

Yet when some better-fated youth
Shall with his amorous parley move thee;
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who, dying thus, persists to love thee.

A BETTER ANSWER.

Dear Cloe, how blubber'd is that pretty face!
Thy cheek all on fire, and thy hair all uncurl'd:
Pr'ythee quit this caprice; and (as old Falstaff says)
Let us ev'n talk a little like folks of this world.

How canst thou presume, thou hast leave to destroy
The beauties, which Venus but lent to thy keeping?
Those looks were design'd to inspire love and joy:
More ordinary eyes may serve people for weeping.

To be vext at a trifle or two that I writ,
Your judgment at once, and my passion, you wrong:
You take that for fact, which will scarce be found wit:
Od's-life! must one swear to the truth of a song?

at I speak, my fair Cloe, and what I write, shows
The difference there is betwixt Nature and Art:
Court others in verse; but I love thee in prose:
And they have my whimsies, but thou hast my heart.

The god of us verse-men, (you know, child) the Sun,
How after his journeys he sets up his rest:
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run;
At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am weary'd with wandering all day,
To thee my delight in the evening I come:
No matter what beauties I saw in my way;
They were but my visits, but thou art my home.

Then finish, dear Cloe, this pastoral war;
And let us like Horace and Lydia agree:
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
As he was a poet sublimer than me.

PALLAS AND VENUS.

AN EPIGRAM.

The Trojan swain had judg'd the great dispute,
And Beauty's power obtain'd the golden fruit;
When Venus, loose in all her naked charms,
Met Jove's great daughter clad in shining arms.
The wanton goddess view'd the warlike maid
From head to foot, and tauntingly she said:
"Yield, sister; rival, yield: naked, you see,
I vanquish: guess how potent I should be,
If to the field I came in armour drest;
Dreadful, like thine, my shield, and terrible my crest!"
The warrior goddess, with disdain, reply'd:
"Thy folly, child, is equal to thy gods:
Let a brave enemy for once advise,
And Venus (if 'tis possible) be wise.
Thou, to be strong, must put off every dress:
Thy only armour is thy nakedness;
And more than once (or thou art much bely'd)
By Mars himself that armour has been try'd."

TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

"From public noise and factious strife,
From all the busy ills of life,
Take me, my Celia, to thy breast;
And lull my wearied soul to rest.
For ever, in this humble cell,
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter else, but Love—and he
Shall bar the door, and keep the key.
"To painted roof and shining spires
(Uneasy seats of high desires)
Let the unthinking many crowd,
That dare be covetous and proud:
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happiness for state.
But oh! my Celia, when thy swain
Desires to see a court again,
May Heaven around this destin'd head
The choicest of its curses shed!
To sum up all the rage of Fate
In the two things I dread and hate,
May'st thou be false, and I be great!"
Thus, on his Celia's panting breast,
Fond Celadon his soul exprest;
While with delight the lovely maid
Receiv'd the vows she thus repaid:
"Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
Blest miracle of love and truth;
All that could e'er be counted mine,
My love and life, long since are thine;
A real joy I never knew,
Till I believ'd thy passion true:
A real grief I ne'er can find,
Till thou prov'st perjur'd, or unkind.
Contempt, and poverty, and care,
All we abhor, and all we fear,
Blest with thy presence, I can bear.
Through waters and through flames I'll go,
Sufferer and solace of thy woe!
Trace me some yet unheard-of way,
That I thy ardour may repay;
And make my constant passion known
By more than woman yet has done.
"Had I a wish that did not bear
The stamp and image of my dear,
I'd pierce my heart through every vein,
And die, to let it out again.
No: Venus shall my witness be
(If Venus ever lov'd like me),
That for one hour I would not quit
My shepherd's arms, and this retreat,
To be the Persian monarch's bride,
Partner of all his power and pride;
Or rule in regal state above,
Mother of gods, and wife of Jove."
O happy these of human race!
But soon, alas! our pleasures pass.
He thank'd her on his bended knee;
Then drank a quart of milk and tea;
And leaving her ador'd embrace,
Hasten'd to court, to beg a place.
While she, his absence to bemoan,
The very moment he was gone,
Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed!
Where all this time he had been hid.

MORAL.

While men have these ambitious fancies;
And wanton wenches read romances;
Our sex will—What? Out with it. Lye;
And theirs in equal strains reply.
The moral of the tale I sing
(A posy for a wedding ring)
In this short verse will be confin'd:
Love is a jest, and vows are wind.

AN ENGLISH PADLOCK.

Miss Danaë, when fair and young,
(As Horace has divinely sung)
Could not be kept from Jove's embrace
By doors of steel, and walls of brass.
The reason of the thing is clear,
Would Jove the naked truth aver.
Cupid was with him of the party,
And show'd himself sincere and hearty;

For, give that whipster but his errand,
He takes my lord chief justice' warrant:
Dauntless as Death, away he walks;
Breaks the doors open, snaps the locks;
Searches the parlour, chamber, study;
Nor stops till he has culprit's body.
" Since this has been authentic truth,
By age delivered down to youth;
Tell us, mistaken husband, tell us,
Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
Does the restraint, the bolt, the bar,
Make us less curious, her less fair?
The spy, which does this treasure keep,
Does she ne'er say her prayers, nor sleep?
Does she to no excess incline?
Does she fly music, mirth, and wine?
Or have not gold and flattery power
To purchase one unguarded hour?"
" Your care does further yet extend:
That spy is guarded by your friend."—
" But has this friend nor eye nor heart?
May he not feel the cruel dart,
Which, soon or late, all mortals feel?
May he not, with too tender zeal,
Give the fair prisoner cause to see,
How much he wishes she were free?
May he not craftily infer
The rules of friendship too severe,
Which chain him to a hated trust;
Which make him wretched, to be just?
And may not she, this darling she,
Youthful and healthy, flesh and blood,
Easy with him, ill us'd by thee,
Allow this logic to be good?"
" Sir, will your questions never end?
I trust to neither spy nor friend.
In short, I keep her from the sight
Of every human face."—" She'll write."—
" From pen and paper she's debarr'd."—
" Has she a bodkin and a card?
She'll prick her mind."—" She will, you say:
But how shall she that mind convey?
I keep her in one room: I lock it:
The key (look here) is in this pocket."—
" The key-hole, is that left?"—" Most certain."—
" She'll thrust her letter through, sir Martin."—
" Dear, angry friend, what must be done?
Is there no way?"—" There is but one.
Send her abroad: and let her see,
That all this mingled mass, which she,
Being forbidden, longs to know,
Is a dull farce, an empty show,
Powder, and pocket-glass, and beau;
A staple of romance and lies,
False tears and real perjuries:
Where sighs and looks are bought and sold,
And love is made but to be told:
Where the fat bawd and lavish heir
The spoils of ruin'd beauty share;
And youth, seduc'd from friends and fame,
Must give up age to want and shame.
Let her behold the frantic scene,
The women wretched, false the men:
And when, these certain ills to shun,
She would to thy embraces run;
Receive her with extended arms,
Seem more delighted with her charms;
Wait on her to the Park and play;
Put on good-humour; make her gay;
Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind;
Let all her ways be unconfin'd;
And clap your padlock—on her mind."

HANS CARVEL.

Hans Carvel, impotent and old,
Married a lass of London mold:
Handsome? enough; extremely gay:
Lov'd music, company, and play:
High flights she had, and wit at will;
And so her tongue lay seldom still:
For, in all visits, who but she,
To argue, or to repartée?
She made it plain, that human passion
Was order'd by predestination;
That, if weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they:
Whole tragedies she had by heart;
Enter'd into Roxana's part:
To triumph in her rival's blood,
The action certainly was good.
" How like a vine young Ammon curl'd!
Oh that dear conqueror of the world!"
She pitied Betterton in age,
That ridicul'd the god-like rage.
She, first of all the town, was told,
Where newest India things were sold:
So in a morning, without bodice,
Slipt sometimes out to Mrs. Thody's;
To cheapen tea, to buy a screen:
What else could so much virtue mean?
For, to prevent the least reproach,
Betty went with her in the coach.
But, when no very great affair
Excited her peculiar care,
She, without fail, was wak'd at ten;
Drank chocolate, then slept again:
At twelve she rose; with much ado
Her clothes were huddled on by two;
Then, " Does my lady dine at home?"—
" Yes, sure!"—" But is the colonel come?"
Next, how to spend the afternoon,
And not come home again too soon;
The change, the city, or the play,
As each was proper for the day:
A turn, in summer, to Hyde-park,
When it grew tolerably dark.
Wife's pleasure causes husband's pain:
Strange fancies come in Hans's brain:
He thought of what he did not name;
And would reform, but durst not blame.
At first he therefore preach'd his wife
The comforts of a pious life:
Told her, how transient beauty was;
That all must die, and flesh was grass:
He bought her sermons, psalms and graces,
And doubled down the useful places.
But still the weight of worldly care
Allow'd her little time for prayer:
And Cleopatra was read o'er;
While Scot, and Wake, and twenty more,
That teach one to deny one's-self,
Stood unmolested on the shelf.
An untouch'd Bible grac'd her toilet:
No fear that thumb of hers should spoil it.

In short, the trade was still the same:
The dame went out: the colonel came.
"What's to be done?" poor Carvel cry'd:
"Another battery must be try'd:
What if to spells I had recourse?
'Tis but to hinder something worse.
The end must justify the means;
He only sins who ill intends:
Since, therefore, 'tis to combat evil,
'Tis lawful to employ the Devil."
Forthwith the Devil did appear,
(For name him, and he's always near)
Not in the shape in which he plies
At miss's elbow when she lies;
Or stands before the nursery-doors,
To take the naughty boy that roars:
But, without sawcer-eye or claw,
Like a grave barrister at law.
"Hans Carvel, lay aside your grief,"
The Devil says; "I bring relief."—
"Relief!" says Hans: "pray, let me crave
Your name, sir?"—"Satan."—"Sir, your slave;
I did not look upon your feet:
You'll pardon me:—Aye, now I see't:
And pray, sir, when came you from Hell?
Our friends there, did you leave them well?"—
"All well; but pr'ythee, honest Hans,"
Says Satan, "leave your complaisance:
The truth is this: I cannot stay
Flaring in sun-shine all the day:
For, *entre nous*, we hellish sprites
Love more the fresco of the nights;
And oftener our receipts convey,
In dreams, than any other way.
I tell you, therefore, as a friend,
Ere morning dawns, your fears shall end:
Go then, this evening, master Carvel,
Lay down your fowls, and broach your barrel;
Let friends and wine dissolve your care;
Whilst I the great receipt prepare:
Tonight I'll bring it, by my faith!
Believe for once what Satan saith."
Away went Hans: Glad? Not a little;
Obey'd the Devil to a tittle;
Invited friends some half a dozen,
The colonel, and my lady's cousin.
The meat was serv'd; the bowls were crown'd;
Catches were sung; and healths went round;
Barbadoes waters for the close;
Till Hans had fairly got his dose:
The colonel toasted "To the best:"
The dame mov'd off, to be undrest:
The chimes went twelve: the guests withdrew:
But when, or how, Hans hardly knew.
Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his elbow-chair;
From thence was carried off to bed:
John held his heels, and Nan his head.
My lady was disturb'd: new sorrow!
Which Hans must answer for to-morrow.
In bed then view this happy pair;
And think how Hymen triumph'd there.
Hans fast asleep as soon as laid,
The duty of the night unpaid:
The waking dame, with thoughts opprest,
That made her hate both him and rest:
By such a husband, such a wife!
'Twas Acme's and Septimius' life:
The lady sigh'd: the lover snor'd:
The punctual Devil kept his word;
Appear'd to honest Hans again;
But not at all by madam seen:
And, giving him a magic ring,
Fit for the finger of a king;
"Dear Hans," said he, "this jewel take,
And wear it long for Satan's sake:
'Twill do your business to a hair:
For, long as you this ring shall wear,
As sure as I look over Lincoln,
That ne'er shall happen, which you think on."
Hans took the ring, with joy extreme,
(All this was only in a dream)
And, thrusting it beyond his joint,
"'Tis done," he cry'd: "I've gain'd my point."—
"What point," said she, "you ugly beast?
You neither give me joy nor rest."—
"'Tis done."—"What's done, you drunken bear?
You've thrust your finger God knows where!"

A DUTCH PROVERB.

"Fire, water, woman, are man's ruin,"
Says wise professor Vander Brüin.
By flames a house I hir'd was lost
Last year: and I must pay the cost.
This spring the rains o'erflow'd my ground:
And my best Flanders mare was drown'd.
A slave I am to Clara's eyes:
The gipsy knows her power, and flies.
Fire, water, woman, are my ruin:
And great thy wisdom, Vander Brüin.

PAULO PURGANTI AND HIS WIFE;

AN HONEST, BUT A SIMPLE PAIR.

Est enim quiddam, Idque intelligitur in omni virtute, quod deceat: quod cogitatione magis à virtute potest quàm re separari.
Cic. de Off. l. i.

Beyond the fix'd and settled rules
Of vice and virtue in the schools,
Beyond the letter of the law,
Which keeps our men and maids in awe,
The better sort should set before 'em
A grace, a manner, a decorum;
Something, that gives their acts a light;
Makes them not only just, but bright;
And sets them in that open fame,
Which witty Malice cannot blame.
For 'tis in life, as 'tis in painting:
Much may be right, yet much be wanting;
From lines drawn true, our eye may trace
A foot, a knee, a hand, a face;
May justly own the picture wrought
Exact to rule, exempt from fault:
Yet, if the colouring be not there,
The Titian stroke, the Guido air;
To nicest judgment show the piece,
At best, 'twill only not displease:
It would not gain on Jersey's eye;
Bradford would frown, and set it by.
Thus, in the picture of our mind,
The action may be well design'd;
Guided by law, and bound by duty;
Yet want this *je ne sçai quoi* of beauty:

And though its errour may be such,
As Knags and Burgess cannot hit;
It yet may feel the nicer touch
Of Wicherley's or Congreve's wit.
" What is this talk?" replies a friend,
" And where will this dry moral end?
The truth of what you here lay down
By some example should be shown."—
" With all my heart—for once; read on.
An hônest, but a simple pair
(And twenty other I forbear)
May serve to make this thesis clear."
A doctor of great skill and fame,
Paulo Purganti was his name,
Had a good, comely, virtuous wife;
No woman led a better life:
She to intrigues was ev'n hard hearted:
She chuckled when a bawd was carted;
And thought the nation ne'er would thrive,
Till all the whores were burnt alive.
On married men, that dar'd be bad,
She thought no mercy should be had;
They should be hang'd, or starv'd, or flead,
Or serv'd like Romish priests in Swede.
In short, all lewdness she defied:
And stiff was her parochial pride.
Yet, in an honest way, the dame
Was a great lover of that same;
And could from Scripture take her cue,
That husbands should give wives their due.
Her prudence did so justly steer
Between the gay and the severe,
That if, in some regards, she chose
To curb poor Paulo in too close;
In others she relax'd again,
And govern'd with a looser rein.
Thus though she strictly did confine
The doctor from excess of wine:
With oysters, eggs, and vermicelli,
She let him almost burst his belly:
Thus drying coffee was denied;
But chocolate that loss supplied:
And for tobacco, (who could bear it?)
Filthy concomitant of claret,
(Blest revolution!) one might see
Eringo roots, and Bohea tea.
She often set the doctor's band,
And strok'd his beard, and squeez'd his hand:
Kindly complain'd, that after noon
He went to pore on books too soon:
She held it wholesomer by much,
To rest a little on the couch:
About his waist in bed a-nights
She clung so close—for fear of sprites.
The doctor understood the call;
But had not always wherewithal.
The lion's skin too short, you know,
(As Plutarch's morals finely show)
Was lengthen'd by the fox's tail;
And art supplies, where strength may fail.
Unwilling then in arms to meet
The enemy she could not beat;
He strove to lengthen the campaign,
And save his forces by chicane.
Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus
By fair retreat grew Maximus,
Shows us, that all that warrior can do,
With force inferior, is *cunctando*.
One day, then, as the foe drew near,
With love, and joy, and life, and dear;
Our Don, who knew this tittle-tattle
Did, sure as trumpet, call to battle,
Thought it extremely *à propos*,
To ward against the coming blow:
To ward: but how? Aye, there's the question;
Fierce the assault, unarm'd the bastion.
The doctor feign'd a strange surprise:
He felt her pulse; he view'd her eyes:
That beat too fast, these roll'd too quick;
She was, he said, or would be sick:
He judg'd it absolutely good,
That she should purge, and cleanse her blood.
Spa waters for that end were got:
If they past easily or *not*,
What matters it? the lady's fever
Continued violent as ever.
For a distemper of this kind,
(Blackmore and Hans are of my mind)
If once it youthful blood infects,
And chiefly of the female sex,
Is scarce remov'd by pill or potion;
Whate'er might be our doctor's notion.
One luckless night, then, as in bed
The doctor and the dame were laid;
Again this cruel fever came,
High pulse, short breath, and blood in flame.
What measures shall poor Paulo keep
With madam in this piteous taking?
She, like Macbeth, has murder'd sleep,
And won't allow him rest, though waking.
Sad state of matters! when we dare
Not ask for peace, nor offer war;
Nor Livy nor Comines have shown
What in this juncture may be done.
Grotius might own, that Paulo's case is
Harder than any which he places
Amongst his *Belli* and his *Pacis*.
He strove, alas! but strove in vain,
By dint of logic, to maintain
That all the sex was born to grieve,
Down to her ladyship from Eve.
He ranged his tropes, and preach'd up patience,
Back'd his opinion with quotations,
Divines and moralists; and run ye on
Quite through from Seneca to Bunyan.
As much in vain he bid her try
To fold her arms, to close her eye;
Telling her, rest would do her good,
If any thing in nature could:
So held the Greeks, quite down from Galen,
Masters and princes of the calling:
So all our modern friends maintain
(Though no great Greeks) in Warwick-lane.
Reduce, my Muse, the wandering song:
A tale should never be too long.
The more he talk'd, the more she burn'd,
And sigh'd, and toss'd, and groan'd, and turn'd:
At last, " I wish," said she, " my dear—"
And whisper'd something in his ear.
" You wish!—wish on," the doctor cries;
" Lord! when will womankind be wise?
What, in your waters?—are you mad?
Why poison is not half so bad.
I'll do it—but I give you warning:
You'll die before tomorrow morning."—
" 'Tis kind, my dear, what you advise,"
The lady, with a sigh, replies:
" But life, you know, at best, is pain;
And death is what we should disdain.

So do it therefore, and adieu:
For I will die for love of you.—
Let wanton wives by Death be scar'd;
But, to my comfort, I'm prepar'd."

THE LADLE.

The sceptics think, 'twas long ago,
Since gods came down incognito,
To see who were their friends or foes,
And how our actions fell or rose:
That since they gave things their beginning,
And set this whirligig a-spinning,
Supine they in their Heaven remain,
Exempt from passion, and from pain:
And frankly leave us human elves,
To cut and shuffle for ourselves;
To stand or walk, to rise or tumble,
As matter and as motion jumble.
The poets now and painters hold
This thesis both absurd and bold:
And your good-natur'd gods, they say,
Descend some twice or thrice a-day:
Else all these things we toil so hard in
Would not avail one single farthing:
For, when the hero we rehearse,
To grace his actions and our verse;
'Tis not by dint of human thought,
That to his Latium he is brought;
Iris descends by Fate's commands,
To guide his steps through foreign lands:
And Amphitrite clears the way
From rocks and quicksands in the sea.
And if you see him in a sketch,
(Though drawn by Paulo or Carache)
He shows not half his force and strength,
Strutting in armour, and at length:
That he may make his proper figure,
The piece must yet be four yards bigger:
The nymphs conduct him to the field;
One holds his sword, and one his shield;
Mars, standing by, asserts his quarrel;
And Fame flies after with a laurel.
These points, I say, of speculation,
(As 'twere to save or sink the nation)
Men idly-learned will dispute,
Assert, object, confirm, refute:
Each mighty angry, mighty right,
With equal arms sustain'd the fight;
Till now no umpire can agree 'em:
So both draw off, and sing Te Deum.
Is it in equilibrio,
If deities descend or no?
Then let th' affirmative prevail,
As requisite to form my tale:
For by all parties 'tis confest,
That those opinions are the best,
Which in their nature most conduce
To present ends, and private use.
Two gods came therefore from above,
One Mercury, the other Jove:
The humour was, it seems, to know,
If all the favours they bestow
Could from our own perverseness ease us;
And if our wish, enjoy'd, would please us.
Discoursing largely on this theme,
O'er hills and dales their godships came;
Till, well nigh tir'd, at almost night,
They thought it proper to alight.
Note here, that it as true as odd is,
That in disguise a god or goddess
Exerts no supernatural powers;
But acts on maxims much like ours.
They spied at last a country farm,
Where all was snug, and clean, and warm;
For woods before, and hills behind,
Secur'd it both from rain and wind:
Large oxen in the field were lowing;
Good grain was sow'd; good fruit was growing;
Of last year's corn in barns great store;
Fat turkeys gobbling at the door;
And Wealth, in short, with Peace consented,
That people here should live contented:
"But did they in effect do so?—"
"Have patience, friend, and thou shalt know."
The honest farmer and his wife,
To years declin'd from prime of life,
Had struggled with the marriage noose,
As almost every couple does. [ling!"
Sometimes, "My plague!" sometimes, "My dar-
Kissing to-day, to-morrow snarling,
Jointly submitting to endure
That evil, which admits no cure.
Our gods the outward gate unbarr'd:
Our farmer met them in the yard;
Thought they were folks that lost their way;
And ask'd them civilly to stay:
Told them, for supper, or for bed,
They might go on, and be worse sped.
So said, so done; the gods consent:
All three into the parlour went:
They compliment; they sit; they chat;
Fight o'er the wars; reform the state:
A thousand knotty points they clear,
Till supper and my wife appear.
Jove made his leg, and kiss'd the dame:
Obsequious Hermes did the same.
"Jove kiss'd the farmer's wife!" you say.
"He did—but in an honest way:
Oh! not with half that warmth and life,
With which he kiss'd Amphitryon's wife."
Well, then, things handsomely were serv'd:
My mistress for the strangers carv'd.
How strong the beer, how good the meat,
How loud they laugh'd, how much they eat,
In epic sumptuous would appear;
Yet shall be pass'd in silence here:
For I should grieve to have it said,
That, by a fine description led,
I made my episode too long,
Or tir'd my friend, to grace my song.
The grace-cup serv'd, the cloth away,
Jove thought it time to show his play:
"Landlord and landlady," he cried,
"Folly and jesting laid aside,
That ye thus hospitably live,
And strangers with good cheer receive,
Is mighty grateful to your betters,
And makes e'en gods themselves your debtors.
To give this thesis plainer proof,
You have to-night beneath your roof
A pair of gods, (nay, never wonder)
This youth can fly, and I can thunder.
I'm Jupiter, and he Mercurius,
My page, my son indeed, but spurious.
Form then three wishes, you and madam;
And sure as you already had 'em,

The things desir'd, in half an hour,
Shall all be here, and in your power."
"Thank you, great gods," the woman says:
"Oh! may your altars ever blaze!
A Ladle for our silver-dish
Is what I want, is what I wish."
"A Ladle!" cries the man, "a Ladle!
Odzooks, Corisca, you have pray'd ill;
What should be great, you turn to farce;
I wish the Ladle in your a—."
With equal grief and shame, my Muse
The sequel of the tale pursues;
The Ladle fell into the room,
And stuck in old Corisca's bum.
Our couple weep two wishes past,
And kindly join to form the last;
To ease the woman's aukward pain,
And get the Ladle out again.

MORAL.

This commoner hath worth and parts,
Is prais'd for arms, or lov'd for arts;
His head aches for a coronet:
And who is bless'd that is not great?
Some sense, and more estate, kind Heaven
To this well-lotted peer has given:
What then? He must have rule and sway;
And all is wrong, till he's in play.
The miser must make up his plumb,
And dares not touch the hoarded sum;
The sickly dotard wants a wife,
To draw off his last dregs of life.
Against our peace we arm our will:
Amidst our plenty, something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him, is wanting.
The cruel something unpossess'd,
Corrodes, and leavens all the rest.
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain:
And to the coffin, from the cradle,
'Tis all a wish, and all a Ladle.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, 1700, IN

THE BEGINNING OF ROBE'S GEOGRAPHY.

Of all that William rules, or Robe
Describes, great Rhéa, of thy globe;
When or on post-horse, or in chaise,
With much expense, and little ease,
My destin'd miles I shall have gone,
By Thames or Maese, by Po or Rhone,
And found no foot of earth my own;
Great Mother, let me once be able
To have a garden, house, and stable;
That I may read, and ride, and plant,
Superior to desire or want;
And as health fails, and years increase,
Sit down and think, and die, in peace.
Oblige thy favourite undertakers
To throw me in but twenty acres:
This number sure they may allow;
For pastures ten, and ten for plow:
'Tis all that I could wish or hope,
For me and John, and Nell and Crop.
Then, as thou wilt, dispose the rest
(And let not Fortune spoil the jest)
To those who, at the market-rate,
Can barter honour for estate.
Now, if thou grant'st me my request,
To make thy votary truly blest,
Let curst Revenge and saucy Pride
To some bleak rock far off be tied;
Nor e'er approach my rural seat,
To tempt me to be base and great.
And, goddess, this kind office done,
Charge Venus to command her son
(Where-ever else she lets him rove)
To shun my house, and field, and grove:
Peace cannot dwell with Hate or Love.
Hear, gracious Rhéa, what I say:
And thy petitioner shall pray.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF

MEZERAY'S HISTORY OF FRANCE.

Whate'er thy countrymen have done,
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited:
And all the living world, that view
Thy work, give thee the praises due,
At once instructed and delighted.

Yet, for the fame of all these deeds,
What beggar in the Invalids,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wish'd ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written.

It's strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That, down from Pharamond to Louis,
All covet life, yet call it pain;
All feel the ill, yet shun the cure:
Can sense this paradox endure?
Resolve me, Cambray or Fontaine.

The man, in graver tragic known,
(Though his best part long since was done)
Still on the stage desires to tarry:
And he, who play'd the Harlequin,
After the jest still loads the scene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary.

WRITTEN IN THE

NOUVEAUX INTERETS DES PRINCES DE L'EUROPE.

Blest be the princes, who have fought
For pompous names, or wide dominion;
Since by their errour we are taught
That happiness is but opinion!

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM SUAM.

Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, rigida, nudula?
Nec, ut soles, dabis joca.

BY MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

Ma petite ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille, & Dieu sache où tu vas:
Tu pars seulette, nuë, & tremblotante, helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne!
Que deviendront tant de jolis ébats?

IMITATED.

Poor, little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Must we no longer live together?
And dost thou prune thy trembling wing,
To take thy flight thou know'st not whither?
Thy humourous vein, thy pleasing folly,
Lies all neglected, all forgot:
And pensive, wavering, melancholy,
Thou dread'st and hop'st thou know's not what.

A PASSAGE IN THE

MORIÆ ENCOMIUM OF ERASMUS

IMITATED.

In awful pomp, and melancholy state,
See settled Reason on the judgment seat:
Around her crowd Distrust, and Doubt, and Fear,
And thoughtful Foresight, and tormenting Care:
Far from the throne, the trembling Pleasures stand,
Chain'd up, or exil'd by her stern command.
Wretched her subjects, gloomy sits the queen;
Till happy Chance reverts the cruel scene;
And apish Folly, with her wild resort
Of wit and jest, disturbs the solemn court.
See the fantastic minstrelsy advance,
To breathe the song, and animate the dance.
Blest the usurper! happy the surprise!
Her mimic postures catch our eager eyes;
Her jingling bells affect our captive ear;
And in the sights we see, and sounds we hear,
Against our judgment, she our sense employs;
The laws of troubled Reason she destroys,
And in their place rejoices to indite
Wild schemes of mirth, and plans of loose delight.

TO DR. SHERLOCK,

ON HIS PRACTICAL DISCOURSE CONCERNING DEATH.

Forgive the Muse, who, in unhallow'd strains,
The saint one moment from his God detains:
For sure, whate'er you do, where-e'er you are,
'Tis all but one good work, one constant prayer:
Forgive her; and entreat that God, to whom
Thy favour'd vows with kind acceptance come,
To raise her notes to that sublime degree,
Which suits a song of piety and thee.
Wondrous good man! whose labours may repel
The force of Sin, may stop the rage of Hell;
Thou, like the Baptist, from thy God wast sent,
The crying voice, to bid the world repent.
The youth shall study, and no more engage
Their flattering wishes for uncertain age;
No more, with fruitless care and cheated strife,
Chase fleeting Pleasure through this maze of life;
Finding the wretched all they here can have,
But present food, and but a future grave:
Each, great as Philip's victor son, shall view
This abject world, and, weeping, ask a new.
Decrepit Age shall read thee, and confess
Thy labours can assuage, where med'cines cease;
Shall bless thy words, their wounded soul's relief,
The drops that sweeten their last dregs of life;
Shall look to Heaven, and laugh at all beneath;
Own riches, gather'd, trouble; fame, a breath;
And life an ill, whose only cure is death.
Thy even thoughts with so much plainness flow,
Their sense untutor'd infancy may know:
Yet to such height is all that plainness wrought,
Wit may admire, and letter'd Pride be taught.
Easy in words thy style, in sense sublime,
On its blest steps each age and sex may rise;
'Tis like the ladder in the Patriarch's dream,
Its foot on Earth, its height above the skies:
Diffus'd its virtue, boundless is its power;
'Tis public health, and universal cure;
Of heavenly manna 'tis a second feast;
A nation's food, and all to every taste.
To its last height mad Britain's guilt was rear'd;
And various death for various crimes she fear'd.
With your kind work her drooping hopes revive;
You bid her read, repent, adore, and live:
You wrest the bolt from Heaven's avenging hand;
Stop ready Death, and save a sinking land.
O! save us still: still bless us with thy stay:
O! want thy Heaven, till we have learnt the way:
Refuse to leave thy destin'd charge too soon;
And, for the church's good, defer thy own.
O! live; and let thy works urge our belief;
Live to explain thy doctrine by thy life;
Till future infancy, baptiz'd by thee,
Grow ripe in years, and old in piety;
Till Christians, yet unborn, be taught to die.
Then, in full age and hoary holiness,
Retire, great teacher! to thy promis'd bliss:
Untouch'd thy tomb, uninjur'd be thy dust,
As thy own fame among the future just;
Till in last sounds the dreadful trumpet speaks;
Till Judgment calls, and quicken'd Nature wakes;
Till, through the utmost earth, and deepest sea,
Our scatter'd atoms find their destin'd way,
In haste, to clothe their kindred souls again,
Perfect our state, and build immortal man:
Then fearless thou, who well sustain'dst the fight,
To paths of joy, or tracts of endless light,
Lead up all those who heard thee, and believ'd;
'Midst thy own flock, great shepherd! be receiv'd;
And glad all Heaven with millions thou hast sav'd.

CARMEN SECULARE,

FOR THE YEAR 1700.

TO THE KING.

Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæculo:
O mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus & quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!
Virg. Eclog. iv.

Thy elder look, great Janus, cast
Into the long records of ages past:

Review the years in fairest action drest
With noted white, superior to the rest;
Æras deriv'd, and chronicles begun,
From empires founded, and from battles won;
Show all the spoils by valiant kings achiev'd,
And groaning nations by their arms reliev'd;
The wounds of patriots in their country's cause,
And happy power sustain'd by wholesome laws;
In comely rank call every merit forth,
Imprint on every act its standard-worth;
The glorious parallels then downward bring
To modern wonders, and to Britain's king;
With equal justice, and historic care,
Their laws, their toils, their arms with his compare;
Confess the various attributes of Fame
Collected and complete in William's name;
To all the listening world relate
(As thou dost his story read)
That nothing went before so great,
And nothing greater can succeed.

Thy native Latium was thy darling care,
Prudent in peace, and terrible in war:
The boldest virtues that have govern'd Earth
From Latium's fruitful womb derive their birth.
Then turn to her fair-written page;
From dawning childhood to establish'd age
The glories of her empire trace;
Confront the heroes of thy Roman race;
And let the justest palm the victor's temples grace.

The son of Mars reduc'd the trembling swains,
And spread his empire o'er the distant plains:
But yet the Sabins' violated charms
Obscur'd the glory of his rising arms.
Numa the rights of strict religion knew;
On every altar laid the incense due;
Unskill'd to dart the pointed spear,
Or lead the forward youth to noble war.
Stern Brutus was with too much horrour good,
Holding his fasces stain'd with filial blood.
Fabius was wise, but with excess of care
He sav'd his country, but prolong'd the war.
While Decius, Paulus, Curius, greatly fought,
And by their strict examples taught
How wild desires should be controll'd,
And how much brighter virtue was than gold;
They scarce their swelling thirst of fame could hide;
And boasted poverty with too much pride.
Excess in youth made Scipio less rever'd;
And Cato, dying, seem'd to own he fear'd.
Julius with honour tam'd Rome's foreign foes;
But patriots fell, ere the dictator rose:
And, while with clemency Augustus reign'd,
The monarch was ador'd; the city chain'd.

With justest honour be their merits drest;
But be their failings too confest:
Their virtue, like their Tyber's flood,
Rolling its course, design'd their country's good.
But oft the torrent's too impetuous speed
From the low earth tore some polluting weed;
And with the blood of Jove there always ran
Some viler part, some tincture of the man.

Few virtues after these so far prevail,
But that their vices more than turn the scale:
Valour, grown wild by pride, and power by rage,
Did the true charms of majesty impair;
Rome by degrees, advancing more in age,
Show'd sad remains of what had once been fair;
Till Heaven a better race of men supplies:
And glory shoots new beams from western skies.

Turn then to Pharamond and Charlemain,
And the long heroes of the Gallic strain;
Experienc'd chiefs, for hardy prowess known,
And bloody wreaths in venturous battles won.
From the first William, our great Norman king,
The bold Plantagenets and Tudors bring;
Illustrious virtues, who by turns have rose
In foreign fields to check Britannia's foes;
With happy laws her empire *so* sustain,
And with full power assert her ambient main.
But sometimes, too industrious to be great,
Nor patient to expect the turns of fate,
They open'd camps, deform'd by civil fight,
And made proud conquest trample over right:
Disparted Britain mourn'd their doubtful sway,
And dreaded both, when neither would obey.

From Didier and imperial Adolph trace
The glorious offspring of the Nassau race,
Devoted lives to public liberty;
The chief still dying, or the country free.
Then see the kindred blood of Orange flow,
From warlike Cornet, through the lines of Beau;
Through Chalon next, and there with Nassau join,
From Rhone's fair banks transplanted to the Rhine.
Bring next the royal list of Stuarts forth,
Undaunted minds, that rul'd the rugged North:
Till Heaven's decrees by ripening times are shown;
Till Scotland's kings ascend the English throne;
And the fair rivals live for ever one.

Janus, mighty deity,
Be kind; and, as thy searching eye
Does our modern story trace,
Finding some of Stuart's race
Unhappy, pass their annals by:
Nor harsh reflection let remembrance raise:
Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise:
But, as thou dwell'st upon that heavenly name[1],
To grief for ever sacred, as to fame,
Oh! read it to thyself; in silence weep;
And thy convulsive sorrows inward keep:
Lest Britain's grief should waken at the sound,
And blood gush fresh from her eternal wound.

Whither wouldst thou further look?
Read William's acts, and close the ample book:
Peruse the wonders of his dawning life:
How, like Alcides, he began;
With infant patience calm'd seditious strife,
And quell'd the snakes which round his cradle ran.

Describe his youth, attentive to alarms,
By dangers form'd, and perfected in arms:
When conquering, mild; when conquer'd, not disgrac'd;
By wrongs not lessen'd, nor by triumphs rais'd:
Superior to the blind events
Of little human accidents;
And constant to his first decree,
To curb the proud, to set the injur'd free;
To bow the haughty neck, and raise the suppliant knee.

His opening years to riper manhood bring;
And see the hero perfect in the king:
Imperious arms by manly reason sway'd,
And power supreme by free consent obey'd;

[1] Mary.

With how much haste his mercy meets his foes,
And how unbounded his forgiveness flows;
With what desire he makes his subjects blest'd,
His favours granted ere his throne address'd:
What trophies o'er our captiv'd hearts he rears,
By arts of peace more potent than by wars:
How o'er himself as o'er the world he reigns,
His morals strengthening what his law ordains.

Through all his thread of life already spun,
Becoming grace and proper action run:
The piece by Virtue's equal hand is wrought.
Mixt with no crime, and shaded with no fault;
No footsteps of the victor's rage
Left in the camp where William did engage:
No tincture of the monarch's pride
Upon the royal purple spy'd:
His fame, like gold, the more 'tis try'd,
The more shall its intrinsic worth proclaim;
Shall pass the combat of the searching flame,
And triumph o'er the vanquish'd heat,
For ever coming out the same,
And loosing nor its lustre nor its weight.

Janus, be to William just;
To faithful History his actions trust:
Command her, with peculiar care
To trace each toil, and comment every war:
His saving wonders bid her write
In characters distinctly bright;
That each revolving age may read
The patriot's piety, the hero's deed:
And still the sire inculcate to his son
Transmissive lessons of the king's renown;
That William's glory still may live;
When all that present art can give,
The pillar'd marble, and the tablet brass,
Mouldering, drop the victor's praise:
When the great monuments of his power
Shall now be visible no more;
When Sambre shall have chang'd her winding flood,
And children ask, where Namur stood.

Namur, proud city, how her towers were arm'd!
How she contemn'd th' approaching foe!
Till she by William's trumpets was alarm'd,
And shook, and sunk, and fell beneath his blow.
Jove and Pallas, mighty powers,
Guided the hero to the hostile towers.
Perseus seem'd less swift in war,
When, wing'd with speed, he flew through air.
Embattled nations strive in vain
The hero's glory to restrain:
Streams arm'd with rocks, and mountains red with fire,
In vain against his force conspire.
Behold him from the dreadful height appear!
And lo! Britannia's lions waving there.

Europe freed, and France repell'd,
The hero from the height beheld:
He spake the word, that war and rage should cease;
He bid the Maese and Rhine in safety flow;
And dictated a lasting peace
To the rejoicing world below.
To rescued states, and vindicated crowns,
His equal hand prescrib'd their ancient bounds;
Ordain'd, whom every province should obey;
How far each monarch should extend his sway;
Taught them how clemency made power rever'd,
And that the prince belov'd was truly fear'd.

Firm by his side unspotted Honour stood,
Pleas'd to confess him not so great as good:
His head with brighter beams fair Virtue deck'd,
Than those which all his numerous crowns reflect;
Establish'd Freedom clapp'd her joyful wings;
Proclaim'd the first of men, and best of kings.

Whither would the Muse aspire
With Pindar's rage, without his fire?
Pardon me, Janus, 'twas a fault,
Created by too great a thought:
Mindless of the god and day,
I from thy altars, Janus, stray,
From thee, and from myself, borne far away.
The fiery Pegasus disdains
To mind the rider's voice, or hear the reins:
When glorious fields and opening camps he views,
He runs with an unbounded loose:
Hardly the Muse can sit the headstrong horse;
Nor would she, if she could, check his impetuous force;
With the glad noise the cliffs and vallies ring,
While she through earth and air pursues the king.

She now beholds him on the Belgic shore,
Whilst Britain's tears his ready help implore;
Dissembling for her sake his rising cares,
And with wise silence pondering vengeful wars,
She through the raging ocean now
Views him advancing his auspicious prow;
Combating adverse winds and winter seas,
Sighing the moments that defer our ease:
Daring to wield the sceptre's dangerous weight,
And taking the command, to save the state;
Though, ere the doubtful gift can be secur'd,
New wars must be sustain'd, new wounds endur'd.

Through rough Ierne's camps she sounds alarms,
And kingdoms yet to be redeem'd by arms;
In the dank marshes finds her glorious theme,
And plunges after him through Boyne's fierce stream.
She bids the Nereids run with trembling haste,
To tell old Ocean how the hero past.
The god rebukes their fear, and owns the praise
Worthy that arm, whose empire he obeys.

Back to his Albion she delights to bring
The humblest victor, and the kindest king.
Albion with open triumph would receive
Her hero, nor obtains his leave:
Firm he rejects the altars she would raise,
And thanks the zeal, while he declines the praise.
Again she follows him through Belgia's land,
And countries often say'd by William's hand;
Hears joyful nations bless those happy toils,
Which freed the people, but return'd the spoils.
In various views she tries her constant theme;
Finds him in councils, and in arms the same;
When certain to overcome, inclin'd to save,
Tardy to vengeance, and with mercy brave.

Sudden another scene employs her sight;
She sets her hero in another light;
Paints his great mind superior to success,
Declining conquest, to establish peace:
She brings Astrea down to Earth again;
And Quiet, brooding o'er his future reign.

Then with unweary wing the goddess soars
East, over Danube and Propontis' shores;

Where jarring empires, ready to engage,
Retard their armies, and suspend their rage;
Till William's word, like that of Fate, declares,
If they shall study peace, or lengthen wars.
How sacred his renown for equal laws,
To whom the world defers its common cause!
How fair his friendships, and his leagues how just,
Whom every nation courts, whom all religions trust!
From the Mæotis to the Northern sea,
The goddess wings her desperate way.;
Sees the young Muscovite, the mighty head,
Whose sovereign terrour forty nations dread,
Enamour'd with a greater monarch's praise,
And passing half the Earth to his embrace:
She in his rule beholds his Volga's force,
O'er precipices with impetuous sway
Breaking, and, as he rolls his rapid course,
Drowning, or bearing down, whatever meets his way.
But her own king she likens to his Thames,
With gentle course devolving fruitful streams;
Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate,
Swift without violence, without terrour great.
Each ardent nymph the rising current craves;
Each shepherd's prayer retards the parting waves;
The vales along the bank their sweets disclose;
Fresh flowers for ever rise, and fruitful harvest grows.

Yet whither would th' adventurous goddess go?
Sees she not clouds, and earth, and main, below?
Minds she the dangers of the Lycian coast,
And fields, where mad Bellerophon was lost?
Or is her towering flight reclaim'd
By seas from Icarus's downfall nam'd?
Vain is the call, and useless the advice:
To wise persuasion deaf, and human cries,
Yet upward she incessant flies;
Resolv'd to reach the high empyrean sphere,
And tell great Jove, she sings his image here;
To ask for William an Olympic crown,
To Chromius' strength, and Theron's speed unknown:
Till, lost in trackless fields of shining day,
Unable to discern the way,
Which Nassau's virtue only could explore,
Untouch'd, unknown, to any Muse before;
She, from the noble precipices thrown,
Comes rushing with uncommon ruin down.
Glorious attempt! unhappy fate!
The song too daring, and the theme too great!
Yet rather thus she wills to die,
Than in continued annals live, to sing
A second hero, or a vulgar king;
And with ignoble safety fly
In sight of Earth, along a middle sky.

To Janus' altars, and the numerous throng
That round his mystic temple press,
For William's life and Albion's peace,
Ambitious Muse, reduce the roving song.
Janus, cast thy forward eye
Future, into great Rhéa's pregnant womb;
Where young ideas brooding lie,
And tender images of things to come:
Till, by thy high commands releas'd,
Till, by thy hand in proper atoms dress'd,
In decent order they advance to light;
Yet then too swiftly fleet by human sight;
And meditate too soon their everlasting flight.

Nor beaks of ships in naval triumph borne,
Nor standards from the hostile ramparts torn,
Nor trophies brought from battles won,
Nor oaken wreath, nor mural crown,
Can any future honours give
To the victorious monarch's name:
The plenitude of William's fame
Can no accumulated stores receive.
Shut then, auspicious god, thy sacred gate,
And make us happy, as our king is great.
Be kind, and with a milder hand
Closing the volume of the finish'd age,
(Though noble, 'twas an iron page)
A more delightful leaf expand,
Free from alarms, and fierce Bellona's rage:
Bid the great Months begin their joyful round,
By Flora some, and some by Ceres crown'd:
Teach the glad Hours to scatter, as they fly,
Soft quiet, gentle love, and endless joy;
Lead forth the Years for peace and plenty fam'd,
From Saturn's rule and better metal nam'd.

Secure by William's care let Britain stand;
Nor dread the bold invader's hand:
From adverse shores in safety let her hear
Foreign calamity, and distant war;
Of which let her, great Heaven, no portion bear!
Betwixt the nations let her hold her scale,
And, as she wills, let either part prevail:
Let her glad vallies smile with wavy corn;
Let fleecy flocks her rising hills adorn;
Around her coast let strong defence be spread;
Let fair abundance on her breast be shed;
And heavenly sweets bloom round the goddess' head!

Where the white towers and ancient roofs did stand,
Remains of Wolsey's or great Henry's hand,
To age now yielding, or devour'd by flame,
Let a young phenix raise her towering head;
Her wings with lengthen'd honour let her spread;
And by her greatness show her builder's fame:
August and open as the hero's mind,
Be her capacious courts design'd:
Let every sacred pillar bear
Trophies of arms, and monuments of war.
The king shall there in Parian marble breathe,
His shoulder bleeding fresh: and at his feet
Disarm'd shall lie the threatening Death,
(For so was saving Jove's decree complete).
Behind, that angel shall be plac'd, whose shield
Sav'd Europe, in the blow repell'd:
On the firm basis, from his oozy bed,
Boyne shall raise his laurel'd head;
And his immortal stream be known,
Artfully waving through the wounded stone.

And thou, imperial Windsor, stand enlarg'd,
With all the monarch's trophies charg'd:
Thou, the fair Heaven, that dost the stars enclose,
Which William's bosom wears, or hand bestows
On the great champions who support his throne,
And virtues nearest to his own.

Round Ormond's knee thou ty'st the mystic string,
That makes the knight companion to the king.
From glorious camps return'd, and foreign fields,
Bowing before thy sainted warrior's shrine,
Fast by his great forefather's coats, and shields
Blazon'd from Bohun's or from Butler's line,
He hangs his arms; nor fears those arms should shine
With an unequal ray; or that his deed
With paler glory should recede,

Eclips'd by theirs, or lessen'd by the fame
Ev'n of his own maternal Nassau's name.

Thou smiling seest great Dorset's worth confest,
The ray distinguishing the patriot's breast;
Born to protect and love, to help and please;
Sovereign of wit, and ornament of peace.
O! long as breath informs this fleeting frame,
Ne'er let me pass in silence Dorset's name;
Ne'er cease to mention the continued debt,
Which the great patron only would forget,
And duty, long as life, must study to acquit.

Renown'd in thy records shall Ca'ndish stand,
Asserting legal power, and just command:
To the great house thy favour shall be shown,
The father's star transmissive to the son.
From thee the Talbots' and the Seymours' race
Inform'd, their sire's immortal steps shall trace.
Happy, may their sons receive
The bright reward, which thou alone canst give.

And if a god these lucky numbers guide;
If sure Apollo o'er the verse preside;
Jersey, belov'd by all (for all must feel
The influence of a form and mind,
Where comely grace and constant virtue dwell,
Like mingled streams, more forcible when join'd)—
Jersey shall at thy altars stand;
Shall there receive the azure band,
That fairest mark of favour and of fame,
Familiar to the Villiers' name.

Science to raise, and knowledge to enlarge,
Be our great master's future charge;
To write his own memoirs, and leave his heirs
High schemes of government, and plans of wars;
By fair rewards our noble youth to raise
To emulous merit, and to thirst of praise;
To lead them out from ease, ere opening dawn,
Through the thick forest and the distant lawn,
Where the fleet stag employs their ardent care,
And chases give them images of war;
To teach them vigilance by false alarms,
Inure them in feign'd camps to real arms;
Practise them now to curb the turning steed,
Mocking the foe; now to his rapid speed
To give the rein, and in the full career
To draw the certain sword, or send the pointed spear.

Let him unite his subjects hearts,
Planting societies for peaceful arts;
Some that in Nature shall true knowlege found,
And by experiment make precept sound;
Some that to morals shall recal the age,
And purge from vicious dross the sinking stage;
Some that with care true eloquence shall teach,
And to just idioms fix our doubtful speech;
That from our writers distant realms may know
The thanks we to our monarch owe;
And schools profess our tongue through every land,
That has invok'd his aid, or blest his hand.

Let his high power the drooping Muses rear;
The Muses only can reward his care:
'Tis they that guard the great Atrides' spoils;
'Tis they that still renew Ulysses' toils;
To them by smiling Jove 'twas given to save
Distinguish'd patriots from the common grave;
To them, great William's glory to recal,
When statues moulder, and when arches fall.
Nor let the Muses, with ungrateful pride,
The sources of their treasure hide:

The hero's virtue does the string inspire,
When with big joy they strike the living lyre.
On William's fame their fate depends;
With him the song begins, with him it ends.
From the bright effluence of his deed
They borrow that reflected light,
With which the lasting lamp they feed,
Whose beams dispel the damps of envious night.

Through various climes, and to each distant pole,
In happy tides let active commerce roll:
Let Britain's ships export an annual fleece,
Richer than Argos brought to ancient Greece:
Returning loaden with the shining stores,
Which lie profuse on richer India's shores.
As our high vessels pass their watery way,
Let all the naval world due homage pay:
With hasty reverence their top-honours lower,
Confessing the asserted power,
To whom by Fate 'twas given, with happy sway,
To calm the earth, and vindicate the sea.

Our prayers are heard; our master's fleets shall go
As far as winds can bear, or waters flow,
New lands to make, new Indias to explore,
In worlds unknown to plant Britannia's power;
Nations yet wild by precept to reclaim,
And teach them arms and arts in William's name.

With humble joy, and with respectful fear,
The listening people shall his story hear,
The wounds he bore, the dangers he sustain'd,
How far he conquer'd, and how well he reign'd;
Shall own his mercy equal to his fame,
And form their children's accents to his name,
Inquiring how, and when, from Heaven he came.
Their regal tyrants shall with blushes hide
Their little lusts of arbitrary pride,
Nor bear to see their vassals ty'd;
When William's virtues raise their opening thought,
His forty years for public freedom fought,
Europe by his hand sustain'd,
His conquest by his piety restrain'd,
And o'er himself the last great triumph gain'd.

No longer shall their wretched zeal adore
Ideas of destructive power,
Spirits that hurt, and godheads that devour:
New incense they shall bring, new altars raise,
And fill their temples with a stranger's praise;
When the great father's character they find
Visibly stampt upon the hero's mind;
And own a present Deity confest,
In valour that preserv'd, and power that blest.

Through the large convex of the azure sky
(For thither Nature casts our common eye)
Fierce meteors shoot their arbitrary light,
And comets march with lawless horrour bright;
These hear no rule, no righteous order own;
Their influence dreaded as their ways unknown;
Thro' threaten'd lands they wild destruction throw,
Till ardent prayer averts the public woe.
But the bright orb that blesses all above,
The sacred fire, the real son of Jove,
Rules not his actions by capricious will;
Nor by ungovern'd power declines to ill:
Fix'd by just laws, he goes for ever right:
Man knows his course, and thence adores his light.

O Janus! would entreated Fate conspire
To grant what Britain's wishes could require;
Above, that Sun should cease his way to go,
Ere William cease to rule, and bless below;

But a relentless Destiny
Urges all that e'er was born:
Snatch'd from her arms, Britannia once must mourn
The demi-god; the earthly half must die.
Yet if our incense can your wrath remove;
If human prayers avail on minds above;
Exert, great god! thy interest in the sky,
Gain each kind power, each guardian deity;
That, conquer'd by the public vow,
They bear the dismal mischief far away!
O! long as utmost nature may allow,
Let them retard the threaten'd day!
Still be our master's life thy happy care:
Still let his blessings with his years increase:
To his laborious youth, consum'd in war,
Add lasting age, adorn'd and crown'd with peace:
Let twisted olives bind those laurels fast,
Whose verdure must for ever last!

Long let this growing era bless his sway;
And let our sons his present rule obey:
On his sure virtue long let Earth rely,
And late let the imperial eagle fly,
To bear the hero through his father's sky,
To Leda's twins, or he whose glorious speed
On foot prevail'd, or he who tam'd the steed;
To Hercules, at length absolv'd by Fate
From earthly toil, and above envy great;
To Virgil's theme, bright Cytherea's son,
Sire of the Latian and the British throne:
To all the radiant names above,
Rever'd by men, and dear to Jove;
Late, Janus, let the Nassau-star,
New-born, in rising majesty appear,
To triumph over vanquish'd Night,
And guide the prosperous mariner
With everlasting beams of friendly light.

THE

REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

I SENT for Radcliffe; was so ill,
That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescrib'd his pill,
And I was likely to recover.

But, when the wit began to wheeze,
And wine had warm'd the politician,
Cur'd yesterday of my disease,
I dy'd last night of my physician.

AN ODE,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THE

HON. COLONEL GEORGE VILLIERS,

DROWNED IN THE RIVER PIAVA, 1703.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, I OD. XXVIII.

Te maris & terræ, numeroque carentis arenæ
Mensorem cohibent, Archyta, &c.

SAY, dearest Villiers, poor departed friend,
(Since fleeting life thus suddenly must end)
Say, what did all thy busy hopes avail,
That anxious thou from pole to pole didst sail,
Ere on thy chin the springing beard began
To spread a doubtful down, and promise man?
What profited thy thoughts, and toils, and cares,
In vigour more confirm'd, and riper years,
To wake, ere morning dawn, to loud alarms,
And march till close of night in heavy arms;
To scorn the summer's suns and winter's snows,
And search thro' every clime thy country's foes;
That thou might'st fortune to thy side engage;
That gentle Peace might quell Bellona's rage;
And Anna's bounty crown her soldier's hoary age.
In vain we think that free-will'd man has power
To hasten or protract th' appointed hour.
Our term of life depends not on our deed:
Before our birth our funeral was decreed.
Nor aw'd by foresight, nor misled by chance,
Imperious Death directs his ebon lance;
Peoples great Henry's tombs, and leads up Holben's dance.
Alike must every state and every age
Sustain the universal tyrant's rage:
For neither William's power, nor Mary's charms,
Could or repel or pacify his arms.
Young Churchill fell, as life began to bloom!
And Bradford's trembling age expects the tomb:
Wisdom and Eloquence in vain would plead
One moment's respite for the learned head:
Judges of writings and of men have dy'd;
Mæcenas, Sackville, Socrates, and Hyde:
And in their various turns the sons must tread
Those gloomy journies which their sires have led.
The ancient sage, who did so long maintain
That bodies die, but souls return again,
With all the births and deaths he had in store,
Went out Pythagoras, and came no more.
And modern Asgyll, whose capricious thought
Is yet with stores of wilder notions fraught,
Too soon convinc'd, shall yield that fleeting breath,
Which play'd so idly with the darts of Death.
Some from the stranded vessel force their way;
Fearful of fate, they meet it in the sea:
Some, who escape the fury of the wave,
Sicken on earth, and sink into a grave:
In journies or at home, in war or peace,
By hardships many, many fall by ease.
Each changing season does its *poison bring*:
Rheums chill the winter, agues blast the *spring*:
Wet, dry, cold, hot, at the appointed hour,
All act subservient to the tyrant's *power*:
And, when obedient Nature knows his will,
A fly, a grape-stone, or a hair, can kill.
For restless Proserpine for ever treads
In paths unseen, o'er our devoted heads;
And on the spacious land, and liquid main,
Spreads slow disease, or darts afflictive pain:
Variety of deaths confirm her endless reign.
On curst Piava's banks the goddess stood,
Show'd her dire warrant to the rising Flood;
When what I long must love and long must mourn,
With fatal speed was urging his return,
In his dear country to disperse his care,
And arm himself for rest for future war;
To chide his anxious friends' officious fears,
And promise to their joys his elder years:
Oh! destin'd head! and, oh! severe decree!
Nor native country thou, nor friend, shalt see;
Nor war hast thou to wage; nor year to come:
Impending death is thine, and instant doom.

Hark! the imperious goddess is obey'd;
Winds murmur; snows descend; and waters spread.
"Oh! kinsman, friend"—"Oh! vain are all the
Of human voice," strong Destiny replies: [cries
"Weep, you on Earth; for he shall sleep below:
Thence none return, and thither all must go."
Who'er thou art, whom choice or business leads
To this said river, or the neighbouring meads;
If thou may'st happen, on the dreary shores,
To find the object which this verse deplores,
Cleanse the pale corpse with a religious hand
From the polluting weed and common sand;
Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave,
(The only honour he can now receive)
And fragrant mould upon his body throw,
And plant the warrior-laurel o'er his brow:
Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough.
So may just Heaven secure thy future life
From foreign dangers and domestic strife!
And, when th' infernal judge's dismal power
From the dark urn shall throw thy destin'd hour;
When, yielding to the sentence, breathless thou
And pale shalt lie, as what thou buriest now;
May some kind friend the piteous object see,
And equal rites perform to that which once was thee!

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT COURT, BEFORE THE QUEEN, ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY, 1704.

Shine forth, ye planets, with distinguish'd light,
As when ye hallow'd first this happy night:
Again transmit your friendly beams to Earth,
As when Britannia joy'd for Anna's birth.
And thou, propitious star, whose sacred power
Presided o'er the monarch's natal hour,
Thy radiant voyages for ever run,
Yielding to none but Cynthia and the Sun;
With thy fair aspect still illustrate Heaven;
Kindly preserve what thou hast greatly given:
Thy influence for thy Anna we implore:
Prolong one life; and Britain asks no more.
For virtue can no ampler power express,
Than to be great in war, and good in peace:
For thought no higher wish of bliss can frame,
Than to enjoy that virtue still the same.
Entire and sure the monarch's rule must prove,
Who founds her greatness on her subjects' love;
Who does our homage for our good require;
And orders that which we should first desire:
Our vanquish'd wills that pleasing force obey,
Her goodness takes our liberty away,
And haughty Britain yields to arbitrary sway.
Let the young Austrian then her terrours bear,
Great as he is, her delegate in war:
Let him in thunder speak to both his Spains,
That in these dreadful isles a woman reigns:
While the bright queen does on her subjects shower
The gentle blessings of her softer power;
Gives sacred morals to a vicious age,
To temples zeal, and manners to the stage;
Bids the chaste Muse without a blush appear;
And wit be that which Heaven and she may hear.
Minerva thus to Perseus lent her shield;
Secure of conquest, sent him to the field:
The hero acted what the queen ordain'd;
So was his fame complete, and Andromede unchain'd.

Mean time, amidst her native temples, sate
The goddess, studious of her Grecians' fate,
Taught them in laws and letters to excel,
In acting justly, and in writing well.
Thus whilst she did her various power dispose,
The world was freed from tyrants, wars, and woes:
Virtue was taught in verse, and Athens' glory rose.

A LETTER TO

MONSIEUR BOILEAU DESPREAUX;

OCCASIONED BY THE

VICTORY AT BLENHEIM, 1704.

—Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fractâ pereuntes cuspide Gallos.—
Hor. II. Sat. 1.

Since, hir'd for life, thy servile Muse must sing
Successive conquests, and a glorious king;
Must of a man immortal vainly boast,
And bring him laurels, whatsoe'er they cost:
What turn wilt thou employ, what colours lay
On the event of that superior day,
In which one English subject's prosperous hand
(So Jove did will, so Anna did command)
Broke the proud column of thy master's praise,
Which sixty winters had conspir'd to raise?
From the lost field a hundred standards brought
Must be the work of Chance, and Fortune's fault:
Bavaria's stars must be accus'd, which shone,
That fatal day the mighty work was done,
With rays oblique upon the Gallic sun:
Some demon, envying France, misled the fight;
And Mars mistook, though Louis order'd right.
When thy young Muse invok'd the tuneful Nine[1],
To say how Louis did not pass the Rhine;
What work had we with Wageninghen, Arnheim,
Places that could not be reduc'd to rhyme!
And, though the poet made his last efforts,
Wurts—who could mention in heroic—Wurts?
But, tell me, hadst thou reason to complain
Of the rough triumphs of the last campaign?
The Danube rescued, and the empire sav'd,
Say, is the majesty of verse retriev'd?
And would it prejudice thy softer vein,
To sing the princes, Louis and Eugene?
Is it too hard in happy verse to place
The Vans and Vanders of the Rhine and Maese?
Her warriors Anna sends from Tweed and Thames,
That France may fall by more harmonious names.
Canst thou not Hamilton or Lumley bear?
Would Ingoldsby or Palmes offend thy ear?
And is there not a sound in Marlborough's name,
Which thou and all thy brethren ought to claim,
Sacred to verse, and sure of endless fame?
Cutts is in metre something harsh to read;
Place me the valiant Gouran in his stead:
Let the intention make the number good:
Let generous Sylvius speak for honest Wood.
And tho' rough Churchill scarce in verse will stand,
So as to have one rhyme at his command;
With ease the bard, reciting Blenheim's plain,
May close the verse, remembering but the Dane.

[1] En vain, pour te louer, &c. Ep. 4.

I grant, old friend, old foe, (for such we are
Alternate as the chance of peace and war)
That we poetic folks, who must restrain
Our measur'd sayings in an equal chain,
Have troubles utterly unknown to those,
Who let their fancy loose in rambling prose.
For instance, now, how hard is it for me
To make my matter and my verse agree!
"In one great day on Hochstet's fatal plain,
French and Bavarians twenty thousand slain:
Push'd through the Danube to the shores of Styx
Squadrons eighteen, battalions twenty-six:
Officers captive made, and private men,
Of these twelve hundred, of those thousands ten.
Tents, ammunition, colours, carriages,
Cannon, and kettle drums!"—sweet numbers these!
But is it thus you English bards compose?
With Runic lays thus tag insipid prose?
And, when you should your hero's deeds rehearse,
Give us a commissary's list in verse?
Why, faith! Despreaux, there's sense in what you say:
I told you where my difficulty lay:
So vast, so numerous, were great Blenheim's spoils,
They scorn the bounds of verse, and mock the Muse's toils.
To make the rough recital aptly chime,
Or bring the sum of Gallia's loss to rhyme,
'Tis mighty hard: what poet would essay
To count the streamers of my lord mayor's day?
To number all the several dishes drest
By honest Lamb, last coronation feast?
Or make arithmetic and epic meet,
And Newton's thoughts in Dryden's style repeat?
O poet, had it been Apollo's will,
That I had shar'd a portion of thy skill;
Had this poor breast receiv'd the heavenly beam;
Or could I hope my verse might reach my theme;
Yet, Boileau, yet the labouring Muse should strive
Beneath the shades of Marlborough's wreaths to live;
Should call aspiring gods to bless her choice,
And to their favourite strains exalt her voice,
Arms and a queen to sing; who, great and good,
From peaceful Thames to Danube's wandering flood
Sent forth the terrour of her high commands,
To save the nations from invading hands,
To prop fair Liberty's declining cause,
And fix the jarring world with equal laws.
The queen should sit in Windsor's sacred grove,
Attended by the gods of war and love:
Both should with equal zeal her smiles implore,
To fix her joys, or to extend her power.
Sudden, the Nymphs and Tritons should appear;
And, as great Anna's smiles dispel their fear,
With active dance should her observance claim;
With vocal shell should sound her happy name;
Their master Thames should leave the neighbouring shore,
By his strong anchor known and silver oar;
Should lay his ensigns at his sovereign's feet;
And audience mild with humble grace entreat.
To her, his dear defence, he should complain,
That, while he blesses her indulgent reign,
Whilst furthest seas are by her fleets survey'd,
And on his happy banks each India laid;
His brethren Maese, and Waal, and Rhine, and Saar,
Feel the hard burthen of oppressive war;
That Danube scarce retains his rightful course
Against two rebel armies neighbouring force;
And all must weep sad captives to the Seine,
Unless unchain'd and freed by Britain's queen.
The valiant sovereign calls her general forth;
Neither recites her bounty, nor his worth:
She tells him, he must Europe's fate redeem,
And by that labour merit her esteem!
She bids him wait her to the sacred hall;
Shows him prince Edward, and the conquer'd Gaul;
Fixing the bloody cross upon his breast,
Says, he must die, or succour the distress'd;
Placing the saint an emblem by his side,
She tells him, Virtue arm'd must conquer lawless Pride.
The hero bows obedient, and retires:
The queen's commands exalt the warrior's fires;
His steps are to the silent woods inclin'd,
The great design revolving in his mind;
When to his sight a heavenly form appears:
Her hand a palm, her head a laurel wears.
"Me," she begins, "the fairest child of Jove,
Below for ever sought, and bless'd above;
Me, the bright source of wealth, and power, and fame,
(Nor need I say, Victoria is my name)
Me the great father down to thee has sent:
He bids me wait at thy distinguish'd tent,
To execute what Anna's wish would have:
Her subject thou, I only am her slave.
"Dare then, thou much belov'd by smiling Fate,
For Anna's sake, and in her name be great:
Go forth, and be to distant nations known
My future favourite, and my darling son:
At Shellenbergh I'll manifest sustain
Thy glorious cause; and spread my wings again,
Conspicuous o'er thy helm, in Blenheim's plain."
The goddess said, nor would admit reply;
But cut the liquid air, and gain'd the sky.
His high commission is through Britain known,
And thronging armies to his standard run;
He marches thoughtful, and he speedy sails;
(Bless him, ye seas! and prosper him, ye gales!)
Belgia receives him welcome to her shores;
And William's death with lessen'd grief deplores:
His presence only must retrieve that loss;
Marlborough to her must be what William was.
So when great Atlas, from these low abodes
Recall'd, was gather'd to his kindred gods;
Alcides, respited by prudent Fate,
Sustain'd the ball, nor droop'd beneath the weight.
Secret and swift behold the chief advance;
Sees half the empire join'd and friend to France:
The British general dooms the fight; his sword
Dreadful he draws; the captains wait the word.
"Anne and St. George!" the charging hero cries:
Shrill Echo from the neighbouring wood replies,
"Anne and St. George."—At that auspicious sign
The standards move; the adverse armies join.
Of eight great hours, Time measures out the sands;
And Europe's fate in doubtful balance stands:
The ninth, Victoria comes;—o'er Marlborough's head
Confess'd she sits; the hostile troops recede:
Triumphs the goddess, from her promise freed.
The eagle, by the British lion's might
Unchain'd and free, directs her upward flight:
Nor did she e'er with stronger pinions soar
From Tyber's bank, than now from Danube's shore.
Fir'd with the thoughts which these ideas raise,
And great ambition of my country's praise,

The English Muse should like the Mantuan rise,
Scornful of earth and clouds, should reach the skies,
With wonder (though with envy still) pursued by
human eyes.
But we must change the style—just now I said,
I ne'er was master of the tuneful trade;
Or the small genius which my youth could boast,
In prose and business lies extinct and lost:
Bless'd, if I may some younger Muse excite;
Point out the game, and animate the flight;
That, from Marseilles to Calais, France may know,
As we have conquerors, we have poets too:
And either laurel does in Britain grow;
That, though among ourselves, with too much heat,
We sometimes wrangle, when we should debate,
(A consequential ill which freedom draws;
A bad effect, but from a noble cause)
We can with universal zeal advance,
To curb the faithless arrogance of France;
Nor ever shall Britannia's sons refuse
To answer to thy master or thy Muse;
Nor want just subject for victorious strains,
While Marlborough's arm eternal laurels gains;
And where old Spenser sung, a new Eliza reigns.

UPON THIS PASSAGE IN

THE SCALIGERIANA.

Les Allemans ne ce soucient pas quel vin ils boivent, pourveu que ce soit vin, ni quel Latin ils parlent, pourveu que ce soit Latin.

When you with High-Dutch Heeren dine,
Expect false Latin, and stumm'd wine:
They never taste, who always drink;
They always talk, who never think.

TO A CHILD OF QUALITY,

FIVE YEARS OLD, 1704;

THE AUTHOR THEN FORTY.

Lords, knights, and 'squires, the numerous band,
That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summon'd by her high command,
To show their passions by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
The power they have to be obey'd.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear five years old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silk-worms beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame,
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends;
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordain'd, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

PARTIAL FAME.

The sturdy man, if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns:
The subtle woman, if she should succeed,
Disowns the honour of the deed.

Though he, for all his boast, is forc'd to yield,
Though she can always keep the field:
He vaunts his conquests, she conceals her shame;
How partial is the voice of Fame!

FOR THE PLAN OF A FOUNTAIN,

ON WHICH ARE

THE EFFIGIES OF THE QUEEN ON A TRIUMPHAL ARCH; THE FIGURE OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH BENEATH; AND THE CHIEF RIVERS OF THE WORLD ROUND THE WHOLE WORK.

Ye active streams, where'er your waters flow,
Let distant climes and furthest nations know,
What ye from Thames and Danube have been taught,
How Anne commanded, and how Marlborough fought.

Quocunque æterno properatis, flumina, lapsu,
Divisis latè terris, populisque remotis,
Dicite, nam vobis Tamesis narravit & Ister,
Anna quid imperiis potuit, quid Marlburus armis.

THE CAMELEON.

As the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue
His white or black, his green or blue;
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight,
As if the rainbow were in tail
Settled on him and his heirs male;
So the young 'squire, when first he comes
From country school to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down,
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad,
Admits him in among the gang;
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue:
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.
Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.

If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their mysterious face;
He drinks his coffee without lace;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.
Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit;
He loves cheap port, and double bub;
And settles in the Hum drum-club:
He learns how stocks will fall or rise;
Holds poverty the greatest vice;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation;
And says that learning spoils a nation.
But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks champaign among the wits;
Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;
Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
Is in the chair; prescribes the law;
And lies with those he never saw.

MERRY ANDREW.

Sly Merry Andrew, the last Southwark fair
(At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,
So peevish was the edict of the mayor);
At Southwark, therefore, as his tricks he show'd,
To please our masters, and his friends the crowd;
A huge neat's-tongue he in his right-hand held,
His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
The clownish mimic traverses the stage.
"Why how now, Andrew!" cries his brother droll:
"To-day's conceit, methinks, is something dull:
Come on, sir, to our worthy friends explain,
What does your emblematic worship mean?"—
Quoth Andrew, "Honest English let us speak:
Your emble-(what d' ye call 't) is heathen Greek.
To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence:
Learning thy talent is, but mine is sense.
That busy fool I was, which thou art now;
Desirous to correct, not knowing how;
With very good design, but little wit,
Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct had what I deserv'd;
And, dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
But thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat;
Since I have found the secret to be great."—
"O, dearest Andrew," says the humble droll,
"Henceforth may I obey, and thou control;
Provided thou impart thy useful skill."—
"Bow then," says Andrew; "and, for once, I will—
Be of your patron's mind, whate'er he says;
Sleep very much; think little; and talk less:
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong;
But eat your pudding, slave, and hold your tongue."
A reverend prelate stopt his coach and six,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks.
But when he heard him give this golden rule,
"Drive on," he cried; "this fellow is no fool."

A SIMILE

Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a timman's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see
('Tis but by way of simile)
A squirrel spend his little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage;
The cage, as either side turn'd up,
Striking a ring of bells at top?—
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks he climbs:
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
He never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with those merry blades,
That frisk it under Pindus' shades.
In noble song, and lofty odes,
They tread on stars, and talk with gods;
Still dancing in an airy round,
Still pleas'd with their own verses' sound;
Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
Always aspiring, always low.

THE FLIES.

"Say, sire of insects, mighty Sol,"
A fly upon the chariot-pole
Cries out, "what blue-bottle alive
Did ever with such fury drive?"—
"Tell, Beelzebub, great father, tell,"
(Says t' other, perch'd upon the wheel)
"Did ever any mortal fly
Raise such a cloud of dust as I?
"My judgment turn'd the whole debate:
My valour sav'd the sinking state."
So talk two idle buzzing things;
Toss up their heads, and stretch their wings,
But, let the truth to light be brought;
This neither spoke, nor t' other fought:
No merit in their own behaviour:
Both rais'd, but by their party's favour.

A

PARAPHRASE FROM THE FRENCH.

In grey-hair'd Celia's wither'd arms
As mighty Lewis lay,
She cry'd, "If I have any charms,
My dearest, let's away!
For you, my love, is all my fear,
Hark how the drums do rattle!
Alas, sir! what should you do here
In dreadful day of battle?
Let little Orange stay and fight,
For danger's his diversion;
The wise will think you in the right,
Not to expose your person:
Nor vex your thoughts how to repair
The ruins of your glory:
You ought to leave so mean a care
To those who pen your story.
Are not Boileau and Corneille paid
For panegyric writing?
They know how heroes may be made,
Without the help of fighting.
When foes too saucily approach,
'Tis best to leave them fairly;
Put six good horses in your coach,
And carry me to Marly.

Let Boufflers, to secure your fame,
Go take some town, or buy it;
Whilst you, great sir, at Nostredame,
Te Deum sing in quiet!"

FROM THE GREEK.

Great Bacchus, born in thunder and in fire,
By native heat asserts his dreadful sire.
Nourish'd near shady rills and cooling streams,
He to the nymphs avows his amorous flames.
To all the brethren at the Bell and Vine,
The moral says; mix water with your wine.

EPIGRAM.

Frank carves very ill, yet will palm all the meats; [eats.
He eats more than six, and drinks more than he
Four pipes after dinner he constantly smokes;
And seasons his whiffs with impertinent jokes.
Yet sighing, he says, we must certainly break;
And my cruel unkindness compels him to speak;
For of late I invite him—but four times a week.

ANOTHER.

To John I ow'd great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation:
Sure John and I are more than quit.

ANOTHER.

Yes, every poet is a fool,
By demonstration Ned can show it,
Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
Prove every fool to be a poet.

ANOTHER.

Thy nags, the leanest things alive!
So very hard thou lov'st to drive;
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips than hay.

TO A PERSON WHO WROTE ILL,

AND SPOKE WORSE AGAINST ME.

Lye, Philo, untouch'd, on my peaceable shelf;
Nor take it amiss, that so little I heed thee:
I've no envy to thee, and some love to myself:
Then why should I answer; since first I must read thee?

Drunk with Helicon's waters and double-brew'd bub,
Be a linguist, a poet, a critic, a wag;
To the solid delight of thy well-judging club,
To the damage alone of thy bookseller Brag.

Pursue me with satire: what harm is there in't?
But from all viva voce reflection forbear:
There can be no danger from what thou shalt print:
There may be a little from what thou may'st swear.

ON THE SAME PERSON.

White, faster than his costive brain indites,
Philo's quick hand in flowing letters writes:
His case appears to me like honest Teague's,
When he was run away with by his legs.
Phœbus, give Philo o'er himself command;
Quicken his senses, or restrain his hand;
Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink:
So may he cease to write, and learn to think.

QUID SIT FUTURUM CRAS FUGE QUÆRERE.

For what tomorrow shall disclose
May spoil what you tonight propose:
England may change; or Cloe stray:
Love and life are for today.

A BALLAD OF THE

NOTBROWNE MAYDE.

WRITTEN THREE HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.[1]

A.

Be it ryght, or wrong, these men among, on wo-men do complayne; [wayne,
Affyrmynge this, how that it is a labour spent in
To love them wele; for never a dele they love a man agayne: [tayne,
For late a man do what he can, theyr favour to at-
Yet, yf a newe do them pursue, theyr fyrst true lover than [a banyshed man.
Laboureth for nought; for from her thought he is

B.

I say nat, nay, but that all day it is bothe writ and sayd, [decayed:
That womens fayth is, as who sayth, all utterly
But, nevertheless, ryght good wytnesse in this cese might be layed, [browne mayde;
That they love true, and continue; record the Not-
Which, when her love came, her to prove, to her to make his mone, [hym alone.
Wolde nat depart; for in her hart she loved but

A.

Than betwayne us let us dyscus what was all the manère [and fere,
Betwayne them two; we wyll also tell all the payne,
That she was in: nowe I begyn, so that ye me answère;— [an ere:—
Wherefore, all ye, that present be, I pray you gyve
I am the knyght; I come by nyght, as secret as I can, [banyshed man."
Sayinge, "Alas, thus standeth the case, I am a

B.

And I your wyll for to fulfyl in this wyll nat refuse;
Trustynge to shewe, in words fewe, that men have an yll use [lesse them accuse:
(To theyr own shame) women to blame, and cause-
Therefore to you I answere nowe, all women to excuse;—

[1] So Prior.—First printed about 1521, says Capel.

Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you alone.

A.

It standeth so; a dede is do, whereof grete harm shall growe;
My destiny is for to dy a shamefull deth, I trowe;
Or elles to flie: the one must be; none other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe, and take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true! none other rede I can;
For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed man.

B.

O Lorde, what is this worldys blysse, that chaungeth as the Mone!
The somers day in lusty May is derked before the none.
I here you say, "Farewell!" Nay, nay, we depart not so sone:
Why say ye so? wheder wyll ye go? alas, what have ye done?
All my welfare to sorowe and care sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you alone.

A.

I can beleve, it shall you greve, and somwhat you dystrayne;
But, afterwarde, your paynes harde within a day or twayne
Shall sone aslake, and ye shall take comfort to you agayne.
Why sholde ye ought? for, to make thought, your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to, as hartely as I can;
For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed man.

B.

Now, syth that ye have shewed to me the secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne, lyke as ye shall me fynde:
Syth it is so that ye wyll go, I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall it never be sayd, the Notbrowne Mayd was to her love unkynde:
Make you redy; for so am I, although it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you alone.

A.

Yet I you rede to take good hede what men wyll thynke and say:
Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde, that ye be gone away:
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill, in grene wode you play;
And that ye myght from your delyght no lenger make delay:
Rather than ye sholde thus for me be called an yll woman,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed man.

B.

Though it be songe of olde and yonge, that I sholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge that speke so large in hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythfull love it is devoyd of shame;
In your distresse, and hevynesse, to part wyth you, the same;
To shewe all tho that do nat so, true lovers are they none:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you alone.

A.

I counceyle you, remember howe it is no mayden's lawe,
Nothyne to dout, but to renne out to wode with an outlawe:
For ye must there in your hand bere a bowe, redy and awe;
To drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve, ever in drede and awe;
Wherby to you grete harme myght growe: yet had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed man.

B.

I say nat, nay, but as ye say, it is no mayden's lore:
But love may make me, for your sake, as I have sayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt, and shote, to gete us mete in store;
For so that I your company may have, I aske no more;
From which to part, it maketh my hart as cold as ony stone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you alone.

A.

For an outlawe, this is the lawe,—that men hym take and bynde;
Without pyte, hanged to be, and waver with the wynde.
Yf I had neede, (as God forbede!) what socours coude ye fynde?
For sothe I trowe, ye and your bowe for fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle were in your councele than:
Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed man.

B.

Right wele knowe ye, that women be but feble for to fyght;
No womanhede it is, indeede, to be bolde as a knyght:
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were with enemyes day and night,
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande, to helpe you with my myght,
And you to save; as women have from deth many a one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you alone.

A.

Yet take good hede; for ever I drede that ye coude nat sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valeies, the snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for, dry or wete, we must lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other rofe but a brake, bush, or twayne:
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve; and ye wolde gladly than,
That I had to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed man.

B.

Syth I have here been partynère with you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your wo endure, as reson is:
Yet am I sure of one pleasure; and, shortely, it is this,—
That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè, I coude not fare amysse.
Without more speche, I you beseche that we were shortely gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you alone.

A.

Yf ye goo thyder, ye must consider,—whan ye have lust to dyne,
There shall no mete, be for to gete, neyther bere, ale, ne wine;

Ne shetes clene to lye betwene, maden of threde and twyne; [your hed and myne:
None other house, but leves and bowes, to cover
O myne hart swete, this evyll dyète sholde make you pale and wan; [nyshed man
Wherfore I'll to the grene wode go, alone, a ba-

B.

Amonge the wylde dere, such an archère as men say that ye be, [plente?
May ye nat fayle of good vitayle, where is so grete
And water clere of the ryvère shall be full swete to me; [shall see:
With which in hele I shall ryght wele endure, as ye
And, or we go, a bedde or two I can provyde anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you alone.

A.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more, yf ye wyll go with me: [the kne:
As cut your here above your ere, your kyrtel above
With bowe in hande, for to withstande your enemyes, yf nede be:
And, this same nyght, before day-lyght, to wodewarde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, do it shortly as ye can; [man.
Els wyll I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed

B.

I shall as nowe do more for you than longeth to womanhede; [of nede:
To shorte my here, a bow to bere, to shote in tyme
O my swete mother, before all other for you I have most drede: [me lede.—
But nowe adue! I must ensue where Fortune doth
All this make ye: nowe let us fle; the day cometh fast upon; [alone.
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you

A.

Nay, nay, nat so; ye shall nat go, and I shall tell you why,—
Your appetyght is to be lyght of love, I wele espy:
For, lyke as ye have sayed to me, in lyke wyse hardely [company.
Ye wolde answère, whosoever it were, in way of
It is sayd of olde,—"Sone hote, sone colde;" and so is a woman: [man.
For I must to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed

B.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede such wordes to say by me; [loved, pardè:
For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed, or I you
And though that I of auncestry a baron's daughter be, [of lowe degre;
Yet have you proved howe I you loved, a squyer
And ever shall, whatso befall; to dy therefore anone; [alone.
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you

A.

A baron's chylde to be begylde! it were a cursed dede: [bede!
To be felâwe with an outlâwe! Almighty God forYea, beter were, the pore squyère alone to forest yede, [dede
Than ye sholde say another day, that by that cursed
Ye were betrayed: wherfore, good mayd, the best rede that I can, [man.
Is, that I to the grene wode go, alone, a banyshed

B.

Whatever befall, I never shall of this thyng you upbrayd: [trayed.
But yf ye go, and leve me so, than have ye me be-
Remember you wele howe that ye dele; for, if ye be as ye sayd, [notbrowne mayd.
Ye were unkynde, to leve behynde, your love, the
Trust me truly, that I shall dy sone after ye be gone; [alone.
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you

A.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent: for in the forest nowe [than you:
I have purvayed me of a mayd, whom I love more
Another fayrère than ever ye were, I dare it wele avowe; [as I trowe:
And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe with other,
It were myne ese, to lyve in pese; so wyll I, yf I can; [man.
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go, alone, a banyshed

B.

Though in the wode I undyrstode ye had a paramour, [I will be your:
All this may nought remove my thought, but that
And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, and courteys every hour; [my power:
Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll commaunde me, to
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo, yet wolde I be that one; [alone.
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you

A.

Myne own dere love, I se the prove that ye be kynde, and true; [ever I knewe.
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, the best that
Be mery and glad, be no more sad, the case is chaunged newe; [have cause to rewe:
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe, ye sholde
Be nat dismayed; whatsoever I sayd to you, whan I began, [man.
I wyll not to the grene wode go, I am no banyshed

B.

These tydings be more gladder to me than to be made a queue, [sene,
Yf I were sure they sholde endure: but it is often
Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke the wordes on the splene: [me I wene:
Ye shape some wyle, me to begyle, and stele from
Than were the case worse than it was, and I more wo-begone; [alone.
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde, I love but you

A.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede; I will not dysparage [a lynage.
You, (God defende!) syth you descend of so grete
Nowe understande,—to Westmarlande, which is myne herytage, [maryage
I wyll you bringe; and with a ryngе, by way of
I wyll you take, and lady make, as shortely as I can: [man.
Thus have ye won an erlys son, and not a banyshed

B.

Here may ye se, that women be, in lóve, meke, kynde, and stable:
Late never man reprove them than, ...
But, rather, pray God, that we may to them be comfortable, [be charytable.
Which sometyme proved such as he loved, yf they
Forsoth, men wolde that women shulde be meke to them ech one; [but hym alone.
Moche more ought they to God obey, and serve

HENRY AND EMMA.

A POEM,

UPON THE MODEL OF THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
(Though low my voice, though artless be my hand,
I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play,
Careless of what the censuring world may say:
Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old;
Though since her youth three hundred years have rolled;
At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd;
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love, and not be lov'd again:
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand.
And, while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love, and ever-during flame,
O fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse:
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse.
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me, love, the just reward of verse!

As beauty's potent queen, with every grace,
That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face;
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt:
O let the story with thy life agree:
Let men once more the bright example see;
What Emma was to him, be thou to me.
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove.
But, oh! with pity, long-entreated, crown
My pains and hopes; and, when thou say'st that one
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Tame,
With mingled waves, for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.
When dreadful Edward, with successful care,
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands;
And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd, and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely past;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the virgin birth, had borne the name:
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd:
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet as, when little, round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft, in sport, his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word,
(As still they please, who imitate their lord):
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the land were known:
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature, still her charms increas'd;
Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair!
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report, for once, had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came; they saw; they marvell'd; and they lov'd.
By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds, to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit.
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair-one's heart,
Spite of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of art.
Great Venus must prefer the happy one:
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown;
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justified their flame;
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes:
In borrow'd name, and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dress'd,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears;
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake;
And shows the path her steed may safest take;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound;
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd;
And blows her praises in no common sound.

A falconer Henry is, when Emma hawks:
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks.
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down;
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.

Yet still, as from the sportive field she goes,
His down-cast eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.
A shepherd now along the plain he roves;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his song:
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear;
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.
A frantic gipsy now, the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals:
They tell the secret first, which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child.
But, when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow;
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply;
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair;
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.
Now oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes:
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft, the pangs of absence to remove,
By letters, soft interpreters of love:
Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.
While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd;
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true; and is belov'd again:
Great are his joys; but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame;
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds;
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
Another love may gain her easy youth:
Time changes thought, and flattery conquers truth.
O impotent estate of human life!
Where Hope and Fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire;
And most we question, what we most desire!
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief: for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste;
Or deems it not sincere; or fears it cannot last.
With wishes rais'd, with jealousies opprest,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love.
If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure;
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power.
But if the fair-one, as he fears, is frail;
If, pois'd aright in Reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merit, and her faults prevail;
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.
South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade:
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods;
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd, and half conceal'd, his flame,
Upon this tree: and, as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;
Which, as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honour shown;
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.
His secret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the lone tree the lovely maid invites.
Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
That he must so nothing to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.
Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day alone she griev'd:
For different this from every former note,
Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her power;
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.
Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were laid;
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid,
And, last, that sprite, which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden-aunt.
To her dear Henry, Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing fore'd delay;
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till Watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways.
Not Argus, with his hundred eyes, shall find
Where Cupid goes; though he, poor guide! is blind.
The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain.
But, oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste:
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.
With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive stood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran.

HENRY.

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As Reason yielded, and as Love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart?
If so, with pity view my wretched state;
At least, deplore, and then forget my fate:
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By Fortune favour'd, and successful arms;
And only, as the Sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
For, lo! these hands in murther are imbrued;
These trembling feet by Justice are pursued:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man, to rove.

EMMA.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the Moon;
And day of life, that darkens ere 'tis noon?
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores, and total war.
O! cease then coldly to suspect my love;
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd, where'er thou lead'st, to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
For I attest, fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HENRY.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy venturous way;
And take good heed, what men will think and say;
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
Her father's house and civil life forsook;
That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd,
And virgin honour, once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun:
Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
Then fly the sad effects of desperate love,
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old:
Let every tongue its various censures choose;
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse:
Fair Truth, at last, her radiant beams will raise;
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight;
O! let my presence make thy travels light;
And potent Venus shall exalt my name
Above the rumours of censorious Fame;
Nor from that busy demon's restless power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow?
With active force repel the sturdy foe?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly;
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd:
Then to thy friend, by foes o'er-charg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly:
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA.

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew;
And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not love's diviner power inspire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?
Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Though my inferior strength may not allow
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow;
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Should'st thou, (but Heaven avert it!) should'st thou bleed;
To stop the wounds, my finest lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;
Blest, when my dangers and my toils have shown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid,
Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
Berries and acorns from the neighbouring wood;
And find among the cliffs no other house
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs;
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and, weeping, try

(Though then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats, where ease and plenty brooding sate?
Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn;
That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?

EMMA.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;
While gentle Zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails;
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has tied
Our loves: one destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.
When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return:
And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food;
With humble duty, and officious haste,
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And, when at night with weary toil opprest,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest,
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend,
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and grateful let him own
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone!

HENRY.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck;
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids with various ribbon bound:
No longer shall the bodice aptly lac'd,
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less:
Nor shall thy lower garments' artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair,
Crept off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth: a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side:
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eye-sight free:
And, with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.
Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find:
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care.
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view:
For such must be my friends, a hideous crew
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill;
Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back:
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread:
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey:
With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse Heaven,
No middle object to thy choice is given.
Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love; [rove.
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to

EMMA.

O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates:
Mix thee amongst the bad; or make thee run
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within;
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd;
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat:
In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone these little charms I drest:
Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd for thee alone:
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee: my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee:
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair.
Black soot, or yellow walnut, shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face.
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or colour be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known.

My fate I can absolve, if he shall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HENRY.

O wildest thoughts of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
Wild to the woods with me: said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty errour! and O wretched maid!
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him, who next should tempt her easy fame;
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confess thy failty, and avow the sex:
No longer loose desire for constant love [to rove.
Mistake: but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st

EMMA.

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame!
More fatal Henry's words; they murder Emma's fame.
And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung;
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid;
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid?
Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day, or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault, but that which I must never own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone:
Each man is man; and all our sex is one.
False are our words, and fickle is our mind:
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.
By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-axe, and draw the bow:
When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use;
As they our conquest or delight produce.
The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
The only boon departing love can give.
To be less wretched, be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pur-
Forget the present flame, indulge a new; [sue?
Single the loveliest of the amorous youth;
Ask for his vow; but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, interfling to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight:
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.
Why should'st thou weep? let Nature judge our case;
I saw thee young and fair; pursued the chase
Of Youth and Beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty: blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.
This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms;
With present power compels me to her arms.
And much I fear, from my subjected mind,
(If Beauty's force to constant love can bind)
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd;
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.
Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA.

Are we in life through one great errour led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curst?
Yet let me go with thee: and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend
A servant (she may scorn the name of friend).
What she demands, incessant I'll prepare:
I'll weave her garlands; and I'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board,
(For there at least I may approach my lord)
And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.
Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease,
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead;
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect:
With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,
And decent emblem; and at least persuade
This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph amidst her joys may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one
To her, whom love abandon'd to despair; [tear
To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known,
That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus, hear;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear;

No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
At least, excuse a trial too severe:
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth!
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.
In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl: him terrible in war
Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows;
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands;
And sees his numerous herds imprint her sands.
And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
To greatness next to empire: shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat;
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
Music and song shall wake the marriage-day:
And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.
Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn;
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn.
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And Age, unheeded, by delight come on:
While yet superior Love shall mock his power:
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-tied knot unfold,
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.
Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast,
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA.

O day, the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight;
O! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
None, none there is; the thought was rash and vain;
A false idea, and a fancy'd pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands;
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace:
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior powers,
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date;
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.
Yet, while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require;
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd;
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd;
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy;
And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd:
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts, a precious store;
That, when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.
The queen of beauty stopt her bridled doves;
Approv'd the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear;
And to the triumph call'd the god of war:
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.
"Now, Mars," she said, "let Fame exalt her voice:
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice:
But, when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield;
And when as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd power shall take her trump again,
To sing her favourite Anna's wondrous reign;
To recollect unweary'd Marlborough's toils,
Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand:
Let her, at least, perform what I desire;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire;
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.
And, when thy tumults, and thy fights are past;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful mayst thou, like British Henry, prove:
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.
"Renown'd for truth, let all thy sons appear;
And constant beauty shall reward their care."
Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
"And thou," she smiling said, "great god of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise;
As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play

Be set aside; and, in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid
To the true lover, and the Nut-brown Maid."

AN ODE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

THE QUEEN,

ON THE GLORIOUS SUCCESS OF HER MAJESTY'S ARMS,

1706.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF SPENSER'S STYLE.

Te non paventis funera Gallicæ,
Duraque tellus audit Iberiæ:
Te cæde gaudentes Sicambri
Compositis venerantur armis.

Hor.

PREFACE.

When I first thought of writing upon this occasion, I found the ideas so great and numerous, that I judged them more proper for the warmth of an ode, than for any other sort of poetry: I therefore set Horace before me for a pattern, and particularly the famous ode, the fourth of the fourth book,

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

which he wrote in praise of Drusus, after his expedition into Germany, and of Augustus, upon his happy choice of that general. And in the following poem, though I have endeavoured to imitate all the great strokes of that ode, I have taken the liberty to go off from it, and to add variously, as the subject and my own imagination carried me. As to the style, the choice I made of following the ode in Latin, determined me in English to the stanza; and herein it was impossible not to have a mind to follow our great countryman Spenser; which I have done (as well, at least, as I could) in the manner of my expression, and the turn of my number: having only added one verse to his stanza, which I thought made the number more harmonious; and avoided such of his words as I found too obsolete. I have, however, retained some few of them, to make the colouring look more like Spenser's. *Behest*, command; *band*, army; *prowess*, strength; I *weet*, I know; I *ween*, I think; *whilom*, heretofore; and two or three more of that kind, which I hope the ladies will pardon me, and not judge my Muse less handsome, though for once she appears in a farthingale. I have also, in Spenser's manner, used Cæsar for the emperor, Boya for Bavaria, Bavar for that prince, Ister for Danube, Iberia for Spain, &c.

That noble part of the ode which I just now mentioned,

-Gens, quæ cremato fortis ab Ilio
Jactata Tuscis æquoribus, &c.

where Horace praises the Romans as being descended from Æneas, I have turned to the honour of the British nation, descended from Brute, likewise a Trojan. That this Brute, fourth or fifth from Æneas, settled in England, and built London, which is called Troja Nova, or Troynovante, is a story which (I think) owes its original, if not to Geoffry of Monmouth, at least to the monkish writers; yet is not rejected by our great Camden; and is told by Milton, as if (at least) he was pleased with it, though possibly he does not believe it: however, it carries a poetical authority, which is sufficient for our purpose. It is as certain that Brute came into England, as that Æneas went into Italy; and, upon the supposition of these facts, Virgil wrote the best poem that the world ever read, and Spenser paid queen Elizabeth the greatest compliment.

I need not obviate one piece of criticism, that I bring my hero

From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood:

whereas he was not born when that city was destroyed. Virgil, in the case of his own Æneas relating to Dido, will stand as a sufficient proof, that a man, in his poetical capacity, is not accountable for a little fault in chronology.

My two great examples, Horace and Spenser, in many things resemble each other: both have a height of imagination, and a majesty of expression in describing the sublime; and both know to temper those talents, and sweeten the description, so as to make it lovely as well as pompous: both have equally that agreeable manner of mixing morality with their story, and that *curiosa felicitas* in the choice of their diction, which every writer aims at, and so very few have reached: both are particularly fine in their images, and knowing in their numbers. Leaving, therefore, our two masters to the consideration and study of those who design to excel in poetry, I only beg leave to add, that it is long since I have (or at least ought to have) quitted Parnassus, and all the flowery roads on that side the country; though I thought myself indispensably obliged, upon the present occasion, to take a little journey into those parts.

ODE.

When great Augustus govern'd ancient Rome,
And sent his conquering bands to foreign wars;
Abroad when dreaded, and belov'd at home,
He saw his fame increasing with his years;
Horace, great bard! (so Fate ordain'd) arose,
And, bold as were his countrymen in fight,
Snatch'd their fair actions from degrading prose,
And set their battles in eternal light:
High as their trumpets tune his lyre he strung,
And with his prince's arms he moraliz'd his song.

When bright Eliza rul'd Britannia's state,
Widely distributing her high commands,
And boldly wise, and fortunately great,
Freed the glad nations from tyrannic bands;
An equal genius was in Spenser found;
To the high theme he match'd his noble lays:
He travell'd England o'er on fairy ground,
In mystic notes to sing his monarch's praise:
Reciting wondrous truths in pleasing dreams,
He deck'd Eliza's head with Gloriana's beams.

But, greatest Anna! while thy arms pursue
Paths of renown, and climb ascents of fame,
Which nor Augustus, nor Eliza knew;
What poet shall be found to sing thy name?
What numbers shall record, what tongue shall say,
Thy wars on land, thy triumphs on the main?
O fairest model of imperial sway!
What equal pen shall write thy wondrous reign?
Who shall attempts and feats of arms rehearse,
Nor yet by story told, nor parallel'd by verse?

Me all too mean for such a task I weet:
Yet, if the sovereign lady deigns to smile,
I'll follow Horace with impetuous heat,
And clothe the verse in Spenser's native style.
By these examples rightly taught to sing,
And smit with pleasure of my country's praise,
Stretching the plumes of an uncommon wing,
High as Olympus I my flight will raise;
And latest times shall in my numbers read
Anna's immortal fame, and Marlborough's hardy deed.

As the strong eagle in the silent wood,
Mindless of warlike rage and hostile care,
Plays round the rocky cliff or crystal flood,
Till by Jove's high behests call'd out to war,
And charg'd with thunder of his angry kind,
His bosom with the vengeful message glows;
Upward the noble bird directs his wing,
And, towering round his master's earth-born foes,
Swift he collects his fatal stock of ire,
Lifts his fierce talon high, and darts the forked fire.

Sedate and calm thus victor Marlborough sate,
Shaded with laurels, in his native land,
Till Anna calls *him* from his soft retreat,
And gives her second thunder to his hand.
Then, leaving sweet repose and gentle ease,
With ardent speed he seeks the distant foe;
Marching o'er hills and vales, o'er rocks and seas,
He meditates, and strikes the wondrous blow.
Our thought flies slower than our general's fame:
Grasps he the bolt? we ask—when he has hurl'd the flame.

When fierce Bavar, on Judoign's spacious plain,
Did from afar the British chief behold,
Betwixt despair, and rage, and hope, and pain,
Something within his warning bosom roll'd:
He views that favourite of indulgent Fame,
Whom whilom he had met on Ister's shore;
Too well, alas! the man he knows the same,
Whose prowess there repell'd the Boyan power,
And sent them trembling through the frighted lands,
Swift as the whirlwind drives Arabia's scatter'd sands.

His former losses he forgets to grieve:
Absolves his fate, if, with a kinder ray,
It now would shine, and only give him leave
To balance the account of Blenheim's day.
So the fell lion in the lonely glade,
His side still smarting with the hunter's spear,
Though deeply wounded, no way yet dismay'd,
Roars terrible, and meditates new war;
In sullen fury traverses the plain,
To find the venturous foe, and battle *him* again.

Misguided prince, no longer urge thy fate,
Nor tempt the hero to unequal war;
Fam'd in misfortune, and in ruin great,
Confess the force of Marlborough's stronger star.
Those laurel groves, (the merits of the youth)
Which thou from Mahomet didst greatly gain,
While, bold assertor of resistless truth,
Thy sword did godlike liberty maintain,
Must from thy brow their falling honours shed,
And their transplanted wreaths must deck a worthier head.

Yet cease the ways of Providence to blame,
And human faults with human grief confess;
'Tis thou art chang'd, while Heaven is still the same;
From thy ill councils date thy ill success.
Impartial Justice holds her equal scales,
Till stronger virtue does the weight incline:
If over thee thy glorious foe prevails,
He now defends the cause that once was thine.
Righteous the war, the champion shall subdue;
For Jove's great handmaid, Power, must Jove's decrees pursue.

Hark! the dire trumpets sound their shrill alarms!
Auverquerque, branch'd from the renown'd Nassaus,
Hoary in war, and bent beneath his arms,
His glorious sword with dauntless courage draws.
When anxious Britain mourn'd her parting lord,
And all of William that was mortal died;
The faithful hero had receiv'd this sword
From his expiring master's much-lov'd side.
Oft from its fatal ire has Louis flown,
Where'er great William led, or Maese and Sambre run.

But brandish'd high, in an ill-omen'd hour
To thee, proud Gaul, behold thy justest fear,
The master-sword, disposer of thy power:
'Tis that which Cæsar gave the British peer.
He took the gift: "Nor ever will I sheathe
This steel (so Anna's high behests ordain),"
The general said, "unless by glorious death
Absolv'd, till conquest has confirm'd your reign.
Returns like these our mistress bids us make,
When from a foreign prince a gift her Britons take."

And now fierce Gallia rushes on her foes,
Her force augmented by the Boyan bands;
So Volga's stream, increas'd by mountain snows,
Rolls with new fury down through Russia's lands.
Like two great rocks against the raging tide,
(If Virtue's force with Nature's we compare)
Unmov'd the two united chiefs abide,
Sustain the impulse, and receive the war.
Round their firm sides, in vain, the tempest beats;
And still the foaming wave, with lessen'd power, retreats.

The rage dispers'd, the glorious pair advance,
With mingled anger and collected might,
To turn the war, and tell aggressing France,
How Britain's sons and Britain's friends can fight.
On conquest fix'd, and covetous of fame,
Behold them rushing through the Gallic host:
Through standing corn so runs the sudden flame,
Or eastern winds along Sicilia's coast.
They deal their terrours to the adverse nation:
Pale Death attends their arms, and ghastly Desolation.

But while, with fiercest ire, Bellona glows,
And Europe rather hopes than fears her fate;
While Britain presses her afflicted foes;
What horrour damps the strong, and quells the great!

Whence look the soldiers' cheeks dismay'd and pale?
Erst ever dreadful, know they now to dread?
The hostile troops, I ween, almost prevail;
And the pursuers only not recede.
Alas! their lessen'd rage proclaims their grief!
For, anxious, lo! they crowd around their falling chief.

"I thank thee, Fate!" exclaims the fierce Bavar;
"Let Boya's trumpet grateful-lö's sound:
I saw him fall, their thunderbolt of war:—
Ever to Vengeance sacred be the ground."
Vain wish! short joy! the hero mounts again
In greater glory, and with fuller light:
The evening star so falls into the main,
To rise at morn more prevalently bright.
He rises safe; but near, too near his side,
A good man's grievous loss, a faithful servant died.

Propitious Mars! the battle is regain'd:
The foe, with lessen'd wrath, disputes the field:
The Briton fights, by favouring gods sustain'd:
Freedom must live; and lawless Power must yield.
Vain now the tales which fabling poets tell,
That wavering Conquest still desires to rove!
In Marlborough's camp the goddess knows to dwell:
Long as the hero's life remains her love.
Again France flies, again the duke pursues,
And on Ramilia's plains he Blenheim's fame renews.

Great thanks, O captain great in arms! receive
From thy triumphant country's public voice:
Thy country greater thanks can only give
To Anne, to her who made those arms her choice.
Recording Schellenberg's and Blenheim's toils,
We dreaded lest thou should'st those toils repeat:
We view'd the palace charg'd with Gallic spoils,
And in those spoils we thought thy praise complete.
For never Greek, we deem'd, nor Roman knight,
In characters like these did e'er his acts indite.

Yet, mindless still of ease, thy virtue flies
A pitch to old and modern times unknown:
Those goodly deeds, which we so highly prize,
Imperfect seem, great chief, to thee alone.
Those heights, where William's virtue might have staid,
And on the subject world look'd safely down,
By Marlborough pass'd, the props and steps were made
Sublimer yet to raise his queen's renown:
Still gaining more, still slighting what he gain'd,
Nought done the hero deem'd, while aught undone remain'd.

When swift-wing'd Rumour told the mighty Gaul,
How lessen'd from the field Bavar was fled;
He wept the swiftness of the champion's fall;
And thus the royal treaty-breaker said:
"And lives he yet, the great, the lost Bavar,
Ruin to Gallia in the name of friend?
Tell me, how far has Fortune been severe?
Has the foe's glory, or our grief, an end?
Remains there, of the fifty thousand lost,
To save our threaten'd realm, or guard our shatter'd coast?

"To the close rock the frighted raven flies;
Soon as the rising eagle cuts the air:
The shaggy wolf, unseen and trembling, lies,
When the hoarse roar proclaims the lion near.
Ill-starr'd did we our forts and lines forsake,
To dare our British foes to open fight:
Our conquest we by stratagem should make:
Our triumph had been founded in our flight.
'Tis ours by craft and by surprise to gain:
'Tis theirs, to meet in arms, and battle in the plain.

"The ancient father of this hostile brood,
Their boasted Brute, undaunted snatch'd his gods
From burning Troy, and Xanthus red with blood,
And fix'd on silver Thames his dire abodes:
'And this be Troynovante,' he said, 'the seat
By Heaven ordain'd, my sons, your lasting place:
Superior here to all the bolts of Fate
Live, mindful of the author of your race,
Whom neither Greece, nor war, nor want, nor flame,
Nor great Pelides' arm, nor Juno's rage, could tame.'

"Their Tudors hence, and Stuarts offspring flow:
Hence Edward, dreadful with his sable shield,
Talbot to Gallia's power eternal foe,
And Seymour, fam'd in council or in field:
Hence Nevil, great to settle or dethrone,
And Drake, and Ca'ndish, terrours of the sea:
Hence Butler's sons, o'er land and ocean known,
Herbert's and Churchill's warring progeny:
Hence the long roll which Gallia should conceal:
For, oh! who, vanquish'd, loves the victor's fame to tell?

"Envy'd Britannia, sturdy as the oak,
Which on her mountain top she proudly bears,
Eludes the ax, and sprouts against the stroke;
Strong from her wounds, and greater by her wars,
And as those teeth, which Cadmus sow'd in earth,
Produc'd new youth, and furnish'd fresh supplies:
So with young vigour, and succeeding birth,
Her losses more than recompens'd arise;
And every age she with a race is crown'd,
For letters more polite, in battles more renown'd.

"Obstinate power, whom nothing can repel;
Not the fierce Saxon, nor the cruel Dane,
Nor deep impression of the Norman steel,
Nor Europe's force amass'd by envious Spain,
Nor France, on universal sway intent,
Oft breaking leagues, and oft renewing wars,
Nor (frequent bane of weaken'd government)
Their own intestine feuds and mutual jars:
Those feuds and jars, in which I trusted more,
Than in my troops, and fleets, and all the Gallic power.

"To fruitful Rheims, or fair Lutetia's gate,
What tidings shall the messenger convey?
Shall the loud herald our success relate,
Or mitred priest appoint the solemn day?
Alas! my praises they no more must sing;
They to my statue now must bow no more:
Broken, repuls'd is their immortal king:
Fall'n, fall'n for ever, is the Gallic power!—
The woman chief is master of the war:
Earth she has freed by arms, and vanquish'd Heaven by prayer."

While thus the ruin'd foe's despair commends
Thy council and thy deed, victorious queen,
What shall thy subjects say, and what thy friends?
How shall thy triumphs in our joy be seen?

Oh! deign to let the eldest of the Nine
Recite Britannia great, and Gallia free:
Oh! with her sister, Sculpture, let her join
To raise, great Anne, the monument to thee;
To thee, of all our good the sacred spring;
To thee, our dearest dread; to thee, our softer king.

Let Europe sav'd the column high erect,
Than Trajan's higher, or than Antonine's;
Where sembling Art may carve the fair effect
And full achievement of thy great designs.
In a calm heaven, and a serener air,
Sublime the queen shall on the summit stand,
From danger far, as far remov'd from fear,
And pointing down to Earth her dread command.
All winds, all storms, that threaten human woe,
Shall sink beneath her feet, and spread their rage below.

Their fleets shall strive, by winds and waters tost,
Till the young Austrian on Iberia's strand,
Great as Æneas on the Latian coast,
Shall fix his foot: "and this, be this the land,
Great Jove, where I for ever will remain,"
(The empire's other hope shall say) "and here
Vanquish'd, entomb'd I'll lie; or, crown'd, I'll reign!"
O virtue, to thy British mother dear!
Like the fam'd Trojan suffer and abide;
For Anne is thine, I ween, as Venus was his guide.

There, in eternal characters engrav'd,
Vigo, and Gibraltar, and Barcelone,
Their force destroy'd, their privileges sav'd,
Shall Anna's terrours and her mercies own:
Spain, from th' usurper Bourbon's arms retriev'd,
Shall with new life and grateful joy appear,
Numbering the wonders which that youth achiev'd,
Whom Anna clad in arms, and sent to war;
Whom Anna sent to claim Iberia's throne;
And made him more than king, in calling him her son.

There Ister, pleas'd by Blenheim's glorious field,
Rolling shall bid his eastern waves declare
Germania sav'd by Britain's ample shield,
And bleeding Gaul afflicted by her spear;
Shall bid them mention Marlborough on the shore,
Leading his islanders, renown'd in arms,
Through climes, where never British chief before
Or pitch'd his camp, or sounded his alarms;
Shall bid them bless the queen, who made his streams
Glorious as those of Boyne, and safe as those of Thames.

Brabantia, clad with fields, and crown'd with towers,
With decent joy shall her deliverer meet;
Shall own thy arms, great queen, and bless thy powers,
Laying the keys beneath thy subject's feet.
Flandria, by plenty made the home of war,
Shall weep her crime, and bow to Charles restor'd;
With double vows shall bless thy happy care,
In having drawn, and having sheath'd the sword;
From these their sister provinces shall know,
How Anne supports a friend, and how forgives a foe.

Bright swords, and crested helms, and pointed spears
In artful piles around the work shall lie;
And shields indented deep in ancient wars,
Blazon'd with signs of Gallic heraldry;
And standards with distinguish'd honours bright,
Marks of high power and national command,
Which Valois' sons, and Bourbon's bore in fight,
Or gave to Foix', or Montmorency's hand:
Great spoils, which Gallia must to Britain yield,
From Cressy's battle sav'd to grace Ramilia's field.

And, as fine Art the spaces may dispose,
The knowing thought and curious eye shall see
Thy emblem, gracious queen, the British rose,
Type of sweet rule, and gentle majesty:
The northern thistle, whom no hostile hand
Unhurt too rudely may provoke, I ween;
Hibernia's harp, device of her command,
And parent of her mirth, shall there be seen!
Thy vanquish'd lilies, France, decay'd and torn,
Shall with disorder'd pomp the lasting work adorn.

Beneath, great queen, oh! very far beneath,
Near to the ground, and on the humble base,
To save herself from darkness and from death,
That Muse desires the last, the lowest place;
Who, tho' unmeet, yet touch'd the trembling string,
For the fair fame of Anne and Albion's land,
Who durst of war and martial fury sing;
And when thy will, and when thy subject's hand,
Had quell'd those wars, and bid that fury cease,
Hangs up her grateful harp to conquest, and to peace.

HER RIGHT NAME.

As Nancy at her toilet sat,
Admiring this, and blaming that,
"Tell me," she said; "but tell me true;
The nymph who could your heart subdue.—
What sort of charms does she possess?"
"Absolve me, fair one, I'll confess
With pleasure," I reply'd. "Her hair,
In ringlets rather dark than fair,
Does down her ivory bosom roll,
And, hiding half, adorns the whole.
In her high forehead's fair half-round
Love sits in open triumph crown'd;
He in the dimple of her chin,
In private state, by friends is seen.
Her eyes are neither black nor gray;
Nor fierce nor feeble is their ray;
Their dubious lustre seems to show
Something that speaks nor Yes, nor No.
Her lips no living bard, I weet,
May say, how red, how round, how sweet;
Old Homer only could indite
Their vagrant grace and soft delight:
They stand recorded in his book,
When Helen smil'd, and Hebe spoke."
The gipsey, turning to her glass,
Too plainly show'd she knew the face;
"And which am I most like," she said,
"Your Cloe, or your Nut-brown Maid?"

CANTATA.

SET BY MONSIEUR GALLIARD.

RÉCIT.

Beneath a verdant laurel's ample shade,
His lyre to mournful numbers strung,
Horace, immortal bard, supinely laid,
To Venus thus address'd the song:

Ten thousand little Loves around,
Listening, dwelt on every sound.

ARIET.

"Potent Venus, bid thy son
Sound no more his dire alarms.
Youth on silent wings is flown:
Graver years come rolling on.
Spare my age, unfit for arms:
Safe and humble let me rest,
From all amorous care releas'd.
Potent Venus bid thy son
Sound no more the dire alarms.

RECIT.

"Yet Venus, why do I each morn prepare
The fragrant wreath for Cloe's hair?
Why do I all day lament and sigh,
Unless the beauteous maid be nigh?
And why all night pursue her in my dreams,
Through flowery meads and crystal streams?"

RECIT.

Thus sung the bard; and thus the goddess spoke:
"Submissive bow to Love's imperious yoke:
Every state, and every age,
Shall own my rule, and fear my rage:
Compell'd by me, thy Muse shall prove,
That all the world was born to love.

ARIET.

"Bid thy destin'd lyre discover
Soft desire and gentle pain:
Often praise, and always love her:
Through her ear, her heart obtain.
Verse shall please, and sighs shall move her;
Cupid does with Phœbus reign."

LINES WRITTEN IN AN OVID:

A TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.

Ovid is the surest guide
You can name, to show the way
To any woman, maid, or bride,
Who resolves to go astray.

A TRUE MAID.

"No, no; for my virginity,
When I lose that," says Rose, "I'll die."
"Behind the elms, last night," cry'd Dick,
"Rose, were you not extremely sick?"

ANOTHER.

Ten months after Florimel happen'd to wed,
And was brought in a laudable manner to bed,
She warbled her groans with so charming a voice,
That one half of the parish was stunn'd with the noise.
But, when Florimel deign'd to lie privately in,
Ten months before she and her spouse were a-kin;
She chose with such prudence her pangs to conceal,
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard her once squeal.
Learn, husbands, from hence, for the peace of your lives,
That maids make not half such a tumult as wives.

A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies;
His spouse is in despair:
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.
"A different cause," says parson Sly,
The same effect may give:
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die;
His wife, that he may live."

ANOTHER REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

From her own native France as old Alison past,
She reproach'd English Nell with neglect or with malice,
That the slattern had left, in the hurry and haste,
Her lady's complexion and eye-brows at Calais.

ANOTHER.

Her eye-brow box one morning lost,
(The best of folks are oftenest crost)
Sad Helen thus to Jenny said,
(Her careless but afflicted maid)
"Put me to bed then, wretched Jane;
Alas! when shall I rise again?
I can behold no mortal now:
For what's an eye without a brow?"

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

In a dark corner of the house
Poor Helen sits, and sobs, and cries;
She will not see her loving spouse,
Nor her more dear picquet allies:
Unless she find her eye-brows,
She'll e'en weep out her eyes.

ON THE SAME.

Helen was just slipt into bed:
Her eye-brows on the toilet lay;
Away the kitten with them fled,
As fees belonging to her prey.

For this misfortune careless Jane,
Assure yourself, was loudly rated:
"And madam, getting up again,
With her own hand the mouse-trap baited.

On little things, as sages write,
Depends our human joy or sorrow:
If we don't catch a mouse to-night,
Alas! no eye-brows for to-morrow.

PHYLLIS'S AGE.

How old may Phyllis be, you ask,
Whose beauty thus all hearts engages?
To answer is no easy task:
For she has really two ages.

Stiff in brocade, and pinch'd in stays,
Her patches, paint, and jewels on;
All day let Envy view her face,
And Phyllis is but twenty-one.

Paint, patches, jewels laid aside,
At night, astronomers agree,
The evening has the day bely'd;
And Phyllis is some forty-three.

FORMA BONUM FRAGILE.

"What a frail thing is beauty!" says Baron le
Perceiving his mistress had one eye of glass: [Cras,
And scarcely had he spoke it,
When she more confus'd, as more angry she grew,
By a negligent rage prov'd the maxim too true:
She dropt the eye, and broke it.

AN EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN TO THE DUKE DE NOAILLES.

Vain the concern which you express,
That uncall'd Alard will possess
Your house and coach, both day and night,
And that Macbeth was haunted less
By Banquo's restless spright.

With fifteen thousand pounds a year,
Do you complain, you cannot bear
An ill, you may so soon retrieve?
Good Alard, faith, is modester
By much than you believe.

Lend him but fifty Louis-d'or;
And you shall never see him more:
Take the advice; *probatum est.*
Why do the gods indulge our store,
But to secure our rest?

EPILOGUE

TO SMITH'S PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLYTUS,

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD, WHO ACTED ISMENA.

Ladies, to night your pity I implore
For one, who never troubled you before:
An Oxford man, extremely read in Greek,
Who from Euripides makes Phædra speak;
And comes to town to let us moderns know,
How women lov'd two thousand years ago.
"If that be all," said I, "e'en burn your play:
Egad! we know all that as well as they:
Show us the youthful, handsome charioteer,
Firm in his seat, and running his career;
Our souls would kindle with as generous flames,
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian dames:
Every Ismena would resign her breast;
And every dear Hippolytus be blest.
"But, as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs:
And, if Hippolytus can but contrive
To buy the gilded chariot, John can drive."
Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
And Phædra's morals in this scholar's play,
Something at least in justice should be said;
But this Hippolytus so fills one's head—
Well! Phædra liv'd as chastely as she cou'd;
For she was father Jove's own flesh and blood.
Her aukward love indeed was oddly fated;
She and her Poly were too near related;
And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly died:
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters stood *in statu quo?*
There was no harm, you see; or, grant there were,
She might want conduct; but he wanted care.
'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
Upon his wife's retirement to intrude—
He should have sent a night or two before,
That he would come exact at such an hour;
Then he had turn'd all tragedy to jest;
Found every thing contribute to his rest;
The piequet friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
And spouse alone impatient for her dear.
But, if these gay reflections come too late,
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
If your more serious judgment must condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
Yet, ye chaste matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your care:
My spotless flames to your protection take;"
And spare poor Phædra for Ismena's sake.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

How capricious were Nature and Art to poor Nell!
She was painting her cheeks at the time her nose fell.

EPILOGUE TO MRS. MANLEY'S LUCIUS.

The female author who recites to day,
Trusts to her sex the merit of her play.
Like father Bayes securely she sits down:
Pit, box, and gallery, 'gad! all's our own.
In ancient Greece, she says, when Sappho writ,
By their applause the critics show'd their wit,
They tun'd their voices to her lyric string;
Tho' they could all do something more than sing.
But one exception to this fact we find;
That booby Phaon only was unkind,
An ill-bred boat-man, rough as waves and wind.
From Sappho down through all succeeding ages,
And now on French or on Italian stages,
Rough satyrs, sly remarks, ill-natur'd speeches,
Are always aim'd at poets that wear breeches.
Arm'd with Longinus, or with Rapin, no man
Drew a sharp p'n upon a naked woman.
The blustering bully, in our neighbouring streets,
Scorns to attack the female that he meets:
Fearless the petticoat contemns his frowns:
The hoop secures whatever it surrounds.
The many-colour'd gentry there above,
By turns are rul'd by tumult and by love:
And, while their sweethearts their attention fix,
Suspend the din of their damn'd clattering sticks.
Now, sirs———
To you our author makes her soft request,
Who speak the kindest, and who write the best,
Your sympathetic hearts she hopes to move,
From tender friendship, and endearing love.
If Petrarch's Muse did Laura's wit rehearse;
And Cowley flatter'd dear Orinda's verse;
She hopes from you—Pox take her hopes and fears!
I plead her sex's claim; what matters hers?
By our full power of beauty we think fit
To damn the Salique law impos'd on wit:
We'll try the empire who so long have boasted;
And, if we are not prais'd, we'll not be toasted.
Approve what one of us presents to night,
Or every mortal woman here shall write:
Rural, pathetic, narrative, sublime,
We'll write to you, and make you write in rhyme;

Female remarks shall take up all your time.
Your time, poor souls! we'll take your very money;
Female third-days shall come so thick upon ye,
As long as we have eyes, or hands, or breath,
We'll look, or write, or talk you all to death.
Unless you yield for better and for worse:
Then the she-Pegasus shall gain the course;
And the grey mare will prove the better horse.

THE THIEF AND THE CORDELIER,

A BALLAD: TO THE TUNE OF

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the Greve,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where Honour and Justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the shackles which Force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;
There the squire of the pad, and the knight of the post, [no more crost.
Find their pains no more balk'd, and their hopes
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known; [own;
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his
But my hearers cry out, "What a duce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale."
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was oblig'd to appear;
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin:
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loth to depart.
Derry down, &c.

"What frightens you thus, my good son?" says the priest:
"You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confest."
"O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken."
Derry down, &c.

"Pough! pr'ythee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies:
Rely on the aid you shall have from Saint Francis:
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die: let the church do the rest.
Derry down, &c.

"And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade:
Courage, friend; for to day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, tomorrow."
Derry down, &c.

"To morrow!" our hero replied, in a fright:
"He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to night."— [truss'd up,
"Tell your beads," quoth the priest, "and be fairly
For you surely to night shall in Paradise sup."
Derry down, &c.

"Alas!" quoth the squire, "howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place."
Derry down, &c.

"That I would," quoth the father, "and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit.
The feast I propos'd to you, I cannot taste;
For this night, by our order, is mark'd for a fast."
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,
"Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die."
Derry down, &c.

TO CHLOE.

Whilst I am scorch'd with hot desire,
In vain cold friendship you return;
Your drops of pity on my fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the flame supprest,
That kills the heart it heats too fast,
Take half my passion to your breast;
The rest in mine shall ever last.

AN EPITAPH.

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c. Senec.

Inter'd beneath this marble stone
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple still the same.
They walk'd, and eat, good folks: what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day:
And, having bury'd children four,
Would not take pains to try for more.
Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seem'd just tally'd for each other.
Their moral and œconomy
Most perfectly they made agree:
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.

Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid:
So every servant took his course;
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong; their wine was port;
Their meal was large; their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt;
For which they claim their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know;
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor;
That might decrease their present store:
Nor barn nor house did they repair;
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Each Christmas they accompts did clear,
And wound their bottom round the year.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung, and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er deny'd their aid:
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married:
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise;
They would not learn, nor could advise:
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were:
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried:
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

WRITTEN IN

MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS,

GIVEN TO THE DUKE OF SHREWSBURY IN FRANCE, AFTER THE PEACE, 1713.

DICTATE, O mighty judge, what thou hast seen
Of cities and of courts, of books and men;
And deign to let thy servant hold the pen.

Through ages thus I may presume to live,
And from the transcript of thy prose receive
What my own short-liv'd verse can never give.

Thus shall fair Britain, with a gracious smile,
Accept the work; and the instructed isle,
For more than treaties made, shall bless my toil.

Nor longer hence the Gallic style preferr'd,
Wisdom in English idiom shall be heard,
While Talbot tells the world, where Montaigne err'd.

AN EPISTLE,

DESIRING THE QUEEN'S PICTURE.

WRITTEN AT PARIS, 1714; BUT LEFT UNFINISHED, BY THE SUDDEN NEWS OF HER MAJESTY'S DEATH.

THE train of equipage and pomp of state,
The shining side-board, and the burnish'd plate,
Let other ministers, great Anne, require,
And partial fall thy gift to their desire,
To the fair portrait of my sovereign dame,
To that alone, eternal be my claim.
My bright defender, and my dread delight,
If ever I found favour in thy sight;
If all the pains that, for thy Britain's sake,
My past has took, or future life may take,
Be grateful to my queen; permit my prayer,
And with this gift reward my total care.
Will thy indulgent hand, fair saint, allow
The boon? and will thy ear accept the vow?
That, in despite of age, of impious flame,
And eating Time, thy picture, like thy fame,
Entire may last; that, as their eyes survey
The semblant shade, men yet unborn may say,
"Thus great, thus gracious, look'd Britannia's queen;
Her brow thus smooth, her look was thus serene;
When to a low, but to a loyal hand,
The mighty empress gave her high command,
That he to hostile camps and kings should haste,
To speak her vengeance, as their danger, past;
To say, she wills detested wars to cease;
She checks her conquest, for her subjects ease,
And bids the world attend her terms of peace."
Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore,
Thee, queen of peace—If Time and Fate have power
Higher to raise the glories of thy reign,
In words sublimer, and a nobler strain,
May future bards the mighty theme rehearse;
Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus king of verse,
The votive tablet I suspend . . . . . .

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE,

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF DEVONSHIRE;

ON A PIECE OF WIESSEN'S,

WHEREON WERE ALL HER GRANDSONS PAINTED.

WIESSEN and Nature held a long contest,
If she created, or he painted, best;
With pleasing thought the wondrous combat grew,
She still form'd fairer; he still liker drew.
In these seven brethren they contended last,
With art increas'd, their utmost skill they tried,
And, both well pleas'd they had themselves surpass'd,
The goddess triumph'd, and the painter died.
That both their skill to this vast height did raise,
Be ours the wonder, and be yours the praise:
For here, as in some glass, is well descry'd
Only yourself thus often multiply'd.
When Heaven had you and gracious Anna[1] made,
What more exalted beauty could it add?

[1] Eldest daughter of the countess.

Having no nobler images in store,
It but kept up to these, nor could do more
Than copy well what it had fram'd before.
If in dear Burghley's generous face we see
Obliging truth and handsome honesty,
With all that world of charms, which soon will move
Reverence in men, and in the fair-ones love;
His very grace his fair descent assures,
He has his mother's beauty, she has yours.
If every Cecil's face had every charm,
That Thought can fancy, or that Heaven can form;
Their beauties all become your beauty's due,
They are all fair, because they're all like you.
If every Ca'ndish great and charming look;
From you that air, from you the charms they took.
In their each limb your image is exprest,
But on their brow firm courage stands confest;
There, their great father, by a strong increase,
Adds strength to beauty, and completes the piece:
Thus still your beauty, in your sons, we view,
Wiessen seven times one great perfection drew:
Whoever sat, the picture still is you.

So when the parent Sun, with genial beams,
Has animated many goodly gems,
He sees himself improv'd, while every stone,
With a resembling light, reflects a sun.

So when great Rhea many births had given,
Such as might govern Earth, and people Heaven;
Her glory grew diffus'd, and, fuller known,
She saw the deity in every son:
And to what god soe'er men altars rais'd,
Honouring the offspring, they the mother prais'd.

In short-liv'd charms let others place their joys,
Which sickness blasts, and certain age destroys:
Your stronger beauty Time can ne'er deface,
'Tis still renew'd, and stamp'd in all your race.

Ah! Wiessen, had thy art been so refin'd,
As with their beauty to have drawn their mind,
Through circling years thy labours would survive,
And living rules to fairest virtue give,
To men unborn and ages yet to live:
'Twould still be wonderful, and still be new,
Against what Time, or Spite, or Fate, could do;
Till thine confus'd with Nature's pieces lie,
And Cavendish's name and Cecil's honour die.

A FABLE, FROM PHÆDRUS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE MEDLEY, 1710.

The Fox an actor's vizard found,
And peer'd, and felt, and turn'd it round;
Then threw it in contempt away,
And thus old Phædrus heard him say:
"What noble part canst thou sustain,
Thou specious head without a brain?"

TO THE *RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. HARLEY.*

HORACE, EP. IX. IMITATED.

Septimius, Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias, &c.

Dear Dick[2], howe'er it comes into his head,
Believes as firmly as he does his creed,
That you and I, sir, are extremely great;
Though I plain Mat, you minister of state:
One word from me, without all doubt, he says,
Would fix his fortune in some little place.
Thus better than myself, it seems, he knows,
How far my interest with my patron goes;
And, answering all objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear mistake.

From this wild fancy, sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee and dread;
That I, in fact, a real interest have,
Which to my own advantage I would save,
And, with the usual courtier's trick, intend
To serve myself, forgetful of my friend.

To shun the censure, I all shame lay by,
And make my reason with his will comply;
Hoping, for my excuse, 'twill be confest,
That of two evils I have chose the least.
So, sir, with this epistolary scroll,
Receive the partner of my inmost soul:
Him you will find in letters and in laws
Not unexpert, firm to his country's cause,
Warm in the glorious interest you pursue,
And, in one word, a good man and a true.

[2] Richard Shelton, esq.

TO MR. HARLEY,

WOUNDED BY GUISCARD, 1711.

Ah ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro. Hor.

In one great *now*, superiour to an age,
The full extremes of Nature's force we find:
How heavenly Virtue can exalt, or Rage
Infernal how degrade the human mind!

While the fierce monk does at his trial stand,
He chews revenge, abjuring his offence:
Guile in his tongue, and murder in his hand,
He stabs his judge, to prove his innocence.

The guilty stroke and torture of the steel
Infix'd, our dauntless Briton scarce perceives:
The wounds his country from his death must feel,
The patriot views; for those alone he grieves.

The barbarous rage that durst attempt thy life,
Harley, great counsellor, extends thy fame:
And the sharp point of cruel Guiscard's knife,
In brass and marble carves thy deathless name.

Faithful assertor of thy country's cause,
Britain with tears shall bathe thy glorious wound:
She for thy safety shall enlarge her laws,
And in her statutes shall thy worth be found.

Yet 'midst her sighs she triumphs, on the hand
Reflecting, that diffus'd the public woe;
A stranger to her altars, and her land:
No son of hers could meditate this blow.

Meantime thy pain is gracious Anna's care:
Our queen, our saint, with sacrificing breath,
Softens thy anguish: in her powerful prayer
She pleads thy service, and forbids thy death.

Great as thou art, thou canst demand no more,
O breast bewail'd by Earth, preserv'd by Heaven!
No higher can aspiring Virtue soar:
Enough to thee of grief and fame is given.

AN EXTEMPORE INVITATION TO THE

EARL OF OXFORD,

LORD HIGH TREASURER, 1712.

MY LORD,

Our weekly friends to morrow meet
At Matthew's palace, in Duke-street,
To try, for once, if they can dine
On bacon-ham and mutton-chine.
If, weary'd with the great affairs
Which Britain trusts to Harley's cares,
Thou, humble statesman, may'st descend
Thy mind one moment to unbend,
To see thy servant from his soul
Crown with thy health the sprightly bowl;
Among the guests which e'er my house
Receiv'd, it never can produce
Of honour a more glorious proof—
Though Dorset us'd to bless the roof.

ERLE ROBERT'S MICE.

IN CHAUCER'S STYLE.

Tway mice, full blythe and amicable,
Baten beside erle Robert's table.
Lies there ne trap their necks to catch,
Ne old black cat their steps to watch,
Their fill they eat of fowl and fish;
Feast lyche as heart of mouse mote wish.
As guests sat jovial at the board,
Forth leap'd our mice: eftsoons the lord
Of Boling, whilome John the Saint,
Who maketh oft propos full queint,
Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cried,
To Matthew seated on t'oth' side;
"To thee, lean bard, it doth partain
To understand these creatures tweine.
Come frame us now some clean device,
Or playsant rhyme on yonder mice:
They seem, God shield me! Mat and Charles."
"Bad as sir Topas, or squire Quarles,"
(Matthew did for the nonce reply)
"At emblem, or device am I:
But, could I chaunt, or rhyme, pardie,
Clear as Dan Chaucer, or as thee,
Ne verse from me (so God me shrive)
On mouse, or other beast alive.
Certes I have this many days
Sent myne poetic herd to graze.
Ne armed knight ydrad in war
With lion fierce will I compare;
Ne judge unjust, with furred fox,
Harming in secret guise the flocks;
Ne priest unworth of goddess coat,
To swine ydrunk, or filthy stoat:
Elk simile farewell for ayt,
From elephant, I trowe, to flea."
Reply'd the friendlike peer, "I weene
Matthew is angred on the spleen."—
"Ne so," quoth Mat, "ne shall be e'er,
With wit that falleth all so fair:
Eft-soons, well weet ye, mine intent
Boweth to your commaundement.
If by these creatures ye have seen,
Pourtrayed Charles and Matthew been;
Behoveth neet to wreck my brain,
The rest in order to explain.
"That cup-board, where the mice disport,
I liken to St. Stephen's court:[1]
Therein is space enough, I trow,
For elke comrade to come and go:
And therein eke may both be fed
With shiver of the wheaten bread.
And when, as these mine eyne survey,
They cease to skip, and squeak, and play;
Return they may to different cells,
Auditing one, whilst t'other *tells.*"
"Dear Robert," quoth the saint, whose mind
In bounteous deed no mean can bind;
"Now, as I hope to grow devout,
I deem this matter well made out.
Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray?
Let that be wrought which Mat doth say"—
"Yea," quoth the Erle, "but not to day."

IN THE SAME STYLE.

Full oft doth Mat with Topaz[2] dine,
Eateth bak'd meats, drinketh Greek wine;
But Topaz his own werke rehearseth,
And Mat mote praise what Topaz verseth.
Now, sure as priest did e'er shrive sinner,
Full hardly earneth Mat his dinner.

IN THE SAME STYLE.

Fair Susan did her wif-hede well mentcine,
Algates assaulted sore by letchours tweine:
Now, and I read aright that auncient song,
Olde were the paramours, the dame full young.

Had thilke same tale in other guise been tolde;
Had they been young(pardie) and she been olde;
That, by St. Kit, had wrought much sorer trial;
Full marveillous, I vote, were silk denyal.

A FLOWER

PAINTED BY SIMON VARELST.

When fam'd Varelst this little wonder drew,
Flora vouchsaf'd the growing work to view:
Finding the painter's science at a stand,
The goddess snatch'd the pencil from his hand;
And, finishing the piece, she smiling said,
"Behold one work of mine, that ne'er shall fade."

TO THE LADY ELIZABETH HARLEY,

AFTERWARDS MARCHIONESS OF CARMARTHEN.

ON A COLUMN OF HER DRAWING.

When future ages shall with wonder view
These glorious lines, which Harley's daughter drew,
They shall confess, that Britain could not raise
A fairer column to the father's praise.

[1] The Exchequer.

[2] The person here satirized was sir Richard Blackmore. N.

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

When poets wrote, and painters drew,
As Nature pointed out the view;
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece
To spoil the well-proportion'd piece;
And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastic chimes:
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
Protogenes, historians note,
Liv'd there, a burgess, scot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's writings show,
Apelles did the same at Co.
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.
Piqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To see a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to censure, or commend;
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings;
His servants follow with the things:
Appears the governante of th' house;
For such in Greece were much in use:
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.
"Does squire Protogenes live here?"—
"Yes, sir," says she, with gracious air,
And court'sey low, "but just call'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feast to morrow,
To grace the church; 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, sir, you intend to stay,
To see our Venus: 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece;
So like th' original, they say:
But I have no great skill that way.
But, sir, at six ('tis now past three)
Dromo must make my master's tea:
At six, sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, sir, at home."
"Tea," says a critic big with laughter,
"Was found some twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, should read,"
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.
"And, sir, at present would you please
To leave your name."—"Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board." No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true:
"And will you please, sweet-heart," said he
"To show your master this from me?
By it he presently will know
How painters write their names at Co."
He gave the pannel to the maid,
Smiling and court'sying, "Sir," she said,
"I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my ownself: safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, sir, as sure as key or lock—
Your servant, sir,—at six o'clock."
Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
"Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
If from the perfect line he found
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus (he order'd me to say),
Thus write the painters of this isle:
Let those of Co remark the style."
She said; and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light, and easy shade,
That Paris' apple stood confest,
Or Leda's egg, or Cloe's breast.
Apelles view'd the finish'd piece:
"And live," said he, "the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have express'd
Who truest drew, or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at least I could design:
And from his artful round, I grant
That he with perfect skill can paint."
The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale;
That the distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name,
In characters which may proclaim
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts, and country's praise;
And in their working took great care,
That all was full, and round, and fair.

DEMOCRITUS AND HERACLITUS.

Democritus, dear droll, revisit Earth,
And with our follies glut thy heighten'd mirth:
Sad Heraclitus, serious wretch, return,
In louder grief our greater crimes to mourn.
Between you both I unconcern'd stand by:
Hurt, can I laugh? and honest, need I cry?

ON MY BIRTH-DAY,

JULY 21st

I, My dear, was born to day,
So all my jolly comrades say;
They bring me music, wreaths, and mirth,
And ask to celebrate my birth:
Little, alas! my comrades know
That I was born to pain and woe;
To thy denial, to thy scorn,
Better I had ne'er been born:
I wish to die ev'n whilst I say,
"I, my dear, was born to-day."

I, my dear, was born to-day;
Shall I salute the rising ray?
Well-spring of all my joy and woe,
Clotilda,[1] thou alone dost know:

[1] Mrs. Anne Durham.

Shall the wreath surround my hair?
Or shall the music please my ear?
Shall I my comrades mirth receive,
And bless my birth, and wish to live?
Then let me see great Venus chase
Imperious anger from thy face;
Then let me hear thee smiling say,
"Thou, my dear, wert born to day."

EPITAPH.

EXTEMPORE.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?

FOR MY OWN TOMBSTONE.

To me 'twas given to die: to thee 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even.
Mark! how impartial is the will of Heaven!

FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet, counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceiv'd, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life party-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, lord, how merry was he!

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he try'd, but to neither would trust;
And whirl'd in the round, as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse little polish'd, though mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says, that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd, or be drown'd.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same.
And if passing thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet pr'ythee be kind to his fame.

GUALTERUS DANISTONUS AD AMICOS.

Dum studeo fungi fallentis munere vitæ,
Adfectoque viam sedibus Elysiis,
Arctoa florens sophiâ, Samisque superbus
Discipulis, animas morte carere cano.
Has ego corporibus profugas ad sidera mitto;
Sideraque ingressis otia blanda dico;
Qualia conveniunt Divis, queis fata volebant
Vitæ faciles molliter ire vias:
Vinaque Cœlicolis media inter gaudia libo;
Et me quid majus suspicor esse viro.
Sed fuerint nulli forsan, quos spondeo, cœli;
Nullaque sint Ditis numina, nulla Jovis:
Fabula sit terris agitur quæ vita relictis;
Quique superstes, Homo; qui nihil, esto Deus.
Attamen esse hilares, & inanes mittere curas
Proderit, ac vitæ commoditate frui,
Et festos agitâsse dies, ævique fugacis
Tempora perpetuis detinuisse jocis.
His me parentem præceptis occupet Orcus,
Et Mors; seu Divum, seu nihil, esse velit:
Nam sophia ars illa est, quæ fallere suaviter horas
Admonet, atque Orci non timuisse minas.

IMITATED.

Studious the busy moments to deceive,
That fleet between the cradle and the grave,
I credit what the Grecian dictates say,
And Samian sounds o'er Scotia's hills convey.
When mortal man resigns his transient breath,
The body only I give o'er to death;
The parts dissolv'd and broken frame I mourn:
What came from earth I see to earth return.
The immaterial part, th' ethereal soul,
Nor can change vanquish, nor can death control.
Glad I release it from its partner's cares,
And bid good angels waft it to the stars.
Then in the flowing bowl I drown those sighs,
Which, spite of wisdom, from our weakness rise.
The draught to the dead's memory I commend,
And offer to thee now, immortal friend.
But if, oppos'd to what my thoughts approve,
Nor Pluto's rage there be, nor power of Jove;
On its dark side if thou the prospect take;
Grant all forgot beyond black Lethe's lake;
In total death suppose the mortal lie,
No new hereafter, nor a future sky:
Yet bear thy lot content; yet cease to grieve:
Why, ere death comes, dost thou forbear to live?
The little time thou hast, 'twixt instant now
And Fate's approach, is all the Gods allow:
And of this little hast thou aught to spare
To sad reflection, and corroding care?
The moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve
With pleasant memory of the bliss they gave.
The present hours in present mirth employ,
And bribe the future with the hopes of joy:
The future (few or more, howe'er they be)
Were destin'd erst; nor can by Fate's decree
Be now cut off betwixt the grave and thee.

THE FIRST HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO JUPITER.

While we to Jove select the holy victim,
Whom apter shall we sing, than Jove himself,

The god for ever great, for ever king,
Who slew the earth-born race, and measures right
To Heaven's great habitants? Dictæan hear'st thou
More joyful, or Lycæan, long dispute
And various thought has trac'd. On Ida's mount,
Or Dicte, studious of his country's praise,
The Cretan boasts thy natal place: but oft
He meets reproof deserv'd: for he, presumptuous,
Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'st
To die, but liv'st the same to day and ever.
Arcadian therefore be thy birth: Great Rhea,
Pregnant to high Parrhasia's cliffs retir'd,
And wild Lycæus, black with shading pines:
Holy retreat! sithence no female hither,
Conscious of social love and Nature's rites,
Must dare approach, from the inferior reptile
To woman, form divine. There the blest parent
Ungirt her spacious bosom, and discharg'd
The pondrous birth; she sought a neighbouring spring
To wash the recent babe; in vain: Arcadia,
(However streamy) now adust and dry,
Deny'd the goddess water; where deep Melas
And rocky Cratis flow, the chariot smok'd,
Obscure with rising dust: the thirsty traveller
In vain requir'd the current, then imprison'd
In subterraneous caverns: forests grew
Upon the barren hollows high o'ershading
The haunts of savage beasts, where now Iaon
And Erimanth incline their friendly urns.
"Thou too, O Earth," great Rhea said, "bring forth;
And short shall be thy pangs." She said; and high
She rear'd her arm, and with her sceptre struck
The yawning cliff: from its disparted height
Adown the mount the gushing torrent ran,
And cheer'd the vallies: there the heavenly mother
Bath'd, mighty king, thy tender limbs: she wrapt them
In purple bands: she gave the precious pledge
To prudent Neda, charging her to guard thee,
Careful and secret; Neda, of the nymphs
That tended the great birth, next Philyre
And Styx, the eldest. Smiling, she receiv'd thee,
And, conscious of the grace, absolv'd her trust:
Not unrewarded; since the river bore
The favourite virgin's name; fair Neda rolls
By Leprion's ancient walls, a fruitful stream.
Fast by her flowery bank the sons of Arcas,
Favourites of Heaven, with happy care protect
Their fleecy charge; and joyous drink her wave.
Thee, god, to Cnossus Neda brought; the nymphs
And Corybantes thee, their sacred charge,
Receiv'd: Adraste rock'd thy golden cradle;
The goat, now bright amidst her fellow-stars,
Kind Amalthea, reach'd her teat distent
With milk, thy early food: the sedulous bee
Distill'd her honey on thy purple lips.
Around, the fierce Curetes (order solemn
To thy fore knowing mother!) trod tumultuous
Their mystic dance, and clang'd their sounding arms,
Industrious with the warlike din to quell
Thy infant cries, and mock the ear of Saturn:
Swift growth and wondrous grace, O heavenly Jove,
Waited thy blooming years: inventive wit,
And perfect judgment, crown'd thy youthful act.
That Saturn's sons receiv'd the three-fold empire
Of Heaven, of ocean, and deep Hell beneath,
As the dark urn and chance of lot determin'd,
Old poets mention, fabling. Things of moment,
Well nigh equivalent and neighbouring value,
By lot are parted: but high Heaven, thy share,
In equal balance laid 'gainst sea or Hell,
Flings up the adverse scale, and shuns proportion.
Wherefore not chance, but power above thy brethren,
Exalted thee their king. When thy great will
Commands thy chariot forth, impetuous strength
And fiery swiftness wing the rapid wheels,
Incessant; high the eagle flies before thee.
And oh! as I and mine consult thy augur,
Grant the glad omen: let thy favourite rise
Propitious, ever soaring from the right.
Thou to the lesser gods hast well assign'd
Their proper shares of power: thy own, great Jove,
Boundless and universal. Those who labour
The sweaty forge, who edge the crooked scythe,
Bend stubborn steel, and harden gleaning armour,
Acknowledge Vulcan's aid. The early hunter
Blesses Diana's hand, who leads him safe
O'er hanging cliffs, who spreads his net successful,
And guides the arrow through the panther's heart.
The soldier, from successful camps returning
With laurel wreath'd, and rich with hostile spoil,
Severs the bull to Mars. The skilful bard,
Striking the Thracian harp, invokes Apollo,
To make his hero and himself immortal.
Those, mighty Jove, mean time, thy glorious care,
Who model nations, publish laws, announce
Or life or death, and found or change the empire.
Man owns the power of kings; and kings of Jove.
And, as their actions tend subordinate
To what thy will designs, thou giv'st the means
Proportion'd to the work; thou seest impartial
How they those means employ. Each monarch
His different realm, accountable to thee,
Great ruler of the world: these only have
To speak and be obey'd; to those are given
Assistant days to ripen the design;
To some whole months, revolving years to some;
Others, ill-fated, are condemn'd to toil
Their tedious life, and mourn their purpose blasted
With fruitless act, and impotence of council.
Hail! greatest son of Saturn, wise disposer
Of every good: thy praise what man yet born
Has sung? or who that may be born shall sing?
Again, and often hail! indulge our prayer,
Great father! grant us virtue, grant us wealth:
For, without virtue, wealth no man avails not;
And virtue without wealth exerts less power,
And less diffuses good. Then grant us, gracious,
Virtue and wealth; for both are of thy gift!

THE SECOND HYMN OF CALLIMACHUS.

TO APOLLO.

Ha! how the laurel, great Apollo's tree,
And all the cavern shakes! far off, far off,
The man that is unhallow'd: for the god,
The god approaches. Hark! he knocks; the gates
Feel the glad impulse; and the sever'd bars
Submissive clink against their brazen portals.
Why do the Delian palms incline their boughs,
Self-mov'd? and hovering swans, their throats releas'd
From native silence, carol sounds harmonious?

Begin, young men, the hymn: let all your harps
Break their inglorious silence; and the dance,
In mystic numbers trod, explain the music.
But first, by ardent prayer, and clear lustration,
Purge the contagious spots of human weakness:
Impure no mortal can behold Apollo.
So may ye flourish, favour'd by the god,
In youth with happy nuptials; and in age
With silver hair, and fair descent of children!
So lay foundations for aspiring cities,
And bless your spreading colonies' increase!
Pay sacred reverence to Apollo's song;
Lest wrathful the far-shooting god emit
His fatal arrows. Silent Nature stands;
And seas subside, obedient to the sound
Of Iö, Iö Pean! nor dares Thetis,
Longer bewail her lov'd Achilles' death;
For Phœbus was his foe. Nor must sad Niobe
In fruitless sorrow persevere, or weep
Ev'n through the Phrygian marble. Hapless mother! [spring
Whose fondness could compare her mortal off-
To those which fair Latona bore to Jove.
Iö! again repeat ye, Iö Pean!
Against the deity 'tis hard to strive.
He, that resists the power of Ptolemy,
Resists the power of Heaven; for power from Heaven
Derives, and monarchs rule by gods appointed.
Recite Apollo's praise, till night draws on,
The ditty still unfinish'd; and the day
Unequal to the godhead's attributes
Various, and matter copious of your songs.
Sublime at Jove's right-hand Apollo sits,
And thence distributes honour, gracious king,
And thane of verse perpetual. From his robe
Flows light ineffable: his harp, his quiver,
And Lictian bow, are gold: with golden sandals
His feet are shod; how rich! how beautiful!
Beneath his steps the yellow mineral rises,
And Earth reveals her treasures. Youth and beauty
Eternal deck his cheeks: from his fair head
Perfumes distill their sweets; and cheerful Health,
His duteous handmaid, through the air improv'd,
With lavish hand diffuses scents ambrosial.
The spearman's arm by thee, great god, directed,
Sends forth a certain wound. The laurel'd bard,
Inspir'd by thee, composes verse immortal.
Taught by thy art divine, the sage physician
Eludes the urn; and chains on exiles Death.
Thee, Nomian, we adore; for that, from Heaven
Descending, thou on fair Amphrysus' banks
Didst guard Admetus' herds. Sithence the cow
Produc'd an ampler store of milk; the she-goat,
Not without pain, dragg'd her distended udder;
And ewes, that erst brought forth but single lambs,
Now dropp'd their two-fold burthens. Blest the cattle,
On which Apollo cast his favouring eye!
But, Phœbus, thou to man beneficent,
Delight'st in building cities. Bright Diana,
Kind sister to thy infant deity,
New-wean'd, and just arising from the cradle,
Brought hunted wild-goats' heads, and branching
Of stags, the fruit and honour of her toil. [antlers
These with discerning hand thou knew'st to range
(Young as thou wast) and in the well-fram'd
With emblematic skill, and mystic order, [mod-le,
Thou show'st where towers or battlements should rise,
Where gates should open, or where walls should compass:
While from thy childish pastime man receiv'd
The future strength and ornament of nations.
Battus, our great progenitor, now touch'd
The Libyan strand: when the foreboding crow
Flew on the right before the people, marking
The country, destin'd the auspicious seat
Of future kings, and favour of the god,
Whose oath is sure, and promise stands eternal.
Or Boëdromian hear'st thou pleas'd, or Clarian
Phœbus, great king? for different are thy names,
As thy kind hand has founded many cities,
Or dealt benign thy various gifts to man.
Carnean let me call thee; for my country
Calls thee Carnean: the fair colony
Thrice by thy gracious guidance was transported,
Ere settled in Cyrene; there w' appointed
Thy annual feasts, kind god, and bless thy altars
Smoking with hecatombs of slaughter'd bulls,
As Carnus, thy high priest and favour'd friend,
Had erst ordain'd; and with mysterious rites,
Our great forefathers taught their sons to worship
Iö Carnean Phœbus! Iö Pean!
The yellow crocus there and fair narcissus
Reserve the honours of their winter-store,
To deck thy temple; till returning spring
Diffuses Nature's various pride; and flowers
Innumerable, by the soft south-west
Open'd, and gather'd by religious hands,
Rebound their sweets from th' odoriferous pavement.
Perpetual fires shine hallow'd on thy altars,
When annual the Carnean feast is held;
The warlike Libyans, clad in armour, lead
The dance; with clanging swords and shields they beat
The dreadful measure: in the chorus join
Their women, brown but beautiful: such rites
To thee well-pleasing. Nor had yet thy votaries,
From Greece transplanted, touch'd Cyrene's banks,
And lands determin'd for their last abodes;
But wander'd through Azilis' horrid forest
Dispers'd; when from Myrtusa's craggy brow,
Fond of the maid, auspicious to the city,
Which must hereafter bear her favour'd name,
Thou gracious deign'st to let the fair-one view
Her typic people; thou with pleasure taught'st her
To draw the bow, to slay the shaggy lion,
And stop the spreading ruin of the plains.
Happy the nymph, who, honour'd by thy passion,
Was aided by thy power! The monstrous Python
Durst tempt thy wrath in vain: for dead he fell,
To thy great strength and golden arms unequal.
Iö! while thy unerring hand clang'd
Another, and another dart; the people
Joyfully repeated Iö! Iö Pean!
Glance the dart, Apollo: for the safety
And health of man, gracious thy mother bore thee.
Envy, thy latest foe, suggested thus:
"Like thee I am a power immortal; therefore
To thee dare speak. How canst thou favour partial
Those poets who write little? Vast and great
Is what I love: the far-extended ocean
To a small rivulet I prefer." Apollo
Spurn'd Envy with his foot; and thus the god:
"Demon, the head-long current of Euphrates,
Assyrian river, copious runs, but muddy,
And carries forward with his stupid force
Polluting dirt; his torrent still augmenting,
His wave still more defil'd: mean while the nymphs

Melissan, sacred and recluse to Ceres,
Studious to have their offerings well receiv'd,
And fit for heavenly use, from little urns
Pour streams select, and purity of waters."
Iö! Apollo, mighty king, let Envy
Ill-judging and verbose, from Lethe's lake
Draw tuns unmeasurable; while thy favour
Administers to my ambitious thirst
The wholesome draught from Aganippe's spring
Genuine, and with soft murmurs gently rilling
Adown the mountains where thy daughters haunt.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE ON THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER OF THE FIRST EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing tongue,
Than ever man pronounc'd, or angels sung;
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,
That thought can reach, or science can define;
And had I power to give that knowledge birth,
In all the speeches of the babbling Earth;
Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire,
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire;
Or had I faith like that which Israel saw
When Moses gave them miracles and law:
Yet, gracious Charity! indulgent guest,
Were not thy power exerted in my breast,
Those speeches would send up unheeded prayer;
That scorn of life would be but wild despair;
A tymbal's sound were better than my voice;
My faith were form, my eloquence were noise.
Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind,
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;
And much she suffers, as she much believes.
Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish Nature even,
And opens in each heart a little Heaven.
Each other gift, which God on man bestows,
Its proper bound and due restriction knows;
To one fix't purpose dedicates its power,
And, finishing its act, exists no more.
Thus, in obedience to what Heaven decrees,
Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall cease;
But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.
As, through the artist's intervening glass,
Our eye observes the distant planets pass,
A little we discover, but allow
That more remains unseen, than art can show:
So, whilst our mind its knowledge would improve,
(Its feeble eye intent on things above)
High as we may, we lift our reason up,
By Faith directed, and confirm'd by Hope:
Yet we are able only to survey
Dawning of beams, and promises of day.
Heaven's fuller effluence mocks our dazzled sight;
Too great its swiftness, and too strong its light.
But soon the mediate clouds shall be dispell'd;
The Sun shall soon be face to face beheld,
In all his robes, with all his glory on,
Seated sublime on his meridian throne.
Then constant Faith and holy Hope shall die,
One lost in certainty, and one in joy:
Whilst thou, more happy power, fair Charity,
Triumphant sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive—
Shalt stand before the host of Heaven confest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

CUPID IN AMBUSH.

It oft to many has successful been,
Upon his arm to let his mistress lean,
Or with her airy fan to cool her heat,
Or gently squeeze her knees, or press her feet.
All public sports, to favour young desire,
With opportunities like this conspire.
Ev'n where his skill the gladiator shows,
With human blood where the Arena flows;
There oftentimes Love's quiver-bearing boy
Prepares his bow and arrows to destroy:
While the spectator gazes on the sight,
And sees them wound each other with delight;
While he his pretty mistress entertains,
And wagers with her who the conquest gains;
Slily the god takes aim, and hits his heart,
And in the wounds he sees he bears his part.

ENGRAVED ON A COLUMN IN THE

CHURCH OF HALSTEAD IN ESSEX;

THE SPIRE OF WHICH, BURNT DOWN BY LIGHTNING, WAS REBUILT AT THE EXPENCE OF MR. SAMUEL FISKE,

1717.

View not this spire by measure given
To buildings rais'd by common hands:
That fabric rises high as Heaven,
Whose basis on devotion stands.
While yet we draw this vital breath,
We can our faith and hope declare;
But charity beyond our death
Will ever in our works appear.
Best be he call'd among good men,
Who to his God this column rais'd:
Though lightning strike the dome again,
The man, who built it, shall be prais'd:
Yet spires and towers in dust shall lie,
The weak efforts of human pains;
And Faith and Hope themselves shall die,
While deathless Charity remains.

ALMA:

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF THE MIND.

IN THREE CANTOS.

Πάντα γίλως, καὶ πάντα κόης, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν·
Πάντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλόγων ἐστὶ τὰ γιγνόμενα.

Incert. ap. Stobæum.

CANTO I.

Matthew [1] met Richard [2], when or where
From story is not mighty clear:
Of many knotty points they spoke,
And *pro* and *con* by turns they took.
Rats half the manuscript have eat:
Dire hunger! which we still regret.
O! may they ne'er again digest
The horrours of so sad a feast!
Yet less our grief, if what remains,
Dear Jacob [3], by thy care and pains
Shall be to future times convey'd.
It thus begins:

. . . . . Here Matthew said,
"Alma in verse, in prose the Mind,
By Aristotle's pen defin'd,
Throughout the body, squat or tall,
Is, *bonâ fide*, all in all.
And yet, slap-dash, is all again
In every sinew, nerve, and vein:
Runs here and there, like Hamlet's ghost;
While every where she rules the roast.
"This *system*, Richard, we are told,
The men of Oxford firmly hold.
The Cambridge wits, you know, deny
With *ipse dixit* to comply.
They say, (for in good truth they speak
With small respect of that old Greek)
That, putting all his words together,
'Tis three blue beans in one blue bladder.
"Alma, they strenuously maintain,
Sits cock-horse on her throne, the brain;
And from that seat of thought dispenses
Her sovereign pleasure to the senses.
Two *optic* nerves, they say, she ties,
Like spectacles, across the eyes;
By which the spirits bring her word,
Whene'er the balls are fix'd or stirr'd,
How quick at park and play they strike;
The duke they court; the toast they like;
And at St. James's turn their grace
From former friends, now out of place.
"Without these aids, to be more serious,
Her power, they hold, had been precarious:
Tho eyes might have conspir'd her ruin,
And she not known what they were doing.
Foolish it had been, and unkind,
That they should see, and she be blind.
"Wise Nature likewise, they suppose,
Has drawn two conduits down our nose:
Could Alma else with judgment tell
When *cabbage* stinks, or *roses* smell?
Or who would ask for her opinion
Between an *oyster* and an *onion*?
For from most bodies, Dick, you know,
Some little bits ask leave to flow;
And, as through these canals they roll,
Bring up a sample of the whole;
Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the inn what lord approaches.
"By nerves about our palate plac'd,
She likewise judges of the taste.
Else (dismal thought!) our warlike men
Might drink thick *port* for fine *champagne*;
And our ill judging wives and daughters
Mistake small-beer for *citron*-waters.
"Hence, too, that she might better hear,
She sets a drum at either ear:
And, loud or gentle, harsh or sweet,
Are but th' *alarums* which they beat.
"Last, to enjoy her sense of feeling,
(A thing she much delights to deal in)
A thousand little nerves she sends
Quite to our toes and fingers' ends;
And these, in gratitude, again
Return their spirits to the brain;
In which their figure being printed,
(As just before, I think, I hinted)
Alma, inform'd, can try the case,
As she had been upon the place.
"Thus, while the judge gives different journies
To country council and attornies,
He on the bench in quiet sits,
Deciding, as they bring the writs.
The pope thus prays and sleeps at Rome,
And very seldom stirs from home:
Yet, sending forth his holy spies,
And having heard what they advise,
He rules the church's blest dominions,
And sets men's faith by his opinions.
"The scholars of the Stagyrite,
Who for the old opinion fight,
Would make their modern friends confess
The difference but from more to less.
The Mind, say they, while you sustain
To hold her station in the brain;
You grant, at least, she is extended:
Ergo the whole dispute is ended.
For, till to morrow should you plead,
From form and structure to the head,
The Mind as visibly is seen
Extended through the whole *machine*.
Why should all honour then be ta'en
From lower parts to load the brain,
When other limbs, we plainly see,
Each in his way, as brisk as he?
For music, grant the head receive it,
It is the artist's hand that gave it;
And, though the skull may wear the laurel,
The soldier's arm sustains the quarrel.
Besides, the nostrils, ears, and eyes,
Are not his parts, but his allies;
Ev'n what you hear the tongue proclaim,
Comes *ab origine* from them.
What could the head perform alone,
If all their friendly aids were gone?
A foolish figure he must make;
Do nothing else but sleep and ake.
"Nor matters it, that you can show
How to the head the spirits go;
Those spirits started from some goal,
Before they through the veins could roll.
Now, we should hold them much to blame,
If they went back, before they came.
"If, therefore, as we must suppose,
They came from fingers, and from toes;

[1] Himself. [2] Mr. Shelton. [3] Tonson.

Or teeth, or fingers, in this case,
Of *Num-scull's* self should take the place:
Disputing fair, you grant thus much,
That all sensation is but touch.
Dip but your toes into cold water,
Their correspondent teeth will chatter:
And, strike the bottom of your feet,
You set your head into a heat.
The bully beat, and happy lover,
Confess that feeling lies all over.
" Note here, Lucretius dares to teach
(As all our youth may learn from Creech)
That eyes were made, but could not view,
Nor hands embrace, nor feet pursue:
But heedless Nature did produce
The members first, and then the use.
What each must act was yet unknown,
Till all is mov'd by Chance alone.
" A man first builds a country-seat,
Then finds the walls not good to eat.
Another plants, and wondering sees
Nor books nor medals on his trees.
Yet poet and philosopher
Was he, who durst such whims aver.
Blest, for his sake, be human reason,
That came at all, though late in season.
But no man, sure, e'er left his house,
And saddled Ball, with thoughts so wild,
To bring a midwife to his spouse,
Before he knew she was with child.
And no man ever reapt his corn,
Or from the oven drew his bread,
Ere hinds and bakers yet were born,
That taught them both to sow and knead.
Before they're ask'd, can maids refuse?
Can"—" Pray," says Dick, " hold in your Muse.
While you Pindaric truths rehearse,
She hobbles in *alternate* verse."—
" Verse," Mat reply'd; " is that my care?"—
" Go on," quoth Richard, " soft and fair."
" This looks, friend Dick, as Nature had
But exercis'd the *salesman's* trade;
As if she haply had sat down,
And cut out clothes for all the town;
Then sent them out to Monmouth-street,
To try what persons they would fit.
But every free and licens'd taylor
Would in this *thesis* find a failure.
Should whims like these his head perplex,
How could he work for either sex?
His clothes, as atoms might prevail,
Might fit a pismire, or a whale.
No, no: he views with studious pleasure
Your shape, before he takes your measure.
For real Kate be made the boddice,
And not for an *ideal* goddess.
No errour near his shop-board lurk'd:
He knew the folks for whom he work'd;
Still to their size he aim'd his skill:
Else, pr'ythee, who would pay his bill?
" Next, Dick, if Chance herself should vary,
Observe, how matters would miscarry:
Across your eyes, friend, place your shoes;
Your spectacles upon your toes:
Then you and Memmius shall agree
How nicely men would walk, or see.
" But Wisdom, peevish and cross-grain'd,
Must be oppos'd, to be sustain'd;
And still your knowledge will increase,
As you make other people's less.
In arms and science 'tis the same;
Our rival's hurts create our fame.
At Faubert's, if disputes arise
Among the champions for the prize,
To prove who gave the fairer butt,
John shows the chalk on Robert's coat.
So, for the honour of your book,
It tells where other folks mistook:
And, as their notions you confound,
Those you invent get farther ground.
" The commentators on old Aristotle ('tis urg'd) in judgment vary:
They to their own conceits have brought
The image of his general thought;
Just as the melancholic eye
Sees fleets and armies in the sky;
And to the poor apprentice ear
The bells sound, ' Whittington, lord mayor.'
The conjuror thus explains his *scheme;*
Thus spirits walk, and prophets dream;
North Britons thus have *second-sight;*
And Germans, free from gun-shot, fight.
" Theodoret and Origen,
And fifty other learned men,
Attest, that, if their comments find
The traces of their master's mind,
Alma, can ne'er decay nor die:
This flatly t' other sect deny;
Simplicius, Theophrast, Durand,
Great names, but hard in verse to stand.
They wonder men should have mistook
The *tenets* of their master's book,
And hold, that Alma yields her breath,
O'ercome by age, and seiz'd by death.
Now which were wise? and which were fools?
Poor Alma sits between two stools:
The more she reads, the more perplext;
The comment ruining the text:
Now fears, now hopes, her doubtful fate:
But, Richard, let her look to that—
Whilst we our own affairs pursue.
" These different *systems*, old or new,
A man with half an eye may see,
Were only form'd to disagree.
Now, to bring things to fair conclusion,
And save much Christian ink's effusion,
Let me propose an healing *scheme*,
And sail along the middle stream;
For, Dick, if we could reconcile
Old Aristotle with Gassendus,
How many would admire our toil!
And yet how few would comprehend us!
" Here, Richard, let my *schome* commence;
Oh! may my words be lost in sense!
While pleas'd Thalia deigns to write
The slips and bounds of Alma's flight.
" My simple *system* shall suppose
That Alma enters at the toes;
That then she mounts by just degrees
Up to the ancles, legs, and knees;
Next, as the sap of life does rise,
She lends her vigour to the thighs;
And all these under-regions past,
She nestles somewhere near the waist;
Gives pain or pleasure, grief or laughter,
As we shall show at large hereafter.
Mature, if not improv'd by time,
Up to the heart she loves to climb;
From thence, compell'd by craft and age,
She makes the head her latest stage.

" From the feet upward to the head—"
" Pithy and short," says Dick, " proceed."
" Dick, this is not an idle motion:
Observe the progress of the motion.
First, I demonstratively prove,
That feet were only made to move;
And legs desire to come and go,
For they have nothing else to do.
" Hence, long before the child can crawl,
He learns to kick, and wince, and sprawl:
To hinder which, your midwife knows
To bind those parts extremely close;
Lest Alma, newly enter'd in,
And stunn'd at her own christening's din,
Fearful of future grief and pain,
Should silently sneak out again.
Full piteous seems young Alma's case;
As in a luckless gamester's place,
She would not play, yet must not pass.
" Again; as she grows something stronger,
And master's feet are swath'd no longer,
If in the night too oft he kicks,
Or shows his *loco-motive* tricks;
These first assaults fat Kate repays him;
When half asleep, she overlays him.
" Now mark, dear Richard, from the age
That children tr ad this worldly stage,
Broom-staff or poker they bestride,
And round the parlour love to ride;
Till thoughtful father's pious care
Provides his brood, next Smithfield Fair,
With supplemental hobby-horses:
And happy be their infant courses!
" Hence for some years they ne'er stand still:
Their legs, you see, direct their will;
From opening morn till setting sun,
Around the fields and woods they run;
They frisk, and dance, and leap, and play,
Nor heed what Fiend or Shape can say.
" To her next stage as Alma flies,
And likes, as I have said, the thighs,
With *sympathetic* power she warms
Their good allies and friends, the arms;
While Betty dances on the green,
And Susan is at stoolball seen;
While John for nine-pins does declare,
And Roger loves to pitch the bar:
Both legs and arms spontaneous move;
Which was the thing I meant to prove.
" Another motion now she makes:
O, need I name the seat she takes?
His thought quite chang'd the stripling finds;
The sport and race no more he minds;
Neglected Tray and pointer lie,
And covies unmolested fly.
Sudden the jocund plain he leaves,
And for the nymph in secret grieves.
In dying accents he complains
Of cruel fires, and raging pains.
The nymph too longs to be alone,
Leaves all the swains, and sighs for one.
The nymph is warm'd with young desire,
And feels, and dies to quench his fire.
They meet each evening in the grove;
Their parley but augments their love:
So to the priest their case they tell:
He ties the knot; and all goes well.
" But, O my Muse, just distance keep;
Thou art a maid, and must not peep.
In nine months time, the boddice loose,
And petticoats too short, disclose
That at this age the active mind
About the waist lies most confin'd;
And that young life and quickening sense
Spring from his influence darted thence.
So from the middle of the world
The Sun's prolific rays are hurl'd:
'Tis from that seat he darts those beams,
Which quicken Earth with genial flames."
Dick, who thus long had passive sat,
Here strok'd his chin, and cock'd his hat;
Then slapp'd his hand upon the board,
And thus the youth put in his word.
" Love's advocates, sweet sir, would find him
A higher place than you assign'd him."
" Love's advocates! Dick, who are those?"—
" The poets, you may well suppose.
I'm sorry, sir, you have discarded
The men with whom till now you herded.
Prose-men alone, for private ends,
I thought, forsook their ancient friends.
In cor stillavit, cries Lucretius;
If he may be allow'd to teach us.
The self-same thing soft Ovid says
(A proper judge in such a case).
Horace's phrase is, *torret jecur;*
And happy was that curious speaker.
Here Virgil too has plac'd this passion.
What signifies too long quotation?
In ode and epic, plain the case is,
That Love holds one of these two places."
" Dick, without passion or reflection,
I'll strait demolish this objection.
" First, poets, all the world agrees,
Write half to profit, half to please.
Matter and figure they produce;
For garnish this, and that for use;
And, in the structure of their feasts,
They seek to feed and please their guests:
But one may balk this good intent,
And take things otherwise than meant.
Thus, if you dine with my lord mayor,
Roast-beef and venison is your fare;
Thence you proceed to swan and bustard,
And persevere in tart and custard:
But *tulip-leaves* and *lemon-peel*
Help only to adorn the meal,
And painted flags, superb and neat,
Proclaim you welcome to the treat.
The man of sense his meat devours,
But only smells the pea and flowers;
And he must be an idle dreamer,
Who leaves the pie, and gnaws the streamer.
" That Cupid goes with bow and arrows,
And Venus keeps her coach and sparrows,
Is all but emblem, to acquaint one,
The son is sharp, the mother wanton.
Such images have sometimes shown
A mystic sense, but oftener none.
For who conceives, what bards devise,
That Heaven is plac'd in Celia's eyes;
Or where's the sense, direct and moral,
That teeth are pearl, or lips are coral?
" Your Horace owns, he various writ,
As wild or sober maggots bit:
And, where too much the poet ranted,
The sage philosopher recanted.
His grave Epistles may disprove
The wanton Odes he made to love.

"Lucretius keeps a mighty pother
With Cupid and his fancy'd mother;
Calls her great queen of Earth and Air,
Declares that winds and seas obey her;
And, while her honour he rehearses,
Implores her to inspire his verses.
"Yet, free from this poetic madness,
Next page he says, in sober sadness,
That she and all her fellow-gods
Sit idling in their high abodes,
Regardless of this world below,
Our health or hanging, weal or woe;
Nor once disturb their heavenly spirits
With Scapin's cheats, or Cæsar's merits.
"Nor e'er can Latin poets prove
Where *lies* the real seat of Love.
Jecur they burn, and *cor* they pierce,
As either best supplies their verse;
And, if folks ask the reason for't,
Say, one was long, and t'other short.
Thus, I presume, the British Muse
May take the freedom strangers use.
In prose our property is greater:
Why should it then be less in metre?
If Cupid throws a single dart,
We make him wound the lover's *heart*;
But, if he takes his bow and quiver,
'Tis sure, he must transfix the *liver*:
For rhyme with reason may dispense,
And sound has right to govern sense.
"But let your friends in verse suppose,
What ne'er shall be allow'd in prose;
Anatomists can make it clear,
The *Liver* minds his own affair;
Kindly supplies our public uses,
And parts and strains the vital juices;
Still lays some useful bile aside,
To tinge the chyle's insipid tide:
Else we should want both gibe and satire;
And all be burst with pure good-nature.
Now gall is bitter with a witness,
And love is all delight and sweetness.
My *logic* then has lost its aim,
If sweet and bitter be the same:
And he, methinks, is no great scholar,
Who can mistake desire for choler.
"The like may of the *heart* be said;
Courage and terrour there are bred.
All those, whose *hearts* are loose and low,
Start, if they hear but the *tattoo*:
And mighty physical their fear is;
For, soon as noise of combat near is,
Their heart, descending to their breeches,
Must give their stomach cruel twitches.
But heroes, who o'ercome or die,
Have their hearts hung extremely high;
The strings of which, in battles heat,
Against their very *corslets* beat;
Keep time with their own trumpet's measure,
And yield them most excessive pleasure.
"Now, if 'tis chiefly in the heart
That Courage does itself exert,
'Twill be prodigious hard to prove
That this is eke the throne of Love.
Would Nature make one place the seat
Of fond desire, and fell debate?
Must people only take delight in
Those hours, when they are tir'd of fighting?
And has no man, but who has kill'd
A father, right to get a child?
These notions then I think but idle;
And Love shall still possess the middle.
"This truth more plainly to discover,
Suppose your hero were a lover.
Though he before had gall and rage,
Which death or conquest must assuage,
He grows dispirited and low;
He hates the fight, and shuns the foe.
"In scornful sloth Achilles slept,
And for his wench, like Tall-boy, wept:
Nor would return to war and slaughter,
Till they brought back the parson's daughter.
"Antonius fled from Actium's coast,
Augustus pressing, Asia lost:
His sails by Cupid's hands unfurl'd,
To keep the fair, he gave the world.
Edward our fourth, rever'd and crown'd,
Vigorous in youth, in arms renown'd,
While England's voice, and Warwick's care,
Design'd him Gallia's beauteous heir,
Chang'd peace and power, for rage and wars,
Only to dry one widow's tears—
"France's fourth Henry we may see
A servant to the fair d'Estree;
When, quitting Coutras' prosperous field,
And Fortune taught at length to yield,
He from his guards and midnight tent
Disguis'd o'er hills and vallies went,
To wanton with the sprightly dame,
And in his pleasure lost his fame.
"Bold is the critic who dares prove
These heroes were no friends to love;
And bolder he, who dares aver
That they were enemies to war.
Yet, when their thought should, now or never,
Have rais'd their *heart*, or fir'd their *liver*,
Fond Alma to those parts was gone,
Which Love more justly calls his own.
"Examples I could cite you more;
But be contented with these four:
For, when one's proofs are aptly chosen,
Four are as valid as four dozen.
One came from Greece, and one from Rome;
The other two grew nearer home.
For some in ancient books delight;
Others prefer what moderns write:
Now I should be extremely loth,
Not to be thought expert in both."

CANTO II.

"But shall we take the Muse abroad,
To drop her idly on the road?
And leave our subject in the middle,
As Butler did his Bear and Fiddle?
Yet he, consummate master, knew
When to recede, and where pursue:
His noble negligences teach
What others toils despair to reach.
He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope,
And balances your fear and hope:
If, after some distinguish'd leap,
He drops his pole, and seems to slip,
Straight gathering all his active strength,
He rises higher half his length.
With wonder you approve his slight,
And owe your pleasure to your fright.
But like poor Andrew I advance,
False *mimic* of my master's dance;

Around the cord awhile I sprawl,
And thence, though low, in earnest fall.
" My preface tells you, I digress'd:
He's half absolv'd who has confess'd."
" I like," quoth Dick, " your *simile*,
And, in return, take two from me.
As masters in the *clare obscure*
With various light your eyes allure,
A flaming yellow here they spread,
Draw off in blue, or charge in red;
Yet, from these colours oddly mix'd,
Your sight upon the whole is fix'd:
Or as, again, your courtly dames
(Whose clothes returning birth-day claims)
By arts improve the stuffs they vary,
And things are best as most contrary;
The gown, with stiff embroidery shining,
Looks charming with a slighter lining;
The out-, if Indian figure stain,
The in-side must be rich and plain.
So you great authors have thought fit
To make digression temper wit:
When arguments too fiercely glare,
You calm them with a milder air:
To break their points, you turn their force,
And *furbelow* the plain discourse."
" Richard," quoth Mat, " these words of thine
Speak something sly, and something fine:
But I shall e'en resume my *theme*,
However thou may'st praise or blame.
" As people marry now, and settle,
Fierce Love abates his usual mettle:
Worldly desires, and household cares,
Disturb the godhead's soft affairs:
So now, as health or temper changes,
In larger compass Alma ranges,
This day below, the next above,
As light or solid whimsies move.
So merchant has his house in town,
And country-seat near Bansted-down:
From one he dates his foreign letters,
Sends out his goods, and duns his debtors:
In t'other, at his hours of leisure,
He smokes his pipe, and takes his pleasure.
" And now your matrimonial Cupid,
Lash'd on by Time, grows tir'd and stupid.
For story and experience tell us
That man grows old, and woman jealous.
Both would their little ends secure;
He sighs for freedom, she for power:
His wishes tend abroad to roam,
And hers to domineer at home.
Thus passion flags by slow degrees,
And, ruffled more, delighted less,
The busy mind does seldom go
To those once-charming seats below;
But, in the breast incamp'd, prepares
For well-bred feints and future wars.
The man suspects his lady's crying
(When he last autumn lay a-dying)
Was but to gain him to appoint her
By codicil a larger jointure.
The woman finds it all a trick,
That he could swoon when she was sick;
And knows, that in that grief he reckon'd
On black-ey'd Susan for his second.
" Thus having strove some tedious years
With feign'd desires, and real fears;
And, tir'd with answers and replies
Of John affirms, and Martha lies,
Leaving this endless altercation,
The Mind affects a higher station.
" Poltis, that generous king of Thrace,
I think, was in this very case.
All Asia now was by the ears,
And gods beat up for volunteers
To Greece and Troy; while Poltis sat
In quiet governing his state.
' And whence,' said the pacific king,
' Does all this noise and discord spring?'
' Why, Paris took Atrides' wife.'—
' With ease I could compose this strife:
The injur'd hero should not lose,
Nor the young lover want a spouse.
But Helen chang'd her first condition,
Without her husband's just permission.
What from the dame can Paris hope?
She may as well from him elope.
Again, how can her old good man,
With honour, take her back again?
From hence I logically gather,
The woman cannot live with either.
Now, I have two right honest wives,
For whose possession no man strives:
One to Atrides I will send,
And t'other to my Trojan friend.
Each prince shall thus with honour have
What both so warmly seem to crave:
The wrath of gods and man shall cease,
And Poltis live and die in peace.'
" Dick, if this story pleaseth thee,
Pray thank Dan Pope, who told it me.
" Howe'er swift Alma's flight may vary,
(Takes this by way of *corollary*)
Some limbs she finds the very same,
In place, in dignity, in name:
These dwell at such convenient distance,
That each may give his friend assistance.
Thus he who runs or dances begs
The equal vigour of two legs;
So much to both does Alma trust,
She ne'er regards which goes the first.
Teague could make neither of them stay,
When with himself he ran away.
The man who struggles in the fight,
Fatigues left arm as well as right;
For, whilst one hand exalts the blow,
And on the earth extends the foe,
T'other would take it wondrous ill,
If in your pocket it lay still.
And, when you shoot, and shut one eye,
You cannot think he would deny
To lend the other friendly aid,
Or wink as coward, and afraid.
No, sir; whilst he withdraws his flame,
His comrade takes the surer aim:
One moment if his beams recede,
As soon as e'er the bird is dead,
Opening again, he lays his claim
To half the profit, half the fame,
And helps to pocket up the game.
'Tis thus one tradesman slips away,
To give his partner fairer play.
" Some limbs again, in bulk or stature
Unlike, and not a-kin by nature,
In concert act, like modern friends,
Because one serves the other's ends.
The arm thus waits upon the heart,
So quick to take the bully's part,

That one, though warm, decides more slow
Than t'other executes the blow.
A stander-by may chance to have it,
Ere Hack himself perceives he gave it.
" The amorous eyes thus always go
A-strolling for their friends below;
For, long before the squire and dame
Have *tête à tête* reliev'd their flame,
Ere visits yet are brought about,
The eye by sympathy looks out,
Knows Florimel, and longs to meet her,
And, if he sees, is sure to greet her,
Though at sash-window, on the stairs,
At court, nay (authors say) at prayers —
" The funeral of some valiant knight
May give this thing its proper light.
View his two gauntlets; these declare
That both his hands were us'd to war.
And from his two gilt spurs 'tis learn'd
His feet were equally concern'd.
But have you not, with thought, beheld
The sword hang dangling o'er the shield?
Which shows the breast, that plate was us'd to,
Had an ally right arm to trust to:
And, by the peep-holes in his crest,
Is it not virtually confest,
That there his eyes took distant aim,
And glanc'd respect to that bright dame,
In whose delight his hope was center'd,
And for whose glove his life he ventur'd?
" Objections to my general *system*
May rise, perhaps; and I have mist them:
But I can call to my assistance
Proximity (mark that!) and distance;
Can prove, that all things, on occasion,
Love union, and desire adhesion;
That Alma merely is a scale,
And motives, like the weights, prevail.
If neither side turn down nor up,
With loss or gain, with fear or hope,
The balance always would hang even,
Like Mah'met's tomb, 'twixt Earth and Heaven.
" This, Richard, is a curious case:
Suppose your eyes sent equal rays
Upon two distant pots of ale,
Not knowing which was mild or stale:
In this sad state your doubtful choice
Would never have the casting voice;
Which best or worst you could not think,
And die you must for want of drink;
Unless some chance inclines your sight,
Setting one pot in fairer light;
Then you prefer or A, or B,
As lines and angles best agree:
Your sense resolv'd impels your will;
She guides your hand—so drink your fill.
" Have you not seen a baker's maid
Between two equal banniers sway'd?
Her tallies useless lie, and idle,
If plac'd exactly in the middle:
But, forc'd from this unactive state
By virtue of some casual weight,
On either side you hear them clatter,
And judge of right and left hand matter.
" Now, Richard, this coercive force,
Without your choice, must take its course;
Great kings to wars are pointed forth,
Like loaded needles to the north.
And thou and I, by power unseen,
Are barely passive, and suck'd-in
To Henault's vaults, or Celia's chamber,
As straw and paper are by amber.
If we sit down to play or set,
(Suppose at *ombre* or *basset*)
Let people call us cheats or fools,
Our cards and we are equal tools.
We sure in vain the cards condemn:
Ourselves both cut and shuffled them.
In vain on Fortune's aid rely:
She only is a stander by.
Poor men! poor papers! we and they
Do some impulsive force obey:
And are but play'd with—do not play.
But space and matter we should blame;
They palm'd the trick that lost the game.
" Thus, to save further contradiction
Against what you may think but fiction,
I for attraction, Dick, declare:
Deny it those bold men that dare.
As well your motion, as your thought,
Is all by hidden impulse wrought:
Ev'n saying that you think or walk,
How like a country squire you talk!
" Mark then;—Where fancy, or desire,
Collects the beams of vital fire;
Into that limb fair Alma slides,
And there, *pro tempore*, resides.
She dwells in Nicolini's tongue,
When Pyrrhus chants the heavenly song.
When Pedro does the lute command,
She guides the cunning artist's hand.
Through Macer's gullet she runs down,
When the vile glutton dines alone.
And, void of modesty and thought,
She follows Bibo's endless draught.
Through the soft sex again she ranges,
As youth, caprice, or fashion, changes.
Fair Alma, careless and serene,
In Fanny's sprightly eyes is seen;
While they diffuse their infant beams,
Themselves not conscious of their flames.
Again fair Alma sits confest
On Florimel's experter breast;
When she the rising sigh constrains,
And, by concealing, speaks her pains.
In Cynthia's neck fair Alma glows,
When the vain thing her jewels shows:
When Jenny's stays are newly lac'd,
Fair Alma plays about her waist;
And when the swelling hoop sustains
The rich brocade, fair Alma deigns
Into that lower space to enter,
Of the large round herself the centre.
" Again: that single limb or feature,
(Such is the cogent force of Nature)!
Which most did Alma's passion move
In the first object of her love,
For ever will be found confest,
And printed on the amorous breast.
" O Abelard! ill-fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth:
But well I weet, thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler poet's song.
Dan Pope for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
Its colours; gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless.

He o'er the weeping nun has drawn
Such artful folds of sacred lawn,
That Love, with equal grief and pride,
Shall see the crime he strives to hide,
And, softly drawing back the veil,
The god shall to his votaries tell
Each conscious tear; each blushing grace,
That deck'd dear Eloisa's face.
Happy the poet, blest the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praise!
" Next, Dick, as youth and habit sways,
A hundred gambols Alma plays.
If, whilst a boy, Jack ran from school,
Fond of his hunting-horn and pole;
Though gout and age his speed detain,
Old John halloos his hounds again;
By his fireside he starts the hare,
And turns her in his wicker-chair;
His feet, however lame, you find,
Have got the better of his Mind.
" If, while the Mind was in her leg,
The dance affected nimble Peg;
Old Madge, bewitch'd at sixty-one,
Calls for Green Sleeves, and Jumping Joan.
In public mask, or private ball,
From Lincoln's-inn to Goldsmiths-hall,
All Christmas long away she trudges,
Trips it with prentices and judges:
In vain her children urge her stay,
And age or palsy bar the way.
But, if those images prevail
Which whilom did affect the tail,
She still renews the ancient scene,
Forgets the forty years between:
Awkwardly gay, and oddly merry,
Her scarf pale pink, her head-knot cherry;
O'er-heated with *ideal* rage,
She cheats her son, to wed her page.
" If Alma, whilst the man was young,
Slipp'd up too soon into his tongue,
Pleas'd with his own fantastic skill;
He lets that weapon ne'er lie still.
On any point if you dispute,
Depend upon it, he'll confute:
Change sides, and you increase your pain,
For he'll confute you back again.
For one may speak with Tully's tongue,
Yet all the while be in the wrong.
And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk most, who have the least to say.
Your dainty speakers have the curse,
To plead bad causes down to worse:
As dames, who native beauty want,
Still uglier look, the more they paint.
" Again: if in the female sex
Alma should on this member fix,
(A cruel and a desperate case,
From which Heaven shield my lovely lass!)
For ever more all cure is vain;
That would bring Alma down again:
As, in habitual gout or stone;
The only thing that can be done,
Is to correct your drink and diet,
And keep the inward foe in quiet;
So, if for any sins of ours,
Or our forefathers' higher powers,
Severe, though just, afflict our life
With that prime ill, a talking wife;
Till Death shall bring the kind relief,
We must be patient, or be deaf.

" You know a certain lady, Dick,
Who saw me when I last was sick:
She kindly talk'd, at least three hours,
Of *plastic* forms, and *mental* powers;
Describ'd our pre-existing station
Before this vile terrene creation;
And, lest I should be weary'd, madam,
To cut things short, came down to Adam;
From whence, as fast as she was able,
She drowns the world, and builds up Babel;
Through Syria, Persia, Greece, she goes,
And takes the Romans in the close.
" But we'll descant on general nature:
This is a system, not a satire.
" Turn we this globe, and let us see
How different nations disagree
In what we wear, or eat and drink;
Nay, Dick, perhaps in what we think:
In water as you smell and taste
The soils through which it rose and past;
In Alma's manners you may read
The place where she was born and bred.
" One people from their swaddling bands
Releas'd their infants' feet and hands:
Here Alma to these limbs was brought,
And Sparta's offspring kick'd and fought.
" Another taught their babes to talk,
Ere they could yet in go-carts walk:
There Alma settled in the tongue,
And orators from Athens sprung.
" Observe but in these neighbouring lands
The different use of mouths and hands;
As men repos'd their various hopes,
In battles these, and those in tropes:
" In Britain's isles, as Heylin notes,
The ladies trip in petticoats;
Which, for the honour of their nation,
They quit but on some great occasion.
Men there in breeches clad you view:
They claim that garment as their due.
In Turkey the reverse appears;
Long coats the haughty husband wears,
And greets his wife with angry speeches,
If she be seen without her breeches.
" In our fantastic climes the fair
With cleanly powder dry their hair:
And round their lovely breast and head
Fresh flowers their mingled odours shed.
Your nicer Hottentots think meet
With guts and tripe to deck their feet:
With down-cast looks on Totta's legs
The ogling youth most humbly begs
She would not from his hopes remove
At once his breakfast and his love:
And, if the skittish nymph should fly,
He in a double sense must die.
" We simple toastors take delight
To see our women's teeth look white,
And every saucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet,
Except their snags are black as jett.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute, *Ivory Teeth*.
" At Tonquin, if a prince should die,
(As Jesuits write, who never lie)
The wife, and counsellor, and priest,
Who serv'd him most, and lov'd him best,
Prepare and light his funeral fire,
And cheerful on the pile expire.

n Europe 'twould be hard to find
n each degree one half so kind.
" Now turn we to the farthest east,
And there observe the gentry drest.
Prince Giolo, and his royal sisters,
Scarr'd with ten thousand comely blisters;
The marks remaining on the skin,
To tell the quality within.
Distinguish'd slashes deck the great:
As each excels in birth or state,
His oylet-holes are more and ampler:
The king's own body was a sampler.
Happy the climate, where the beau
Wears the same suit for use and show:
And at a small expense your wife,
If once well pink'd, is cloth'd with life.
" Westward again, the Indian fair
Is nicely smear'd with fat of bear:
Before you see, you smell your toast;
And sweetest she who stinks the most.
The finest sparks and cleanest beaux
Drip from the shoulders to the toes:
How sleek their skins! their joints how easy!
There slovens only are not greasy!
" I mention'd different ways of breeding:
Begin we in our children's reading.
To master John the English maid
A horn-book gives of gingerbread;
And, that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter.
Proceeding thus with vast delight,
He spells, and gnaws, from left to right.
But, shew a Hebrew's hopeful son
Where we suppose the book begun,
The child would thank you for your kindness,
And read quite backward from our *finis*.
Devour he learning ne'er so fast,
Great A would be reserv'd the last.
" An equal instance of this matter
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe, if a harmless maid,
By Nature and by Love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye,
(Look in his Index for Pagelli)
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to shore,
Down come the nobles of the land:
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother stands affrighted,
Lest her dear daughter should be slighted:
And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame
Of going back the maid she came.
" Observe how custom, Dick, compels
The lady that in Europe dwells:
After her tea, she slips away,
And what to do, one need not say.
Now see how great Pomonque's queen
Behav'd herself amongst the men:
Pleas'd with her punch, the gallant soul
First drank, then water'd in the bowl;
And sprinkled in the captaine's face
The marks of her peculiar grace.—
" To close this point, we need not roam
For instances so far from home.
What parts gay France from sober Spain?
A little rising rocky chain,
Of men born south or north o'th' hill,
Those seldom move, these ne'er stand still.
Dick, you love maps, and may perceive
Rome not far distant from Geneve.
If the good pope remains at home,
He's the first prince in Christendom.
Choose then, good pope, at home to stay,
Nor westward curious take thy way:
Thy way unhappy should'st thou take
From Tyber's bank to Leman lake,
Thou art an aged priest no more,
But a young flaring painted whore:
Thy sex is lost, thy town is gone;
No longer Rome, but Babylon.
That some few leagues should make this change,
To men unlearn'd seems mighty strange.
"But need we, friend, insist on this?
Since, in the very Canton Swiss,
All your philosophers agree,
And prove it plain, that one may be
A heretic, or true believer,
On this, or t'other side a river."
" Here," with an artful smile, quoth Dick,
" Your proofs come mighty full and thick."
The bard, on this extensive chapter
Wound up into poetic rapture,
Continued: " Richard, cast your eye,
By night, upon a winter-sky:
Cast it by day-light on the strand,
Which compasses fair Albion's land:
If you can count the stars that glow
Above, or sands that lie below,
Into those common places look,
Which from great authors I have took,
And count the proofs I have collected,
To have my writings well protected.
These I lay by for time of need,
And thou may'st at thy leisure read.
For, standing every critic's rage,
I safely will to future age
My *system*, as a gift, bequeath,
Victorious over Spite and Death."

CANTO III.

Richard, who now was half a sleep,
Rous'd, nor would longer silence keep;
And sense like this, in vocal breath,
Broke from his two-fold hedge of teeth.
Now, if this phrase too harsh be thought,
Pope, tell the world, 'tis not my fault.
Old Homer taught us thus to speak;
If 'tis not sense, at least 'tis Greek.
" As folks," quoth Richard, " prone to leasing,
Say things at first, because they're pleasing,
Then prove what they have once asserted,
Nor care to have their lie deserted,
Till their own dreams at length deceive 'em,
And, oft repeating, they believe 'em:
Or as, again, those amorous blades,
Who trifle with their mothers' maids,
Though at the first their wild desire
Was but to quench a present fire;
Yet if the object of their love
Chance by Lucina's aid to prove,
They seldom let the bantling roar
In basket at a neighbour's door;
But, by the flattering glass of Nature
Viewing themselves in *cake-bread's* feature,

With serious thought and care support
What only was begun in sport:
" Just so with you, my friend, it fares,
Who deal in philosophic wares.
Atoms you cut, and forms you measure,
To gratify your private pleasure;
Till airy seeds of casual wit
Do some fantastic birth beget;
And, pleas'd to find your system mended
Beyond what you at first intended,
The happy whimsey you pursue,
Till you at length believe it true.
Caught by your own delusive art,
You fancy first, and then assert."
Quoth Matthew: " Friend, as far as I
Through Art or Nature cast my eye,
This axiom clearly I discern,
That one must teach, and t'other learn.
No fool Pythagoras was thought;
Whilst he his weighty doctrines taught,
He made his listening scholars stand,
Their mouth still cover'd with their hand;
Else, may be, some odd-thinking youth,
Less friend to doctrine than to truth,
Might have refus'd to let his ears
Attend the music of the spheres;
Deny'd all transmigrating scenes,
And introduc'd the use of beans.
From great Lucretius take his void,
And all the world is quite destroy'd.
Deny Des-cart his subtil matter,
You leave him neither fire nor water.
How oddly would sir Isaac look,
If you, in answer to his book,
Say in the front of your discourse,
That things have no elastic force!
How could our *chymic* friends go on,
To find the *philosophic* stone,
If you more powerful reasons bring,
To prove that there is no such thing?
" Your chiefs in sciences and arts
Have great contempt of Alma's parts.
They find she giddy is, or dull;
She doubts if things are void, or full:
And who should be presum'd to tell
What she herself should see, or feel?
She doubts if two and two make four,
Though she has told them ten times o'er,
It can't—it may be—and it must:
To which of these must Alma trust?
Nay further yet they make her go
In doubting, if she doubts, or no.
Can *syllogism* set things right?
No: *majors* soon with *minors* fight;
Or, both in friendly consort join'd,
The *consequence* limps false behind.
So to some cunning man she goes,
And asks of him, how much she knows.
With patience grave he hears her speak,
And from his short notes gives her back
What from her tale he comprehended;
Thus the dispute is wisely ended.
" From the account the loser brings,
The conjuror knows who stole the things."
" 'Squire," interrupted Dick, " since when
Were you amongst these cunning men?"
" Dear Dick," quoth Matt, " let not thy force
Of eloquence spoil my discourse.
I tell thee, this is Alma's case,
Still asking what some wise man says,
Who does his mind in words reveal,
Which *all* must grant, though few can spell.
You tell your doctor that y're *ill*:
And what does he, but write a *bill*?
Of which you need not read one letter:
The worse the scrawl, the dose the better.
For if you knew but what you take,
Though you recover, he must break.
" *Ideas*, *forms*, and *intellects*,
Have furnish'd out three different sects,
Substance, or *accident*, divides,
All Europe into adverse sides.
" Now, as, engag'd in arms or laws,
You must have friends to back your cause;
In *philosophic* matters so
Your judgment must with others' go:
For as in senates, so in schools,
Majority of voices rules.
" Poor Alma, like a lonely deer,
O'er hills and dales does doubtful err:
With panting haste, and quick surprise,
From every leaf that stirs, she flies;
Till, mingled with the neighbouring herd,
She slights what erst she singly fear'd:
And now, exempt from doubt and dread,
She dares pursue, if they dare lead;
As their example still prevails,
She tempts the stream, or leaps the pales."
" He then," quoth Dick, " who by your rule
Thinks for himself, becomes a fool;
As party man, who leaves the rest,
Is call'd but *whimsical*[1] at best.
" Now, by your favour, master Mat,
Like Ralpho, here I smell a rat.
I must be listed in your sect,
Who, though they teach not, can protect."
" Right, Richard," Mat in triumph cry'd;
" So put off all mistrust and pride.
And, while my principles I beg,
Pray answer only with your leg.
Believe what friendly I adviso:
Be first secure, and then be wise.
The man within the conch that sits,
And to another's skill submits,
Is safer much, (whate'er arrives)
And warmer too, than he that drives.
" So Dick *Adept*, tuck back thy hair,
And I will pour into thy ear
Remarks, which none did e'er disclose
In smooth-pac'd verse, or hobbling prose.
Attend, dear Dick; but don't reply;
And thou may'st prove as wise as I.
" When Alma now, in different ages,
Has finish'd her ascending stages,
Into the head at length she gets,
And there in public grandeur sits,
To judge of things, and censure wits
" Here, Richard, how could I explain
The various labyrinths of the brain!
Surprise my readers, whilst I tell 'em
Of *cerebrum*, and *cerebellum*!
How could I play the commentator
On *dura* and on *pia mater*!
Where hot and cold, and dry and wet,
Strive each the other's place to get;
And, with incessant toil and strife,
Would keep possession during life.

[1] Some of the Tories, in the queen's reign, were distinguished by that appellation.

I could demonstrate every pore,
Where memory lays up all her store;
And to an inch compute the station
'Twixt judgment and imagination.
O friend! I could display much learning,
At least to men of small discerning.
The brain contains ten thousand cells:
In each some active fancy dwells;
Which always is at work, and framing
The several follies I was naming.
As in a hive's vimineous dome
Ten thousand bees enjoy their home,
Each does her studious actions vary,
To go and come, to fetch and carry;
Each still renews her little labour,
Nor justles her assiduous neighbour:
Each—whilst this *thesis* I maintain,
I fancy, Dick, I know thy brain.
O, with the mighty *theme* affected,
Could I but see thy head dissected!"
"My head!" quoth Dick, "to serve your whim!
Spare that, and take some other limb.
Sir, in your nice affairs of *system*,
Wise men propose; but fools assist 'em."
Says Matthew, "Richard, keep thy head,
And hold thy peace; and I'll proceed."
"Proceed!" quoth Dick: "Sir, I aver,
You have already gone too far.
When people once are in the wrong,
Each line they add is much too long.
Who fastest walks, but walks astray,
Is only furthest from his way.
Bless your conceits! must I believe,
Howe'er absurd, what you conceive;
And, for your friendship, live and die
A papist in philosophy?
I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye,
Her seat of empire is the belly:
From hence she sends out those supplies,
Which makes us either stout or wise;
The strength of every other member
Is founded on your belly-timber;
The qualms or raptures of your blood
Rise in proportion to your food;
And, if you would improve your thought,
You must be fed as well as taught.
Your stomach makes your fabric roll,
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
The great Achilles might employ
The strength design'd to ruin Troy;
He din'd on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread:
But, by his mother sent away,
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat, and quiet:
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet!
Now give my argument fair play,
And take the thing the other way:
The youngster, who at nine and three
Drinks with his sisters milk and tea,
From breakfast reads till twelve o'clock,
Burnet and Heylin, Hobbes, and Locke:
He pays due visits after noon
To cousin Alice and uncle John.
At ten from coffee-house or play
Returning, finishes the day.
But give him port and potent sack,
From *milksop* he starts up *Mohawk*;
Holds that the happy know no hours;
So through the street at midnight scowers,
Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses,
And thence proceeds to nicking sashes;
Till, by some tougher hand o'ercome,
And first knock'd down, and then led home,
He damns the footman, strikes the maid,
And decently reels up to bed.
"Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel?
But who shall stand his rage and force,
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar.
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between the German and the Turk;
And both, as they provisions want,
Chicane avoid, retire and faint.
"Hunger and thirst, or guns and swords,
Give the same death in different words.
To push this argument no further;
To starve a man, in law is murther.
"As in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen;
The added movements, which declare
How full the Moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour.
For, though those gim-cracks were away,
(Quare would not swear, but Quare would say)
However more reduc'd and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain:
But, if the *horal* orbit ceases,
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces;
Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e'en go sell the case.
So, if unprejudic'd you scan
The goings of this clock-work man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being what's o'clock.
If you take off this *rhetoric* trigger,
He talks no more in mode and figure;
Or, clog his *mathematic*-wheel,
His buildings fall, his ship stands still;
Or, lastly, break his *politic*-weight,
His voice no longer rules the state.
Yet, if these finer whims are gone,
Your clock, though plain, would still go on;
But spoil the engine of digestion,
And you entirely change the question.
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jest, alas! is at an end:
Soon ceases all the worldly bustle,
And you consign the corpse to Russel.
"Now make your Alma come or go
From leg to hand, from top to toe,
Your *system*, without my addition,
Is in a very sad condition.
So Harlequin exroll'd his horse,
Fit for the war, or road, or course!
His mouth was soft, his eye was good,
His foot was sure as ever trod:
One fault he had (a fault indeed!);
And what was that? the horse was dead."

"Dick, from these instances and fetches;
Thou mak'st of horses, clocks, and watches,"
Quoth Mat, "to me thou seem'st to mean,
That Alma is a mere *machine:*
That, telling others what's o'clock,
She knows not what herself has struck;
But leaves to standers-by the trial
Of what is mark'd upon her dial."
"Here hold a blow, good friend," quoth Dick,
And rais'd his voice exceeding quick.
"Fight fair, sir: what I never meant
Don't you infer. In argument
Similies are like songs in love:
They much describe; they nothing prove."
Mat, who was here a little gravell'd,
Tost up his nose, and would have cavill'd;
But, calling Hermes to his aid,
Half pleas'd, half angry, thus he said:
(Where mind ('tis for the author's fame)
That Matthew call'd, and Hermes came.
In danger heroes, and in doubt
Poets find gods to help them out.)
"Friend Richard, I begin to see,
That you and I shall scarce agree.
Observe how oddly you behave:
The more I grant, the more you crave.
But, comrade, as I said just now,
I should affirm, and you allow.
We *system*-makers can sustain
The *thesis*, which you grant was plain;
And with remarks and comments teaze ye,
In case the thing before was easy.
But, in a point obscure and dark,
We fight as Leibnitz did with Clarke;
And, when no reason we can show,
Why matters this or that way go,
The shortest way the thing we try,
And what we know not, we deny;
True to our own o'erbearing pride,
And false to all the world beside.
"That old philosopher grew cross,
Who could not tell what motion was:
Because he walk'd against his will,
He fac'd men down, that he stood still.
And he who, reading on the heart,
(When all his *quodlibets* of art
Could not expound its pulse and heat)
Swore he had never felt it beat.
Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
Makes bold (Jove bless him!) to assure us,
That all things, which our mind can view,
May be at once both false and true.
And Malebranche has an odd conceit,
As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate:
Says he, 'So little can our mind
Of matter or of spirit find,
That we by guess at least may gather
Something, which may be both, or neither.'
Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true,
(But this is only *entre nous*)
That many knotty points there are,
Which all discuss, but few can clear;
As Nature slily had thought fit,
For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit:
Circles to square, and cubes to double,
Would give a man excessive trouble;
The longitude uncertain roams,
In spite of Whiston and his bombs,
What *system*, Dick, has right averr'd
The cause why woman has no beard?
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black?
In points like these we must agree,
Our barbers know as much as we.
Yet still, unable to explain,
We must persist the best we can;
With care our *system* still renew,
And prove things likely, though not true.
"I could, thou seest, in quaint dispute,
By dint of *logic*, strike thee mute;
With learned skill, now push, now parry,
From Darii to Bocardo vary,
And never yield; or, what is worst,
Never conclude the point discours'd.
Yet, that you *hic & nunc* may know
How much you to my candour owe,
I'll from the disputant descend,
To show thee, I assume the friend:
I'll take thy notion for my own—
(So most philosophers have done)
It makes my *system* more complete:
Dick, can it have a nobler fate?"
"Take what thou wilt," said Dick, "dear friend?
But bring thy matters to an end."
"I find," quoth Mat, "reproof is vain:
Who first offend, will first complain.
Thou wishest I should make to shore;
Yet still putt'st in thy thwarting oar.
What I have told thee fifty times
In prose, receive for once in rhymes:
A huge fat man in country-fair,
Or city-church, (no matter where)
Labour'd and push'd amidst the crowd,
Still bawling out extremely loud,
'Lord save us! why do people press!'
Another, marking his distress,
Friendly reply'd, 'Plump gentleman,
Get out as fast as e'er you can;
Or cease to push, or to exclaim:
You make the very crowd you blame."
Says Dick, "Your moral does not need.
The least return; so e'en proceed:
Your tale, howe'er apply'd, was short:
So far, at least, I thank you for't."
Mat took his thanks; and, in a tone
More magisterial, thus went on.
"Now Alma settles in the head,
As has before been sung or said:
And here begins this farce of life;
Enter Revenge, Ambition, Strife:
Behold on both sides men advance,
To form in earnest Bays's dance.
L'Avare, not using half his store,
Still grumbles that he has no more;
Strikes not the present tun, for fear
The vintage should be bad next year;
And eats to day with inward sorrow,
And dread of fancy'd want to morrow.
Abroad if the *surtout* you wear
Repels the rigour of the air;
Would you be warmer, if at home
You had the fabric and the loom?
And, if two boots keep out the weather,
What need you have two hides of leather?
Could Pedro, think you, make no trial
Of a *sonata* on his viol,
Unless he had the total gut
Whence every string at first was cut?
"When Rarus shows you his cartone,
He always tells you, with a groan,

Where two of that same hand were torn,
Long before you or he were born.
" Poor Vento's mind so much is crost,
For part of his Petronius lost,
That he can never take the pains
To understand what yet remains.
" What toil did honest Curio take,
What strict inquiries did he make,
To get one medal wanting yet,
And perfect all his Roman set!
'Tis found: and, O his happy lot!
'Tis bought, lock'd up, and lies forgot:
Of these no more you hear him speak:
He now begins upon the Greek.
These, rang'd and show'd, shall in their turns
Remain obscure as in their urns.
My copper lamps, at any rate,
For being true antique, I bought;
Yet wisely melted down my plate,
On modern models to be wrought:
And trifles I alike pursue,
Because they're old, because they're new.
" Dick, I have seen you with delight,
For Georgy[2] make a paper kite.
And simple ode too many show ye
My servile complaisance to Chloe.
Parents and lovers are decreed
By Nature fools."—" That's brave indeed!"
Quoth Dick: " such truths are worth receiving."
Yet still Dick look'd as not believing.
" Now, Alma, to divines and prose
I leave thy frauds, and crimes, and woes;
Nor think to night of thy ill-nature,
But of thy follies, idle creature!
The turns of thy uncertain wing,
And not the malice of thy sting:
Thy pride of being great and wise
I do but mention, to despise;
I view, with anger and disdain,
How little gives thee joy or pain;
A print, a *bronze*, a flower, a roo',
A shell, a butterfly, can do't:
Ev'n a romance, a tune, a rhyme,
Help thee to pass the tedious time,
Which else would on thy hand remain;
Though, flown, it ne'er looks back again;
And cards are dealt, and chess-boards brought,
To ease the pain of coward Thought:
Happy result of human wit!
That Alma may herself forget.
" Dick, thus we act; and thus we are,
Or toss'd by hope, or sunk by care.
With endless pain this man pursues
What, if he gain'd, he could not use:
And t'other fondly hopes to see
What never was, nor e'er shall be.
We err by use, go wrong by rules,
In gesture grave, in action fools:
We join hypocrisy to pride,
Doubling the faults we strive to hide,
Or grant that, with extreme surprise,
We find ourselves at sixty wise,
And twenty pretty things are known,
Of which we can't accomplish one;
Whilst, as my *system* says, the Mind
Is to these upper rooms confin'd.
Should I, my friend, at large repeat
Her borrow'd sense, her fond conceit,
The bead-roll of her vicious tricks,
My poem would be too prolix.
For, could I my remarks sustain,
Like Socrates, or Miles Montaigne,
Who in these times would read my books,
But Tom o'Stiles, or John o'Nokes?
" As Brentford kings, discreet and wise,
After long thought and grave advice,
Into Lardella's coffin peeping,
Saw nought to cause their mirth or weeping:
So Alma, now to joy or grief
Superior, finds her late relief:
Weary'd of being high or great,
And nodding in her chair of state;
Stunn'd and worn out with endless chat
Of Will did this, and Nan said that;
She finds, poor thing, some little crack,
Which Nature, forc'd by Time, must make,
Through which she wings her destin'd way;
Upward she soars, and down drops clay:
While some surviving friend supplies
Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.
" O Richard, till that day appears,
Which must decide our hopes and fears,
Would Fortune calm her present rage,
And give us play-things for our age:
Would Clotho wash her hands in milk,
And twist our thread with gold and silk;
Would she, in friendship, peace and plenty,
Spin out our years to four times twenty;
And should we both, in this condition,
Have conquer'd Love, and worse Ambition,
(Else those two passions, by the way,
May chance to show us scurvy play)
Then, Richard, then should we sit down,
Far from the tumult of this town;
I fond of my well-chosen seat,
My pictures, medals, books complete.
Or, should we mix our friendly talk,
O'ershaded in that favourite walk,
Which thy own hand had whilom planted,
Both pleas'd with all we thought we wanted;
Yet then, ev'n then, one cross reflection
Would spoil thy grove, and my collection:
Thy son, and his, ere that, may die,
And Time some uncouth heir supply,
Who shall for nothing else be known
But spoiling all that thou hast done,
Who set the twigs shall he remember
That is in haste to sell the timber?
And what shall of thy woods remain,
Except the box that threw the main?
" Nay, may not Time and Death remove
The near relations whom I love?
And my coz Tom, or his coz Mary,
(Who hold the plough, or skim the dairy)
My favourite books and pictures sell
To Smart, or Doiley, by the ell?
Kindly throw in a little figure,
And set the price upon the bigger?
Those who could never read the grammar,
When my dear volumes touch the hammer,
May think books best, as richest bound;
My copper medals by the pound
May be with learned justice weigh'd;
To turn the balance, Otho's head
May be thrown in; and, for the metal,
The coin may mend a tinker's kettle—
" Tir'd with these thoughts"—" Less tir'd than I,"
Quoth Dick, " with your philosophy—

[2] Mr. Shelton's son.

That people live and die, I knew
An hour ago, as well as you.
And, if Fate spins us longer years,
Or is in haste to take the shears,
I know we must both fortunes try,
And bear our evils, wet or dry.
Yet, let the goddess smile or frown,
Bread we shall eat, or white or brown;
And in a cottage, or a court
Drink fine *champaigne*, or muddled *port*.
What need of books these truths to tell,
Which folks perceive who cannot spell?
And must we spectacles apply,
To view what hurts our naked eye!
"Sir, if it be your wisdom's aim
To make me merrier than I am,
I'll be all night at your devotion—
Come on, friend; broach the pleasing notion:
But, if you would depress my thought,
Your *system* is not worth a groat—
"For Plato's fancies what care I?
I hope you would not have me die,
Like simple Cato in the play,
For any thing that he can say?
E'en let him of ideas speak
To heathens in his native Greek.
If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Wanley read.
"Dear Drift[4], to set our matters right,
Remove these papers from my sight;
Burn Mat's Des-cart, and Aristotle:
Here! Jonathan, your master's bottle."

SOLOMON

ON

THE VANITY OF THE WORLD.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Ὁ Βίος γὰρ ὄνομ' ἔχει, πόνος δ' ἔργῳ πέλει.
Eurip.

Siquis Deus mihi largiatur, ut ex hac ætate repuerascam, & in cunis vagiam, valde recusem.
Cic. de Senect.

The *bewailing of man's miseries* has been elegantly and copiously set forth by many in the writings as well of philosophers as divines; and is both a pleasant and a profitable contemplation.
Bacon.

PREFACE.

It is hard for a man to speak of himself with any tolerable satisfaction or success: he can be more pleased in blaming himself, than in reading a satire made on him by another: and though he may justly desire that a friend should praise him; yet, if he makes his own panegyric, he will get very few to read it. It is harder for him to speak of his own writings. An author is in the condition of a culprit: the public are his judges: by allowing too much, and condescending too far, he may injure his own cause, and become a kind of *felo de se*; and, by pleading and asserting too boldly, he may displease the court that sits upon him: his apology may only heighten his accusation. I would avoid these extremes; and though, I grant, it would not be very civil to trouble the reader with a long preface, before he enters upon an indifferent poem: I would say something to persuade him to take it as it is, or to excuse it for not being better.

The noble images and reflections, the profound reasonings upon human actions, and excellent precepts for the government of life, which are found in the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and other books commonly attributed to Solomon, afford subjects for finer poems in every kind, than have, I think, as yet appeared in the Greek, Latin, or any modern language: how far they were verse in their original is a dissertation not to be entered into at present.

Out of this great treasure, which lies heaped up together in a confused magnificence, above all order, I had a mind to collect and digest such observations and apophthegms, as most particularly tend to the proof of that great assertion, laid down in the beginning of the Ecclesiastes, All is vanity.

Upon the subject thus chosen, such various images present themselves to a writer's mind, that he must find it easier to judge what should be rejected, than what ought to be received. The difficulty lies in drawing and disposing; or (as the painters term it) in *grouping* such a multitude of different objects, preserving still the justice and conformity of style and colouring, the "simplex duntaxat & unum," which Horace prescribes, as requisite to make the whole picture beautiful and perfect.

As precept, however true in theory, or useful in practice, would be but dry and tedious in verse, especially if the recital be long, I found it necessary to form some story, and give a kind of body to the poem. Under what species it may be comprehended, whether didascalic or heroic, I leave to the judgment of the critics, desiring them to be favourable in their censure; and not solicitous what the poem is called, provided it may be accepted.

The chief personage, or character, in the epic is always proportioned to the design of the work, to carry on the narration and the moral. Homer intended to show us, in his Iliad, that dissensions amongst great men obstruct the execution of the noblest enterprizes, and tend to the ruin of a state or kingdom. His Achilles therefore is haughty and passionate, impatient of any restraint by laws, and arrogant in arms. In his Odysseïs, the same Poet endeavours to explain, that the hardest difficulties may be overcome by labour, and our fortune restored after the severest afflictions. Ulysses therefore is valiant, virtuous and patient. Virgil's design was to tell us, how, from a small colony established by the Trojans in Italy, the Roman empire rose; and from what ancient families Augustus (who was his prince and patron) descended. His hero therefore was to fight his way to the throne, still distinguished and pro-

[4] Mr. Prior's secretary and executor.

tected by the favour of the gods. The poet to this end takes off from the vices of Achilles, and adds to the virtues of Ulysses; from both perfecting a character proper for his work in the person of Æneas.

As Virgil copied after Homer, other epic poets have copied after them both. Tasso's Gierrusalemme Liberata is directly Troy town sacked; with this difference only, that the two chief characters in Homer, which the Latin poet had joined in one, the Italian has separated in his Godfrey and Rinaldo: but he makes them both carry on his work with very great success. Ronsard's Franciade (incomparably good as far as it goes) is again Virgil's Æneis. His Hero comes from a foreign country, settles a colony, and lays the foundation of a future empire. I instance in these, as the greatest Italian and French poets in the epic. In our language, Spenser has not contented himself with this submissive manner of imitation: he lanches out into very flowery paths, which still seem to conduct him into one great road. His Fairy Queen (had it been finished) must have ended in the account which every knight was to give of his adventures, and in the accumulated praises of his heroine Gloriana. The whole would have been an heroic poem, but in another cast and figure than any that ever had been written before. Yet it is observable, that every hero (as far as we can judge by the books still remaining) bears his distinguished character, and represents some particular virtue conducive to the whole design.

To bring this to our present subject. The pleasures of life do not compensate the miseries: age steals upon us unawares; and death, as the only cure of our ills, ought to be expected, but not feared. This instruction is to be illustrated by the action of some great person. Who therefore more proper for the business, than Solomon himself? And why may he not be supposed now to repeat what, we take it for granted, he acted almost three thousand years since? If, in the fair situation where this prince was placed, he was acquainted with sorrow; if, endowed with the greatest perfections of nature, and possessed of all the advantages of external condition, he could not find happiness: the rest of mankind may safely take the monarch's word for the truth of what he asserts. And the author, who would persuade that we should bear the ills of life patiently, merely because Solomon felt the same, has a better argument than Lucretius had, when, in his imperious way, he at once convinces and commands, that we ought to submit to death without repining, because Epicurus died.

The whole poem is a soliloquy: Solomon is the person that speaks: he is at once the hero and the author, but he tells us very often what others say to him. Those chiefly introduced are his rabbies and philosophers in the first book; and his women and their attendants in the second: with these the sacred history mentions him to have conversed; as likewise with the angel brought down in the third book, to help him out of his difficulties, or at least to teach him how to overcome them.

Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus—

I presume this poetical liberty may be very justly allowed me on so solemn an occasion.

In my description I have endeavoured to keep to the notions and manners of the Jewish nation at the time when Solomon lived: and, where I allude to the customs of the Greeks, I believe I may be justified by the strictest chronology; though a poet is not obliged to the rules that confine an historian. Virgil has anticipated two hundred years; or the Trojan Hero and Carthaginian queen could not have been brought together; and without the same anachronism several of the finest parts of his Æneis must have been omitted. Our countryman Milton goes yet further. He takes up many of his material images some thousands of years after the fall of man: nor could he otherwise have written, or we read, one of the sublimest pieces of invention that was ever yet produced. This likewise takes off the objection, that some names of countries, terms of art, and notions in natural philosophy, are otherwise expressed than can be warranted by the geography or astronomy of Solomon's time. Poets are allowed the same liberty in their descriptions and comparisons, as painters in their draperies and ornaments: their personages may be dressed, not exactly in the same habits which they wore, but in such as make them appear most graceful. In this case probability must atone for the want of truth. This liberty has indeed been abused by eminent masters in either science. Raphael and Tasso have shown their discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariosto are to answer for their extravagances. It is the excess, not the thing itself, that is blameable.

I would say one word of the measure in which this and most poems of the age are written. Heroic with continued rhyme, as Donne and his contemporaries used it, carrying the sense of one verse most commonly into another, was found too dissolute and wild, and came very often too near prose. As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it, it is too confined: it cuts off the sense at the end of every first line, which must always rhyme to the next following; and consequently produces too frequent an identity in the sound, and brings every couplet to the point of an epigram. It is indeed too broken and weak, to convey the sentiments and represent the images proper for epic. And, as it tires the writer while he composes, it must do the same to the reader while he repeats; especially in a poem of any considerable length.

If striking out into blank verse, as Milton did, (and in this kind Mr. Phillips, had he lived, would have excelled), or running the thought into alternate and stanza, which allows a greater variety, and still preserve the dignity of the verse, as Spenser and Fairfax have done; if either of these, I say, be a proper remedy for my poetical complaint, or if any other may be found, I dare not determine; I am only inquiring in order to be better informed, without presuming to direct the judgment of others.* And, while I am speaking of the verse itself, I give all just praise to many of my friends now living, who have in epic carried the harmony of their numbers as far as the nature of this measure will permit. But, once more: he, that writes in rhymes, dances

letters; and, as his chain is more extended, he may certainly take larger steps.

I need make no apology for the short digressive panegyric upon Great Britain in the first book. I am glad to have it observed, that there appears throughout all my verses a zeal for the honour of my country: and I had rather be thought a good Englishman, than the best poet, or the greatest scholar that ever wrote.

And now as to the publishing of this piece, though I have in a literal sense observed Horace's Nonum prematur in annum; yet have I by no means obeyed our poetical lawgiver, according to the spirit of the precept. The poem has indeed been written and laid aside much longer than the term prescribed; but in the meantime I had little leisure, and less inclination, to revise or print it. The frequent interruptions I have met with in my private studies, and great variety of public life in which I have been employed, my thoughts (such as they are) having generally been expressed in foreign language, and even formed by a habitude very different from what the beauty and elegance of English poetry requires: all these, and some other circumstances which we had as good pass by at present, do justly contribute to make my excuse in this behalf very plausible. Far indeed from designing to print, I had locked up these papers in my scritoire, there to lie in peace till my executors might have taken them out. What altered this design, or how my scritoire came to be unlocked before my coffin was nailed, is the question. The true reason I take to be the best: many of my friends of the first quality, finest learning, and greatest understanding, have wrested the key from my hands by a very kind and irresistible violence: and the poem is published, not without my consent indeed, but a little against my opinion; and with an implicit submission to the partiality of their judgment. As I give up here the fruits of many of my vacant hours to their amusement and pleasure, I shall always think myself happy, if I may dedicate my most serious endeavours to their interest and service. And I am proud to finish this preface by saying, that the violence of many enemies, whom I never justly offended, is abundantly recompensed by the goodness of more friends, whom I can never sufficiently oblige. And if I here assume the liberty of mentioning my lord Harley and lord Bathurst as the authors of this amicable confederacy, among all those whose names do me great honour at the beginning of my book[1]; these two only ought to be angry with me: for I disobey their positive order, whilst I make even this small acknowledgment of their particular kindness.

TEXTS

CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK I.

"The words of the Preacher the son of David, king of Jerusalem." Eccles. chap. i. ver. 1.

"Vanity of vanities, says the Preacher, vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Ver. 2.

"I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem: yea my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge." Ver. 16.

"He spake of trees, from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall: he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes." 1 Kings, chap. iv. ver. 33.

"I know, that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it; and God doeth it, that men should fear before him." Eccles. chap. iii. ver. 14.

"He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end." Ver. 11.

"For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." Ch. i. ver. 18.

"And further, by these, my son, be admonished; of making many books there is no end: and much study is a weariness of the flesh." Ch. xii. ver. 12.

KNOWLEDGE:

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON, seeking happiness from knowledge, convenes the learned men of his kingdom; requires them to explain to him the various operations and effects of Nature; discourses of vegetables, animals, and man; proposes some questions concerning the origin and situation of the habitable Earth; proceeds to examine the system of the visible Heaven; doubts if there may not be a plurality of worlds; inquires into the nature of spirits and angels; and wishes to be more fully informed as to the attributes of the Supreme Being. He is imperfectly answered by the rabbins and doctors; blames his own curiosity; and concludes, that, as to human science, All is vanity.

YE sons of men, with just regard attend,
Observe the preacher, and believe the friend,
Whose serious Muse inspires him to explain,
That all we act, and all we think, is vain;
That, in this pilgrimage of seventy years,
O'er rocks of perils, and through vales of tears,
Destin'd to march, our doubtful steps we tend,
Tir'd with the toil, yet fearful of its end:
That from the womb we take our fatal shares
Of follies, passions, labours, tumults, cares;
And, at approach of Death, shall only know
The truth, which from these pensive numbers flow,
That we pursue false joy, and suffer real woe.
Happiness, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life, mistaking: fugitive theme

[1] As subscribers to the edition in folio, 1718.

Of my pursuing verse, ideal shade,
Notional good, oy fancy only made,
And by tradition nurs'd, fallacious fire,
Whose dancing beams mislead our fond desire,
Cause of our care, and errour of our mind;
Oh! hadst thou ever been by Heaven design'd
To Adam, and his mortal race; the boon
Entire had been reserv'd for Solomon:
On me the partial lot had been bestow'd,
And in my cup the golden draught had flow'd.
But O! ere yet original man was made,
Ere the foundations of this Earth were laid,
It was, opponent to our search, ordain'd
That joy, still sought, should never be attain'd.
This sad experience cites me to reveal,
And what I dictate is from what I feel.
Born, as I was, great David's favourite son,
Dear to my people, on the Hebrew throne,
Sublime my court, with Ophir's treasures blest,
My name extended to the farthest east,
My body cloth'd with every outward grace,
Strength in my limbs, and beauty in my face,
My shining thought with fruitful notions crown'd,
Quick my invention, and my judgment sound:
"Arise," I commun'd with myself, "arise;—
Think, to be happy; to be great, be wise:
Content of spirit must from science flow,
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know."
I said; and sent my edict through the land:
Around my throne the letter'd rabbins stand;
Historic leaves revolve, long volumes spread,
The old discoursing as the younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my doubts, and said:
"The vegetable world, each plant and tree,
Its seed, its name, its nature, its degree,
I am allow'd, as Fame reports, to know,
From the fair cedar on the craggy brow
Of Lebanon, nodding supremely tall,
To creeping moss and hyssop on the wall:
Yet, just and conscious to myself, I find
A thousand doubts oppose the searching mind.
"I know not why the beech delights the glade
With boughs extended, and a rounder shade;
Whilst towering firs in *conic* forms arise,
And with a pointed spear divide the skies:
Nor why again the changing oak should shed
The yearly honour of his stately head;
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,
Unchang'd his branch, and permanent his green.
Wanting the Sun, why does the caltha fade?
Why does the cypress flourish in the shade?
The fig and date, why love they to remain
In middle station, and an even plain;
While in the lower marsh the gourd is found,
And while the hill with olive shade is crown'd?
Why does one climate and one soil endue
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue,
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet blue?
Why does the fond carnation love to shoot
A various colour from one parent root;
While the fantastic tulip strives to break
In twofold beauty, and a parted streak?
The twining jasmine and the blushing rose,
With lavish grace, their morning scents disclose:
The smelling tuberose and jonquil declare
The stronger impulse of an evening air.
Whence has the tree, (resolve me) or the flower,
A various instinct, or a different power? [breath,
Why should one earth, one clime, one stream, one
Raise this to strength, and sicken that to death?
"Whence does it happen, that the plant, which well
We name the Sensitive, should move and feel?
Whence know her leaves to answer her command,
And with quick horrour fly the neighbouring hand?
"Along the sunny bank, or watery mead,
Ten thousand stalks the various blossoms spread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.
The cowslip smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd
Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast:
A fairer red stands blushing in the rose
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.
Take but the humblest lily of the field;
And, if our pride will to our reason yield,
It must, by sure comparison, be shown
That on the regal seat great David's son,
Array'd in all his robes and types of power,
Shines with less glory than that simple flower.
"Of fishes next, my friends, I would inquire:
How the mute race engender, or respire,
From the small fry that glide on Jordan's stream,
Unmark'd, a multitude without a name,
To that Leviathan, who o'er the seas
Immense rolls onward his impetuous ways,
And mocks the wind, and in the tempest plays?
How they in warlike bands march greatly forth
From freezing waters and the colder north,
To southern climes directing their career,
Their station changing with th' inverted year?
How all with careful knowledge are endued,
To choose their proper bed, and wave, and food;
To guard their spawn, and educate their brood?
"Of birds, how each, according to her kind,
Proper materials for her nest can find,
And build a frame, which deepest thought in man
Would or amend or imitate in vain?
How in small flights they know to try their young,
And teach the callow child her parent's song?
Why these frequent the plain, and those the wood?
Why every land has her specific brood?
Where the tall crane, or winding swallow, goes,
Fearful of gathering winds and falling snows;
If into rocks, or hollow trees, they creep,
In temporary death confin'd to sleep;
Or, conscious of the coming evil, fly
To milder regions, and a southern sky?
"Of beasts and creeping insects shall we trace
The wondrous nature, and the various race;
Or wild or tame, or friend to man or foe,
Of us what they, or what of them we know?
"Tell me, ye studious, who pretend to see
Far into Nature's bosom, whence the bee
Was first inform'd her venturous flight to steer
Through trackless paths, and an abyss of air?
Whence she avoids the slimy marsh, and knows
The fertile hills, where sweeter herbage grows,
And honey-making flowers their opening buds disclose?
How from the thicken'd mist, and setting sun,
Finds she the labour of her day is done?
Who taught her against winds and rains to strive,
To bring her burthen to the certain hive;
And through the liquid fields again to pass,
Duteous, and hearkening to the sounding brass?
"And, O thou sluggard, tell me why the ant,
'Midst summer's plenty, thinks of winter's want;

By constant journies careful to prepare
Her stores; and, bringing home the corny ear,
By what instruction does she bite the grain,
Lest, hid in earth, and taking root again,
It might elude the foresight of her care?
Distinct in either insect's deed appear
The marks of thought, contrivance, hope, and fear.
" Fix thy corporeal and internal eye
On the young gnat, or new-engender'd fly;
On the vile worm that yesterday began
To crawl; thy fellow-creatures, abject man!
Like thee they breathe, they move, they taste, they see,
They show their passions by their acts, like thee:
Darting their stings, they previously declare
Design'd revenge, and fierce intent of war:
Laying their eggs; they evidently prove
The genial power, and full effect, of love.
Each then has organs to digest his food,
One to beget, and one receive the brood;
Has limbs and sinews, blood and heart, and brain,
Life and her proper functions to sustain,
Though the whole fabric smaller than a grain.
What more can our penurious reason grant
To the large whale, or castled elephant;
To those enormous terrours of the Nile,
The crested snake, and long-tail'd crocodile;
Than that all differ but in shape and name,
Each destin'd to a less or larger frame?
" For potent Nature loves a various act,
Prone to enlarge, or studious to contract;
Now forms her work too small, now too immense,
And scorns the measures of our feeble sense.
The object, spread too far, or rais'd too high,
Denies its real image to the eye;
Too little, it eludes the dazzled sight,
Becomes mixt blackness, or unparted light.
Water and air the varied form confound;
The straight looks crooked, and the square grows round.
" Thus, while with fruitless hope and weary pain,
We seek great Nature's power, but seek in vain,
Safe sits the goddess in her dark retreat;
Around her myriads of ideas wait,
And endless shapes, which the mysterious queen
Can take or quit, can alter or retain,
As from our lost pursuit she wills, to hide
Her close decrees, and chasten human pride.
" Untam'd and fierce the tiger still remains;
He tires his life in biting on his chains:
For the kind gifts of water and of food
Ungrateful, and returning ill for good,
He seeks his keeper's flesh, and thirsts his blood:
While the strong camel, and the generous horse,
Restrain'd and aw'd by man's inferior force,
Do to the rider's will their rage submit,
And answer to the spur, and own the bit; [hand,
Stretch their glad mouths to meet the feeder's
Pleas'd with his weight, and proud of his command.
" Again: the lonely fox roams far abroad,
On secret rapine bent, and midnight fraud;
Now haunts the cliff, now traverses the lawn,
And flies the bated neighbourhood of man:
While the kind spaniel, and the faithful hound,
Likest that fox in shape and species found,
Refuses through these cliffs and lawns to roam,
Pursues the noted path, and covets home,
Does with kind joy domestic faces meet,
Takes what the glutted child denies to eat,
And, dying, licks his long-lov'd master's feet.

" By what immediate cause they are inclin'd,
In many acts, 'tis hard, I own, to find.
I see in others, or I think I see,
That strict their principles and ours agree.
Evil like us they shun, and covet good;
Abhor the poison, and receive the food.
Like us they love or hate; like us they know
To joy the friend, or grapple with the foe.
With seeming thought their action they intend;
And use the means proportion'd to the end.
Then vainly the philosopher avers,
That reason guides our deed, and instinct theirs.
How can we justly different causes frame,
When the effects entirely are the same?
Instinct and reason how can we divide?
'Tis the fool's ignorance, and the pedant's pride.
" With the same folly, sure, man vaunts his sway,
If the brute beast refuses to obey.
For tell me, when the empty boaster's word
Proclaims himself the universal lord,
Does he not tremble, lest the lion's paw
Should join his plea against the fancy'd law?
Would not the learned coward leave the chair,
If in the schools or porches should appear
The fierce hyena, or the foaming bear?
" The combatant too late the field declines,
When now the sword is girded to his loins.
When the swift vessel flies before the wind,
Too late the sailor views the land behind.
And 'tis too late now back again to bring
Inquiry, rais'd and towering on the wing:
Forward she strives, averse to be withheld
From nobler objects, and a larger field.
" Consider with me this ethereal space,
Yielding to earth and sea the middle place.
Anxious I ask you, how the pensile ball
Should never strive to rise, nor fear to fall?
When I reflect how the revolving Sun
Does round our globe his crooked journies run,
I doubt of many lands, if they contain
Or herd of beast, or colony of man;
If any nation pass their destin'd days
Beneath the neighbouring Sun's directer rays;
If any suffer on the polar coast
The rage of Arctos and eternal frost.
" May not the pleasure of Omnipotence
To each of these some secret good dispense?
Those who amidst the torrid regions live,
May they not gales unknown to us receive?
See daily showers rejoice the thirsty earth,
And bless the flowery buds' succeeding birth?
May they not pity us, condemn'd to bear
The various heaven of an obliquer sphere;
While by fix'd laws, and with a just return,
They feel twelve hours that shade, for twelve that burn;
And praise the neighbouring Sun, whose constant flame
Enlightens them with seasons still the same?
And may not those, whose distant lot is cast
North beyond Tartary's extended waste;
Where through the plains of one continual day
Six shining months pursue their even way,
And six succeeding urge their dusky flight,
Obscur'd with vapours, and o'erwhelm'd in night:
May not, I ask, the natives of these climes
(As annals may inform succeeding times)
To our quotidian change of heaven prefer
Their own vicissitude, and equal share
Of day and night, disparted through the year?

May they not scorn our Sun's repeated race,
To narrow bounds prescrib'd, and little space,
Hastening from morn, and headlong driven from
Half of our daily toil yet scarcely done? [noon,
May they not justly to our climes upbraid
Shortness of night, and penury of shade;
That, ere our wearied limbs are justly blest
With wholesome sleep, and necessary rest,
Another Sun demands return of care,
The remnant toil of yesterday to bear?
Whilst, when the solar beams salute their sight,
Bold and secure in half a year of light,
Uninterrupted voyages they take
To the remotest wood, and farthest lake;
Manage the fishing, and pursue the course
With more extended nerves, and more continued force?
And, when declining day forsakes their sky,
When gathering clouds speak gloomy winter nigh;
With plenty for the coming season blest,
Six solid months (an age) they live, releas'd
From all the labour, process, clamour, woe,
Which our sad scenes of daily action know:
They light the shining lamp, prepare the feast,
And with full mirth receive the welcome guest;
Or tell their tender loves (the only care
Which now they suffer) to the listening fair;
And, rais'd in pleasure, or repos'd in ease,
(Grateful alternate of substantial peace)
They bless the long nocturnal influence shed
On the crown'd goblet, and the genial bed.

"In foreign isles, which our discoverers find,
Far from this length of continent disjoin'd,
The rugged bear's, or spotted lynx's brood,
Frighten the vallies, and infest the wood;
The hungry crocodile, and hissing snake,
Lurk in the troubled stream and fenny brake;
And man, untaught and ravenous as the beast,
Does, valley, wood, and brake, and stream, infest:
Deriv'd these men and animals their birth
From trunk of oak, or pregnant womb of Earth?
Whence then the old belief, that all began
In Eden's shade, and one created man?
Or, grant this progeny was wafted o'er,
By coasting boats, from next adjacent shore;
Would those, from whom we will suppose they spring,
Slaughter to harmless lands and poison bring?
Would they on board or bears or lynxes take,
Feed the she-adder, and the brooding snake?
Or could they think the new-discover'd isle
Pleas'd to receive a pregnant crocodile?

"And, since the savage lineage we must trace
From Noah sav'd, and his distinguish'd race;
How should their fathers happen to forget
The arts which Noah taught, the rules he set,
To sow the glebe, to plant the generous vine,
And load with grateful flames the holy shrine;
While the great sire's unhappy sons are found,
Unpress'd their vintage, and untill'd their ground,
Straggling o'er dale and hill in quest of food,
And rude of arts, of virtue, and of God?

"How shall we next o'er earth and seas pursue
The varied forms of every thing we view;
That all is chang'd though all is still the same,
Fluid the parts, yet durable the frame?
Of those materials, which have been confess'd
The pristine springs and parents of the rest,
Each becomes other. Water stopp'd gives birth
To grass and plants, and thickens into earth:
Diffus'd, it rises in a higher sphere,
Dilates its drops, and softens into air:
Those finer parts of air again aspire,
Move into warmth, and brighten into fire:
The fire, once more by thicker air o'ercome,
And downward forc'd, in Earth's capacious womb
Alters its particles; is fire no more,
But lies resplendent dust, and shining ore;
Or, running through the mighty mother's veins,
Changes its shape, puts off its old remains;
With watery parts its lessen'd force divides,
Flows into waves, and rises into tides.

"Disparted streams shall from their channels fly,
And, deep surcharg'd, by sandy mountains lie,
Obscurely sepulcher'd. By beating rain,
And furious wind, down to the distant plain
The hill, that hides his head above the skies,
Shall fall; the plain, by slow degrees, shall rise
Higher than erst had stood the summit-hill;
For Time must Nature's great behest fulfil.

"Thus, by a length of years and change of fate,
All things are light or heavy, small or great:
Thus Jordan's waves shall future clouds appear,
And Egypt's pyramids refine to air:
Thus later age shall ask for Pison's flood,
And travellers inquire where Babel stood.
Now where we see these changes often fall,
Sedate we pass them by as natural;
Where to our eye more rarely they appear,
The pompous name of prodigy they bear.
Let active thought these close meanders trace;
Let human wit their dubious boundaries place:
Are all things miracle, or nothing such?
And prove we not too little, or too much?

"For, that a branch cut off, a wither'd rod,
Should, at a word pronounc'd, revive and bud;
Is this more strange, than that the mountain's brow,
Stripp'd by December's frost, and white with snow,
Should push in spring ten thousand thousand buds,
And boast returning leaves, and blooming woods?
That each successive night, from opening Heaven,
The food of angels should to man be given;
Is this more strange, than that with common bread
Our fainting bodies every day are fed?
Than that each grain and seed, consum'd in earth,
Raises its store, and multiplies its birth,
And from the handful, which the tiller sows,
The labour'd fields rejoice, and future harvest flows?

"Then, from whate'er we can to sense produce,
Common and plain, or wondrous and abstruse,
From Nature's constant or eccentric laws,
The thoughtful soul this general inference draws,
That an effect must pre-suppose a cause:
And, while she does her upward flight sustain,
Touching each link of the continued chain,
At length she is oblig'd and forc'd to see
A First, a Source, a Life, a Deity;
What has for ever been, and must for ever be.

"This great Existence, thus by reason found,
Blest by all power, with all perfection crown'd;
How can we bind or limit his decree,
By what our ear has heard, or eye may see?
Say then, is all in heaps of water lost,
Beyond the islands, and the mid-land coast?
Or has that God, who gave our world its birth,
Sever'd those waters by some other earth,
Countries by future plough-shares to be torn,
And cities rais'd by nations yet unborn!
Ere the progressive course of restless age
Performs three thousand times its annual stage,

May not our power and learning be suppress,
And arts and empire learn to travel west?
" Where, by the strength of this idea charm'd,
Lighten'd with glory, and with rapture warm'd,
Ascends my soul? what sees she white and great
Amidst subjected seas? An isle, the seat
Of power and plenty; her imperial throne,
For justice and for mercy sought and known;
Virtues sublime, great attributes of Heaven,
From thence to this distinguish'd nation given.
Yet farther west the western Isle extends
Her happy fame; her armed fleet she sends
To climates folded yet from human eye,
And lands, which we imagine wave and sky.
From pole to pole she hears her acts resound,
And rules an empire by no ocean bound;
Knows her ships anchor'd, and her sails unfurl'd,
In other Indies, and a second world.
" Long shall Britannia (that must be her name)
Be first in conquest, and preside in fame:
Long shall her favour'd monarchy engage
The teeth of Envy, and the force of Age:
Rever'd and happy she shall long remain,
Of human things least changeable, least vain.
Yet all must with the general doom comply,
And this great glorious power, tho' last, must die.
" Now let us leave this Earth, and lift our eye
To the large convex of yon azure sky:
Behold it like an ample curtain spread,
Now streak'd and glowing with the morning-red;
Anon at noon in flaming yellow bright,
And choosing sable for the peaceful night.
Ask Reason now, whence light and shade were given,
And whence this great variety of Heaven.
Reason, our guide, what can she more reply,
Than that the Sun illuminates the sky;
Than that night rises from his absent ray,
And his returning lustre kindles day?
" But we expect the morning-red in vain:
'Tis hid in vapours, or obscur'd by rain.
The noon-tide yellow we in vain require:
'Tis black in storm, or red in lightning fire.
Pitchy and dark the night sometimes appears,
Friend to our woe, and parent of our fears:
Our joy and wonder sometimes she excites,
With stars unnumber'd, and eternal lights.
Send forth, ye wise, send forth your labouring thought;
Let it return with empty notions fraught,
Of airy columns every moment broke,
Of circling whirlpools, and of spheres of smoke:
Yet this solution but once more affords
New change of terms, and scaffolding of words:
In other garb my question I receive,
And take the doubt the very same I gave.
" Lo! as a giant strong, the lusty Sun
Multiply'd rounds in one great round does run;
Twofold his course, yet constant his career,
Changing the day, and finishing the year.
Again, when his descending orb retires,
And Earth perceives the absence of his fires;
The Moon affords us her alternate ray,
And with kind beams distributes fainter day,
Yet keeps the stages of her monthly race;
Various her beams, and changeable her face.
Each planet, shining in his proper sphere,
Does with just speed his radiant voyage steer;
Each sees his lamp with different lustre crown'd;
Each knows his course with different periods bound;
And, in his passage through the liquid space,
Nor hastens, nor retards, his neighbour's race.
Now, shine these planets with substantial rays?
Does innate lustre gild their measur'd days?
Or do they (as your schemes, I think, have shown)
Dart furtive beams and glory not their own,
All servants to that source of light, the Sun?
" Again I see ten thousand thousand stars,
Nor cast in lines, in circles, nor in squares,
(Poor rules, with which our bounded mind is fill'd,
When we would plant, or cultivate, or build)
But shining with such vast, such various light,
As speaks the hand, that form'd them, infinite.
How mean the order and perfection sought,
In the best product of the human thought,
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns
In what the Spirit of the world ordains!
" Now if the Sun to Earth transmits his ray,
Yet does not scorch us with too fierce a day!
How small a portion of his power is given
To orbs more distant, and remoter Heaven?
And of those stars, which our imperfect eye
Has doom'd and fix'd to one eternal sky,
Each, by a native stock of honour great,
May dart strong influence, and diffuse kind heat,
(Itself a sun) and with transmissive light
Enliven worlds deny'd to human sight.
Around the circles of their ambient skies
New moons may grow or wane, may set or rise,
And other stars may to those suns be earths,
Give their own elements their proper births,
Divide their climes, or elevate their pole,
See their lands flourish, and their oceans roll:
Yet these great orbs, thus radically bright,
Primitive founts, and origins of light,
May each to other (as their different sphere
Makes or their distance or their light appear)
Be seen a nobler or inferior star,
And, in that space which we call air and sky,
Myriads of earths, and moons, and suns, may lie,
Unmeasur'd and unknown by human eye.
" In vain we measure this amazing sphere,
And find and fix its centre here or there;
Whilst its circumference, scorning to be brought
Ev'n into fancy'd space, illudes our vanquish'd thought.
" Where then are all the radiant monsters driven,
With which your guesses fill'd the frighten'd Heaven?
Where will their fictious images remain? [ven?
In paper-schemes, and the Chaldean's brain.
" This problem yet, this offspring of a guess,
Let us for once a child of truth confess,
That these fair stars, these objects of delight
And terrour to our searching dazzled sight,
Are worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite.
But do these worlds display their beams, or guide
Their orbs, to serve thy use, to please thy pride?
Thyself but dust, thy stature but a span,
A moment thy duration, foolish man?
As well may the minutest emmet say,
That Caucasus was rais'd to pave his way;
The snail, that Lebanon's extended wood
Was destin'd only for his walk and food;
The vilest cockle, gaping on the coast
That rounds the ample seas, as well may boast,
The craggy rock projects above the sky,
That he in safety at its foot may lie;
And the whole ocean's confluent waters swell,
Only to quench his thirst, or move and blanch his shell.

" A higher flight the venturous goddess tries,
Leaving material worlds and local skies;
Inquires what are the beings, where the space,
That form'd and held the angels' ancient race.
For rebel Lucifer with Michael fought,
(I offer only what tradition taught)
Embattled cherub against cherub rose,
Did shield to shield, and power to power oppose;
Heaven rung with triumph, Hell was fill'd with woes.
What were these forms of which your volumes tell,
How some fought great, and others recreant fell?
These bound to bear an everlasting load,
Durance of chain, and banishment of God;
By fatal turns their wretched strength to tire,
To swim in sulphurous lakes, or land on solid fire:
While those, exalted to primeval light,
Excess of blessing, and supreme delight,
Only perceive some little pause of joys
In those great moments when their God employs
Their ministry, to pour his threaten'd hate
On the proud king, or the rebellious state;
Or to reverse Jehovah's high command,
And speak the thunder falling from his hand,
When to his duty the proud king returns,
And the rebellious state in ashes mourns?
How can good angels be in Heaven confin'd,
Or view that presence, which no space can bind?
Is God above, beneath, or yon, or here?
He who made all, is he not every where?
Oh, how can wicked angels find a night
So dark, to hide them from that piercing light,
Which form'd the eye, and gave the power of sight?
" What mean I now of angel, when I hear
Firm body, spirit pure, or fluid air?
Spirits to action spiritual confin'd,
Friends to our thought, and kindred to our mind,
Should only act and prompt us from within,
Nor by external eye be ever seen.
Was it not, therefore, to our fathers known,
That these had appetite, and limb, and bone?
Else how could Abraham wash their weary'd feet?
Or Sarah please their taste with savoury meat?
Whence should they fear? or why did Lot engage
To save their bodies from abusive rage?
And how could Jacob, in a real fight,
Feel or resist the wrestling angel's might
How could a form in strength with matter try?
Or how a spirit touch a mortal's thigh?
" Now are they air condens'd, or gather'd rays?
How guide they then our prayer, or keep our ways,
By stronger blasts still subject to be tost,
By tempests scatter'd, and in whirlwinds lost?
" Have they again (as sacred song proclaims)
Substances real, and existing frames?
How comes it, since with them we jointly share
The great effect of one Creator's care,
That, whilst our bodies sicken and decay,
Theirs are for ever healthy, young, and gay?
Why, whilst we struggle in this vale beneath
With want and sorrow, with disease and death,
Do they, more bless'd, perpetual life employ
On songs of pleasure, and in scenes of joy?
" Now when my mind has all this world survey'd,
And found, that nothing by itself was made;
When thought has mis'd it elf, by just degrees,
From vallies crown'd with flowers, and hills with trees;
From smoaking mineral, and from rising streams;
From fattening Nilus, or victorious Thames;
From all the living, that four-footed move
Along the shore, the meadow, or the grove;
From all that can with fins or feathers fly
Through the aërial or the watery sky;
From the poor reptile with a reasoning soul,
That miserable master of the whole;
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half-round, this ample azure sky,
Terribly large, and wonderfully bright,
With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd light;
From essences unseen, celestial names,
Enlightening spirits, and ministerial flames,
Angels, dominions, potentates, and thrones,
All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
Lift we our reason to that sovereign Cause,
Who blest the whole with life, and bounded it with laws;
Who forth from nothing call'd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the same;
To whom a thousand years are but a day;
Who bade the Light her genial beams display,
And set the Moon, and taught the Sun its way:
Who, waking Time, his creature, from the source
Primeval, order'd his predestin'd course;
Himself, as in the hollow of his hand,
Holding, obedient to his high command,
The deep abyss, the long-continued store,
Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes pour
Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more:
This Alpha and Omega, first and last,
Who like the potter in a mould has cast
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of Sense and Reason see;
Yet if he wills may change or spoil the whole;
May take yon' beauteous, mystic, starry roll,
And burn it like an useless parchment scroll;
May from its basis in one moment pour
This melted earth—
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore:
Who, sole in power, at the beginning said,
Let Sea, and Air, and Earth, and Heaven be made;
And it was so:—and, when he shall ordain
In other sort, has but to speak again,
And they shall be no more: of this great theme,
This glorious, hallow'd, everlasting name,
This God, I would discourse."—
The learned elders sat appall'd, amaz'd,
And each with mutual look on other gaz'd;
Nor speech they meditate, nor answer frame,
(Too plain, alas! their silence spake their shame)
Till one, in whom an outward mien appear'd,
And turn superior to the vulgar herd,
Began: That human learning's furthest reach
Was but to note the doctrine I could teach;
That mine to speak, and theirs was to obey;
For I in knowledge more than power did sway:
And the astonish'd world in me beheld
Moses eclips'd, and Jesse's son excell'd.
Humble a second bow'd, and took the word;
Foresaw my name by future age ador'd:
" O live," said he, " thou wisest of the wise;
As none has equall'd, none shall ever rise
Excelling thee."—
Parent of wicked, bane of honest deeds,
Pernicious Flattery! thy malignant seeds,
In an ill hour, and by a fatal hand,
Sadly diffus'd o'er Virtue's gleby land,
With rising pride amidst the corn appear,
And choak the hopes and harvest of the year.

And now the whole perplex'd ignoble crowd,
Mute to my questions, in my praises loud,
Echo'd the word: whence things arose, or how
They thus exist, the aptest nothing know:
What yet is not, but is ordain'd to be,
All veil of doubt apart, the dullest see!
My prophets and my sophists finish'd here
The civil efforts of the verbal war:
Not so my rabbins and logicians yield;
Retiring, still they combat; from the field
Of open arms unwilling they depart,
And sculk behind the subterfuge of art.
To speak one thing, mix'd dialects they join,
Divide the simple, and the plain define;
Fix fancy'd laws, and form imagin'd rules,
Terms of their art, and jargon of their schools,
Ill-grounded maxims, by false gloss enlarg'd,
And captious science against reason charg'd.
Soon their crude notions with each other fought:
The adverse sect deny'd what this had taught;
And he at length the amplest triumph gain'd,
Who contradicted what the last maintain'd.
O wretched impotence of human mind!
We, erring still, excuse for errour find,
And darkling grope, not knowing we are blind.
Vain man! since first thy blushing sire essay'd
His folly with connected leaves to shade,
How does the crime of thy resembling race
With like attempt that pristine errour trace!
Too plain thy nakedness of soul espy'd,
Why dost thou strive the conscious shame to hide
By masks of eloquence and veils of pride?
With outward smiles their flattery I receiv'd;
Own'd my sick mind by their discourse reliev'd;
But bent, and inward to myself, again
Perplex'd, these matters I revolv'd in vain.
My search still tir'd, my labour still renew'd,
At length I ignorance and knowledge view'd,
Impartial; both in equal balance laid,
Light flew the knowing scale, the doubtful heavy
Forc'd by reflective reason, I confess, [weigh'd.
That human science is uncertain guess.
Alas! we grasp at clouds, and beat the air,
Vexing that spirit we intend to clear.
Can thought beyond the bounds of matter climb?
Or who shall tell me what is space or time?
In vain we lift up our presumptuous eyes
To what our Maker to their ken denies:
The searcher follows fast; the object faster flies.
The little which imperfectly we find,
Seduces only the bewilder'd mind
To fruitless search of something yet behind.
Various discussions tear our heated brain;
Opinions often turn; still doubts remain;
And who indulges thought, increases pain.
How narrow limits were to Wisdom given!
Earth she surveys; she thence would measure Heaven:
Through mists obscure now wings her tedious way;
Now wanders dazzled with too bright a day;
And from the summit of a pathless coast
Sees infinite, and in that sight is lost.
Remember, that the curs'd desire to know,
Offspring of Adam! was thy source of woe.
Why wilt thou then renew the vain pursuit,
And rashly catch at the forbidden fruit;
With empty labour and eluded strife
Seeking, by knowledge, to attain to life;
For ever from that fatal tree debarr'd,
Which flaming swords and angry cherubs guard?

TEXTS

CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK II.

"I said in my own heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth; therefore enjoy pleasure." Eccl. ii. 1.

"I made me great works, I builded me houses, I planted me vineyards." Ver. 4.

"I made me gardens and orchards; and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits." Ver. 5.

"I made me pools of water, to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." Ver. 6.

"Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do: and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit; and there was no profit under the Sun." Ver. 11.

"I gat me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts." Ver. 8.

"I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, (yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom) and to lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under Heaven, all the days of their life." Ver. 3.

"Then I said in my heart, As it happeneth unto the fool; so it happeneth even unto me; and why was I then more wise? Then I said in my heart, that this also is vanity." Ver. 15.

"Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the Sun is grievous unto me." Ch. ii. ver. 27.

"Dead flies cause the ointment to send forth a stinking savour: so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour." Ch. x. ver. 1.

"The memory of the just is blessed, but the memory of the wicked shall rot." Proverbs, ch. x. ver. 7.

PLEASURE:

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON, again seeking happiness, inquires if wealth and greatness can produce it: begins with the magnificence of gardens and buildings, the luxury of music and feasting; and proceeds to the hopes and desires of love. In two episodes are shown the follies and troubles of that passion. Solomon, still disappointed, falls under the temptations of libertinism and idolatry; recovers his thought; reasons aright; and concludes, that, as to the pursuit of pleasure and sensual delight, All is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Try then, O man, the moments to deceive,
That from the womb attend thee to the grave:
For weary'd Nature find some apter scheme:
Health be thy hope, and Pleasure be thy theme.

From the perplexing and unequal ways,
Where study brings thee; from the endless maze,
Which doubt persuades to run, forewarn'd, recede
To the gay field and flowery path, that lead
To jocund mirth, soft joy, and careless ease:
Forsake what may instruct, for what may please;
Essay amusing art, and proud expense,
And make thy reason subject to thy sense.
I commun'd thus: the power of wealth I try'd,
And all the various luxe of costly pride;
Artists and plans reliev'd my solemn hours;
I founded palaces, and planted bowers;
Birds, fishes, beasts, of each exotic kind,
I to the limits of my court confin'd;
To trees transferr'd I gave a second birth,
And bade a foreign shade grace Judah's earth;
Fish-ponds were made, where former forests grew,
And hills were levell'd to extend the view;
Rivers diverted from their native course,
And bound with chains of artificial force,
From large cascades in p'easing tumult roll'd,
Or rose through figur'd stone, or breathing gold;
From furthest Africa's tormented womb
The marble brought, erects the spacious dome,
Or forms the pillars long-extended rows,
On which the planted grove, the pensile garden, grows.
The workmen here obey the master's call,
To gild the turret, and to paint the wall,
To mark the pavement there with various stone,
And on the jasper steps to rear the throne:
The spreading cedar, that an age had stood,
Supreme of trees, and mistress of the wood,
Cut down and carv'd, my shining roof adorns,
And Lebanon his ruin'd honour mourns.
A thousand artists show their cunning power,
To raise the wonders of the ivory tower.
A thousand maidens ply the purple loom,
To weave the bed, and deck the regal room;
Till Tyre confesses her exhausted store,
That on her coast the murex[1] is no more;
Till from the Parian isle, and Libya's coast,
The mountains grieve their hopes of marble lost;
And India's woods return their just complaint,
Their brood decay'd, and want of elephant.
My full design with vast expense achiev'd,
I came, beheld, admir'd, reflected, griev'd;
I chid the folly of my thoughtless haste,
For, the work perfected, the joy was past.
To my new courts sad Thought did still repair,
And round my gilded roofs hung hovering Care.
In vain on silken beds I sought repose,
And restless oft from purple couches rose;
Vexatious Thought still found my flying mind
Nor bound by limits, nor to place confin'd;
Haunted my nights, and terrify'd my days;
Stalk'd through my gardens, and pursued my ways.
Nor shut from artful bower, nor lost in winding maze.
Yet take thy bent, my soul; another sense
Indulge; add music to magnificence:
Essay if harmony may grief control,
Or power of sound prevail upon the soul.
Often our seers and poets have confest,
That music's force can tame the furious beast:
Can make the wolf, or foaming boar, restrain
His rage; the lion drop his crested mane,
Attentive to the song; the lynx forget
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel's feet.
Are we, alas! less savage yet than these?
Else music, sure, may human cares appease.
I spake my purpose; and the cheerful choir
Parted their shares of harmony: the lyre
Soften'd the timbrel's noise; the trumpet's sound
Provok'd the Dorian flute (both sweeter found
When mix'd;) the fife the viol's notes refin'd,
And every strength with every grace was join'd.
Each morn they wak'd me with a sprightly lay;
Of opening Heaven they sung and gladsome day.
Each evening their repeated skill express'd
Scenes of repose, and images of rest:
Yet still in vain; for music gather'd thought:
But how unequal the effects it brought!
The soft ideas of the cheerful note,
Lightly receiv'd, were easily forgot;
The solemn violence of the graver sound
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound.
And now reflecting, I with grief descry
The sickly lust of the fantastic eye;
How the weak organ is with seeing cloy'd,
Flying ere night what it at noon enjoy'd.
And now (unhappy search of thought!) I found
The fickle ear soon glutted with the sound,
Condemn'd eternal changes to pursue,
Tir'd with the last, and eager of the new.
I bade the virgins and the youth advance,
To temper music with the sprightly dance.
In vain! too low the mimic motions seem;
What takes our heart must merit our esteem.
Nature, I thought, perform'd too mean a part,
Forming her movements to the rules of art;
And, vex'd, I found that the musician's hand
Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command.
I drank; I lik'd it not: 'twas rage, 'twas noise,
An airy scene of transitory joys.
In vain I trusted that the *flowing bowl*
Would banish sorrow, and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest;
And as, at dawn of morn, fair Reason's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done?
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source begun?
Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretence,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the sober ear:
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's errour, from another's fault;
From topics, which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret.
Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen
In the pernicious draught; the word obscene,
Or harsh, which, once blanc'd, must ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate;
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.
Add too the blood impoverish'd, and the course
Of health suppress'd, by wine's continued force.
Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage;
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,

[1] The murex is a shell-fish, of the liquor whereof a purple colour is made.

Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;
And, in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.
Remains there aught untry'd that may remove
Sickness of mind, and heal the bosom?—Love.
Love yet remains: indulge his genial fire,
Cherish fair hope, solicit young desire,
And boldly bid thy anxious soul explore
This last great remedy's mysterious power.
Why therefore hesitates my doubtful breast?
Why ceases it one moment to be blest?
"Fly swift, my friends; my servants, fly; employ
Your instant pains to bring your master joy.
Let all my wives and concubines be dress'd;
Let them to night attend the royal feast;
All Israel's beauty, all the foreign fair;
The gifts of princes, or the spoils of war:
Before their monarch they shall singly pass,
And the most worthy shall obtain the grace."
I said: the feast was serv'd, the bowl was crown'd;
To the king's pleasure went the mirthful round.
The women came: as custom wills, they past:
On one (O that distinguish'd one!) I cast
The favourite glance! O! yet my mind retains
That fond beginning of my infant pains.
Mature the virgin was, of Egypt's race;
Grace shap'd her limbs, and beauty deck'd her face;
Easy her motion seem'd, serene her air;
Full, though unzon'd, her bosom rose; her hair,
Unty'd, and ignorant of artful aid,
Adown her shoulders loosely lay display'd,
And in the jetty curls ten thousand Cupids play'd.
Fix'd on her charms, and pleas'd that I could love,
"Aid me, my friends, contribute to improve
Your monarch's bliss," I said; "fresh roses bring
To strew my bed, till the impoverish'd Spring
Confess her want; around my amorous head
Be dropping myrrh and liquid amber shed,
Till Arab has no more. From the soft lyre,
Sweet flute, and ten-string'd instrument, require
Sounds of delight: and thou, fair nymph! draw nigh,
Thou, in whose graceful form and potent eye,
Thy master's joy, long sought, at length is found;
And, as thy brow, let my desires be crown'd;
O favourite virgin! that hast warm'd the breast,
Whose sovereign dictates subjugate the East!"
I said; and sudden from the golden throne,
With a submissive step, I hasted down.
The glowing garland from my hair I took,
Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
Prepar'd to place it on her comely head:
"O favourite virgin!" yet again I said,
"Receive the honours destin'd to thy brow;
And O, above thy fellows, happy thou!
Their duty must thy sovereign word obey:
Rise up, my love, my fair-one, come away."
What pangs, alas! what ecstasy of smart,
Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart,
When she, with modest scorn, the wreath return'd,
Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!
Pore'd by my pride, I my concern suppress'd,
Pretended drowsiness, and wish of rest:
And sullen I forsook th' imperfect feast,
Ordering the eunuchs, to whose proper care
Our eastern grandeur gives th' imprison'd fair,
To lead her forth to a distinguish'd bower,
And bid her dress the bed, and wait the hour.

Restless I follow'd this obdurate maid
(Swift are the steps that Love and Anger tread;)
Approach'd her person, courted her embrace,
Renew'd my flame, repented my disgrace;
By turns put on the suppliant and the lord;
Threaten'd this moment, and the next implor'd;
Offer'd again the unaccepted wreath,
And choice of happy love, or instant death.
Averse to all her amorous king desir'd,
Far as she might she decently retir'd;
And, darting scorn and sorrow from her eyes,
"What means," said she, "king Solomon the wise?
"This wretched body trembles at your power:
Thus far could Fortune, but she can no more.
Free to herself my potent mind remains,
Nor fears the victor's rage, nor feels his chains.
"'Tis said, that thou canst plausibly dispute,
Supreme of seers! of angel, man, and brute;
Canst plead, with subtle wit and fair discourse,
Of passion's folly, and of reason's force;
That, to the tribes attentive, thou canst show
Whence their misfortunes or their blessings flow;
That thou in science as in power art great,
And truth and honour on thy edicts wait.
Where is that knowledge now, that regal thought,
With just advice and timely counsel fraught?
Where now, O Judge of Israel! does it rove?—
What in one moment dost thou offer? Love—
Love! why 'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife;
'Tis all the colour of remaining life:
And human misery must begin or end,
As he becomes a tyrant or a friend.
Would David's son, religious, just, and grave,
To the first bride-bed of the world receive
A foreigner, a heathen, and a slave?
Or, grant thy passion has these names destroy'd,
That Love, like Death, makes all distinction void;
Yet in his empire o'er thy abject breast
His flames and torments only are express;
His rage can in my smiles alone relent,
And all his joys solicit my consent.
"Soft love, spontaneous tree, its parted root
Must from two hearts with equal vigour shoot;
Whilst each, delighted and delighting, gives
The pleasing ecstasy which each receives:
Cherish'd with hope, and fed with joy, it grows;
Its cheerful buds their opening bloom disclose,
And round the happy soil diffusive odour flows.
If angry Fate that mutual care denies,
The fading plant bewails its due supplies;
Wild with despair, or sick with grief, it dies.
"By force beasts act, and are by force restrain'd:
The human mind by gentle means is gain'd.
Thy useless strength, mistaken king, employ:
Sated with rage, and ignorant of joy,
Thou shalt not gain what I deny to yield,
Nor reap the harvest, though thou spoil'st the field.
Know, Solomon, thy poor extent of sway;
Contract thy brow, and Israel shall obey:
But wilful Love thou must with smiles appease,
Approach his awful throne by just degrees,
And, if thou would'st be happy, learn to please.
"Not that those arts can here successful prove,
For I am destin'd to another's love.
Beyond the cruel bounds of thy command,
To my dear equal in my native land,
My plighted vow I gave; I his receiv'd:
Each swore with truth, with pleasure each believ'd.

The mutual contract was to Heaven convey'd;
In equal scales the busy angels weigh'd
Its solemn force, and clapp'd their wings, and spread
The lasting roll, recording what we said.
" Now in my heart behold thy poniard stain'd;
Take the sad life which I have long disdain'd;
End, in a dying virgin's wretched fate,
Thy ill-starr'd passion and my stedfast hate:
For, long as blood informs these circling veins,
Or fleeting breath its latest power retains,
Hear me to Egypt's vengeful Gods declare,
Hate is my part, be thine, O king, despair.
" Now strike," she said, and open'd bare her breast;
" Stand it in Judah's chronicles confest,
That David's son, by impious passion mov'd,
Smote a she-slave, and murder'd what he lov'd!"
Asham'd, confus'd, I started from the bed,
And to my soul, yet uncollected, said,
" Into thyself, fond Solomon, return;
Reflect again, and thou again shalt mourn.
When I through number'd years have Pleasure sought,
And in vain hope the wanton phantom caught;
To mock my sense, and mortify my pride,
'Tis in another's power, and is deny'd.
Am I a king, great Heaven! does life or death
Hang on the wrath or mercy of my breath;
While kneeling I my servant's smiles implore,
And one mad damsel dares dispute my power?
" To ravish her! that thought was soon depress'd,
Which must debase the monarch to the beast.
To send her back! O whither, and to whom?
To lands where Solomon must never come?
To that insulting rival's happy arms,
For whom, disdaining me, she keeps her charms?
" Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart!
Those 'scape thy anger, who refuse thy sway,
And those are punish'd most who most obey.
See Judah's king revere thy greater power:
What canst thou covet, or how triumph more?
Why then, O Love, with an obdurate ear,
Does this proud nymph reject a monarch's prayer?
Why to some simple shepherd does she run
From the fond arms of David's favourite son?
Why flies she from the glories of a court,
Where wealth and pleasure may thy reign support,
To some poor cottage on the mountain's brow,
Now bleak with winds, and cover'd now with snow,
Where pinching want must curb her warm desires,
And household cares suppress thy genial fires?
" Too aptly the afflicted Heathens prove
Thy force, while they erect the shrines of Love.
His mystic form the artizans of Greece
In wounded stone, or molten gold, express;
And Cyprus to his godhead pays her vow,
Fast in his hand the idol holds his bow;
A quiver by his side sustains his store
Of pointed darts; sad emblems of his power:
A pair of wings he has, which he extends
Now to be gone; which now again he bends,
Prone to return, as best may serve his wanton ends.
Entirely thus I find the fiend pourtray'd,
Since first, alas! I saw the beauteous maid:
I felt him strike, and now I see him fly:
Curs'd demon! O! for ever broken lie
Those fatal shafts, by which I inward bleed!
O! can my wishes yet o'ertake thy speed!
Tir'd may'st thou pant, and hang thy flagging wing,
Except thou turn'st thy course, resolv'd to bring
The damsel back, and save the love-sick king!"
My soul thus struggling in the fatal net,
Unable to enjoy, or to forget;
I reason'd much, alas! but more I lov'd:
Sent and recall'd, ordain'd and disapprov'd;
Till, hopeless, plung'd in an abyss of grief,
I from necessity receiv'd relief:
Time gently aided to assuage my pain,
And Wisdom took once more the slacken'd rein.
But O, how short my interval of woe!
Our griefs how swift! our remedies how slow!
Another nymph, (for so did Heaven ordain,
To change the manner, but renew the pain)
Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste
To grace my presence; Abra went the last:
Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.
Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal,
And, laughing, gloss'd, that Abra serv'd so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;
Till more appriz'd of what the rumour said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.
The Sun declin'd had shot his western ray,
When, tir'd with business of the solemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I call'd, before I sat, to wash my hands
(For so the precept of the law commands):
Love had ordain'd, that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.
With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils: she trembled as she pour'd;
With an unguarded look she now devour'd
My nearer face! and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.
" And whence," said I, " canst thou have dread
What can thy imagery of sorrow mean? [or pain?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure," I added, " sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt Love's anger, nor receiv'd his dart."
Abash'd, she blush'd, and with disorder spoke:
Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke.
" If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care;
O! while she tells it, let him not put on
The look, that awes the nations from the throne!
O! let not death severe in glory lie
In the king's frown, and terrour of his eye!
" Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain;
And though to mention be to suffer pain,
If the king smile whilst I my woe recite,
If, weeping, I find favour in his sight,
Flow fast, my tears, full rising his delight.
" O! witness Earth beneath, and Heaven above!
For can I hide it? I am sick of love;
If madness may the name of passion bear,
Or love be call'd what is indeed despair.
" Thou Sovereign Power! whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls!

Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which unpity'd Abra must expire,
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon.
For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast;
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
Wavering, impatient, toss'd by hope and fear.
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the lov'd dog declare his master near.
On my declining neck and open breast
I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
To rise and from the fold release the sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.
" Or if kind Heaven, propitious to my flame
(For sure from Heaven the faithful ardour came),
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power;
Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.
" Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south,
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams;
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
As silver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread;
Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and branching on the sunny rock.
Ivory, with sapphires interspers'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
On golden bases, are his legs and feet;
His stature all majestic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed,
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.
What utter I! where am I! wretched maid!
Die, Abra, die: too plainly hast thou said
Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race;
To bid attentive nations bless thy womb, [come."
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to
Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
O foolish maid! and O unhappy tale!
My suffering heart for ever shall defy
New wounds and danger from a future eye.
O! yet my tortur'd senses deep retain
The wretched memory of my former pain,
The dire affront, and my Egyptian chain.
" As time," I said, " may happily efface
That cruel image of the king's disgrace,
Imperial Reason shall resume her seat,
And Solomon, once fallen, again be great.
Betray'd by passion, as subdued in war,
We wisely should exert a double care,
Nor ever ought a second time to err."
This Abra then—
I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true,
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I entreated her, who well deserv'd;
I call'd her often, for she always serv'd.
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produc'd delight.
Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers,
(For first I sought her but at looser hours)
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,
The cakes she kneaded was the savoury meat:
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.
Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless receiv'd from gentle Abra's hand;
And, when the virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill;
One show'd too much, and one too little skill;
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hush'd; and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest,
And better mien disclos'd, as better drest.
A bright tiara, round her forehead ty'd,
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride;
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her senses pleas'd, her beauty still improv'd,
And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.
And now I could behold, avow, and blame,
The several follies of my former flame;
Willing my heart for recompense to prove
The certain joys that lie in prosperous love.
" For what," said I, " from Abra can I fear,
Too humble to insult, too soft to be severe?
The damsel's sole ambition is to please:
With freedom I may like, and quit with ease:
She soothes, but never can enthral my mind:
Why may not Peace and Love for once be join'd?"
Great Heaven! how frail thy creature man is made!
How by himself insensibly betray'd!
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse power,
And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be belov'd.
On Pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way;
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind,
And give our conduct to the waves and wind!
Then in the flowery mead, or verdant shade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And smiling see the nearer waters roll,
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise,
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
And, swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn;
Round our devoted heads the billows beat,
And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands retreat.
O mighty Love! from thy unbounded power
How shall the human bosom rest secure?

How shall our thought avoid the various snare?
Or Wisdom to our caution'd soul declare
The different shapes thou pleasest to employ,
When bent to hurt, and certain to destroy?
The haughty nymph, in open beauty drest,
To day encounters our unguarded breast:
She looks with majesty, and moves with state;
Unbent her soul, and in misfortune great,
She scorns the world, and dares the rage of Fate.
Here whilst we take stern manhood for our guide,
And guard our conduct with becoming pride;
Charm'd with the courage in her action shown,
We praise her mind, the image of our own.
She that can please is certain to persuade,
To day belov'd, to morrow is obey'd.
We think we see through Reason's optics right,
Nor find how Beauty's rays elude our sight:
Struck with her eye, whilst we applaud her mind,
And when we speak her great, we wish her kind.
To morrow, cruel power! thou arm'st the fair
With flowing sorrow, and dishevell'd hair;
Sad her complaint, and humble is her tale,
Her sighs explaining where her accents fail.
Here generous softness warms the honest breast;
We raise the sad, and succour the distress'd.
And, whilst our wish prepares the kind relief,
Whilst pity mitigates her rising grief,
We sicken soon from her contagious care,
Grieve for her sorrows, groan for her despair;
And against Love too late those bosoms arm,
Which tears can soften, and which sighs can warm.
Against this nearest, cruellest of foes,
What shall Wit meditate, or Force oppose?
Whence, feeble Nature, shall we summon aid,
If by our pity and our pride betray'd?
External remedy shall we hope to find,
When the close fiend has gain'd our treacherous mind;
Insulting there does Reason's power deride,
And, blind himself, conducts the dazzled guide?
My conqueror now, my lovely Abra, held
My freedom in her chains; my heart was fill'd
With her, with her alone; in her alone
It sought its peace and joy: while she was gone,
It sigh'd and griev'd, impatient of her stay;
Return'd, she chas'd those sighs, that grief, away:
Her absence made the night, her presence brought the day.
The ball, the play, the mask, by turns succeed:
For her I make the song, the dance with her I lead.
I court her various in each shape and dress,
That luxury may form, or thought express.
To day, beneath the palm-tree on the plains,
In Deborah's arms and habit Abra reigns:
The wreath, denoting conquest, guides her brow,
And low, like Barak, at her feet I bow.
The mimic chorus sings her prosperous hand,
As she had slain the foe, and sav'd the land.
To morrow she approves a softer air,
Forsakes the pomp and pageantry of war,
The form of peaceful Abigail assumes,
And from the village with the present comes:
The youthful band depose their glittering arms,
Receive her bounties, and recite her charms;
Whilst I assume my father's step and mien,
To meet with due regard my future queen.
If haply Abra's will be now inclin'd
To range the woods, or chase the flying hind,
Soon as the Sun awakes, the sprightly court
Leave their repose, and hasten to the sport.
In lessen'd royalty, and humble state,
Thy king, Jerusalem, descends to wait,
Till Abra comes: she comes; a milk-white steed,
Mixture of Persia's and Arabia's breed,
Sustains the nymph: her garments flying loose,
(As the Sydonian maids or Thracian use)
And half her knee and half her breast appear,
By art, like negligence, disclos'd and bare.
Her left-hand guides the hunting courser's flight,
A silver bow she carries in her right,
And from the golden quiver at her side
Rustles the ebon arrow's feather'd pride.
Sapphires and diamonds on her front display
An artificial moon's increasing ray
Diana, huntress, mistress of the groves,
The favourite Abra speaks, and looks, and moves.
Her, as the present goddess, I obey:
Beneath her feet the captive game I lay.
The mingled chorus sings Diana's fame:
Clarions and horns in louder peals proclaim
Her mystic praise; the vocal triumphs bound
Against the hills; the hills reflect the sound.
If, tir'd this evening with the hunted woods,
To the large fish-pools, or the glassy floods,
Her mind to morrow points; a thousand hands,
To night employ'd, obey the king's commands.
Upon the watery beach an artful pile
Of planks is join'd, and forms a moving isle:
A golden chariot in the midst is set,
And silver cygnets seem to feel its weight.
Abra, bright queen, ascends her gaudy throne,
In semblance of the Grecian Venus known:
Tritons and sea-green Naïads round her move,
And sing in moving strains the force of love;
Whilst, as th' approaching pageant does appear,
And echoing crowds speak mighty Venus near,
I, her adorer, too devoutly stand
Fast on the utmost margin of the land,
With arms and hopes extended, to receive
The fancy'd goddess rising from the wave.
O subject Reason! O imperious Love!
Whither yet further would my folly rove?
Is it enough, that Abra should be great
In the wall'd palace, or the rural seat?
That masking habits, and a borrow'd name,
Contrive to hide my plenitude of shame?
No, no! Jerusalem combin'd must see
My open fault, and regal infamy.
Solemn a month is destin'd for the feast:
Abra invites; the nation is the guest.
To have the honour of each day sustain'd,
The woods are travers'd, and the lakes are drain'd:
Arabia's wilds, and Egypt's, are explor'd:
The edible creation decks the board:
Hardly the phenix 'scapes—
The men their lyres, the maids their voices raise,
To sing my happiness, and Abra's praise;
And slavish bards our mutual loves rehearse
In lying strains and ignominious verse:
While, from the banquet leading forth the bride,
Whom prudent Love from public eyes should hide,
I show her to the world, confess'd and known
Queen of my heart, and partner of my throne.
And now her friends and flatterers fill the court;
From Dan and from Beersheba they resort:
They barter places, and dispose of grants,
Whole provinces unequal to their wants;
They teach her to recede, or to debate,
With toys of love to mix affairs of state;

By practis'd rules her empire to secure,
And in my pleasure make my ruin sure.
They gave, and she transferr'd the curs'd advice,
That monarchs should their inward soul disguise,
Dissemble and command, be false and wise;
By ignominious arts, for servile ends,
Should compliment their foes, and shun their friends.
And now I leave the true and just supports
Of legal princes, and of honest courts,
Barzillai's and the fierce Benaiah's heirs,
Whose sires, great partners in my father's cares,
Saluted their young king, at Hebron crown'd,
Great by their toil, and glorious by their wound.
And now (unhappy counsel!) I prefer
Those whom my follies only made me fear,
Old Corah's blood, and taunting Shimei's race;
Miscreants who ow'd their lives to David's grace,
Though they had spurn'd his rule, and curs'd him to his face.
Still Abra's power, my scandal still increas'd;
Justice submitted to what Abra pleas'd:
Her will alone could settle or revoke,
And law was fix'd by what she latest spoke.
Israel neglected, Abra was my care:
I only acted, thought, and liv'd, for her.
I durst not reason with my wounded heart;
Abra possess'd; she was its better part.
O! had I now review'd the famous cause,
Which gave my righteous youth so just applause,
In vain on the dissembled mother's tongue
Had cunning art and sly persuasion hung,
And real care in vain, and native love,
In the true parent's panting breast had strove;
While both, deceiv'd, had seen the destin'd child
Or slain or sav'd, as Abra frown'd or smil'd.
Unknowing to command, proud to obey,
A lifeless king, a royal shade, I lay.
Unheard, the injur'd orphans now complain;
The widow's cries address the throne in vain.
Causes unjudg'd disgrace the loaded file,
And sleeping laws the king's neglect revile.
No more the elders throng'd around my throne,
To hear my maxims, and reform their own.
No more the young nobility were taught
How Moses govern'd, and how David fought.
Loose and undisciplin'd the soldier lay,
Or lost in drink and game the solid day.
Porches and schools, design'd for public good,
Uncover'd, and with scaffolds cumber'd stood,
Or nodded, threatening ruin.—
Half pillars wanted their expected height,
And roofs imperfect prejudic'd the sight.
The artists grieve; the labouring people droop:
My father's legacy, my country's hope,
God's temple, lies unfinish'd.—
The wise and great deplor'd their monarch's fate,
And future mischiefs of a sinking state.
"Is this," the serious said, "is this the man,
Whose active soul through every science ran?
Who, by just rule and elevated skill,
Prescrib'd the dubious bounds of good and ill?
Whose golden sayings, and immortal wit,
On large phylacteries expressive writ,
Were to the forehead of the rabbins ty'd,
Our youth's instruction, and our age's pride?
Could not the wise his wild desires restrain?
Then was our hearing, and his preaching, vain!
What from his life and letters were we taught,
But that his knowledge aggravates his fault?"

In lighter mood the humorous and the gay
(As crown'd with roses at their feasts they lay)
Sent the full goblet, charg'd with Abra's name,
And charms superior to their master's fame.
Laughing, some praise the king, who let them see
How aptly luxe and empire might agree:
Some gloss'd, how love and wisdom were at strife,
And brought my proverbs to confront my life.
"However, friend, here's to the king," one cries;
"To him who *was* the king," the friend replies.
"The king, for Judah's and for Wisdom's curse,
To Abra yields: could I or thou do worse?
Our looser lives let Chance or Folly steer,
If thus the prudent and determin'd err.
Let Dinah bind with flowers her flowing hair,
And touch the lute, and sound the wanton air:
Let us the bliss without the sting receive,
Free, as we will, or to enjoy, or leave.
Pleasures on levity's smooth surface flow:
Thought brings the weight that sinks the soul to woe.
Now be this maxim to the king convey'd,
And added to the thousand he has made."
"Sadly, O Reason! is thy power express'd,
Thou gloomy tyrant of the frighted breast!
And harsh the rules which we from thee receive,
If for our wisdom we our pleasure give;
And more to think be only more to grieve:
If Judah's king, at thy tribunal try'd,
Forsakes his joy, to vindicate his pride,
And, changing sorrows, I am only found
Loos'd from the chains of Love, in thine more strictly bound!
"But do I call thee tyrant, or complain
How hard thy laws, how absolute thy reign?
While thou, alas! art but an empty name,
To no two men, who e'er discours'd, the same;
The idle product of a troubled thought,
In borrow'd shapes and airy colours wrought;
A fancy'd line, and a reflected shade;
A chain which man to fetter man has made;
By artifice impos'd, by fear obey'd!
"Yet, wretched name, or arbitrary thing,
Whence-ever I thy cruel essence bring,
I own thy influence, for I feel thy sting.
Reluctant I perceive thee in my soul,
Form'd to command, and destin'd to control.
Yes; thy insulting dictates shall be heard;
Virtue for once shall be her own reward:
Yes; rebel Israel! this unhappy maid
Shall be dismiss'd: the crowd shall be obey'd:
The king his passion and his rule shall leave,
No longer Abra's, but the people's slave.
My coward soul shall bear its wayward fate;
I will, alas! be wretched to be great,
And sigh in royalty, and grieve in state."
I said: resolv'd to plunge into my grief
At once so far, as to expect relief
From my despair alone—
I chose to write the thing I durst not speak
To her I lov'd, to her I must forsake.
The harsh epistle labour'd much to prove
How inconsistent majesty and love.
I always should, it said, esteem her well,
But never see her more: it bid her feel
No future pain for me; but instant wed
A lover more proportion'd to her bed,
And quiet dedicate her remnant life
To the just duties of an humble wife.
She read, and forth to me she wildly ran,
To me, the ease of all her former pain.

She kneel'd, entreated, struggled, threaten'd, cry'd,
And with alternate passion liv'd and dy'd:
Till, now, deny'd the liberty to mourn,
And by rude fury from my presence torn,
This only object of my real care,
Cut off from hope, abandon'd to despair,
In some few posting fatal hours is hurl'd
From wealth, from power, from love, and from the world.

"Here tell me, if thou dar'st, my conscious soul,
What different sorrows did within thee roll?
What pangs, what fires, what racks, didst thou sustain?
What sad vicissitudes of smarting pain?
How oft from pomp and state did I remove,
To feed despair, and cherish hopeless love?
How oft, all day, recall'd I Abra's charms,
Her beauties press'd, and panting in my arms?
How oft, with sighs, view'd ev'ry female face,
Where mimic fancy might her likeness trace?
How oft desir'd to fly from Israel's throne,
And live in shades with her and Love alone?
How oft all night pursued her in my dreams,
O'er flowery vallies, and through crystal streams,
And, waking, view'd with grief the rising Sun,
And fondly mourn'd the dear delusion gone?".

When thus the gather'd storms of wretched love
In my swoln bosom, with long war had strove;
At length they broke their bounds; at length their force
Bore down whatever met its stronger course,
Laid all the civil bonds of manhood waste,
And scatter'd ruin as the torrent past.
So from the hills, whose hollow caves contain
The congregated snow and swelling rain,
Till the full stores their ancient bounds disdain,
Precipitate the furious torrent flows:
In vain would speed avoid, or strength oppose;
Towns, forests, herds, and men, promiscuous drown'd,
With one great death deform the dreary ground:
The echoed woes from distant rocks resound.
And now, what impious ways my wishes took,
How they the monarch and the man forsook;
And how I follow'd an abandon'd will,
Through crooked paths, and sad retreats of ill;
How Judah's daughters now, now foreign slaves,
By turns my prostituted bed receives;
Through tribes of women how I loosely rang'd
Impatient: lik'd to night, to morrow chang'd;
And, by the instinct of capricious lust,
Enjoy'd, disdain'd, was grateful, or unjust:
O! be these scenes from human eyes conceal'd,
In clouds of decent silence justly veil'd!
O! be the wanton images convey'd
To black oblivion and eternal shade!
Or let their sad epitome alone,
And outward lines, to future age be known,
Enough to propagate the sure belief,
That vice engenders shame, and folly broods o'er grief!

Bury'd in sloth, and lost in ease, I lay;
The night I revell'd, and I slept the day.
New heaps of fuel damp'd my kindling fires,
And daily change extinguish'd young desires.
By its own force destroy'd, fruition ceas'd;
And, always weary'd, I was never pleas'd.
No longer now does my neglected mind
Its wonted stores and old ideas find.
Fix'd Judgment there no longer does abide,
To take the true, or set the false aside.
No longer does swift Memory trace the cells,
Where springing Wit, or young Invention, dwells.
Frequent debauch to habitude prevails;
Patience of toil, and love of virtue, fails.
By sad degrees impair'd, my vigour dies,
Till I command no longer ev'n in vice.

The women on my dotage build their sway;
They ask, I grant; they threaten, I obey.
In regal garments now I gravely stride,
Aw'd by the Persian damsel's haughty pride:
Now with the looser Syrian dance and sing,
In robes tuck'd up, opprobrious to the king.

Charm'd by their eyes, their manners I acquire,
And shape my foolishness to their desire;
Seduc'd and aw'd by the Philistine dame,
At Dagon's shrine I kindle impious flame.
With the Chaldean's charms her rites prevail,
And curling frankincense ascends to Baal.
To each new harlot I new altars dress,
And serve her god, whose person I caress.

Where, my deluded sense, was Reason flown?
Where the high majesty of David's throne?
Where all the maxims of eternal truth,
With which the living God inform'd my youth,
When with the lewd Egyptian I adore
Vain idols, deities that ne'er before
In Israel's land had fix'd their dire abodes,
Beastly divinities, and droves of gods;
Osiris, Apis, powers that chew the cud,
And dog Anubis, flatterer for his food?
When in the woody hills forbidden shade
I carv'd the marble, and invok'd its aid;
When in the fens to snakes and flies, with zeal
Unworthy human thought, I prostrate fell;
To shrubs and plants my vile devotion paid,
And set the bearded leek, to which I pray'd;
When to all beings sacred rites were given,
Forgot the Arbiter of Earth and Heaven?

Through these sad shades, this chaos in my soul,
Some seeds of light at length began to roll.
The rising motion of an infant ray
Shot glimmering thro' the cloud, and promis'd day.
And now, one moment able to reflect,
I found the king abandon'd to neglect,
Seen without awe, and serv'd without respect.
I found my subjects amicably join
To lessen their defects by citing mine.
The priest with pity pray'd for David's race,
And left his text, to dwell on my disgrace.
The father, whilst he warn'd his erring son
The sad examples which he ought to shun,
Describ'd, and only nam'd not, Solomon.
Each bard, each sire, did to his pupil sing,
"A wise child better than a foolish king."

Into myself my Reason's eye I turn'd,
And as I much reflected, much I mourn'd.
A mighty king I am, an earthly god;
Nations obey my word, and wait my nod:
I raise or sink, imprison or set free,
And life or death depends on my decree.
Fond the idea, and the thought is vain;
O'er Judah's king ten thousand tyrants reign;
Legions of lust, and various powers of ill,
Insult the master's tributary will:
And he, from whom the nations should receive
Justice and freedom, lies himself a slave,
Tortur'd by cruel change of wild desires,
Lash'd by mad rage, and scorch'd by brutal fires.

"O Reason! once again to thee I call;
Accept my sorrow, and retrieve my fall.

Wisdom, thou say'st, from Heaven receiv'd her birth,
Her beams transmitted to the subject Earth:
Yet this great empress of the human soul
Does only with imagin'd power control,
If restless Passion, by rebellious sway,
Compels the weak usurper to obey.
" O troubled, weak, and coward, as thou art,
Without thy poor advice, the labouring heart
To worse extremes with swifter steps would run,
Not sav'd by virtue, yet by vice undone!"
Oft have I said, the praise of doing well
Is to the ear as ointment to the smell.
Now, if some flies, perchance, however small,
Into the alabaster urn should fall,
The odours of the sweets enclos'd would die,
And stench corrupt (sad change!) their place supply.
So the least faults, if mix'd with fairest deed,
Of future ill become the fatal seed;
Into the balm of purest virtue cast,
Annoy all life with one contagious blast.
Lost Solomon! pursue this thought no more:
Of thy past errours recollect the store;
And silent weep, that, while the deathless Muse
Shall sing the just, shall o'er their heads diffuse
Perfumes with lavish hand, she shall proclaim
Thy crimes alone, and, to thy evil fame
Impartial, scatter damps and poisons on thy name.
Awaking, therefore, as who long had dream'd,
Much of my women and their gods asham'd;
From this abyss of exemplary vice
Resolv'd, as time might aid my thought, to rise;
Again I bid the mournful goddess write
The fond pursuit of fugitive delight;
Bid her exalt her melancholy wing,
And, rais'd from earth, and sav'd from passion, sing
Of human hope by cross event destroy'd,
Of useless wealth and greatness unenjoy'd,
Of lust and love, with their fantastic train,
Their wishes, smiles, and looks, deceitful all, and vain.

TEXTS

CHIEFLY ALLUDED TO IN BOOK III.

" Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern." Eccl. xii. 6.

" The Sun ariseth, and the Sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose." Ch. i. 5.

" The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north. It whirleth about continually; and the wind returneth again, according to his circuit." Ver. 6.

" All the rivers run into the sea: yet the sea is not full. Unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." Ver. 7.

" Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it." Ch. xii. 7.

" Now when Solomon had made an end of praying, the fire came down from Heaven, and consumed the burnt-offering, and the sacrifices; and the glory of the Lord filled the house." 2 Chron. vii. 1.

" By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea we wept, when we remembered Sion," &c. Psalm cxxxvii. 1.

" I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doth it?" Eccles. ii. 2.

" No man can find out the work that God maketh, from the beginning to the end." Ch. iii. 11.

" Whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever; nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it: and God doeth it, that men should fear before him." Ver. 14.

" Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." Ch. xii. 13.

POWER:

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

SOLOMON considers man through the several stages and conditions of life, and concludes in general, that we are all miserable. He reflects more particularly upon the trouble and uncertainty of greatness and power; gives some instances thereof from Adam down to himself; and still concludes that all is vanity. He reasons again upon life, death, and a future being; finds human wisdom too imperfect to resolve his doubts; has recourse to religion; is informed by an angel, what shall happen to himself, his family, and his kingdom, till the redemption of Israel; and, upon the whole, resolves to submit his inquiries and anxieties to the will of his Creator.

COME then, my soul; I call thee by that name,
Thou busy thing, from whence I know I am:
For, knowing what I am, I know thou art;
Since that must needs exist, which can impart.
But how can'st thou to be, or whence thy spring?
For various of thee priests and poets sing.
Bear'st thou submissive, but a lowly birth,
Some separate particles of finer earth,
A plain effect which Nature must beget,
As motion orders, and as atoms meet;
Companion of the body's good or ill,
From force of instinct, more than choice of will;
Conscious of fear or valour, joy or pain,
As the wild courses of the blood ordain;
Who, as degrees of heat and cold prevail,
In youth dost flourish, and with age shalt fail;
Till, mingled with thy partner's latest breath,
Thou fly'st dissolv'd in air, and lost in death?
Or, if thy great existence would aspire
To causes more sublime, of heavenly fire
Wert thou a spark struck off, a separate ray,
Ordain'd to mingle with terrestrial clay;
With it condemn'd for certain years to dwell,
To grieve its frailties, and its pains to feel;

To teach it good and ill, disgrace or fame,
Pale it with rage, or redden it with shame;
To guide its actions with informing care,
In peace to judge, to conquer in the war;
Render it agile, witty, valiant, sage,
As fits the various course of human age;
Till as the earthly part decays and falls,
The captive breaks her prison's mouldering walls;
Hovers a while upon the sad remains,
Which now the pile or sepulchre contains;
And thence with liberty unbounded flies,
Impatient to regain her native skies?

Whate'er thou art, where-e'er ordain'd to go,
(Points which we rather may dispute than know)
Come on, thou little inmate of this breast,
Which for thy sake from passions I divest,
For these, thou say'st, raise all the stormy strife,
Which hinder thy repose, and trouble life.
Be the fair level of thy actions laid,
As temperance wills, and prudence may persuade:
Be thy affections undisturb'd and clear,
Guided to what may great or good appear,
And try if life be worth the liver's care.

Amass'd in man, there justly is beheld
What through the whole creation has excell'd:
The life and growth of plants, of beasts the sense,
The angel's forecast and intelligence:
Say from these glorious seeds what harvest flows,
Recount our blessings, and compare our woes.
In its true light let clearest reason see
The man dragg'd out to act, and forc'd to be;
Helpless and naked, on a woman's knees
To be expos'd and rear'd as she may please,
Feel her neglect, and pine from her disease:
His tender eye by too direct a ray
Wounded, and flying from unpractis'd day;
His heart assaulted by invading air,
And beating fervent to the vital war;
To his young sense how various forms appear,
That strike his wonder, and excite his fear:
By his distortions he reveals his pains;
He by his tears and by his sighs complains;
Till time and use assist the infant wretch,
By broken words and rudiments of speech,
His wants in plainer characters to show,
And paint more perfect figures of his woe;
Condemn'd to sacrifice his childish years
To babbling ignorance, and to empty fears;
To pass the riper period of his age,
Acting his part upon a crowded stage,
To lasting toils expos'd, and endless cares,
To open dangers, and to secret snares;
To malice, which the vengeful foe intends,
And the more dangerous love of seeming friends.
His deeds examin'd by the people's will,
Prone to forget the good, and blame the ill;
Or sadly censur'd in their curs'd debate,
Who in the scorner's or the judge's seat,
Dare to condemn the virtue which they hate.
Or, would he rather leave this frantic scene,
And trees and beasts prefer to courts and men,
In the remotest wood and lonely grot
Certain to meet that worst of evils, Thought;
Different ideas to his memory brought,
Some intricate as are the pathless woods,
Impetuous some as the descending floods;
With anxious doubts, with raging passions torn,
No sweet companion near, with whom to mourn,
He hears the echoing rock return his sighs,
And from himself the frighted hermit flies.

Thus, through what path soe'er of life we rove,
Rage companies our hate, and grief our love.
Vex'd with the present moment's heavy gloom,
Why seek we brightness from the years to come?
Disturb'd and broken like a sick man's sleep,
Our troubled thoughts to distant prospects leap,
Desirous still what flies us to o'ertake,
For hope is but the dream of those that wake:
But, looking back, we see the dreadful train
Of woes anew, which were we to sustain,
We should refuse to tread the path again;
Still adding grief, still counting from the first,
Judging the latest evils still the worst,
And sadly finding each progressive hour
Heighten their number and augment their power.
Till, by one countless sum of woes oppress,
Hoary with cares, and ignorant of rest,
We find the vital springs relax'd and worn,
Compell'd our common impotence to mourn.
Thus through the round of age to childhood we return;
Reflecting find, that naked from the womb
We yesterday came forth; that in the tomb
Naked again we must to morrow lie,
Born to lament, to labour, and to die.

Pass we the ills which each man feels or dreads,
The weight or fallen or hanging o'er our heads;
The bear, the lion, terrours of the plain,
The sheepfold scatter'd, and the shepherd slain;
The frequent errours of the pathless wood,
The giddy precipice, and the dangerous flood;
The noisome pestilence, that, in open war,
Terrible marches through the mid-day air,
And scatters death; the arrow that by night
Cuts the dank mist, and fatal wings its flight;
The billowing snow, and violence of the shower,
That from the hills disperse their dreadful store,
And o'er the vales collected ruin pour;
The worm that gnaws the ripening fruit, sad guest,
Canker or locust, hurtful to infest
The blade; while husks elude the tiller's care,
And eminence of want distinguishes the year.

Pass we the slow disease, and subtle pain,
Which our weak frame is destin'd to sustain;
The cruel stone with congregated war
Tearing his bloody way; the cold catarrh,
With frequent impulse, and continued strife,
Weakening the wasted seats of irksome life;
The gout's fierce rack, the burning fever's rage,
The sad experience of decay; and age,
Herself the sorest ill; while Death and ease,
Oft' and in vain invok'd or to appease
Or end the grief, with hasty wings recede
From the vext patient and the sickly bed.

Nought shall it profit, that the charming fair,
Angelic, softest work of Heaven, draws near
To the cold shaking paralytic hand,
Senseless of beauty's touch, or love's command;
Nor longer apt or able to fulfil
The dictates of its feeble master's will.
Nought shall the psaltry and the harp avail,
The pleasing song, or well-repeated tale,
When the quick spirits their warm march forbear,
And numbing coldness has unbrac'd the ear.

The verdant rising of the flowery hill,
The vale enamell'd, and the crystal rill,
The ocean rolling, and the shelly shore,
Beautiful objects, shall delight no more,
When the lax'd sinews of the weaken'd eye
In watery damps or dim suffusion lie.

Day follows night; the clouds return again
After the falling of the latter rain;
But to the aged-blind shall ne'er return
Grateful vicissitude: he still must mourn
The Sun, and Moon, and every starry light,
Eclips'd to him, and lost in everlasting night.
Behold where Age's wretched victim lies,
See his head trembling, and his half-clos'd eyes;
Frequent for breath his panting bosom heaves;
To broken sleep his remnant sense he gives,
And only by his pains, awaking, finds he lives.
Loos'd by devouring Time, the silver cord
Dissever'd lies; unhonour'd from the board
The crystal urn, when broken, is thrown by,
And apter utensils their place supply.
These things and thou must share one equal lot,
Die and be lost, corrupt and be forgot;
While still another and another race
Shall now supply, and now give up the place;
From earth all came, to earth must all return,
Frail as the cord, and brittle as the urn.
But be the terrour of these ills suppress'd,
And view we man with health and vigour blest,
Home he returns with the declining Sun,
His destin'd task of labour hardly done;
Goes forth again with the ascending ray,
Again his travel for his bread to pay,
And find the ill sufficient to the day.
Haply at night he does with horrour shun
A widow'd daughter or a dying son;
His neighbour's offspring he to morrow sees,
And doubly feels his want in their increase;
The next day, and the next, he must attend
His foe triumphant, or his buried friend.
In every act and turn of life he feels
Public calamities, or household ills;
The due reward to just desert refus'd,
The trust betray'd, the nuptial bed abus'd;
The judge corrupt, the long-depending cause,
And doubtful issue of misconstrued laws;
The crafty turns of a dishonest state,
And violent will of the wrong-doing great;
The venom'd tongue, injurious to his fame,
Which nor can wisdom shun, nor fair advice reclaim.
Esteem we these, my friends, event and chance,
Produc'd as atoms from the fluttering dance?
Or higher yet their essence may we draw
From destin'd order and eternal law?
Again, my Muse, the cruel doubt repeat:
Spring they, I say, from accident or Fate?
Yet such we find they are as can control
The servile actions of our wavering soul:
Can fright, can alter, or can chain, the will;
Their ills all built on life, that fundamental ill.
O fatal search! in which the labouring mind,
Still press'd with weight of woe, still hopes to find
A shadow of delight, a dream of peace,
From years of pain one moment of release;
Hoping at least she may herself deceive,
Against experience willing to believe,
Desirous to rejoice, condemn'd to grieve.
Happy the mortal man, who now at last
Has through this doleful vale of misery past,
Who to his destin'd stage has carry'd on
The tedious load, and laid his burthen down;
Whom the cut brass, or wounded marble, shows
Victor o'er Life, and all her train of woes.
He, happier yet, who, privileg'd by Fate
To shorter labour and a lighter weight,
Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath,
Order'd to morrow to return to death.
But O! beyond description happiest he,
Who ne'er must roll on life's tumultuous sea;
Who, with bless'd freedom, from the general doom
Exempt, must never force the teeming womb,
Nor see the Sun, nor sink into the tomb!
Who breathes, must suffer; and who thinks, must mourn;
And he alone is bless'd, who ne'er was born.
"Yet in thy turn, thou frowning preacher,
Are not these general maxims too severe? [hear:
Say: cannot power secure its owner's bliss?
And is not wealth the potent sire of peace?
Are victors bless'd with fame, or kings with ease?"
I tell thee, life is but one common care,
And man was born to suffer, and to fear.
"But is no rank, no station, no degree,
From this contagious taint of sorrow free?"
None, mortal! none. Yet in a bolder strain
Let me this melancholy truth maintain.
But hence, ye worldly and prophane, retire;
For I adapt my voice, and raise my lyre,
To notions not by vulgar ear receiv'd:
Yet still must covet life, and be deceiv'd;
Your very fear of death shall make you try
To catch the shade of immortality;
Wishing on Earth to linger, and to save
Part of its prey from the devouring grave;
To those who may survive you to bequeath
Something entire, in spite of Time and Death;
A fancy'd kind of being to retrieve,
And in a book, or from a building, live.
False hope! vain labour! let some ages fly,
The dome shall moulder, and the volume die:
Wretches, still taught, still will ye think it strange,
That all the parts of this great fabric change,
Quit their old station, and primeval frame,
And lose their shape, their essence, and their name?
Reduce the song: our hopes, our joys, are vain;
Our lot is sorrow, and our portion pain.
What pause from woe, what hopes of comfort bring
The name of wise or great, of judge or king?
What is a king?—a man condemn'd to bear
The public burthen of the nation's care;
Now crown'd some angry faction to appease;
Now falls a victim to the people's ease;
From the first blooming of his ill-taught youth,
Nourish'd in flattery, and estrang'd from truth;
At home surrounded by a servile crowd,
Prompt to abuse, and in detraction loud;
Abroad begirt with men, and swords, and spears,
His very state acknowledging his fears;
Marching amidst a thousand guards, he shows
His secret terrour of a thousand foes:
In war, however prudent, great, or brave,
To blind events and fickle chance a slave;
Seeking to settle what for ever flies,
Sure of the toil, uncertain of the prize.
But he returns with conquest on his brow,
Brings up the triumph, and absolves the vow:
The captive generals to his car were ty'd;
The joyful citizens tumultuous tide,
Echoing his glory, gratify his pride.
What is this triumph? madness, shouts, and noise,
One great collection of the people's voice.
The wretches he brings back in chains relate
What may to morrow be the victor's fate;

The spoils and trophies, borne before him, show
National loss, and epidemic woe,
Various distress, which he and his may know.
Does he not mourn the valiant thousands slain,
The heroes, once the glory of the plain,
Left in the conflict of the fatal day,
Or the wolf's portion, or the vulture's prey?
Does he not weep the laurel which he wears,
Wet with the soldier's blood, and widow's tears?
See, where he comes, the darling of the war!
See millions crowding round the gilded car!
In the vast joys of this ecstatic hour,
And full fruition of successful power,
One moment and one thought might let him scan
The various turns of life, and fickle state of man.
Are the dire images of sad distrust,
And popular change, obscur'd amid the dust
That rises from the victor's rapid wheel?
Can the loud clarion or shrill fife repel
The inward cries of care? can Nature's voice,
Plaintive, be drown'd or lessen'd in the noise;
Though shouts of thunder loud afflict the air,
Stun the birds, now releas'd, and shake the ivory
chair? [crowd,
"Yon crowd," he might reflect, "yon joyful
Pleas'd with my honours, in my praises loud,
(Should fleeting Victory to the vanquish'd go,
Should she depress my arms, and raise the foe)
Would for that foe with equal ardour wait
At the high palace, or the crowded gate;
With restless rage would pull my statues down,
And cast the brass anew to his renown.
"O impotent desire of worldly sway!
That I, who make the triumph of to day,
May of to morrow's pomp one part appear,
Ghastly with wounds, and lifeless on the bier!
Then (vileness of mankind!) then of all these,
Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,
Would one, alas! repeat me good, or great,
Wash my pale body, or bewail my fate?
Or, march'd I chain'd behind the hostile car,
The victor's pastime, and the sport of war,
Would one, would one his pitying sorrow lend,
Or be so poor, to own he was my friend?"
Avails it then, O Reason, to be wise?
To see this cruel scene with quicker eyes?
To know with more distinction to complain,
And have superior sense in feeling pain?
Let us revolve that roll with strictest eye,
Where, safe from Time, distinguish'd actions lie;
And judge if greatness be exempt from pain,
Or pleasure ever may with power remain.
Adam, great type, for whom the world was made,
The fairest blessing to his arms convey'd,
A charming wife; and air, and sea, and land,
And all that move therein, to his command
Render'd obedient: say, my pensive Muse,
What did these golden promises produce?
Scarce tasting life, he was of joy bereav'd:
One day, I think, in Paradise he liv'd;
Destin'd the next his journey to pursue,
Where wounding thorns and cursed thistles grew.
Ere yet he earns his bread, a-down his brow,
Inclin'd to earth, his labouring sweat must flow;
His limbs must ake, with daily toils oppress'd,
Ere long-wish'd night brings necessary rest.
Still viewing, with regret, his darling Eve,
He for her follies and his own must grieve;
Bewailing still afresh their hapless choice;
His ear oft frighted with the imag'd voice
Of Heaven, when first it thunder'd; oft his view
Aghast, as when the infant lightning flew,
And the stern cherub stopp'd the fatal road,
Arm'd with the flames of an avenging God.
His younger son on the polluted ground,
First-fruit of Death, lies plaintive of a wound
Given by a brother's hand: his eldest birth
Flies, mark'd by Heaven, a fugitive o'er Earth.
Yet why these sorrows heap'd upon the sire,
Becomes nor man, nor angel, to inquire.
Each age sinn'd on; and guilt advanc'd with
time:
The son still added to the father's crime;
Till God arose, and, great in anger, said,
"Lo! it repenteth me, that man was made!
Withdraw thy light, thou Sun! be dark, ye skies!
And from your deep abyss, ye waters, rise!"
The frighted angels heard th' Almighty Lord,
And o'er the Earth from wrathful vials pour'd
Tempests and storms, obedient to his word.
Mean time, his providence to Noah gave
The guard of all that he design'd to save.
Exempt from general doom the patriarch stood,
Contemn'd the waves, and triumph'd o'er the flood.
The winds fall silent, and the waves decrease,
The dove brings quiet, and the olive peace;
Yet still his heart does inward sorrow feel,
Which faith alone forbids him to reveal.
If on the backward world his views are cast,
'Tis death diffus'd, and universal waste:
Present, (sad prospect!) can he aught descry,
But (what affects his melancholy eye)
The beauties of the ancient fabric lost,
In chains of craggy hill, or lengths of dreary coast?
While, to high Heaven his pious breathings turn'd,
Weeping he hop'd, and sacrificing mourn'd;
When of God's image only eight he found
Snatch'd from the watery grave, and sav'd from
nations drown'd;
And of three sons, the future hopes of Earth,
The seed whence empires must receive their birth,
One he foresees excluded heavenly grace,
And mark'd with curses, fatal to his race!
Abraham, potent prince, the friend of God,
Of human ills must bear the destin'd load;
By blood and battles must his power maintain,
And slay the monarchs ere he rules the plain;
Must deal just portions of a servile life
To a proud handmaid and a peevish wife;
Must with the mother leave the weeping son,
In want to wander, and in wilds to groan;
Must take his other child, his age's hope,
To trembling Moriah's melancholy top,
Order'd to drench his knife in filial blood,
Destroy his heir, or disobey his God.
Moses beheld that God; but how beheld?
The Deity in radiant beams conceal'd,
And clouded in a deep abyss of light;
While present, too severe for human sight,
Nor staying longer than one swift-wing'd night.
The following days, and months, and years, decreed
To fierce encounter, and to toilsome deed.
His youth with wants and hardships must engage;
Plots and rebellions must disturb his age;
Some Corah still arose, some rebel slave,
Prompter to sink the state, than he to save:
And Israel did his rage so far provoke,
That what the Godhead wrote, the prophet broke.
His voice scarce heard, his dictates scarce believ'd,
In camps, in arms, in pilgrimage, he liv'd;

And dy'd obedient to severest law,
Forbid to tread the promis'd land he saw.
My father's life was one long line of care,
A scene of danger, and a state of war.
Alarm'd, expos'd, his childhood must engage
The bear's rough gripe, and foaming lion's rage.
By various turns his threaten'd youth must fear
Goliah's lifted sword, and Saul's emitted spear.
Forlorn he must and persecuted fly,
Climb the steep mountain, in the cavern lie,
And often ask, and be refus'd, to die.
For ever, from his manly toil, are known
The weight of power, and anguish of a crown.
What tongue can speak the restless monarch's woes,
When God and Nathan were declar'd his foes?
When every object his offence revil'd,
The husband murder'd, and the wife defil'd;
The parent's sins impress'd upon the dying child?
What heart can think the grief which he sustain'd,
When the king's crime brought vengeance on the land;
And the inexorable prophet's voice [choice
Gave famine, plague, or war, and bid him fix his
He dy'd; and, oh! may no reflection shed
Its poisonous venom on the royal dead!
Yet the unwilling truth must be express'd,
Which long has labour'd in this pensive breast:
Dying, he added to my weight of care;
He made me to his crimes undoubted heir;
Left his unfinish'd murder to his son,
And Joab's blood entail'd on Judah's crown.
Young as I was, I hasted to fulfil
The cruel dictates of my parent's will.
Of his fair deeds a distant view I took,
But turn'd the tube, upon his faults to look,
Forgot his youth, spent in his country's cause,
His care of right, his reverence to the laws;
But could with joy his years of folly trace,
Broken and old in Bathsheba's embrace;
Could follow him, where'er he stray'd from good,
And cite his sad example, whilst I trod
Paths open to deceit, and track'd with blood.
Soon docile to the secret acts of ill,
With smiles I could betray, with temper kill;
Soon in a brother could a rival view,
Watch all his acts, and all his ways pursue.
In vain for life he to the altar fled:
Ambition and revenge have certain speed.
Ev'n there, my soul, ev'n there he should have fell,
But that my interest did my rage conceal.
Doubling my crime, I promise, and deceive,
Purpose to slay, whilst swearing to forgive.
Treaties, persuasions, sighs, and tears, are vain;
With a mean lie curs'd vengeance I sustain,
Join fraud to force, and policy to power,
Till, of the destin'd fugitive secure,
In solemn state to parricide I rise,
And, as God lives, this day my brother dies.
Be witness to my tears, celestial Muse;
In vain I would forget, in vain excuse,
Fraternal blood by my direction spilt;
In vain on Joab's head transfer the guilt:
The deed was acted by the subject's hand;
The sword was pointed by the king's command.
Mine was the murder; it was mine alone:
Years of contrition must the crime atone;
Nor can my guilty soul expect relief,
But from a long sincerity of grief.
With an imperfect hand, and trembling heart,
Her love of truth superior to her art,
Already the reflecting Muse has trac'd
The mournful figures of my actions past.
The pensive goddess has already taught
How vain is hope, and how vexatious thought;
From growing childhood to declining age,
How tedious every step, how gloomy every stage.
This course of vanity almost complete,
Tir'd in the field of life, I hope retreat
In the still shades of Death: for dread and pain,
And griefs, will find their shafts clanc'd in vain,
And their points broke, retorted from the head,
Safe in the grave, and free among the dead.
Yet tell me, frighted Reason! what is death?
Blood only stopp'd, and interrupted breath;
The utmost limit of a narrow span,
And end of motion, which with life began.
As smoke that rises from the kindling fires
Is seen this moment, and the next expires;
As empty clouds by rising winds are tost,
Their fleeting forms scarce sooner found than lost;
So vanishes our state, so pass our days;
So life but opens now, and now decays:
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh,
To live, is scarce distinguish'd from to die.
Cure of the miser's wish, and coward's fear,
Death only shows us what we knew was near.
With courage, therefore, view the pointed hour,
Dread not Death's anger, but expect his power;
Nor Nature's law with fruitless sorrow mourn,
But die, O mortal man! for thou wast born.
Cautious thro' doubt, by want of courage wise,
To such advice the reasoner still replies.
Yet measuring all the long-continued space,
Every successive day's repeated race,
Since Time first started from his pristine goal,
Till he had reach'd that hour wherein my soul,
Join'd to my body, swell'd the womb; I was
(At least I think so) nothing: must I pass
Again to nothing, when this vital breath,
Ceasing, consigns me o'er to rest and death?
Must the whole man, amazing thought! return
To the cold marble, or contracted urn?
And never shall those particles agree,
That were in life this individual he?
But, sever'd, must they join the general mass,
Through other forms and shapes ordain'd to pass,
Nor thought nor image kept of what he was?
Does the great Word, that gave him sense, ordain
That life shall never wake that sense again?
And will no power his sinking spirits save
From the dark caves of Death, and chambers of the Grave?
Each evening I behold the setting Sun,
With downward speed, into the Ocean run:
Yet the same light (pass but some fleeting hours)
Exerts his vigour, and renews his powers;
Starts the bright race again: his constant flame
Rises and sets, returning still the same.
I mark the various fury of the winds;
These neither seasons guide, nor order binds;
They now dilate, and now contract their force;
Various their speed, but endless is their course.
From his first fountain and beginning ooze,
Down to the sea each brook and torrent flows:
Though sundry drops or leave or swell the stream,
The whole still runs, with equal pace, the same;
Still other waves supply the rising urns,
And the eternal flood no want of water mourns.
Why then must man obey the sad decree,
Which subjects neither sun, nor wind, nor sea?

A flower, that does with opening morn arise,
And, flourishing the day, at evening dies;
A winged eastern blast, just skimming o'er
The ocean's brow, and sinking on the shore;
A fire, whose flames through crackling stubble fly,
A meteor shooting from the summer sky;
A bowl adown the bending mountain roll'd;
A bubble breaking, and a fable told;
A noon-tide shadow, and a midnight dream;
Are emblems which, with semblance apt, proclaim
Our earthly course: but, O my soul! so fast
Must life run off, and death for ever last?
This dark opinion, sure, is too confin'd;
Else whence this hope, and terrour of the mind?
Does something still, and somewhere yet remain,
Reward or punishment, delight or pain?
Say: shall our relics second birth receive?
Sleep we to wake, and only die to live?
When the sad wife has clos'd her husband's eyes,
And pierc'd the echoing vault with doleful cries,
Lies the pale corpse not yet entirely dead,
The spirit only from the body fled;
The grosser part of heat and motion void,
To be by fire, or worm, or time, destroy'd;
The Soul, immortal substance, to remain,
Conscious of joy, and capable of pain?
And, if her acts have been directed well,
While with her friendly clay she deign'd to dwell,
Shall she with safety reach her pristine seat?
Find her rest endless, and her bliss complete?
And, while the bury'd man we idly mourn,
Do angels joy to see his better half return?
But, if she has deform'd this earthly life
With murderous rapine, and seditious strife,
Amaz'd, repuls'd, and by those angels driven
From the ethereal seat, and blissful Heaven,
In everlasting darkness must she lie,
Still more unhappy, that she cannot die?
Amid two seas, on one small point of land,
Weary'd, uncertain, and amaz'd, we stand:
On either side our thoughts incessant turn;
Forward we dread, and looking back we mourn;
Losing the present in this dubious haste,
And lost ourselves betwixt the future and the past.
These cruel doubts contending in my breast,
My reason staggering, and my hopes oppress'd,
"Once more," I said, "once more I will inquire,
What is this little, agile, pervious fire,
This fluttering motion, which we call the Mind?
How does she act? and where is she confin'd?
Have we the power to guide her as we please?
Whence then those evils, that obstruct our ease?
We happiness pursue; we fly from pain;
Yet the pursuit, and yet the flight, is vain:
And, while poor Nature labours to be blest,
By day with pleasure, and by night with rest,
Some stronger power eludes our sickly will,
Dashing our rising hope with certain ill;
And makes us, with reflective trouble, see
That all is destin'd, which we fancy free.
"That Power superiour then, which rules our mind,
Is his decree by human prayer inclin'd?
Will he for sacrifice our sorrows ease?
And can our tears reverse his firm decrees?
Then let Religion aid, where Reason fails;
Throw loads of incense in, to turn the scales;
And let the silent sanctuary show,
What from the babbling schools we may not know,
How man may shun or bear his destin'd part of woe.
"What shall amend, or what absolve, our fate?
Anxious we hover in a mediate state,
Betwixt infinity and nothing, bounds,
Or boundless terms, whose doubtful sense confounds.
Unequal thought! whilst all we apprehend
Is, that our hopes must rise, our sorrows end,
As our Creator deigns to be our friend"
I said;—and instant bad the priests prepare
The ritual sacrifice and solemn prayer.
Select from vulgar herds, with garlands gay,
A hundred bulls ascend the sacred way.
The artful youth proceed to form the choir;
They breathe the flute, or strike the vocal wire.
The maids in comely order next advance;
They beat the timbrel, and instruct the dance.
Follows the chosen tribe from Levi sprung,
Chanting, by just return, the holy song.
Along the choir in solemn state they past:
—The anxious king came last.
The sacred hymn perform'd, my promis'd vow
I paid; and, bowing at the altar low,
"Father of Heaven!" I said, "and Judge of Earth!
Whose word call'd out this universe to birth;
By whose kind power and influencing care
The various creatures move, and live, and are;
But, ceasing once that care, withdrawn that power,
They move (alas!) and live, and are no more:
Omniscient Master, omnipresent King,
To thee, to thee, my last distress I bring.
"Thou, that canst still the raging of the seas,
Chain up the winds, and bid the tempests cease!
Redeem my shipwreck'd soul from raging gusts
Of cruel passion and deceitful lusts:
From storms of rage, and dangerous rocks of pride,
Let thy strong hand this little vessel guide
(It was thy hand that made it) through the tide
Impetuous of this life: let thy command
Direct my course, and bring me safe to land!
"If, while this weary'd flesh draws fleeting breath,
Not satisfy'd with life, afraid of death,
It haply be thy will, that I should know
Glimpse of delight, or pause from anxious woe!
From Now, from instant Now, great Sire! dispel
The clouds that press my soul; from Now reveal
A gracious beam of light; from Now inspire
My tongue to sing, my hand to touch the lyre;
My open thought to joyous prospects raise,
And for thy mercy let me sing thy praise.
Or, if thy will ordains I still shall wait
Some new hereafter, and a future state,
Permit me strength, my weight of woe to bear,
And raise my mind superior to my care.
Let me, howe'er unable to explain
The secret labyrinths of thy ways to man,
With humble zeal confess thy awful power;
Still weeping hope, and wondering still adore.
So in my conquest be thy might declar'd,
And for thy justice be thy name rever'd."
My prayer scarce ended, a stupendous gloom
Darkens the air; loud thunder shakes the dome.
To the beginning miracle succeed
An awful silence and religious dread.
Sudden breaks forth a more than common day;
The sacred wood, which on the altar lay,
Untouch'd, unlighted, glows—
Ambrosial odour, such as never flows
From Arab's gum, or the Sabaean rose,

Does round the air evolving scents diffuse:
The holy ground is wet with heavenly dews:
Celestial music (such Jessides' lyre,
Such Miriam's timbrel, would in vain require)
Strikes to my thought through my admiring ear,
With ecstacy too fine, and pleasure hard to bear.
And lo! what sees my ravish'd eye? what feels
My wond'ring soul? An opening cloud reveals
An heavenly form, embody'd, and array'd
With robes of light. I heard. The angel said:
" Cease, man of woman born, to hope relief
From daily trouble and continued grief;
Thy hope of joy deliver to the wind,
Suppress thy passions, and prepare thy mind;
Free and familiar with misfortune grow,
Be us'd to sorrow, and inur'd to woe;
By weakening toil and hoary age o'ercome,
See thy decrease, and hasten to thy tomb;
Leave to thy children tumult, strife, and war,
Portions of toil, and legacies of care;
Send the successive ills through ages down,
And let each weeping father tell his son,
That deeper struck, and more distinctly griev'd,
He must augment the sorrows he receiv'd.
" The child, to whose success thy hope is bound,
Ere thou art scarce interr'd, or he is crown'd,
To lust of arbitary sway inclin'd
(That cursed poison to the prince's mind!)
Shall from thy dictates and his duty rove,
And lose his great defence, his people's love;
Ill-counsell'd, vanquish'd, fugitive, disgrac'd,
Shall mourn the fame of Jacob's strength effac'd;
Shall sigh the king diminish'd, and the crown
With lessen'd rays descending to his son;
Shall see the wreaths, his grandsire knew to reap
By active toil and military sweat,
Pining, incline their sickly leaves, and shed
Their falling honours from his giddy head;
By arms or prayer unable to assuage
Domestic horrour and intestine rage,
Shall from the victor and the vanquish'd fear,
From Israel's arrow, and from Judah's spear;
Shall cast his weary'd limbs on Jordan's flood,
By brother's arms disturb'd, and stain'd with kin-
dred-blood. [race,
" Hence labouring years shall weep their destin'd
Charg'd with ill omens, sully'd with disgrace.
Time, by necessity compell'd, shall go
Through scenes of war, and epochas of woe.
The empire, lessen'd in a parted stream,
Shall lose its course—
Indulge thy tears: the Heathen shall blaspheme;
Judah shall fall, oppress'd by grief and shame,
And men shall from her ruins know her fame.
" New Egypts yet and second bonds remain,
A harsher Pharaoh, and a heavier chain.
Again, obedient to a dire command,
Thy captive sons shall leave the promis'd land.
Their name more low, their servitude more vile,
Shall on Euphrates' bank renew the grief of Nile.
" These pointed spires, that wound the ambient
sky,
(Inglorious change!) shall in destruction lie
Low, levell'd with the dust; their heights un-
known,
Or measur'd by their ruin. Yonder throne,
For lasting glory built, design'd the seat
Of kings for ever blest, for ever great,
Remov'd by the invader's barbarous hand,
Shall grace his triumph in a foreign land.
The tyrant shall demand yon sacred load
Of gold, and vessels set apart to GOD,
Then, by vile hands to common use debas'd,
Shall send them flowing round his drunken feast,
With sacrilegious taunt, and impious jest.
" Twice fourteen ages shall their way com-
plete;
Empires by various turns shall rise and set;
While thy abandon'd tribes shall only know
A different master, and a change of woe,
With down-cast eye-lids, and with looks aghast,
Shall dread the future, or bewail the past.
" Afflicted Israel shall sit weeping down,
Fast by the stream where Babel's waters run;
Their harps upon the neighbouring willows hung,
Nor joyous hymn encouraging their tongue,
Nor cheerful dance their feet; with toil oppress'd,
Their weary'd limbs aspiring but to rest.
In the reflective stream the sighing bride,
Viewing her charms impair'd, abash'd, shall hide
Her pensive head; and in her languid face
The bridegroom shall foresee his sickly race,
While ponderous fetters vex their close embrace.
With irksome anguish then your priests shall
mourn
Their long-neglected feasts' despair'd return;
And sad oblivion of their solemn days.
Thenceforth their voices they shall only raise,
Louder to weep. By day, your frighted seers
Shall call for fountains to express their tears,
And wish their eyes were floods; by night, from
dreams
Of opening gulphs, black storms, and raging
flames,
Starting amaz'd, shall to the people show [woe.
Emblems of heavenly wrath, and mystic types of
" The captives, as their tyrant shall require
That they should breathe the song, and touch the
Shall say: Can Jacob's servile race rejoice, [lyre,
Untun'd the music, and disus'd the voice?
What can we play' (they shall discourse), 'how sing
In foreign lands, and to a barbarous king?
We and our fathers, from our childhood bred
To watch the cruel victor's eye, to dread
The arbitrary lash, to bend, to grieve,
(Out-cast of mortal race!) can we conceive
Image of aught delightful, soft, or gay?
Alas! when we have toil'd the longsome day,
The fullest bliss our hearts aspire to know
Is but some interval from active woe,
In broken rest and startling sleep to mourn,
Till morn, the tyrant, and the scourge, return.
Bred up in grief, can pleasure be our theme?
Our endless anguish does not Nature claim!
Reason and sorrow are to us the same.
Alas! with wild amazement we require,
If idle Folly was not Pleasure's fire?
Madness, we fancy, gave an ill-tim'd birth
To grinning Laughter, and to frantic Mirth.'
" This is the series of perpetual woe,
Which thou, alas! and thine, are born to know.
Illustrious wretch! repine not, nor reply:
View not what Heaven ordains with Reason's eye.
Too bright the object is; the distance is too high.
The man, who would resolve the work of Fate,
May limit number, and make crooked straight:
Stop thy inquiry then, and curb thy sense,
Nor let dust argue with Omnipotence.
'Tis GOD who must dispose, and man sustain,
Born to endure, forbidden to complain.

Thy sum of life must his decrees fulfil;
What derogates from his command, is ill;
And that alone is good which centres in his will
" Yet, that thy labouring senses may not droop,
Lost to delight, and destitute of hope,
Remark what I, God's messenger, aver
From him, who neither can deceive nor err.
The land, at length redeem'd, shall cease to mourn,
Shall from her sad captivity return.
Sion shall raise her long-dejected head,
And in her courts the law again be read.
Again the glorious temple shall arise,
And with new lustre pierce the neighbouring skies.
The promis'd seat of empire shall again
Cover the mountain, and command the plain;
And, from thy race distinguish'd, one shall spring,
Greater in act than victor, more than king
In dignity and power, sent down from heaven,
To succour Earth. To him, To him, 'tis given,
Passion, and care, and anguish, to destroy.
Through him, soft peace, and plenitude of joy,
Perpetual o'er the world redeem'd shall flow;
No more may man inquire, nor angel know.
" Now, Solomon! remembering who thou art,
Act through thy remnant life the decent part.
Go forth: be strong: with patience and with care
Perform, and suffer: to thyself severe,
Gracious to others, thy desires suppress'd,
Diffus'd thy virtues; first of men! be best.
Thy sum of duty let two words contain;
(O may they graven in thy heart remain!)
Be humble, and be just." The angel said.—
With upward speed his agile wings he spread;
Whilst on the holy ground I prostrate lay,
By various doubts impell'd, or to obey,
Or to object: at length (my mournful look
Heaven-ward erect) determin'd, thus I spoke:
" Supreme, all-wise, eternal Potentate!
Sole Author, sole Disposer of our fate!
Enthron'd in light and immortality,
Whom no man fully sees, and none can see!
Original of beings! Power divine!
Since that I live, and that I think, is thine!—
Benign Creator! let thy plastic hand
Dispose its own effect; let thy command
Restore, Great Father! thy instructed son;
And in my act may thy great will be done!"

ENGRAVEN ON

THREE SIDES OF AN ANTIQUE LAMP,

GIVEN BY ME TO LORD HARLEY.

Antiquam hanc Lampadem
è Musco Colbertino allatam,
Domino Harleo inter Κειμήλια sua
Reponendam D. D. Matthæus Prior.

This Lamp, which Prior to his Harley gave,
Brought from the altar of the Cyprian Dame,
Indulgent Time, through future ages save,
Before the Muse to burn with purer flame!

Sperne dilectum Veneris sacellum,
Sanctius, Lampas, tibi munus orno;
I, fove casto vigil Harleianas
Igne Camœnas

THE

TURTLE AND SPARROW.

AN ELEGIAC TALE,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF PRINCE GEORGE,

1708.

Behind an unfrequented glade,
Where yew and myrtle mix their shade,
A widow Turtle pensive sat,
And wept her murder'd lover's fate.
The Sparrow chanc'd that way to walk,
(A bird that loves to chirp and talk;)
Be sure he did the Turtle greet;
She answer'd him as she thought meet.
Sparrows and turtles, by the bye,
Can think as well as you or I:
But how they did their thoughts express,
The margin shows by T and S.

T. My hopes are lost, my joys are fled;
Alas! I weep Columbo dead:
Come, all ye winged lovers, come,
Drop pinks and daisies on his tomb:
Sing, Philomel, his funeral verse;
Ye pious Redbreasts, deck his hearse:
Fair Swans, extend your dying throats,
Columbo's death requires your notes:
" For him, my friends, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

Stretch'd on the bier Columbo lies;
Pale are his cheeks, and clos'd his eyes;
Those cheeks, where Beauty smiling lay;
Those eyes, where Love was us'd to play.
Ah! cruel Fate, alas! how soon
That beauty and those joys are flown!
Columbo is no more: ye Floods,
Bear the sad sound to distant woods:
The sound let Echo's voice restore,
And say, " Columbo is no more."
" Ye floods, ye woods, ye echoes, moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

The Dryads all forsook the wood,
And mournful Naïads, round me stood,
The tripping Fawns and Fairies came,
All conscious of our mutual flame,
" To sigh for him, with me to moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

Venus disdain'd not to appear,
To lend my grief a friendly ear;
But what avails her kindness now?
She ne'er shall hear my second vow:
The Loves, that round their mother flew,
Did in her face her sorrows view,
Their drooping wings they pensive hung,
Their arrows broke, their bows unstrung;
They heard attentive what I said,
And wept, with me, Columbo dead:
" For him I sigh, for him I moan,
My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

" 'Tis ours to weep," great Venus said;
" 'Tis Jove's alone to be obey'd:
Nor birds nor goddesses can move
The just behests of fatal Jove.
I saw thy mate with sad regret,
And curs'd the fowler's cruel net:
Ah, dear Columbo! how he fell,
Whom Turturella lov'd so well!

I saw him bleeding on the ground,
The sight tore up my ancient wound;
And, whilst you wept, 'Alas!' I cry'd,
'Columbo and Adonis dy'd."
"Weep, all ye streams; ye mountains, groan;
I mourn Columbo, dead and gone;
Still let my tender grief complain,
Nor day nor night that grief restrain:"
I said, and Venus still reply'd,
"Columbo and Adonis dy'd."

S. Poor Turturella! hard thy case,
And just thy tears, alas, alas!

T. And hast thou lov'd, and canst thou hear,
With piteous heart, a lover's care?
Come, then, with me thy sorrows join,
And ease my woes by telling thine:
"For thou, poor bird, perhaps may'st moan
Some Passerella dead and gone."

S. Dame Turtle, this runs soft in rhyme,
But neither suits the place nor time;
The fowler's hand, whose cruel care
For dear Columbo set the snare,
The snare again for thee may set;
Two birds may perish in one net:
Thou should'st avoid this cruel field,
And sorrow should to prudence yield.
'Tis sad to die!—

T. — It may be so;
'Tis sadder yet to live in woe.

S. When widows use this canting strain,
They seem resolv'd to wed again.

T. When widowers would this truth disprove,
They never tasted real love.

S. Love is soft joy and gentle strife,
His efforts all depend on life:
When he has thrown two golden darts,
And struck the lovers' mutual hearts,
Of his black shafts let Death send one,
Alas! the pleasing game is done;
Ill is the poor survivor sped,
A corpse feels mighty cold in bed.
Venus said right—"Nor tears can move,
Nor plaints revoke the will of Jove."
All must obey the general doom,
Down from Alcides to Tom Thumb.
Grim Pluto will not be withstood
By force or craft. Tall Robinhood,
As well as Little John, is dead,
(You see how deeply I am read:)
With Fate's lean tipstaff none can dodge,
He'll find you out where'er you lodge.
Ajax, to shun his general power,
In vain absconded in a flower;
An idle scene Tythonus acted,
When to a grasshopper contracted;
Death struck them in those shapes again,
As once he did when they were men.
For reptiles perish, plants decay;
Flesh is but grass, grass turns to hay,
And hay to dung, and dung to clay.
Thus heads, extremely nice, discover
That folks may die some ten times over;
But oft, by too refin'd a touch,
To prove things plain, they prove too much.
Whate'er Pythagoras may say,
(For each, you know, will have his way)
With great submission I pronounce,
That people die no more than once:
But once is sure; and death is common
To bird and man, including woman;
From the spread eagle to the wren,
Alas! no mortal fowl knows when;
All that wear feathers, first or last,
Must one day perch on Charon's mast;
Must lie beneath the cypress shade,
Where Strada's nightingale was laid,
Those fowl who seem alive to sit,
Assembled by Dan Chaucer's wit,
In prose have slept three hundred years,
Exempt from worldly hopes and fears,
And, laid in state upon their hearse,
Are truly but embalm'd in verse.
As sure as Lesbia's Sparrow I,
Thou, sure as Prior's Dove, must die,
And ne'er again from Lethe's streams
Return to Adige, or to Thames.

T. I therefore weep Columbo dead,
My hopes bereav'd, my pleasures fled;
"I therefore must for ever moan
My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

S. Columbo never sees your tears,
Your cries Columbo never hears;
A wall of brass, and one of lead,
Divide the living from the dead.
Repell'd by this, the gather'd rain
Of tears beats back to earth again;
In t'other the collected sound
Of groans, when once receiv'd, is drown'd.
'Tis therefore vain one hour to grieve
What Time itself can ne'er retrieve.
By nature soft, I know a Dove
Can never live without her love;
Then quit this flame, and light another;
Dame, I advise you like a brother.

T. What, *I* to make a second choice!
In other nuptials to rejoice!

S. Why not, my bird?—

T. — No, Sparrow, no!
Let me indulge my pleasing woe:
Thus sighing, cooing, ease my pain,
But never wish, nor love, again:
Distress'd, for ever let me moan
"My dear Columbo, dead and gone."

S. Our winged friends through all the grove
Contemn the mad excess of love:
I tell thee, Dame, the other day
I met a Parrot and a Jay,
Who mock'd thee in their mimic tone,
And "wept Columbo, dead and gone."

T. Whate'er the Jay or Parrot said,
My hopes are lost, my joys are fled,
And I for ever must deplore
"Columbo dead and gone."—S. *Encore!*
For shame! forsake this Bion-style,
We'll talk an hour, and walk a mile,
Does it with sense or health agree,
To sit thus moping on a tree?
To throw away a widow's life,
When you again may be a wife?
Come on; I'll tell you my amours;
Who knows but they may influence yours?
"Example draws where precept fails,
And sermons are less read than tales."

T. Sparrow, I take thee for my friend,
As such will hear thee: I descend;
Hop on, and talk; but, honest bird,
Take care that no immodest word
May venture to offend my ear.

S. Too saint-like Turtle, never fear,

By method things are best discours'd,
Begin we then with wife the *first*:
A handsome, senseless, awkward fool,
Who would not yield, and could not rule:
Her actions did her charms disgrace,
And still her tongue talk'd of her face:
Count me the leaves on yonder tree,
So many different wills had she,
And, like the leaves, as chance inclin'd,
Those wills were chang'd with every wind:
She courted the *beau-monde* to night,
L'assemblee, her supreme delight;
The next she sat immur'd, unseen,
And in full health enjoy'd the spleen;
She censur'd *that*, she alter'd *this*,
And with great care set all amiss;
She now could chide, now laugh, now cry,
Now sing, now pout, all *God knows why*:.
Short was her reign, she cough'd, and dy'd.
Proceed we to my *second* bride:
Well-born she was, genteelly bred,
And buxom both at board and bed;
Glad to oblige, and pleas'd to please,
And, as Tom Southern wisely says,
"No other fault had she in life,
But only that she was my wife[1]."
O widow Turtle! every she
(So Nature's pleasure does agree)
Appears a goddess till enjoy'd;
But birds, and men, and gods, are cloy'd.
Was Hercules one woman's man?
Or Jove for ever Leda's swan?
Ah! madam, cease to be mistaken,
Few marry'd fowl peck Dunmow-bacon.
Variety alone gives joy,
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.
What Sparrow-dame, what Dove alive,
Though Venus should the chariot drive,
But would accuse the harness weight,
If always coupled to *one* mate;
And often wish the fetter broke?
'Tis freedom but to change the yoke.

T. Impious! to wish to wed again,
Ere Death dissolv'd the former chain!

S. Spare your remark, and hear the rest;
She brought me sons; but (Jove be blest!)
She dy'd in child-bed on the nest.
"Well, rest her bones!" quoth I, "she's gone;
But must I therefore lie alone?
What! am I to her memory ty'd?
Must I not live, because she dy'd?"
And thus I logically said,
('Tis good to have a reasoning head!)
"Is this my wife? *Probatur* not;
For Death dissolv'd the marriage-knot:
She was, *concedo*, during life;
But, is a piece of *clay* a wife?"
Again; "if not a wife, d' ye see,
Why then no kin at all to me:
And he, who general tears can shed
For folks that happen to be dead,
May e'en with equal justice mourn
For those who never yet were born."

T. Those points, indeed, you quaintly prove,
But Logic is no friend to Love.

S. My children then were just pen-feather'd;
Some little cord for them I gather'd,
And sent them to my spouse's mother;
So left that brood, to get another:
And, as old Harry whilom said,
Reflecting on Anne Boleyn dead;
"Cockshoues! I now again do stand
The jolliest bachelor i' the land."

T. Ah me! my joys, my hopes, are fled;
My *first*, my *only love*, is dead!
With endless grief let me bemoan
Columbo's loss!—

S. — Let me go on.
As yet my fortune was but narrow,
I woo'd my cousin Philly Sparrow,
O' th' elder house of Chirping End,
From whence the younger branch descend.
Well seated in a field of pease
She liv'd, extremely at her ease;
But, when the honey-moon was past,
The following nights were soon o'ercast;
She kept her own, could plead the law,
And quarrel for a barley-straw:
Both, you may judge, became less kind,
As more we knew each other's mind:
She soon grew sullen, I hard-hearted;
We scolded, hated, fought, and parted.
To London, blessed town! I went;
She boarded at a farm in Kent.
A Magpye from the country fled,
And kindly told me she was dead:
I prun'd my feathers, cock'd my tail,
And set my heart again to sale.

My *fourth*, a mere coquette, or such
I thought her; nor avails it much,
If true or false; our troubles spring
More from the fancy than the thing.
"Two staring horns," I often said,
"But ill become a Sparrow's head;"
But then, to set that balance even,
Your cuckold Sparrow goes to Heaven.
The thing you fear, suppose it done,
If you inquire, you make it known.
Whilst at the root your horns are sore,
The more you scratch, they ache the more.
But turn the tables, and reflect,
All may not be that you suspect:
By the Mind's eye, the horns we mean
Are only in ideas seen;
'Tis from the inside of the head
Their branches shoot, their antlers spread;
Fruitful suspicions often bear 'em,
You feel them from the time you fear 'em.
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" that echoed word
Offends the ear of vulgar bird;
But those of finer taste have found
There's nothing in't beside the sound.
Preferment always waits on horns,
And household peace the gift adorns;
This way, or that, let factions tend,
The spark is still the cuckold's friend:
This way, or that, let madam roam,
Well pleas'd and quiet she comes home.
Now weigh the pleasure with the pain,
The *plus* and *minus*, loss and gain,
And what La Fontaine laughing says,
Is serious truth, in such a case;
"Who slights the evil finds it least,
And who does nothing, does the best."
I never strove to rule the roast,
She ne'er refus'd to pledge my toast:

[1] See the Wife's Excuse, a comedy.

In visits if we chanc'd to meet,
I seem'd obliging, she discreet;
We neither much caress'd nor strove,
But good dissembling pass'd for love.
T. Whate'er of light our eye may know,
'Tis only light itself can show;
Whate'er of love our heart can feel,
'Tis mutual love alone can tell.
S. My pretty, amorous, foolish bird,
A moment's patience! in one word,
The three kind sisters broke the chain;
She dy'd, I mourn'd, and woo'd again.
T. Let me with juster grief deplore
My dear Columbo, now no more;
Let me with constant tears bewail—
S. Your sorrow does but spoil my tale.
My *fifth*, she prov'd a jealous wife,
Lord shield us all from such a life!
'Twas doubt, complaint, reply, chit-chat,
'Twas *this*, to day; to morrow, *that*.
Sometimes, forsooth, upon the brook
I kept a miss; an honest Rook
Told it a Snipe, who told a Steer,
Who told it *those*, who told it *her*.
One day a Linnet and a Lark
Had met me strolling in the dark;
The next a Woodcock and an Owl,
Quick-sighted, grave, and sober fowl,
Would on their corporal oath allege,
I kiss'd a Hen behind the hedge.
Well, madam Turtle, to be brief,
(Repeating but renews our grief)
As once she watch'd me from a rail,
(Poor soul!) her footing chanc'd to fail,
And down she fell, and broke her hip;
The *fever* came, and then the *pip*:
Death did the only cure apply,
She was at quiet, so was I.
T. Could Love unmov'd these changes view?
His sorrows, as his joys, are true.
S. My dearest Dove, one wise man says,
Alluding to our present case,
"We're here to day, and gone to morrow!"
Then what avails superfluous sorrow?
Another, full as wise as he,
Adds, that "a marry'd man may see
Two happy hours;" and which are they?
The *first* and *last*, perhaps you'll say.
'Tis true, when blithe she goes to bed,
And when she peaceably lies dead;
"Women 'twixt sheets are best," 'tis said,
Be they of holland, or of lead.
Now, cur'd of Hymen's hopes and fears,
And sliding down the vale of years,
I hop'd to fix my future rest,
And took a widow to my nest.
(Ah, Turtle! had she been like thee,
Sober, yet gentle; wise, yet free!)
But she was peevish, noisy, bold,
A witch ingrafted on a scold.
Jove in Pandora's box confin'd
A hundred ills, to vex mankind;
To vex one bird, in her bandore
He had at least a hundred more.
And, soon as Time that veil withdrew,
The plagues o'er all the parish flew;
Her stock of borrow'd tears grew dry,
And native tempests arm'd her eye;
Black clouds around her forehead hung,
And thunder rattled on her tongue.
We, young or old, or Cock or Hen,
All liv'd in Æolus's den;
The nearest her, the more accurst,
Ill far'd her friends, her husband worst.
But Jove, amidst his anger, spares,
Remarks our faults, but hears our prayers.
In short, she dy'd. "Why then she's dead,"
Quoth I, "and once again I'll wed."
Would Heaven this mourning year were past!
One may have better luck at last.
Matters at worst are sure to mend,
The Devil's wife was but a fiend.
T. Thy tale has rais'd a Turtle's spleen,
Uxorious inmate! bird obscene!
Dar'st thou defile these sacred groves,
These silent seats of faithful loves?
Begone, with flagging wings sit down
On some old pent-house near the town;
In brewers' stables peck thy grain,
Then wash it down with puddled rain;
And hear thy dirty offspring squall
From bottles on a suburb wall.
Where thou hast been, return again,
Vile bird! thou hast convers'd with men;
Notions like these from men are given,
Those vilest creatures under Heaven.
To cities and to courts repair;
Flattery and Falsehood flourish there;
There all thy wretched arts employ,
Where Riches triumph over Joy;
Where Passion does with Interest barter,
And Hymen holds by Mammon's charter;
Where Truth by point of Law is parry'd,
And knaves and prudes are six times marry'd.

APPLICATION,

WRITTEN LONG AFTER THE TALE.

O DEAREST daughter of two dearest friends[2],
To thee my Muse this little tale commends.
Loving and lov'd, regard thy future mate,
Long love his person, though deplore his fate;
Seem young when old in thy dear husband's arms,
For constant virtue has immortal charms.
And when I lie low sepulchred in earth,
And the glad year returns thy day of birth,
Vouchsafe to say, "Ere I could write or spell,
The bard, who from my cradle wish'd me well,
Told me I should the prating Sparrow blame,
And bade me imitate the Turtle's flame."

DOWN-HALL:

A BALLAD,

TO THE TUNE OF

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY,

1715.

I SING not old Jason, who travell'd through *Greece*,
To kiss the fair maids, and possess the rich fleece;
Nor sing I Æneas, who, led by his mother,
Got rid of one wife, and went far for another.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

[2] Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, daughter of Edward earl of Oxford, and afterwards dutchess of Portland.

Nor him who through Asia and Europe did roam,
Ulysses by name, who ne'er cry'd to go home,
But rather desir'd to see cities and men,
Than return to his farms, and converse with old Pen.

Hang Homer and Virgil! their meaning to seek,
A man must have pok'd into Latin and Greek;
Those who love their own tongue, we have reason to hope,
Have read them translated by Dryden and Pope.

But I sing of exploits that have lately been done
By two British heroes, call'd Matthew and John[1]:
And how they rid friendly from fine London town,
Fair Essex to see, and a place they call Down.

Now ere they went out you may rightly suppose
How much they discours'd both in prudence and prose;
For, before this great journey was throughly concerted,
Full often they met, and as often they parted.

And thus Matthew said, "Look you here, my friend John,
I fairly have travell'd years thirty and one;
And, though I still carry'd my sovereign's warrants,
I only have gone upon other folk's errands.

"And now in this journey of life I would have
A place where to bait, 'twixt the court and the grave;
Where joyful to live, not unwilling to die—"
"Gadzooks! I have just such a place in my eye.

"There are gardens so stately, and arbours so thick,
A portal of stone, and a fabric of brick:
The matter next week shall be all in your power;
But the money, gadzooks! must be paid in an hour.

"For things in this world must by law be made certain:
We both must repair unto Oliver Martin;
For he is a lawyer of worthy renown,
I'll bring you to see: he must fix you at Down."

Quoth Matthew, "I know, that, from Berwick to Dover,
You've sold all our premises over and over:
And now, if your buyers and sellers agree,
You may throw all our acres into the South Sea.

"But a word to the purpose: to morrow, dear friend,
We'll see what to night you so highly commend;
And, if with a garden and house I am blest,
Let the Devil and Coningsby go with the rest."

Then answered 'squire Morley. "Pray get a calash, [splash;
That in summer may burn, and in winter may
I love dirt and dust; and 'tis always my pleasure,
To take with me much of the soil that I measure."

But Matthew thought better; for Matthew thought right,
And hired a chariot so trim and so tight,
That extremes both of winter and summer might pass:
For one window was canvas, the other was glass.

"Draw up," quoth friend Matthew; "pull down," quoth friend John,
"We shall be both hotter and colder anon."
Thus, talking and scolding, they forward did speed;
And Ralpho pac'd by, under Newman the Swede.

Into an old inn did this equipage roll,
At a town they call Hodson, the sign of the Bull,
Near a nymph with an urn that divides the high-way,
And into a puddle throws mother of tea.

"Come here, my sweet landlady, pray how d'ye do?
Where is Cicily so cleanly, and Prudence, and Sue?
And where is the widow that dwelt here below?
And the hostler that sung about eight years ago?

"And where is your sister, so mild and so dear?
Whose voice to her maids like a trumpet was clear?"— [I think:
"By my troth!" she replies, "you grow younger,
And pray, sir, what wine does the gentleman drink?

"Why now let me die, sir, or live upon trust,
If I know to which question to answer you first:
Why things, since I saw you, most strangely have vary'd,
The hostler is hang'd, and the widow is marry'd.

"And Prue left a child for the parish to nurse;
And Cicily went off with a gentleman's purse;
And as to my sister, so mild and so dear,
She has lain in the church-yard full many a year."

"Well, peace to her ashes! what signifies grief?
She roasted red veal, and she powder'd lean beef;
Full nicely she knew to cook up a fine dish;
For tough were her pullets, and tender her fish."

"For that matter, sir, be you 'squire, knight, or lord,
I'll give you whate'er a good inn can afford:
I should look on myself as unhappily sped,
Did I yield to a sister, or living, or dead.

"Of mutton a delicate neck and a breast
Shall swim in the water in which they were dress'd;
And, because you great folks are with rarities taken, [bacon."
Addle-eggs shall be next course, tost up with rank

Then supper was serv'd, and the sheets they were laid,
And Morley most lovingly whisper'd the maid.
The maid! was she handsome? why truly so-so:
But what Morley whisper'd we never shall know.

Then up rose these heroes as brisk as the Sun,
And their horses, like his, were prepared to run.
Now when in the morning Matt ask'd for the score,
John kindly had paid it the evening before.

Their breakfast so warm to be sure they did eat,
A custom in travellers mighty discreet;
And thus with great friendship and glee they went on,
To find out the place you shall hear of anon, [down.
Call'd Down, down, hey derry down.

But what did they talk of from morning to noon?
Why of spots in the Sun, and the man in the Moon;
Of the Czar's gentle temper, the stocks in the city,
The wise men of Greece, and the secret committee

[1] Mr. Prior, and Mr. John Morley of Halstead.

So to Harlow they came; and, "Hey! where are you all!
Show us into the parlour, and mind when I call:
Why your maids have no motion, your men have no life;
Well master, I hear you have bury'd your wife.

"Come this very instant, take care to provide
Tea, sugar, and toast, and a horse and a guide.
Are the Harrisons here, both the old and the young? [song?"
And where stands fair Down, the delight of my

"O 'squire, to the grief of my heart I may say,
I have bury'd two wives since you travell'd this way;
And the Harrisons both may be presently here;
And Down stands, I think, where it stood the last year."

Then Joan brought the tea-pot, and Caleb the toast, [host:
And the wine was froth'd out by the hand of mine
But we clear'd our extempore banquet so fast,
That the Harrisons both were forgot in the haste.

Now hey for Down-hall! for the guide he was got;
The chariot was mounted; the horses did trot;
The guide he did bring us a dozen miles round,
But, oh! all in vain, for no Down could be found.

"O thou popish guide, thou hast led us astray."—
Says he, "How the Devil should I know the way?
I never yet travell'd this road in my life:
But Down lies on the left, I was told by my wife."

"Thy wife," answer'd Matthew, "when she went abroad,
Ne'er told thee of half the by-ways she had trod:
Perhaps she met friends, and brought pence to thy house,
But thou shalt go home without ever a sous.

"What is this thing, Morley, and how can you mean it? [it."—
We have lost our estate here, before we have seen
"Have patience," soft Morley, in anger reply'd:
"To find out our way, let us send off our guide.

"O here I spy Down: cast your eye to the west, [fest."—
Where a windmill so stately stands plainly con-
"On the west," reply'd Matthew, "no windmill I find:
As well thou may'st tell me, I see the west-wind.

"Now, pardon me, Morley, the wind-mill I spy,
But, faithful Achates, no house is there nigh."—
"Look again," says mild Morley; "gadzooks! you are blind:
The mill stands before, and the house lies behind."

"O, now a low ruin'd white shed I discern,
Until'd and unglaz'd; I believe 'tis a barn."—
"A barn! why you rave: 'tis a house for a 'squire,
A justice of peace, or a knight of our shire."

"A house should be built, or with brick, or with stone."— [one;
"Why 'tis plaster and lath; and I think that's all
And such as it is, it has stood with great fame,
Been called a Hall, and has given its name
To Down, down, hey derry down."

"O Morley! O Morley! if that be a hall,
The fame with the building will suddenly fall—
With your friend Jemmy Gibbs about buildings agree;
My business is land, and it matters not me."

"I wish you could tell what a duce your head ails: [sailles?
I show'd you Down-Hall; did you look for Ver-
Then take house and farm as John Ballet will let you,
For better for worse, as I took my Dame Betty.

"And now, sir, a word to the wise is enough;
You'll make very little of all your old stuff:
And to build at your age, by my troth, you grow simple!
Are you young and rich, like the master of Wimple[4]?

"If you have these whims of apartments and gardens,
From twice fifty acres you'll ne'er see five farthings:
And in yours I shall find the true gentleman's fate;
Ere you finish your house, you'll have spent your estate.

"Now let us touch thumbs, and be friends ere we part. [my heart.
Here, John, is my thumb;" "and, here, Mat. is
To Halstead I speed, and you go back to town."
Thus ends the First Part of the Ballad of Down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

VERSES

SPOKEN TO LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES HARLEY, COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

IN THE LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 9, 1719.

MADAM,

SINCE Anna visited the Muses' seat
(Around her tomb let weeping angels wait!)
Hail thou, the brightest of thy sex, and best,
Most gracious neighbour[5], and most welcome guest!
Not Harley's self, to Cam and Isis dear,
In virtues and in arts great Oxford's heir;
Not he such present honour shall receive,
As to his consort we aspire to give.

Writings of men our thoughts to day neglect,
To pay due homage to the softer sex:
Plato and Tully we forbear to read,
And their great followers whom this house has bred,
To study lessons from thy morals given,
And shining characters, impress'd by Heaven.
Science in books no longer we pursue,
Minerva's self in Harriet's face we view;
For, when with beauty we can virtue join,
We paint the semblance of a form divine.

Their pious incense let our neighbours bring,
To the kind memory of some bounteous king;

[4] Edward Earl of Oxford.

[5] The family seat was then at Wimple.

With grateful hand due altars let them raise,
To some good knight's[6] or holy prelate's[7] praise:
We tune our voices to a nobler theme,
Your eyes we bless, your praises we proclaim;
Saint John's was founded in a woman's name.
Enjoin'd by statute, to the fair we bow;
In spite of Time, we keep our ancient vow;
What Margaret Tudor was, is Harriet Harley now.

PROLOGUE TO THE ORPHAN[8].

REPRESENTED BY SOME OF THE WESTMINSTER SCHOLARS, AT HICKFORD'S DANCING-ROOM, FEBRUARY 2, 1720.

SPOKEN BY LORD DUPLIN, WHO ACTED CORDELIO THE PAGE.

WHAT! would my humble comrades have me say,
"Gentle spectators, pray excuse the play?"
Such work by hireling actors should be done,
Whom you may clap or hiss for half a crown.
Our generous scenes for friendship we repeat;
And, if we don't delight, at least we treat.
Ours is the damage, if we chance to blunder;
We may be ask'd, "Whose patent we act under?"
How shall we gain you, *à la mode de France?*
We hir'd this room; but none of us can dance.
In cutting capers we shall never please:
Our learning does not lie below our knees.
Shall we procure you symphony and sound?
Then you must each subscribe two hundred pound.
There we should fail too, as to point of voice:
Mistake us not; we're no Italian boys,
True Britons born; from Westminster we come,
And only speak the style of ancient Rome.
We would deserve, not poorly beg, applause;
And stand or fall by Freind's and Busby's laws.
For the distress'd, your pity we implore:
If once refus'd, we'll trouble you no more,
But leave our Orphan squalling at your door.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

H. OH! with what woes am I oppress!
W. Be still, you senseless calf!
What if the *gods* should make you blest?
H. Why then I'd sing and laugh:
But, if they won't, I'll wail and cry.
W. You'll hardly *laugh*, before you die.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

A TALE.

ONCE on a time, in sun-shine weather,
Falsehood and Truth walk'd out together,
The neighbouring woods and lawns to view,
As opposites will sometimes do.
Through many a blooming mead they past;
And at a brook arriv'd at last.
The purling stream, the margin green,
With flowers bedeck'd, a vernal scene,
Invited each itinerant maid
To rest awhile beneath the shade.
Under a spreading beech they sat,
And pass'd the time with female chat;
Whilst each her character maintain'd;
One spoke her thoughts, the other feign'd.
At length, quoth Falsehood, "Sister Truth,"
(For so she call'd her from her youth)
"What if, to shun yon sultry beam,
We bathe in this delightful stream;
The bottom smooth, the water clear,
And there's no prying shepherd near!"—
"With all my heart," the nymph reply'd,
And threw her snowy robes aside,
Stript herself naked to the skin,
And with a spring leapt headlong in.
Falsehood more leisurely undrest,
And, laying by her taudry vest,
Trick'd herself out in Truth's array,
And cross the meadows tript away.
From this curst hour, the fraudful dame
Of sacred Truth usurps the name,
And, with a vile, perfidious mind,
Roams far and near, to cheat mankind;
False sighs suborns, and artful tears,
And starts with vain pretended fears;
In visits still appears most wise,
And rolls at church her saint-like eyes;
Talks very much, plays idle tricks,
While rising stock[9] her conscience pricks;
When being, poor thing, extremely gravell'd,
She secrets op'd, and all unravell'd.
But on she will, and secrets tell,
Of John and Joan, and Ned and Nell,
Reviling every one she knows,
As fancy leads, beneath the rose.
Her tongue so voluble and kind,
It always runs before her mind;
As times do serve, she slily pleads,
And copious tears still show her needs,
With promises as thick as weeds—
Speaks *pro* and *con*, is wondrous civil,
Today a saint, to morrow devil.
Poor Truth she stript, as has been said,
And naked left the lovely maid,
Who, scorning from her cause to wince,
Has gone stark-naked ever since;
And ever naked will appear,
Belov'd by all who Truth revere.

THE CONVERSATION.

A TALE.

IT always has been thought discreet,
To know the company you meet;
And sure there may be secret danger,
In talking much before a stranger.
"Agreed: what then? Then drink your ale;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale.
No matter where the scene is fix'd:
The persons were but oddly mixt;

[6] Sir T. White, founder of St. John's college, Oxon.

[7] Archbishop Laud also was a generous benefactor.

[8] A few lines of this prologue occur in another, which is printed in page 142 of this volume.

[9] South-Sea, 1720.

When sober Damon thus began
(And Damon is a clever man):
" I now grow old; but still, from youth,
Have held for modesty and truth.
The men, who by these sea-marks steer,
In life's great voyage never err:
Upon this point I dare defy
The world. I pause for a reply."
" Sir, either is a good assistant,"
Said one who sat a little distant:
" Truth decks our speeches and our books,
And Modesty adorns our looks:
But farther progress we must take:
Not only born to look and speak;
The man must act. The Stagyrite
Says thus, and says extremely right:
Strict Justice is the sovereign guide,
That o'er our actions should preside:
This queen of virtues is confest
To regulate and bind the rest.
Thrice happy, if you once can find
Her equal balance poise your mind:
All different graces soon will enter,
Like lines concurrent to their centre."
'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,
With *yea* and *nay*, and *pro* and *con*,
Through many points divinely dark,
And Waterland assaulting Clarke;
Till, in theology half lost,
Damon took up the Evening-Post;
Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
And deep in politics held forth.
" Methinks we're in the like condition,
As at the treaty of Partition:
That stroke, for all king William's care,
Begat another tedious war.
Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
Ne'er much approv'd that mystic league:
In the vile Utrecht treaty too,
Poor man! he found enough to do.
Sometimes to me he did apply;
But down-right Dunstable was I,
And told him where they were mistaken,
And counsell'd him to save his bacon:
But (pass his politics and prose)
I never herded with his foes;
Nay, in his verses, as a friend,
I still found something to commend.
Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid,
Whate'er severer critics said;
Too far, I own, the girl was try'd;
The women all were on my side.
For Alma I return'd him thanks;
I lik'd her with her little pranks.
Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
Was much too grave to be sublime."
Pindar and Damon scorn transition,
So on he ran a new division;
Till, out of breath, he turn'd to spit
(Chance often helps us more than wit).
T'other that lucky moment took,
Just nick'd the time, broke in and spoke.
" Of all the gifts the gods afford,
(If we may take old Tully's word)
The greatest is a friend, whose love
Knows how to praise, and when reprove:
From such a treasure never part,
But hang the jewel on your heart:
And, pray, sir, (it delights me) tell,
You know this author mighty well—"
" Know him! d'ye question it? Ods-fish!
Sir, does a beggar know his dish?
I lov'd him; as I told you, I
Advis'd him—" Here a stander-by
Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
And thus, unwilling, silence broke:
" Damon, 'tis time we should retire:
The man you talk with is Mat Prior."

Patron thro' life, and from thy birth *my* friend,
Dorset! to thee this fable let me send:
With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth;
The foil is known to set the diamond forth:
Let the feign'd tale this real moral give,
How *many* Damons, how *few* Dorsets live! "

THE FEMALE PHAETON.

Thus Kitty[1], beautiful and young,
And wild as colt untam'd,
Bespoke the fair from whence she sprung,
With little rage inflam'd:

Inflam'd with rage at sad restraint,
Which wise mamma ordain'd;
And sorely vex'd to play the saint,
Whilst wit and beauty reign'd:

" Shall I thumb holy books, confin'd
With Abigails forsaken?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.

" Must lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her cousins?
At balls must *she* make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens?

" What has she better, pray, than I,
What hidden charms to boast,
That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast?

" Dearest mamma! for once let me,
Unchain'd, my fortune try;
I'll have my earl as well as she[2],
Or know the reason why.

" I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all."

Fondness prevail'd, mamma gave way;
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtain'd the chariot for a day,
And *set the world on fire.*

THE JUDGMENT OF VENUS.

When Kneller's works of various grace
Were to fair Venus shown,
The goddess spy'd in every face
Some features of her own.

[1] Lady Catharine Hyde, now duchess of Queensberry.
[2] The earl of Essex married lady Jane Hyde.

"Just so," and pointing with her hand,
"So shone," says she, "my eyes[3],
When from two goddesses I gain'd
An apple for a prize.

"When in the glass, and river too,
My face I lately view'd,
Such was I, if the glass be true,
If true the crystal flood.

"In colours of this glorious kind[4]
Apelles painted me;
My hair thus flowing with the wind,
Sprung from my native sea.

"Like this[5], disorder'd, wild, forlorn,
Big with ten thousand fears,
Thee, my Adonis, did I mourn,
Ev'n beautiful in tears."

But viewing Myra plac'd apart,
"I fear," says she, "I fear,
Apelles, that sir Godfrey's art
Has far surpass'd thine here.

"Or I, a goddess of the skies,
By Myra am outdone,
And must resign to *her* the prize,
The apple, which I won."

But, soon as she had Myra seen,
Majestically fair,
The sparkling eye, the look serene,
The gay and easy air,

With fiery emulation fill'd,
The wondering goddess cry'd,
"Apelles must to Kneller yield,
Or Venus must to Hyde."

DAPHNE AND APOLLO:

IMITATED FROM THE FIRST BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

Nympha, precor, Penea, mane.

APOLLO.

Abate, fair fugitive, abate thy speed,
Dismiss thy fears, and turn thy beauteous head;
With kind regard a panting lover view;
Less swiftly fly, less swiftly I'll pursue:
Pathless, alas! and rugged is the ground,
Some stone may hurt thee, or some thorn may wound.

DAPHNE. (ASIDE.)

This care is for himself, as sure as death?
One mile has put the fellow out of breath;
He'll never do: I'll lead him t'other round:
Washy he is, perhaps not over sound.

APOLLO.

You fly, alas! not knowing whom you fly;
Not ill-bred swain, nor rusty clown, am I:
I Claros isle, and Tenedos, command—

[3] Lady Ranelagh.

[4] Lady Salisbury.

[5] Lady Jane, sister to the Duke of douglas, afterwards married to sir John Stewart.

DAPHNE.

Thank you: I would not leave my native land.

APOLLO.

What is to come, by certain arts I know.

DAPHNE.

Pish! Partridge has as fair pretence as you.

APOLLO.

Behold the beauties of my locks—

DAPHNE.

—A fig!—
That may be counterfeit, a Spanish wig:
Who cares for all that bush of curling hair,
Whilst your smooth chin is so extremely bare?

APOLLO.

I sing—

DAPHNE.

—That never shall be Daphne's choice;
Syphacio had an admirable voice.

APOLLO.

Of every herb I tell the mystic power;
To certain health the patient I restore;
Sent for, caress'd—

DAPHNE.

—Ours is a wholesome air;
You'd better go to town, and practise there;
For me, I've no obstructions to remove;
I'm pretty well, I thank your father Jove;
And physic is a weak ally to love.

APOLLO.

For learning fam'd, fine verses I compose,

DAPHNE.

So do your brother quacks, and brother beaux.
Memorials only and reviews write prose.

APOLLO.

From the bent yew I send the pointed reed,
Sure of its aim, and fatal in its speed.—

DAPHNE.

Then, leaving me, whom sure you would not kill,
In yonder thicket exercise your skill;
Shoot there at beasts; but for the human heart,
Your cousin Cupid has the only dart.

APOLLO.

Yet turn, O beauteous maid! yet deign to hear,
A love-sick deity's impetuous prayer;
O let me woo thee as thou would'st be woo'd!

DAPHNE.

First, therefore, be not so extremely rude.
Tear not the hedges down, nor tread the clover,
Like an hobgoblin, rather than a lover.
Next, to my father's grotto sometimes come;
At ebbing tide he always is at home.
Read the Courant with him, and let him know
A little politics; how matters go
Upon his brother-rivers, Rhine or Po.
As any maid or footman comes or goes,
Pull off your hat, and ask how Daphne does:
These sort of folks will to each other tell,
That you respect me; that, you know, looks well

Then if you are, as you pretend, the god
That rules the day, and much upon the road,
You'll find a hundred trifles in your way,
That you may bring one home from Africa;
Some little rarity, some bird, or beast,
And now and then a jewel from the East;
A lacquer'd cabinet, some china ware;
You have them mighty cheap at Pekin fair.
Next, *nota bene*, you shall never rove,
Nor take example by your father Jove.
Last, for the ease and comfort of my life,
Make me your (Lord! what startles you?) your wife.
I'm now (they say) sixteen, or something more;
We mortals seldom live above fourscore:
Fourscore; you're good at numbers; let us see,
Seventeen, suppose, remaining sixty-three;
Aye, in that span of time, you'll bury me.
Mean time, if you have tumult, noise, and strife,
(Things not abhorrent to a marry'd life!)
They'll quickly end, you'll see; what signify
A few odd years to you that never die?
And, after all, you're half your time away;
You know your business takes you up all day;
And, coming late to bed, you need not fear,
Whatever noise I make, you'll sleep, my dear:
Or, if a winter evening should be long,
Ev'n read your physic-book, or make a song.
Your steeds, your wife, diachalon, and rhyme,
May take up any honest godhead's time.
Thus, as you like it, you may love again,
And let another Daphne have her reign.

Now love, or leave, my dear; retreat, or follow:
I Daphne (this premis'd) take thee, Apollo.
And may I split into ten thousand trees,
If I give up on other terms than these!

She said; but what the amorous god reply'd,
(So Fate ordain'd) is to our search deny'd:
By rats, alas! the manuscript is eat,
O cruel banquet! which we all regret.
Bavius, thy labours must this work restore;
May thy good-will be equal to thy power!

THE MICE.

TO MR. ADRIAN DRIPT, 1708.

Two Mice, dear boy, of genteel fashion,
And (what is more) good education,
Frolic and gay in infant years,
Equally shar'd their parent's cares.
The sire of these two babes (poor creature!)
Paid his last debt to human nature;
A wealthy widow left behind,
Four babes, three males, one female kind.
The sire being under ground and bury'd,
'Twas thought his spouse would soon have marry'd;
Matches propos'd, and numerous suitors,
Most tender husbands, careful tutors,
She modestly refus'd; and show'd
She'd be a mother to her brood.

"Mother! dear mother! that endearing thought
Has thousand and ten thousand fancies brought.
Tell me, oh! tell me (thou art now above)
How to describe thy true maternal love,
Thy early pangs, thy growing anxious cares,
Thy flattering hopes, thy fervent pious prayers,
Thy doleful days and melancholy nights,
Cloyster'd from common joys and just delights;
How thou didst constantly in private mourn,
And wash with daily tears thy spouse's urn;
How it employ'd your thoughts and lucid time,
That your young offspring might to honour climb;
How your first care, by numerous griefs opprest,
Under the burthen sunk, and went to rest;
How your dear darling, by consumption's waste,
Breath'd her last piety into your breast;
How you, alas! tir'd with your pilgrimage,
Bow'd down your head, and dy'd in good old age.
Though not inspir'd, oh! may I never be
Forgetful of my pedigree, or thee!
Ungrateful howso'er, mayn't I forget
To pay this small, yet tributary debt?
And when we meet at God's tribunal throne,
Own me, I pray thee, for a pious son"

"But why all this? Is this your fable?
Believe me, Mat, it seems a Babel;
If you will let me know th' intent on't,
Go to your Mice, and make an end on't."

"Well then, dear brother——
As sure as Hudi's[6] sword could swaddle,
Two Mice were brought up in one cradle;
Well bred, I think, of equal port,
One for the gown, one for the court:
They parted;" ("did they so, an't please you?"
"Yes, that they did, (dear sir) to ease you.
One went to Holland, where they huff folk,
T'other to vend his wares in Suffolk.
(That Mice have travell'd in old times,
Horace and Prior tell in rhymes,
Those two great wonders of their ages,
Superior far to all the sages!)
Many days past, and many a night,
Ere they could gain each other's sight;
At last, in weather cold nor sultry,
They met at the Three Cranes in Poultry.
After much buss, and great grimace,
(Usual, you know, in such a case)
Much chat arose, what had been done,
What might before next summer's sun;
Much said of France, of Suffolk's goodness,
The gentry's loyalty, mob's rudeness.
That ended, o'er a charming bottle
They enter'd on this tittle-tattle:

"Quoth Suffolk, by *pre-eminence*
In years, though (God knows) not in sense;
'All's gone, dear brother, only we
Remain to raise posterity:
Marry you, brother; I'll go down,
Sell nouns and verbs, and lie alone;
May you ne'er meet with feuds, or babble,
May olive-branches crown your table!
Somewhat I'll save, and for this end,
To prove a brother and a friend.
What I propose is just, I swear it;
Or may I perish, by this claret!
The dice are thrown, choose this or that
('Tis all alike to honest Mat);
I'll take then the contrary part,
And propagate with all my heart.'

[6] Hudibras.

After some thought, some Portuguese[7],
Some wine, the younger thus replies:

'Fair are your words, as fair your carriage,
Let me be free, drudge you in marriage;
Get me a boy call'd Adrian,
Trust me, I'll do for't what I can.'

"Home went, well pleas'd, the Suffolk tony,
Heart free from care, as purse from money;
He got a lusty squalling boy
(Doubtless the dad's and mamma's joy.)
In short, to make things square and even,
Adrian he nam'd was by Dick Stephen.
Mat's debt thus paid, he now enlarges,
And sends you in a bill of charges,
A cradle, brother, and a basket,
(Granted as soon as e'er I ask it)
A coat not of the smallest scantling,
Frocks, stockings, shoes, to grace the bantling;
These too were sent, (or I'm no drubber)
Nay, add to these the fine gum-rubber;
Yet these won't do, send t'other coat,
For, faith, the first's not worth a groat;
Dismally shrunk, as herrings shotten,
Suppos'd originally rotten.
Pray let the next be each way longer,
Of stuff more durable, and stronger;
Send it next week, if you are able;
By this time, sir, you know the fable.
From this, and letters of the same make,
You'll find what 'tis to have a name-sake.

"Cold and hard times,' sir, here (believe it).
I've lost my curate too, and grieve it.
At Easter, for what I can see,
(A time of ease and vacancy)
If things but alter, and not undone,
I'll kiss your hands, and visit London.
Molly sends greeting; so do I, sir;
Send a good coat, that's all; good by, sir."

TWO RIDDLES.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE EXAMINER, 1710.

Sphinx was a monster that would eat
Whatever stranger she could get,
Unless his ready wit disclos'd
The subtle riddle she propos'd.
Oedipus was resolv'd to go,
And try what strength of parts would do.
Says Sphinx, "On this depends your fate;
Tell me what animal is that,
Which has four feet at morning bright,
Has two at noon, and three at night?"
"'Tis man," said he, "who, weak by nature,
At first creeps, like his fellow-creature,
Upon all four; as years accrue,
With sturdy steps he walks on two;
In age, at length, grows weak and sick,
For his third leg adopts a stick.
Now, in your turn, 'tis just, methinks,
You should resolve me, madam Sphinx.
What greater stranger yet is he,
Who has four legs, then two, then three;
Then loses one, then gets two more,
And runs away at last on four?"

[7] Snuff.

EPIGRAM, EXTEMPORE,

TO THE MASTER OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE[8],
1712.

I *Stood*, sir, patient at your feet,
Before your elbow-chair;
But make a bishop's throne your seat,
I'll *kneel* before you there.

One only thing can keep you down,
For your great soul too mean;
You'd not, to mount a bishop's throne,
Pay *homage*[9] to the queen.

NELL AND JOHN.

When Nell, given o'er by the doctor, was dying,
And John at the chimney stood decently crying;
"'Tis in vain," said the woman, "to make such ado,
For to our long home we must all of us go!"

"True, Nell," reply'd John; "but what yet is the worst
For us that remain, the best always go first;
Remember, dear wife, that I said so last year,
When you lost your white heifer, and I my brown mare!"

BIBO AND CHARON.

When Bibo thought fit from the world to retreat,
As full of champagne as an egg's full of meat,
He wak'd in the boat; and to Charon he said,
He would be row'd back, for he was not yet dead.
"Trim the boat, and sit quiet," stern Charon reply'd: [dy'd."
"You may have forgot; you was drunk when you

WIVES BY THE DOZEN.

"O death! how thou spoil'st the best project of life!"
Said Gabriel, who still, as he bury'd one wife,
For the sake of her family, marry'd her cousin;
Add thus, in an honest collateral line,
He still marry'd on till his number was nine,
Full sorry to die till he made up his dozen.

FATAL LOVE.

Poor Hal caught his death, standing under a spout, [out;
Expecting, till midnight, when Nan would come
But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
And curs'd was the weather that quench'd the man's flame.
Whoe'er thou art, that read'st these moral lines,
Make love at home, and go to bed betimes.

[8] See the history of this epigram, Gent. Mag. 1774, p. 16.

[9] Mr. Prior, though he paid a becoming deference to the master of St. John's, as a fellow of that college, thought some respect was due to the public character which he had just before sustained in France.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.

Quoth Richard in jest, looking wistly at Nelly,
" Methinks, child, you seem something round in the belly."
Nell answer'd him snappishly, " How can that be,
When my husband has been more than two years at sea?"
" Thy husband!" quoth Dick: " why that matter was carry'd [marry'd."
Most secretly, Nell; I ne'er thought thou wert

ON A FART,

LET IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Reader, I was born, and cry'd;
I crack'd, I smelt, and so I dy'd.
Like Julius Cæsar's was *my* death,
Who in the senate lost his breath.
Much alike entomb'd does lie
The noble Romulus and I:
And when I dy'd, like Flora fair,
I left the Commonwealth my heir.

THE MODERN SAINT.

Her time with equal prudence Silvia shares,
First writes a *billet-doux*, then says her prayers;
Her mass and toilet; vespers and the play;
Thus God and Ashtaroth divide the day:
Constant she keeps her Ember-week and Lent,
At Easter calls all Israel to her tent:
Loose without bawd, and pious without zeal,
She still repeats the sins she would conceal.
Envy herself from Silvia's life must grant,
An artful woman makes a modern saint.

THE PARALLEL.

Prometheus, forming Mr. Day,
Carv'd something like a man in clay.
The mortal's work might well miscarry;
He, that does Heaven and Earth control,
Alone has power to form a soul,
His hand is evident in Harry.
Since one is but a moving clod,
T'other the lively form of God!
'Squire Wallis, you will scarce be able
To prove all poetry but fable.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO WAS FOND OF FORTUNE-TELLING.

You, Madam, may with safety go,
Decrees of Destiny to know;
For at your birth kind planets reign'd,
And certain happiness ordain'd:
Such charms as yours are only given
To chosen favourites of Heaven.
But, such is my uncertain state,
'Tis dangerous to try my fate;
For I would only know from art
The future motions of your heart,
And what predestinated doom
Attends my love for years to come;
No secrets else, that mortals learn,
My cares deserve, or life concern:
But this will so important be,
I dread to search the dark decree;
For, while the smallest hope remains,
Faint joys are mingled with my pains;
Vain distant views my fancy please,
And give some intermitting ease:
But, should the stars too plainly show
That you have doom'd my endless woe,
No human force, or art, could bear
The torment of my wild despair.
This secret then I dare not know,
And other truths are useless now.
What matters, if unbless'd in love,
How long or short my life will prove?
To gratify what low desire,
Should I with needless haste inquire
How great, how wealthy I shall be?
Oh! what is wealth or power to me!
If I am happy, or undone,
It must proceed from you alone.

A GREEK EPIGRAM.

IMITATED.

When hungry wolves had trespass'd on the fold,
And the robb'd shepherd his sad story told;
" Call in Alcides," said a crafty priest;
" Give him one half, and he'll secure the rest."
" No!" said the shepherd, " if the Fates decree,
By ravaging my flock, to ruin me,
To their commands I willingly resign,
Power is their character, and patience mine;
Though, troth! to me there seems but little odds,
Who prove the greatest robbers, wolves or gods!"

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS NUPTIALS.

When Jove lay blest in his Alcmæna's charms,
Three nights in one he prest her in his arms;
The Sun lay set, and conscious Nature strove
To shade her god, and to prolong his love.
From that auspicious night Alcides came;
What less could rise from Jove, and such a dame?
May this auspicious night with that compare,
Nor less the joys, nor less the rising heir;
He strong as Jove, she like Alcmæna fair!

THE WANDERING PILGRIM.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

SIR THOMAS FRANKLAND, BART.

POST-MASTER, AND PAY-MASTER-GENERAL TO QUEEN ANNE.

Will Piggot[1] must to Coxwould[2] go,
To live, alas! in want,
Unless sir Thomas say, " No, no;
Th' allowance is too scant."

[1] This merry petition was written to obtain the porter's place for Will Piggot.
[2] Twelve miles north beyond the city of York.

The gracious knight full well does weet;
Ten farthings ne'er will do
To keep a man each day in meat:
Some bread to meat is due.

A Rechabite poor Will must live;
And drink of Adam's ale;
Pure element no life can give,
Or mortal soul regale.

Spare diet, and spring-water clear,
Physicians hold are good:
Who diets thus need never fear
A fever in the blood.

But pass—The Æsculapian crew,
Who eat and quaff the best,
They seldom miss to bake and brew;
Or lin to break their fast.

Could Yorkshire-tyke but do the same,
Then he like them might thrive;
But Fortune, Fortune, cruel dame!
To starve thou dost him drive.

In Will's old master's plenteous days,
His memory e'er be blest!
What need of speaking in his praise?
His goodness stands confest.

At his fam'd gate stood Charity,
In lovely sweet array;
Ceres and Hospitality
Dwelt there both night and day.

But, to conclude, and be concise,
Truth must Will's voucher be:
Truth never yet went in disguise;
For naked still is she.

There is but one, but one alone,
Can set the pilgrim free,
And make him cease to pine and moan;
O Frankland! it is thee.

O! save him from a dreary way;
To Coxwould he must hie,
Bereft of thee, he wends astray,
At Coxwould he must die.

Oh! let him in thy hall but stand,
And wear a porter's gown,
Duteous to what thou may'st command;
Thus William's wishes crown.

VENUS'S ADVICE TO THE MUSES.

Thus to the Muses spoke the Cyprian Dame;
"Adorn my altars, and revere my name.
My son shall else assume his potent darts,
Twang goes the bow, my girls; have at your hearts!"
The Muses answer'd, "Venus, we deride
The vagrant's malice, and his mother's pride;
Send him to nymphs who sleep on Ida's shade,
To the loose dance, and wanton masquerade;
Our thoughts are settled, and intent our look,
On the instructive verse, and moral book:
On female idleness his power relies;
But, when he finds us studying hard, he flies."

CUPID TURNED PLOUGHMAN.

FROM MOSCHUS.

His lamp, his bow, and quiver, laid aside,
A rustic wallet o'er his shoulders ty'd,
Sly Cupid, always on new mischief bent,
To the rich field and furrow'd tillage went;
Like any ploughman toil'd the little god,
His tune he whistled, and his wheat he sow'd;
Then sat and laugh'd, and to the skies above
Raising his eye, he thus insulted Jove:
"Lay by your hail, your hurtful storms restrain,
And, as I bid you, let it shine or rain;
Else you again beneath my yoke shall bow,
Feel the sharp goad, and draw the servile plough;
What once Europa was, Nannette is now."

PONTIUS AND PONTIA.

Pontius (who loves, you know, a joke,
Much better than he loves his life)
Chanc'd t'other morning to provoke
The patience of a well-bred wife.

"Talking of you," said he, "my dear,
Two of the greatest wits in town,
One ask'd if that high furze of hair
Was, *bona fide*, all your own.

'Her own! most certain,' t'other said;
'For Nan, who knows the thing, will tell ye,
The hair was bought, the money paid,
And the receipt was sign'd Ducailly.'"

Pontia (that civil prudent she,
Who values wit much less than sense,
And never darts a repartee,
But purely in her own defence)

Reply'd, "These friends of yours, my dear,
Are given extremely much to satire!
But pr'ythee, husband, let one hear
Sometimes less wit, and more good-nature.

"Now I have one unlucky thought,
That would have spoil'd your friend's conceit:
Some hair I have, I'm sure, unbought:
Pray bring your brother wits to see't."

CUPID TURNED STROLLER.

FROM ANACREON.

At dead of night, when stars appear,
And strong Bootes turns the bear;
When mortals sleep their cares away,
Fatigu'd with labours of the day,
Cupid was knocking at my gate;
"Who's there!" says I, "who knocks so late,
Disturbs my dreams, and breaks my rest?"
"O fear not me, a harmless guest,"
He said, "but open, open, pray!
A foolish child, I've lost my way,
And wandering here this moon-light night,
All wet and cold, and wanting light."
With due regard his voice I heard,
Then rose, a ready lamp prepar'd,
And saw a naked boy below,
With wings, a quiver, and a bow;

In haste I ran, unlock'd my gate,
Secure and thoughtless of my fate:
I set the child an easy chair
Against the fire, and dry'd his hair;
Brought friendly cups of cheerful wine,
And warm'd his little hands with mine.
All this did I with kind intent;
But he, on wanton mischief bent,
Said, "Dearest friend, this bow you see,
This pretty bow, belongs to me:
Observe, I pray, if all be right;
I fear the rain has spoil'd it quite."
He drew it then, and straight I found
Within my breast a secret wound.
This done, the rogue no longer staid,
But leapt away, and laughing said,
"Kind host, adieu! we now must part;
Safe is my bow, but sick thy heart!"

TO A POET OF QUALITY,

PRAISING THE LADY HINCHINBROKE.

Of thy judicious Muse's sense,
Young Hinchinbroke so very proud is,
That Sacharissa and Hortense
She looks, henceforth, upon as dowdies.

Yet she to one must still submit,
To dear mamma must pay her duty:
She wonders, praising Wilmot's wit,
Thou should'st forget his daughter's beauty.

THE PEDANT.

Lysander talks extremely well;
On any subject let him dwell,
His tropes and figures will content ye:
He should possess, to all degrees,
The art of talk; he practises
Full fourteen hours in four-and-twenty.

CAUTIOUS ALICE.

So good a wife doth Lissy make,
That from all company she flieth;
Such virtuous courses doth she take,
That she all evil tongues defieth;
And, for her dearest spouse's sake,
She with his brethren only lieth.

THE INCURABLE.

Phillis, you boast of perfect health in vain,
And laugh at those who of their ills complain;
That with a frequent fever Chloe burns,
And Stella's plumpness into dropsy turns!
O Phillis, while the patients are nineteen,
Little, alas! are their distempers seen.
But thou, for all thy seeming health, art ill,
Beyond thy lover's hopes, or Blackmore's skill;
No lenitives can thy disease assuage,
I tell thee, 'tis incurable—'tis age.

TO FORTUNE.

Whilst I in prison or in court look down,
Nor beg thy favour, nor deserve thy frown,
In vain, malicious Fortune, hast thou try'd,
By taking from my state, to quell my pride:
Insulting girl! thy present rage abate,
And, would'st thou have me humbled, make me great.

NONPAREIL.

Let others from the town retire,
And in the field seek new delight;
My Phillis does such joys inspire,
No other objects please my sight.

In her alone I find whate'er
Beauties a country landscape grace:
No shade so lovely as her hair,
Nor plain so sweet as in her face.

Lilies and roses there combine,
More beauteous than in flowery field;
Transparent is her skin so fine,
To this each crystal stream must yield.

Her voice more sweet than warbling sound,
Though sung by nightingale or lark;
Her eyes such lustre dart around,
Compar'd to them, the Sun is dark.

Both light and vital heat they give;
Cherish'd by them, my love takes root,
From her kind looks does life receive,
Grows a fair plant, bears flowers and fruit.

Such fruit, I ween, did once deceive
The common parent of mankind,
And made transgress our mother Eve:
Poison its core, though fair its rind.

Yet so delicious is its taste,
I cannot from the bait abstain,
But to th' enchanting pleasure haste,
Though I were sure 'twould end in pain.

CHASTE FLORIMEL.

"No—I'll endure ten thousand deaths,
Ere any farther I'll comply;
Oh, sir! no man on Earth that breathes,
Had ever yet his hand so high!

"Oh! take your sword, and pierce my heart,
Undaunted see me meet the wound;
Oh! will you act a Tarquin's part?
A second Lucrece you have found."

Thus to the pressing Corydon,
Poor Florimel, unhappy maid!
Fearing by love to be undone,
In broken dying accents said.

Delia, who held the conscious door,
Inspir'd by truth and brandy, smil'd,
Knowing that, sixteen months before,
Our Lucrece had her second child.

"And, hark ye, madam!" cry'd the bawd;
"None of your flights, your high-rope dodging;
Be civil here, or march abroad;
Oblige the squire, or quit the lodging."

"Oh! have I"—Florimel went on—
"Have I then lost my Delia's aid?
Where shall forsaken Virtue run,
If by her friend she is betray'd?

"Oh! curse on empty Friendship's name!
Lord, what is all our future view!
Then, dear destroyer of my fame,
Let my last succour be to you!

"From Delia's rage, and Fortune's frown,
A wretched love-sick maid deliver;
Oh! tip me but another crown,
Dear sir, and make me yours for ever."

DOCTORS DIFFER.

When Willis[3] of Ephraim heard Rochester[4] preach,
Thus Bentley said to him, "I pr'ythee, dear brother,
How lik'st thou this sermon? 'tis out of my reach."
"His is one way," said Willis, "and ours is another.
I care not for carping; but, this I can tell,
We preach very sadly, if he preaches well."

EPIGRAM[5].

Meek Francis lies here, friend: without stop or stay,
As you value your peace, make the best of your way.
Though at present arrested by Death's caitiff paw,
If he stirs, he may still have recourse to the law;
And in the King's-bench should a verdict be found,
That by livery and seisin his grave is his ground,
He will claim to himself what is strictly his due,
And an action of trespass will straightway ensue,
That you without right on his premises tread,
On a simple surmise that the owner is dead.

ON BISHOP ATTERBURY'S

BURYING THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, 1720.

"I have no hopes," the duke he says, and dies;
"I'm sure and certain hopes," the prelate cries;
Of these two learned peers I pr'ythee, say, man,
Who is the lying knave, the priest, or layman?
The duke he stands an infidel confest,
"He's our dear brother" quoth the lordly priest.
The duke, though knave, still "brother dear," he cries;
And who can say the reverend prelate lies?

[3] Bishop of Gloucester.
[4] Bishop Atterbury.
[5] See Atterbury's Letters, in Pope's works, ed. 1751.

UPON HONOUR.

A FRAGMENT.

Honour, I say, or honest fame,
I mean the substance, not the name;
(Not that light heap of taudry wares,
Of ermine, coronets, and stars,
Which often is by merit sought,
By gold and flattery oftener bought;
The shade, for which Ambition looks
In Selden's[6] or in Ashmore's[7] books)
But the true glory, which proceeds,
Reflected bright, from honest deeds,
Which we in our own breast perceive,
And kings can neither take nor give.

ENIGMA

ON PAM AT LOO.

By birth I'm a slave, yet can give you a crown,
I dispose of all honours, myself having none;
I'm oblig'd by just maxims to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own master, and lie with his wife.
When men are a-gaming, I cunningly sneak,
And their cudgels and shovels away from them take.
Fair maidens and ladies I by the hand get,
And pick off their diamonds, though ne'er so well set.
For when I have comrades we rob in whole bands,
Then presently take off your lands from your hands.
But, this fury once over, I've such winning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your own hearts.

ANOTHER.

Form'd half beneath, and half above the earth,
We sisters owe to art our second birth;
The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made on the land, to travel on the waters.
Swifter they move, as they are straiter bound,
Yet neither tread the air, or wave, or ground:
They serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes, swim.

THE OLD GENTRY.

That all from Adam first began,
None but ungodly Woolston doubts;
And that his son, and his son's son,
Were all but ploughmen, clowns, and louts.

Each, when his rustic pains began,
To merit pleaded equal right,
'Twas only who left off at noon,
Or who went on to work till night.

But coronets we owe to crowns,
And favour to a court's affection;
By nature we are Adam's sons,
And sons of Austis[8] by election.

[6] Titles of Honour. [7] Order of the Garter.
[8] Garter King at Arms.

Ingsale! eight hundred years have roll'd
Since thy forefathers held the plow;
Then this in story shall be told,
Add, that my kindred do so now.

The man who by his labour gets
His bread, in independent state,
Who never begs, and seldom eats,
Himself can fix or change his fate.

THE INSATIABLE PRIEST.

Luke Preachill admires what we laymen can mean,
That thus by our profit and pleasure are sway'd:
He has but three livings, and would be a dean;
His wife dy'd this year, he has marry'd his maid.

To suppress all his carnal desires in their birth,
At all hours a lusty young hussy is near:
And, to take off his thoughts from the things of this Earth,
He can be content with two thousand a year.

A FRENCH SONG IMITATED.

Why thus from the plain does my shepherdess rove,
Forsaking her swain, and neglecting his love?
You have heard all my grief, you see how I die,
Oh! give some relief to the swain whom you fly.

How can you complain, or what am I to say,
Since my dog lies unfed, and my sheep run astray?
Need I tell what I mean, that I languish alone!
When I leave all the plain, you may guess 'tis for one.

A CASE STATED.

"Now how shall I do with my love and my pride,
Dear Dick[9], give me counsel, if friendship has any;"
"Pry'thee purge, or let blood!" surly Richard reply'd,
"And forget the coquette in the arms of your Nanny[1]."

While I pleaded with passion how much I deserv'd,
For the pains and the torments of more than a year:
She look'd in an almanack, whence she observ'd,
That it wanted a fortnight to Bart'l'mew fair.

My Cowley and Waller how vainly I quote,
While my negligent judge only hears with her eye!
In a long flaxen wig, and embroider'd new coat,
Her spark, saying nothing, talks better than I.

UPON PLAYING AT OMBRE

WITH TWO LADIES.

I know that Fortune long has wanted sight,
And therefore pardon'd when she did not right:
But yet till then it never did appear,
That, as she wanted eyes, she could not hear;
I begg'd that she would give me leave to lose,
A thing she does not commonly refuse!
Two matadores are out against my game,
Yet still I play, and still my luck's the same:
Unconquer'd in three suits it does remain,
Whereas I only ask in one to gain;
Yet she, still contradicting, gifts imparts,
And gives success in every suit—but hearts.

CUPID'S PROMISE,

A FRENCH SONG PARAPHRASED.

Soft Cupid, wanton, amorous boy,
The other day mov'd with my lyre,
In flattering accents spoke his joy,
And utter'd thus his fond desire.

"Oh! raise thy voice! one song I ask;
Touch then thy harmonious string:
To Thyrsis easy is the task,
Who can so sweetly play and sing.

"Two kisses from my mother dear,
Thyrsis, thy due reward shall be;
None, none, like beauty's queen is fair,
Paris has vouch'd this truth for me."

I straight reply'd, "Thou know'st alone
That brightest Chloe rules my breast:
I'll sing thee two instead of one,
If thou'lt be kind, and make me blest.

"One kiss from Chloe's lips, no more,
I crave:" he promis'd me success;
I play'd with all my skill and power,
My glowing passion to express.

But, oh! my Chloe, beauteous maid!
Wilt thou the wish'd reward bestow?
Wilt thou make good what Love has said,
And, by thy grant, his power show?

TO THE EARL OF OXFORD.

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE IN LADY OXFORD'S STUDY, 1717.

Pen, ink, and wax, and paper, send
To the kind wife, the lovely friend:
Smiling bid her freely write
What her happy thoughts indite;
Of virtue, goodness, peace, and love,
Thoughts which angels may approve.

A LETTER

TO THE HONOURABLE LADY MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY, WHEN A CHILD.

My noble, lovely, little Peggy,
Let this my first epistle beg you,
At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to Heaven.

[9] Mr. Shelton. [1] Mrs. Durham.

In double beauty say your prayer:
Our Father first,—then *Notre Pere:*
And, dearest child, along the day,
In every thing you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love, and angels aid ye.
If to these precepts you attend,
No second letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER THE PRINT OF

TOM BRITTON THE SMALL-COAL-MAN,

PAINTED BY MR. WOOLASTON.

Though doom'd to small-coal, yet to arts ally'd,
Rich without wealth, and famous without pride;
Music's best patron, judge of books and men,
Belov'd and honour'd by Apollo's train:
In Greece or Rome sure never did appear
So bright a genius, in so dark a sphere:
More of the man had artfully been sav'd,
Had Kneller painted, and had Vertue grav'd.

TRUTH TOLD AT LAST.

Says Pontius in rage, contradicting his wife,
"You never yet told me one truth in your life."
Vext Pontia no way could this thesis allow,
"You're a cuckold," says she, "do I tell you truth now?"

WRITTEN IN

LADY HOWE'S OVID'S EPISTLES.

However high, however cold, the fair,
However great the dying lover's care,
Ovid, kind author, found him some relief,
Rang'd his unruly sighs, and set his grief:
Taught him what accents had the power to move,
And always gain'd him pity, sometimes love.
But, oh! what pangs torment the destin'd heart,
That feels the wound, yet dares not show the dart;
What ease could Ovid to his sorrows give,
Who must not speak, and therefore cannot live?

AN EPISTLE, 1716.

I pray, good lord Harley, let Jonathan know,
How long you intend to live incognito.
Your humble servant
ELKANAH SETTLE.

ANOTHER EPISTLE.

I pray lady Harriot the time to assign
When she shall receive a turkey and chine;
That a body may come to St. James's, to dine.

TRUE'S EPITAPH.

If wit or honesty could save
Our mouldering ashes from the grave,
This stone had still remain'd unmark'd,
I still writ prose, True still have bark'd.
But envious Fate has claim'd its due:
Here lies the mortal part of True:
His deathless virtues must survive,
To better us that are alive.
His prudence and his wit were seen
In that, from Mary's grace and mien,
He own'd the power, and lov'd the queen.
By long obedience he confest
That serving her was to be blest—
Ye murmurers, let True evince
That men are beasts, and dogs have sense!
His faith and truth all Whitehall knows,
He ne'er could fawn or flatter those
Whom he believ'd were Mary's foes:
Ne'er skulk'd from whence his sovereign led him,
Or snarl'd against the hand that fed him.—
Read this ye statesmen now in favour,
And mend your own, by True's behaviour!

EPIGRAM.

To Richmond and Peterburgh, Matt gave his letters,
And thought they were safe in the hands of his betters.
How happen'd it then that the packets were lost?
These were Knights of the Garter, not Knights of the Post.

THE VICEROY,

A BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF, LADY ISABELLA'S TRAGEDY.

Of Nero, tyrant, petty king[2],
Who heretofore did reign
In fam'd Hibernia, I will sing,
And in a ditty plain.

He hated was by rich and poor,
For reasons you shall hear;
So ill he exercis'd his power,
That he himself did fear.

Full proud and arrogant was he,
And covetous withal;
The guilty he would still set free,
But guiltless men enthral.

He, with a haughty impious nod,
Would curse and dogmatize;
Not fearing either man or God:
Gold he did idolize.

A patriot[3] of high degree,
Who could no longer bear
This upstart Viceroy's tyranny,
Against him did declare.

And, arm'd with truth, impeach'd the Don
Of his enormous crimes,
Which I'll unfold to you anon,
In low, but faithful rhymes.

[2] Lord Coningsby, one of the lords justices of Ireland.
[3] The earl of Bellamont impeached Coningsby.

The articles recorded stand
Against this peerless peer,
Search but the archives of the land[4],
You'll find them written there.

Attend, and justly I'll recite
His treasons to you all,
The heads set in their native light
(And sigh poor Gaphny's fall).

That traitorously he did abuse
The power in him repos'd,
And wickedly the same did use,
On all mankind impos'd.

That he, contrary to all law,
An oath did frame and make,
Compelling the militia
Th' illegal oath to take.

Free-quarters for the army too
He did exact and force
On Protestants; his love to show,
Than Papist us'd them worse.

On all provisions destin'd for
The camp at Limerick,
He laid a tax full hard and sore,
Though many men were sick,

The sutlers too he did ordain
For licences should pay,
Which they refus'd with just disdain,
And fled the camp away.

By which provisions were so scant,
That hundreds there did die;
The soldiers food and drink did want,
Nor famine could they fly.

He so much lov'd his private gain,
He could not hear or see;
They might or die, or might complain,
Without relief *pardie*.

That, above and against all right,
By word of mouth did he,
In council sitting, hellish spite!
The farmer's fate decree:

That he, *O Ciel!* without trial,
Straightway should hanged be;
Though then the courts were open all,
Yet Nero judge would be.

No sooner said, but it was done,
The *bourreau* did his worst;
Gaphny, alas! is dead and gone,
And left his judge accurst.

In this concise despotic way
Unhappy Gaphny fell,
Which did all honest men affray,
As truly it might well.

Full two good hundred pounds a year,
This poor man's real estate,
He settled on his favourite dear,
And Culliford can say't.

Besides, he gave five hundred pound
To Fielding, his own scribe,
Who was his bail; one friend he found,
He ow'd him to the bribe.

But for this horrid murder vile
None did him prosecute;
His old friend help'd him o'er the stile:
With Satan who dispute!

With France, fair England's mortal foe,
A trade he carry'd on;
Had any other don't, I trow,
To Tripos he had gone.

That he did likewise traitorously,
To bring his ends to bear,
Enrich himself most knavishly;
O thief without compare!

Vast quantities of stores did he
Embezzle and purloin;
Of the king's stores he kept a key,
Converting them to coin.

The forfeited estates also,
Both real and personal,
Did with the stores together go,
Fierce Cerberus swallow'd all.

Mean while the soldiers sigh'd and sobb'd,
For not one sous had they;
His excellence had each man fobb'd,
For he had sunk their pay.

Nero, without the least disguise,
The Papists, at all times,
Still favour'd, and their robberies
Look'd on as trivial crimes.

The Protestants, whom they did rob
During his government,
Were forc'd with patience, like good Job,
To rest themselves content.

For he did basely them refuse
All legal remedy;
The Romans still he well did use,
Still screen'd their roguery.

Succinctly thus to you I've told
How this Viceroy did reign;
And other truths I shall unfold,
For truth is always plain.

The best of queens he hath revil'd,
Before and since her death;
He, cruel and ungrateful, smil'd
When she resign'd her breath.

Forgetful of the favours kind
She had on him bestow'd,
Like Lucifer his rancorous mind,
He lov'd nor her nor God.

But listen, Nero, lend thine ears,
As still thou hast them on;
Hear what Britannia says, with tears,
Of Anna dead and gone.

"Oh! sacred be her memory,
For ever dear her name!
There never was, nor e'er can be,
A brighter, juster dame.

"Blest be my sons, and eke all those
Who on her praises dwell!
She conquer'd Britain's fiercest foes,
She did all queens excel.

[4] Journal, Sabbati, 16 die Decembris, 1693.

" All princes, kings, and potentates,
Ambassadors did send:
All nations, provinces, and states,
Sought Anna for their friend.

" In Anna they did all confide,
For Anna they could trust:
Her royal faith they all had try'd,
For Anna still was just.

" Truth, Mercy, Justice, did surround
Her awful judgment-seat,
In her the Graces all were found,
In Anna all complete.

" She held the sword and balance right,
And sought her people's good;
In clemency she did delight,
Her reign not stain'd with blood.

" Her gracious goodness, piety,
In all her deeds did shine,
And bounteous was her charity;
All attributes divine.

" Consummate wisdom, meekness all,
Adorn'd the words she spoke,
When they from her fair lips did fall;
And sweet her lovely look.

" Ten thousand glorious deeds to crown,
She caus'd dire war to cease:
A greater empress ne'er was known;
She fix'd the world in peace.

" This last and godlike act achiev'd,
To Heaven she wing'd her flight:
Her loss, with tears, all Europe griev'd;
Their strength, and dear delight.

" Leave we in bliss this heavenly saint,
Revere, ye just, her urn;
Her virtues high and excellent,
Astrea gone we mourn.

" Commemorate, my sons, the day
Which gave great Anna birth:
Keep it for ever and for aye,
And annual be your mirth."

Illustrious George now fills the throne,
Our wise benign good king:
Who can his wondrous deeds make known,
Or his bright actions sing?

Thee, favourite Nero, he has deign'd
To raise to high degree!
Well thou thy honours hast sustain'd,
Well vouch'd thy ancestry.

But pass—These honours on thee laid,
Can they e'er make thee white?
Don't Gaphny's blood, which thou hast shed,
Thy guilty soul affright?

Oh! are there not, grim mortal, tell,
Places of bliss and woe?
Oh! is there not a Heaven, a Hell?
But whither wilt thou go?

Can nought change thy obdurate mind?
Wilt thou for ever rail?
The prophet on thee well refin'd,
And set thy wit to sale.

How thou art lost to sense and shame,
Three countries witness be:
Thy conduct all just men do blame,
Libera nos, Domine!

Dame Justice waits thee, well I ween,
Her sword is brandish'd high:
Nought can thee from her vengeance screen,
Nor canst thou from her fly.

Heavy her ire will fall on thee,
The glittering steel is sure:
Sooner or later, all agree,
She cuts off the impure.

To her I leave thee, gloomy peer!
Think on thy crimes committed:
Repent, and be for once sincere,
Thou ne'er wilt be De-Witted.

APOLOGY TO A LADY,

WHO TOLD ME, I COULD NOT LOVE HER HEARTILY, BECAUSE I HAD LOVED OTHERS.

PROBABLY BY MR. PRIOR[5].

IN IMITATION OF MR. WALLER.

Fair Sylvia, cease to blame my youth,
For having lov'd before;
So men, ere they have learnt the truth,
Strange deities adore.

My youth ('tis true) has often rang'd,
Like bees o'er gaudy flowers;
And many thousand loves has chang'd,
Till it was fixt in yours.

For, Sylvia, when I saw those eyes,
'Twas soon determin'd there;
Stars might as well forsake the skies,
And vanish into air!

If I from this great rule do err,
New beauties to explore;
May I again turn wanderer,
And never settle more!

AGAINST MODESTY IN LOVE.

For many unsuccessful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay;
And often bath'd them with my tears,
Despair'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
Of any saint above,
E'er thought his goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful dame look'd down
With an insulting pride;
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
Or toss'd her head aside.

[5] By the manner in which this and the two following little pieces are printed in the Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany Poems, there is little doubt but they are the productions of the excellent poet to whom I have ascribed them. *N.*

When Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
" Use more prevailing charms,
Fond, whining, modest fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your arms.

" With eager kisses tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart;
The lips he warmly must invade,
Who would possess the heart."

With that I shook off all my fears,
My better fortune try'd;
And Cynthia gave what she for years
Had foolishly deny'd.

ON

A YOUNG LADY'S GOING TO TOWN

IN THE SPRING.

One night unhappy Celadon,
Beneath a friendly myrtle's shade,
With folded arms and eyes cast down,
Gently repos'd his love-sick head:
Whilst Thyrsis, sporting on the neighbouring plain,
Thus heard the discontented youth complain:

" Ask not the cause why sickly flowers
Faintly recline their drooping heads;
As fearful of approaching showers,
They strive to hide them in their beds,
Grieving with Celadon they downward grow,
And feel with him a sympathy of woe.

" Chloris will go; the cruel fair,
Regardless of her dying swain,
Leaves him to languish, to despair,
And murmur out in sighs his pain.
The fugitive to fair Augusta flies,
To make new slaves, and gain new victories."

So restless monarchs, though possess'd
Of all that we call state or power,
Fancy themselves but meanly blest,
Vainly ambitious still of more.
Round the wide world impatiently they roam,
Not satisfy'd with private sway at home.

WHEN THE CAT IS AWAY, THE MICE MAY PLAY.

A FABLE[6], INSCRIBED TO DR. SWIFT.

PROBABLY BY MR. PRIOR.

In domibus Mures avido dente omnia captant:
In domibus Fures avida mente omnia raptant.

A lady once (so stories say)
By rats and mice infested,
With gins and traps long sought to slay
The thieves; but still they scap'd away,
And daily her molested.

Great havoc 'mongst her cheese was made,
And much the loss did grieve her:
At length Grimalkin to her aid
She call'd, (no more of cats afraid)
And begg'd him to relieve her.

Soon as Grimalkin came in view,
The vermin back retreated;
Grimalkin swift as lightning flew,
Thousands of mice he daily slew,
Thousands of rats defeated.

Ne'er cat before such glory won;
All people did adore him:
Grimalkin far all cats out-shone,
And in his lady's favour none
Was then preferr'd before him.

Pert Mrs. Abigail alone
Envy'd Grimalkin's glory:
Her favourite lap-dog now was grown
Neglected; him she did bemoan,
And rav'd like any Tory.

She cannot bear, she swears she won't,
To see the cat regarded;
But firmly is resolv'd upon 't,
And vows, that, whatso'er comes on 't,
She'll have the cat discarded.

She begs, she storms, she fawns, she frets,
(Her arts are all employ'd)
And tells her lady, in a pet,
Grimalkin cost her more in meat
Than all the rats destroy'd.

At length this spiteful waiting-maid
Produc'd a thing amazing;
The favourite cat's a victim made,
To satisfy this prating jade,
And fairly turn'd a-grazing.

Now lap-dog is again restor'd
Into his lady's favour;
Sumptuously kept at bed and board,
And he (so Nab has given her word)
Shall from all vermin save her.

Nab much exults at this success,
And overwhelm'd with joy,
Her lady fondly does caress,
And tells her, Fubb can do no less
Than all her foes destroy.

But vain such hopes; the mice that fled
Return, now Grim's discarded;
Whilst Fubb till ten, on silken bed,
Securely lolls his drowsy head,
And leaves cheese unregarded.

Nor rats nor mice the lap-dog fear,
Now uncontroll'd their theft is:
And whatsoe'er the vermin spare,
Nab and her dog betwixt them share,
Nor pie nor pippin left is.

Mean while, to cover their deceit,
At once, and slander Grim;
Nab says, the cat comes, out of spite,
To rob her lady every night,
So lays it all on him.

Nor corn secure in garret high,
Nor cheesecake safe in closet;
The cellars now unguarded lie,
On every shelf the vermin prey;
And still Grimalkin does it.

[6] The hints of this and the following fable appear to have originated from the fable of the Old Lady and her Cats, printed in the General Postscript, Nov. 7, 1709. They have been both ascribed to Dr. Swift. *N.*

The gains from corn apace decay'd,
No bags to market go:
Complaints came from the dairy-maid,
The mice had spoil'd her butter trade,
And eke her cheese also.

With this same lady once there liv'd
A trusty servant-maid,
Who, hearing this, full much was griev'd,
Fearing her lady was deceiv'd,
And hasten'd to her aid.

Much art she us'd for to disclose
And find out the deceit;
At length she to the lady goes,
Discovers her domestic foes,
And opens all the cheat.

Struck with the sense of her mistake,
The lady, discontented,
Resolves again her cat to take,
And ne'er again her cat forsake,
Lest she again repent it.

THE WIDOW AND HER CAT:

A FABLE [7].

A WIDOW kept a favourite cat,
At first a gentle creature;
But, when he was *grown sleek* and fat,
With many a mouse, and many a rat,
He soon disclos'd his nature.

The fox and he were friends of old,
Nor could they now be parted;
They nightly slunk to rob the fold,
Devour'd the lambs, the fleeces sold;
And puss grew lion-hearted.

He scratch'd the maid, he stole the cream,
He tore her best lac'd pinner;
Nor Chanticleer upon the beam,
Nor chick, nor duckling, 'scapes, when Grim
Invites the fox to dinner.

The dame full wisely did decree,
For fear he should dispatch more,
That the false wretch should worried be;
But, in a saucy manner, he
Thus speech'd it like a Lechmere[8]:

"Must I, against all right and law,
Like pole-cat vile be treated?
I, who so long with tooth and claw,
Have kept domestic mice in awe,
And foreign foes defeated!

"Your golden pippins, and your pies,
How oft have I defended!
'Tis true, the pinner, which you prize,
I tore in frolic; to your eyes
I never harm intended.

"I am a cat of honour."—"Stay!"
Quoth she, "no longer parley;
Whate'er you did in battle slay,
By law of arms, became your prey:
I hope you won it fairly.

"Of this we'll grant you stand acquit,
But not of your outrages:
Tell me, perfidious! was it fit
To make my cream a perquisite,
And steal, to mend your wages?

"So flagrant is thy insolence,
So vile thy breach of trust is,
That longer with thee to dispense,
Were want of power, or want of sense—
Here, Towzer!—do him justice."

[7] In Tindal's Continuation of Rapin, XVII. 454, this fable is said to be by Prior or Swift. In Boyer's Political State, 1720, p. 519, where it is *applied* to the duke of Marlborough, it is said to be by Swift or Prior. *N.*

[8] The celebrated lawyer. *N.*

SONGS,

SET TO MUSIC BY THE MOST EMINENT MASTERS.

I. SET BY MR. ABEL.

READING ends in melancholy;
Wine breeds vices and diseases;
Wealth is but care, and love but folly;
Only friendship truly pleases.
My wealth, my books, my flask, my Molly?
Farewell all, if friendship ceases.

II. SET BY MR. PURCELL.

WHITHER would my passion run?
Shall I fly her, or pursue her?
Losing her, I am undone;
Yet would not gain her, to undo her.

Ye tyrants of the human breast,
Love and Reason! cease your war,
And order Death to give me rest;
So each will equal triumph share.

III. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

STREPHONETTA, why d'ye fly me,
With such rigour in your eyes?
Oh! 'tis cruel to deny me,
Since your charms I so much prize.

But I plainly see the reason,
Why in vain I you pursued;
Her to gain 'twas out of season,
Who before the chaplain woo'd.

IV. SET BY MR. SMITH.

COME, weep no more, for 'tis in vain;
Torment not thus your pretty heart:
Think, Flavia, we may meet again,
As well as, that we now must part.

You sigh and weep; the gods neglect
That precious dew your eyes let fall;
Our joy and grief with like respect
They mind; and that is, not at all.

We pray, in hopes they will be kind,
As if they did regard our state:
They hear; and the return we find
Is, that no prayer can alter Fate.

Then clear your brow, and look more gay,
Do not yourself to grief resign;
Who knows but that those powers may,
The pair they now have parted, join?

But since they have thus cruel been,
And could such constant lovers sever;
I dare not trust, lest, now they're in,
They should divide us two for ever.

Then, Flavia, come, and let us grieve,
Remembering though upon what score;
This our last parting look believe,
Believe we must embrace no more.

Yet should our Sun shine out at last,
And Fortune, without more deceit,
Throw but one reconciling cast,
To make two wandering lovers meet;

How great then would our pleasure be,
To find Heaven kinder than believ'd;
And we, who had no hopes to see
Each other, to be thus deceiv'd!

But say, should Heaven bring no relief,
Suppose our Sun should never rise:
Why then what's due to such a grief,
We've paid already with our eyes.

V. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

Let perjur'd fair Amynta know,
What for her sake I undergo;
Tell her for her how I sustain
A lingering fever's wasting pain;
Tell her the torments I endure,
Which only, only she can cure.

But, oh! she scorns to hear, or see,
The wretch that lies so low as me;
Her sudden greatness turns her brain,
And Strephon hopes, alas! in vain;
For ne'er 'twas found (though often try'd)
That Pity ever dwelt with Pride.

VI. SET BY MR. SMITH.

Phillis, since we have both been kind,
And of each other had our fill;
Tell me what pleasure you can find,
In forcing Nature 'gainst her will.

'Tis true, you may with art and pain,
Keep in some glowings of desire;
But still those glowings which remain,
Are only ashes of the fire.

Then let us free each other's soul,
And laugh at the dull constant fool,
Who would love's liberty control,
And teach us how to r hine by rule.

Let us no impositions set,
Or clogs upon each other's heart;
But, as for pleasure first we met,
So now, for pleasure let us part.

We both have spent our stock of love,
So consequently should be free;
Thyrsis expects you in yon grove,
And pretty Chloris stays for me.

VII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

Phillis, this pious talk give o'er,
And modestly pretend no more;
It is too plain an art:
Surely you take me for a fool,
And would by this prove me so dull,
As not to know your heart.

In vain you fancy to deceive,
For truly I can ne'er believe
But this is all a sham:
Since any one may plainly see,
You'd only save yourself with me,
And with another damn.

VIII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

Still, Dorinda, I adore,
Think I mean not to deceive you;
For I lov'd you much before,
And, alas! now love you more,
Though I force myself to leave you.

Staying, I my vows shall fail;
Virtue yields as love grows stronger;
Fierce desires will sure prevail;
You are fair, and I am frail,
And dare trust myself no longer.

You, my love, too nicely coy,
Lest I should have gain'd the treasure,
Made my vows and oaths destroy
The pleasing hopes I did enjoy
Of all my future peace and pleasure.

To my vows I have been true,
And in silence hid my anguish,
But I cannot promise too
What my love may make me do,
While with her for whom I languish.

For in thee strange magic lies,
And my heart is too, too tender;
Nothing's proof against those eyes,
Best resolves and strictest ties
To their force must soon surrender.

But, Dorinda, you're severe,
I most doating, thus to sever;
Since from all I hold most dear,
That you may no longer fear,
I divorce myself for ever.

IX. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

Is it, O Love, thy want of eyes,
Or by the Fates decreed;
That hearts so seldom sympathize,
Or for each other bleed?

If thou would'st make two youthful hearts
One amorous shaft obey;
'Twould save thee the expense of darts,
And more extend thy sway.

Forbear, alas! thus to destroy
Thyself, thy growing power;
For that which would be stretch'd by joy,
Despair will soon devour.

Ah! wound then my relentless fair,
For thy own sake and mine;
That boundless bliss may be my share,
And double glory thine.

X. SET BY MR. SMITH.

Why, Harry, what ails you? why look you so sad?
To think and ne'er drink, will make you stark-mad.
'Tis the mistress, the friend, and the bottle, old boy!
Which create all the pleasure poor mortals enjoy;
But wine of the three's the most cordial brother,
For one it relieves, and it strengthens the other.

XI. SET BY MR. SMITH.

Since my words, though ne'er so tender,
With sincerest truth exprest,
Cannot make your heart surrender,
Nor so much as warm your breast:

What will move the springs of nature?
What will make you think me true?
Tell me, thou mysterious creature,
Tell poor Strephon what will do.

Do not, Charmion, rack your lover,
Thus, by seeming not to know
What so plainly all discover,
What his eyes so plainly show.

Fair one, 'tis yourself deceiving,
'Tis against your reason's laws:
Atheist-like (th' effect perceiving)
Still to disbelieve the cause.

XII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

Morella, charming without art,
And kind without design,
Can never lose the smallest part
Of such a heart as mine.

Oblig'd a thousand several ways,
It ne'er can break her chains;
While passion, which her beauties raise,
My gratitude maintains.

XIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

Love! inform thy faithful creature
How to keep his fair one's heart;
Must it be by truth of nature,
Or by poor dissembling art?

Tell the secret, show the wonder,
How we both may gain our ends;
I am lost if we're asunder,
Ever tortur'd if we're friends.

XIV. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

Touch the lyre, on every string,
Touch it, Orpheus, I will sing
A song which shall immortal be;
Since she I sing's a deity;
A Leonora, whose blest birth
Has no relation to this Earth.

XV. SET BY MR. SMITH.

Once I was unconfin'd and free,
Would I had been so still!
Enjoying sweetest liberty,
And roving at my will.

But now, not master of my heart,
Cupid does so decide,
That two she-tyrants shall it part,
And so poor me divide.

Victoria's will I must obey,
She acts without control:
Phillis has such a taking way,
She charms my very soul.

Deceiv'd by Phillis' looks and smiles,
Into her snares I run:
Victoria shows me all her wiles,
Which yet I dare not shun.

From one I fancy every kiss
Has something in't divine:
And, awful, taste the balmy bliss,
That joins her lips with mine.

But, when the other I embrace,
Though she be not a queen,
Methinks 'tis sweet with such a lass
To tumble on the green.

Thus here you see a shared heart,
But I, meanwhile, the fool:
Each in it has an equal part,
But neither yet the whole.

Nor will it, if I right forecast,
To either wholly yield:
I find the time approaches fast,
When both must quit the field.

XVI. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

Farewell, Amynta, we must part;
The charm has lost its power,
Which held so fast my captiv'd heart
Until this fatal hour.

Hadst thou not thus my love abus'd,
And us'd me ne'er so ill,
Thy cruelty I had excus'd,
And I had lov'd thee still.

But know, my soul disdains thy sway,
And scorns thy charms and thee,
To which each fluttering coxcomb may
As welcome be as me.

Think in what perfect bliss you reign'd,
How lov'd before thy fall;
And now, alas! how much disdain'd
By me, and scorn'd by all.

Yet thinking of each happy hour,
Which I with thee have spent,
So robs my rage of all its power,
That I almost relent.

But pride will never let me bow,
No more thy charms can move;
Yet thou art worth my pity now,
Because thou hadst my love.

XVII. SET BY MR. SMITH.

Accept, my love, as true a heart
As ever lover gave:
'Tis free (it vows) from any art,
And proud to be your slave.

Then take it kindly, as 'twas meant,
And let the giver live:
Who, with it, would the world have sent,
Had it been his to give.

And, that Dorinda may not fear
I e'er will prove untrue,
My vow shall, ending with the year,
With it begin anew.

XVIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

Nanny blushes when I woo her,
And, with kindly-chiding eyes,
Faintly says, I shall undo her,
Faintly, "O forbear!" she cries.

But her breasts, while I am pressing,
While to hers my lips I join,
Warm'd she seems to taste the blessing,
And her kisses answer mine.

Undebauch'd by rules of honour,
Innocence with nature charms;
One bids, gently push me from her,
T'other, take me in her arms.

XIX. SET BY MR. SMITH.

Since we your husband daily see
So jealous out of season,
Phillis, let you and I agree
To make him so with reason.

I'm vext to think, that every night
A sot, within thy arms,
Tasting the most divine delight,
Should sully all your charms.

While fretting I must lie alone,
Cursing the powers divine,
That undeservedly have thrown
A pearl unto a swine.

Then, Phillis, heal my wounded heart,
My burning passion cool;
Let me, at least, in thee have part
With thy insipid fool.

XX. SET BY C. R.

Phillis, give this humour over,
We too long have time abus'd;
I shall turn an arrant rover,
If the favour's still refus'd.

Faith! 'tis nonsense out of measure,
Without ending, thus to see
Women forc'd to taste a pleasure
Which they love as well as we.

Let not pride and folly share you,
We were made but to enjoy;
Ne'er will age or censure spare you,
E'er the more for being coy.

Never fancy time's before you,
Youth, believe me, will away;
Then, alas! who will adore you,
Or to wrinkles tribute pay?

All the swains on you attending
Show how much your charms deserve;
But, miser-like, for fear of spending,
You amidst your plenty starve.

While a thousand freer lasses,
Who their youth and charms employ,
Though your beauty their's surpasses,
Live in far more perfect joy.

XXI.

Haste, my Nannette, my lovely maid!
Haste to the bower thy swain has made;
For thee alone I made the bower,
And strew'd the couch with many a flower.
None but my sheep shall near us come:
Venus be prais'd! my sheep are dumb.
Great god of love! take thou my crook,
To keep the wolf from Nannette's flock.
Guard thou the sheep, to her so dear;
My own, alas! are less my care.
But of the wolf if thou'rt afraid,
Come not to us to call for aid;
For with her swain my love shall stay,
Though the wolf prowl, and the sheep stray.

XXII. SET BY MR DE. FESCH.

Since by ill fate I'm forc'd away,
And snatch'd so soon from those dear arms,
Against my will I must obey,
And leave those sweet endearing charms.

Yet still love on, and never fear,
But you and constancy will prove
Enough my present flame to bear,
And make me, though in absence, love.

For, though your presence Fate denies,
I feel, alas! the killing smart;
And can, with undiscerned eyes,
Behold your picture in my heart.

XXIII. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

In vain, alas! poor Strephon tries
To ease his tortur'd breast;
Since Amoret the cure denies,
And makes his pain a jest.

Ah! fair-one, why to me so coy?
And why to him so true,
Who with more coldness slights the joy,
Than I with love pursue?

Die then, unhappy lover! die;
For, since she gives thee death,
The world has nothing that can buy
A minute more of breath.

Yet, though I could your scorn outlive,
'Twere folly; since to me
Not love itself a joy can give,
But, Amoret, in thee.

XXIV. SET BY MR. DE FESCH.

Well! I will never more complain,
Or call the Fates unkind;
Alas! how fond it is, how vain!
But self-conceitedness does reign
In every mortal mind.

'Tis true they long did me deny,
Nor would permit a sight:
I rag'd; for I could not espy,
Or think that any harm could lie
Disguis'd in that delight.

At last, my wishes to fulfil,
They did their power resign;
I saw her; but I wish I still
Had been obedient to their will,
And they not unto mine.

Yet I by this have learnt the wit,
Never to grieve or fret:
Contentedly I will submit,
And think that best which they think fit,
Without the least regret.

XXV. SET BY MR. C. R.

Chloe beauty has and wit,
And an air that is not common;
Every charm in her does meet,
Fit to make a handsome woman.

But we do not only find
Here a lovely face or feature;
For she's merciful and kind,
Beauty's answer'd by good-nature.

She is always doing good,
Of her favours never sparing,
And, as all good Christians should,
Keeps poor mortals from despairing.

Jove the power knew of her charms,
And that no man could endure them;
So, providing 'gainst all harms,
Gave to her the power to cure them.

And 'twould be a cruel thing,
When her black eyes have rais'd desire,
Should she not her bucket bring,
And kindly help to quench the fire.

XXVI.

Since, Moggy, I mun bid adieu,
How can I help despairing?
Let cruel Fate us still persue,
There's nought more worth my caring.

'Twas she alone could calm my soul,
When racking thoughts did grieve me;
Her eyes my trouble could control,
And into joys deceive me.

Farewel, ye brooks; no more along
Your banks mun I be walking;
No more you'll hear my pipe or song,
Or pretty Moggy's talking.

But I by death an end will give
To grief, since we mun sever;
For who can after parting live,
Ought to be wretched ever.

XXVII.

Some kind angel, gently flying,
Mov'd with pity at my pain,
Tell Corinna I am dying,
Till with joy we meet again.

Tell Corinna, since we parted,
I have never known delight:
And shall soon be broken-hearted,
If I longer want her sight.

Tell her how her lover, mourning,
Thinks each lazy day a year;
Cursing every morn returning,
Since Corinna is not here.

Tell her too, not distant places,
Will she be but true and kind,
Join'd with time and change of faces,
E'er shall shake my constant mind.

XXVIII. NELLY.

Whilst others proclaim
This nymph, or that swain,
Dearest Nelly the lovely I'll sing;
She shall grace every verse,
I'll her beauties rehearse,
Which lovers can't think an ill thing.

Her eyes shine as bright
As stars in the night,
Her complexion divinely is fair;
Her lips, red as a cherry,
Would a hermit make merry,
And black as a coal is her hair.

Her breath, like a rose,
Its sweets does disclose,
Whenever you ravish a kiss;
Like ivory enchas'd,
Her teeth are well-plac'd,
An exquisite beauty she is.

Her plump breasts are white,
Delighting the sight,
There Cupid discovers her charms;
Oh! spare then the rest,
And think of the best:
'Tis Heaven to die in her arms.

She's blooming as May,
Brisk, lively, and gay;
The Graces play all round about her:
She's prudent and witty,
Sings wondrously pretty,
And there is no living without her.

MISCELLANEA.

AD COMITEM DORCESTRIÆ,

IN ANNUM INEUNTEM, 1684.

AD JANUM.

Sic tua perpetuis fument altaria donis,
Plurima sic flammæ pabula mittat Arabs;
Sic dum sacra novis redimuntur tempora sertis,
Nestoreos poscant fœmina virque dies;

Cassidе depositâ, placidè sic nuncia pacis
Janua sopito cardine limen amet:
Candida procedant festivo tempora motu,
Et faveat Domino quælibet hora meo!
Publica conciliis gravibus seu commoda tractet,
Seu vacuum pectus mollior urat amor;
Seu pia mordaci meditetur vulnera chartâ,
Vulnera quæ tali sola levantur ope;
Seu legat oblito facilis mea carmina fastu,
O! bene carminibus consule, Dive, meis,
Jane fave, Domini veniet natalis ad aras;
O! superis ipsis sacra sit illa dies:
Sacra sit illa dies, niveoque notata lapillo,
Quâ tulit illustris nobile mater onus,
Quâ mihi, patronum gestit, gentique Quiritem,
Artificique Deo pene dedisse parem.

AD DOM. GOWER, COLL. MAGISTRUM,

EPISTOLA DEPRECATORIA.

Nisi tuam jampridem benevolentiam & laudatam ab expertis audivissem, & expertus ipse sæpissimè laudassem, & pudor & tristitia conscio mihi silentium indixissent: at enim V. R. dum coram patrono, amico, patre, provolvor, te non dubitat impetrare audax dolor per accepta olim beneficia, per effluentes lacrymas (& hæ mentiri nesciunt) perque tuum isthunc celeberrimum candorem, quem imprudens læsi, solicitus repeto ut peccanti ignoscas, & obliteres crimen, ut non solùm ad condiscipulorum mensam, sed ad magistri gratiam restituatur, favoris tui studiosissimus, M. P.

CARMEN DEPRECATORIUM AD EUNDEM.

Iratas acuit dum læsus Apollo sagittas,
Neglectas renovat mœsta Thalia preces;
Qualescunque potest jejuno promere cantu:
Heu mihi non est res ingeniosa fames!
Grana neges, alacri languet vis ignea gallo,
Deme laboranti pabula, languet equus.
Latrantis stomachi sterilis nec pascis hiatum
Daphni, nec arentem Castalis unda sitim.
Tum bene lassatur Flaccus cum dixerit Ohe!
Pieriasque merum nobilitavit aquas.
Jejuni depressa jacet vel Musa Maronis,
Flet culicem esuriens qui satur arma canit.
O si Mæcenas major mihi riserit, O si
Fulgenti solitum regnet in ore jubar,
Crimine purgato pie post jejunia, Musa
Inciperet præsul grandia, teque loqui. M. P.

"—DUM BIBIMUS—
OBREPIT NON INTELLECTA SENECTUS."

Siste mero bibulas effuso temporis alas,
Hesternumve minax coge redire diem;
Nil facis; usque volabit inexorabilis ætas,
Canitiemque caput sentiet atque rugas.
Ibrevis, & properans in funus necte corollas,
Mox conflagrando conde Falerna rogo.
Clepsydra Saturni tua nec crystallina distant,
Dum motu parili vinum & arena fluunt.
Dum loquor, ecce! perit, redimitæ gloria frontis,
Dat rosa de sertis lapsa, Memento mori.
Sed tibi, dum nôras nimis properare puellas,
Ut citiùs rumpat stamina, Bacchus adest.
Destituit cæcum subito sol ebrius orbem,
Occasum tremulo narrat adesse rubor. M. P.

REVERENDO IN CHRISTO PATRI

THOMÆ SPRAT,

EPISCOPO ROFFENSI, &c.

Εὐδαιμονίαν.

Vicimus, exultans fausto crepat omine Daphnis,
Testaturque bonos nuncia fibra Deos;
Grandius eloquium meditare, Thalia, patronum
Quem modò laudâsti, nunc venerare patrem.
Quis putet incertis volvi subtegmina Parcis?
Quis meritos æquum destituisse Jovem?
Cum virtute tuum crescit decus, aucte sacerdos,
Impatiensque breves spernit utrumque modos.
Qualiter Elæo felix in pulvere victor,
Cui semel ornatas lambit oliva comas,
Suspirans partas quæritur marcescere frondes,
Et parat elapsas ad nova bella rotas:
Sic tibi major honos veteres protrudit honores,
Metaque præteritæ laudis origo novæ est:
Phœbææ juvenile caput cinxere corollæ,
Palma viri decuit tempora, mitra senis.

EPISTOLA EODEM TEMPORE MISSA.

Cum voluntas regia, optimatum consensus, bonorumque omnium studia infulam merenti concesserint, ignoscas, pater reverende, quod inter communem populi plausum cliens eò minus ad enarrandum sufficiens quò beneficiis plus fuerim devinctus, & tuos in ecclesiâ honores & ecclesiæ à tuis honoribus felicitatem festinet gratulari, favoris tui studiosissimus, M. P.

AD FRANC. EPISC. ELIENSEM;

Exorata boni tribuerunt munera Divi,
Patronique novus tempora cingit honos.
Concedas hilaris repetitum Musa laborem,
Et notum celebres, & mihi dulce decus.
O si te canerem, præsul venerabilis, O si
Fistula cum titulis cresceret aucta tuis,
Æque turba tibi non cederet ima clientum,
Cederet ac numeris optima Musa meis.
Hoc tamen ut meditor, mihi quid nisi vota super-
Imbelles humeros nobile lassat onus. [sunt?
Ergo minor virtus celebretur, dum tibi præsul
Quod laudem superes gloria major erit.

Cum virtutes tuas unusquisque collaudet & honores gratuletur, nostræ V. R. audaciæ ignoscat tua benignitas, si minimâ pollens eloquentiâ, ardentissimo tamen studio accensus, ad communem populi chorum adjungens vocem, cum virum optimum tum benignissimum celebret patronum, qui, tuis maximè devinctus beneficiis, summoperè conatur meritò vocari

Favoris tui studiosissimus, M. P.

"QUIC2UID VULT, VALDE VULT."

Dum tingit Siculus solis cœlique meatus,
Astra polosque tuos quos sibi condit habet,
Nil facit instantis mortis bellique tumultus;
Usque sed egregium sedulus urget opus.
Non vacat exiguæ curas impendere vitæ;
Sat sibi curarum Conditor orbis habet.

IN COMITIS EXONIENSIS CRISTAM,

TRITICI FASCEM LEONIBUS SUSTENTATUM.

1689.

Lemma, "Sustentare et Debellare."

Dum tibi dat fortes Cybele veneranda leones,
Flavaque collectas addit Eleusis opes:
Invidiâ major, victoque potentior ævo,
I decus, I nostra Ceciliana domus.
Sparge inopi fruges, & pelle leonibus hostem;
Copia quid valet hinc, quid timor inde, refer.
Pollens muneribus belli vel pacis, habes, quo
Atque homines superes, atque imitêre Deos.

EPITAPHIUM.

M. S. CAROLI MONTAGUE,
Honorabilis Georgii de Horton in agro Northantoniensi
Filius natu sextus,
Henrici comitis de Manchester nepos,
Scholiæ Regiæ Westmonasteriensis alumnus,
Collegi S. S. Trinitatis Cantabrigiensis socius.
Literas humaniores feliciter excoluit,
Et in dispari laudis genere clarus,
Inter poetas pariter ac oratores Anglos excelluit:
Magna ingenii indole;
Bonarumque artium disciplinis instructus,
Ex Academiæ umbraculis
In conspectum hominum prodiit,
Literatorum decus & præsidium.
Omni dehinc cogitatione
Communi bono promovendo incubuit:
Breviquc hunc virum,
Sua in senatu solertia, in concilio providentia,
In utroque, justitia, fides, auctoritas,
Ad gerendam ærarii curam evexit:
Ubi laborantibus fisci rebus opportunè subveniens,
Simul monetam argenteam
Magno Reipublicæ detrimento imminutam
De novo cudi fecit;
Et inter absolvendum tantæ molis opus,
Flagrante etiam bello,
Impressis chartulis
Pecuniarum rationem pretiumque impertiit.
His meritis & patriæ & principis gratiam consecutus,
Familiam suam diu illustrem, illustriorem reddidit;
Baro scilicet, deinde comes de Halifax creatus,
Ad tres Montacutani nominis proceres quartus accessit.
Summo denique Periscelidis honore ornatus,
Publici commodi indefessus adhuc consultor,
Media inter conamina, otium cum dignitate,
Quod desideravit, & meruit, vix tandem assecutus;
(Proh brevem humanarum rerum fiduciam!)
Omnibus bonis flebilis occidit,
XIX die Maii, Anno Salutis, M. DCC. XV.
Ætatis suæ LIV.
Patruo de se optimè merenti,
Et bonorum & honorum hæres,
Georgius comes de Halifax.

EPITAPH.

Here lies Sir Thomas Powys, Knight:
As to his Profession,
In accusing cautious; in defending vehement;
In all his pleadings sedate, clear, and strong;
In all his decisions unprejudic'd and equitable.
He studied, practised, and governed the Law
In such a manner, that
Nothing equalled his knowledge, except his eloquence:
Nothing excelled both, except his justice.
As to his Life,
He possessed, by a natural happiness,
All those civil virtues which form the gentleman:
And to these, by Divine Goodness, were added
That fervent zeal and extensive charity,
Which distinguish the perfect Christian!
The tree is known by his fruit.
He was a loving husband, and an indulgent father,
A constant friend, and a charitable patron;
Frequenting the devotions of the church;
Pleading the cause, and relieving the necessities, of the poor.
What by example he taught throughout his life,
At his death he recommended to his family and friends;
"To fear God, and live uprightly."
Let whoever reads this stone,
Be wise, and be instructed.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

———Minuentur atræ
Carmine curæ. Hor.

THE

LIFE OF CONGREVE,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

WILLIAM CONGREVE descended from a family in Staffordshire, of so great antiquity that it claims a place among the few that extend their line beyond the Norman Conquest; and was the son of William Congreve, second son of Richard Congreve, of Congreve and Stratton. He visited, once at least, the residence of his ancestors; and, I believe, more places than one are still shown, in groves and gardens, where he is related to have written his Old Bachelor.

Neither the time nor place of his birth are certainly known; if the inscription upon his monument be true, he was born in 1672. For the place, it was said by himself, that he owed his nativity to England, and by every body else, that he was born in Ireland. Southern mentioned him with sharp censure, as a man that meanly disowned his native country. The biographers assign his nativity to Bardso, near Leeds in Yorkshire, from the account given by himself, as they suppose, to Jacob.

To doubt whether a man of eminence has told the truth about his own birth, is, in appearance, to be very deficient in candour; yet nobody can live long without knowing that falsehoods of convenience or vanity, falsehoods from which no evil immediately visible ensues, except the general degradation of human testimony, are very lightly uttered, and once uttered are sullenly supported. Boileau, who desired to be thought a rigorous and steady moralist, having told a petty lie to Lewis XIV. continued it afterwards by false dates; thinking himself obliged *in honour*, says his admirer, to maintain what, when he said it, was so well received.

Wherever Congreve was born, he was educated first at Kilkenny, and afterwards at Dublin, his father having some military employments that stationed him in Ireland: but, after having passed through the usual preparatory studies, as may be reasonably supposed with great celerity and success, his father thought it proper to assign him a profession by which something might be gotten; and about the time of the Revolution sent him, at the age of sixteen, to study law in the Middle Temple, where he lived for several years, but with very little attention to Statutes or Reports.

His disposition to become an author appeared very early, as he very early felt that force of imagination, and possessed that copiousness of sentiment, by which intellectual pleasure can be given. His first performance was a novel, called Incognita, or Love and Duty reconciled: it is praised by the biographers, who quote some part of the Preface, that is, indeed, for such a time of life, uncommonly judicious. I would rather praise it than read it.

His first dramatic labour was the Old Bachelor; of which he says, in his defence against Collier, "that comedy was written, as several know, some years before it was acted. When I wrote it, I had little thoughts of the stage; but did it, to amuse myself in a slow recovery from a fit of sickness. Afterwards, through my indiscretion, it was seen, and in some little time more it was acted; and I, through the remainder of my indiscretion, suffered myself to be drawn into the prosecution of a difficult and thankless study, and to be involved in a perpetual war with knaves and fools."

There seems to be a strange affectation in authors of appearing to have done every thing by chance. The Old Bachelor was written for amusement, in the languor of convalescence. Yet it is apparentlycomposed with great elaborateness of dialogue, and incessant ambition of wit. The age of the writer considered, it is indeed a very wonderful performance; for, whenever written, it was acted (1693) when he was not more than twenty-one years old; and was then recommended by Mr. Dryden, Mr. Southern, and Mr. Maynwaring. Dryden said, that he never had seen such a first play; but they found it deficient in some things requisite to the success of its exhibition, and by their greater experience fitted it for the stage. Southern used to relate of one comedy, probably of this, that, when Congreve read it to the players, he pronounced it so wretchedly, that they had almost rejected it; but they were afterwards so well persuaded of its excellence, that, for half a year before it was acted, the manager allowed its author the privilege of the house.

Few plays have ever been so beneficial to the writer; for it procured him the patronage of Halifax, who immediately made him one of the commissioners for licensing coaches, and soon after gave him a place in the Pipe-office, and another in the Customs of six hundred pounds a year. Congreve's conversation must surely have been at least equally pleasing with his writings.

Such a comedy, written at such an age, requires some consideration. As the lighter species of dramatic poetry professes the imitation of common life, of real manners, and daily incidents, it apparently presupposes a familiar knowledge of many characters, and exact observation of the passing world; the difficulty therefore is, to conceive how this knowledge can be obtained by a boy.

But if the Old Bachelor be more nearly examined, it will be found to be one of those comedies which may be made by a mind vigorous and acute, and furnished with comic characters by the perusal of other poets, without much actual commerce with mankind. The dialogue is one constant reciprocation of conceits, or clash of wit, in which nothing flows necessarily from the occasion, or is dictated by nature. The characters both of men and women are either fictitious and artificial, as those of Heartwell and the Ladies; or easy and common, as Wittol, a tame idiot, Bluff, a swaggering coward, and Fondlewife, a jealous puritan; and the catastrophe arises from a mistake not very probably produced, by marrying a woman in a mask.

Yet this gay comedy, when all these deductions are made, will still remain the work of very powerful and fertile faculties; the dialogue is quick and sparkling, the incidents such as seize the attention, and the wit so exuberant that it "o'er-informs its tenement."

Next year he gave another specimen of his abilities in the Double Dealer, which was not received with equal kindness. He writes to his patron the lord Halifax a dedication, in which he endeavours to reconcile the reader to that which found few friends among the audience. These apologies are always useless: de gustibus non est disputandum; men may be convinced, but they cannot be pleased, against their will. But, though taste is obstinate, it is very variable; and time often prevails when arguments have failed.

Queen Mary conferred upon both those plays the honour of her presence; and when she died, soon after, Congreve testified his gratitude by a despicable effusion of elegiac pastoral; a composition in which all is unnatural, and yet nothing is new.

In another year (1695) his prolifick pen produced Love for Love; a comedy of nearer alliance to life, and exhibiting more real manners than either of the former. The character of Foresight was then common. Dryden calculated nativities; both Cromwell and king William had their lucky days; and Shaftesbury himself, though he had no religion, was said to regard predictions. The Sailor is not accounted very natural, but he is very pleasant.

With this play was opened the New Theatre, under the direction of Betterton the tragedian; where he exhibited two years afterwards (1697) the Mourning Bride, a tragedy, so written as to show him sufficiently qualified for either kind of dramatic poetry.

In this play, of which, when he afterwards revised it, he reduced the versification to greater regularity, there is more bustle than sentiment; the plot is busy and intricate, and the events take hold on the attention; but, except a very few passages, we are rather amused with noise, and perplexed with stratagem, than entertained with any true delineation of natural characters. This, however, was received with more benevolence than any other of his works, and still continues to be acted and applauded.

But whatever objections may be made either to his comic or tragic excellence, they are lost at once in the blaze of admiration, when it is remembered that he had produced these four plays before he had passed his twenty-fifth year, before other men, even such as are some time to shine in eminence, have passed their probation of literature, or presume to hope for any other notice than such as is bestowed on diligence and inquiry. Among all the efforts of early genius which literary history records, I doubt whether any one can be produced that more surpasses the common limits of nature than the plays of Congreve.

About this time began the long-continued controversy between Collier and the poets. In the reign of Charles the First the Puritans had raised a violent clamour against the drama, which they considered as an entertainment not lawful to Christians, an opinion held by them in common with the church of Rome; and Prynne publishes Histrio-mastix, a huge volume, in which stage-plays were censured. The outraged and crimes of the Puritans brought afterwards their whole system of doctrine into

disrepute, and from the Restoration the poets and players were left at quiet, for to have molested them would have had the appearance of tendency to puritanical malignity.

This danger, however, was worn away by time; and Collier, a fierce and implacable Nonjuror, knew that an attack upon the theatre would never make him suspected for a Puritan; he therefore (1698) published A short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage, I believe with no other motive than religious zeal and honest indignation. He was formed for a controvertist; with sufficient learning; with diction vehement and pointed, though often vulgar and incorrect; with unconquerable pertinacity; with wit in the highest degree keen and sarcastic; and with all those powers exalted and invigorated by just confidence in his cause.

Thus qualified, and thus incited, he walked out to battle, and assailed at once most of the living writers, from Dryden to D'Urfey. His onset was violent; those passages, which while they stood single had passed with little notice, when they were accumulated and exposed together, excited horrour; the wise and the pious caught the alarm; and the nation wondered why it had so long suffered irreligion and licentiousness to be openly taught at the public charge.

Nothing now remained for the poets but to resist or fly. Dryden's conscience, or his prudence, angry as he was, withheld him from the conflict: Congreve and Vanbrugh attempted answers. Congreve, a very young man, elated with success, and impatient of censure, assumed an air of confidence and security. His chief artifice of controversy is to retort upon his adversary his own words: he is very angry, and, hoping to conquer Collier with his own weapons, allows himself in the use of every term of contumely and contempt; but he has the sword without the arm of Scanderbeg; he has his antagonist's coarseness, but not his strength. Collier replied; for contest was his delight: he was not to be frighted from his purpose or his prey.

The cause of Congreve was not tenable; whatever glosses he might use for the defence or palliation of single passages, the general tenour and tendency of his plays must always be condemned. It is acknowledged, with universal conviction, that the perusal of his works will make no man better; and that their ultimate effect is to represent pleasure in alliance with vice, and to relax those obligations by which life ought to be regulated.

The stage found other advocates, and the dispute was protracted through ten years: but at last Comedy grew more modest; and Collier lived to see the reward of his labour in the reformation of the theatre.

Of the powers by which this important victory was achieved, a quotation from Love for Love, and the remark upon it, may afford a specimen:

Sir Samps. "Sampson's a very good name; for your Sampsons were strong dogs from the beginning."

Angel. "Have a care—If you remember, the strongest Sampson of your name pull'd an old house over his head at last."

"Here you have the Sacred History burlesqued; and Sampson once more brought into the house of Dagon, to make sport for the Philistines!"

Congreve's last play was the Way of the World; which, though as he hints in his dedication it was written with great labour and much thought, was received with so

little favour, that, being in a high degree offended and disgusted, he resolved to commit his quiet and his fame no more to the caprices of an audience.

From this time his life ceased to the public; he lived for himself and for his friends; and among his friends was able to name every man of his time whom wit and elegance had raised to reputation. It may be therefore reasonably supposed that his manners were polite, and his conversation pleasing.

He seems not to have taken much pleasure in writing, as he contributed nothing to the Spectator, and only one paper to the Tatler, though published by men with whom he might be supposed willing to associate; and though he lived many years after the publication of his Miscellaneous Poems, yet he added nothing to them, but lived on in literary indolence, engaged in no controversy, contending with no rival, neither soliciting flattery by public commendations, nor provoking enmity by malignant criticism, but passing his time among the great and splendid, in the placid enjoyment of his fame and fortune.

Having owed his fortune to Halifax, he continued always of his patron's party, but, as it seems, without violence or acrimony; and his firmness was naturally esteemed, as his abilities were reverenced. His security therefore was never violated; and when, upon the extrusion of the Whigs, some intercession was used lest Congreve should be displaced, the earl of Oxford made this answer:

> Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pœni
> Nec tam aversus equos Tyriâ sol jungit ab urbe.

He that was thus honoured by the adverse party might naturally expect to be advanced when his friends returned to power, and he was accordingly made secretary for the Island of Jamaica; a place, I suppose, without trust or care, but which, with his post in the Customs, is said to have afforded him twelve hundred pounds a year.

His honours were yet far greater than his profits. Every writer mentioned him with respect; and, among other testimonies to his merit, Steele made him the patron of his Miscellany, and Pope inscribed to him his translation of the Iliad.

But he treated the Muses with ingratitude; for, having long conversed familiarly with the great, he wished to be considered rather as a man of fashion than of wit; and when he received a visit from Voltaire, disgusted him by the despicable foppery of desiring to be considered not as an author but a gentleman; to which the Frenchman replied, "that if he had been only a gentleman, he should not have come to visit him."

In his retirement he may be supposed to have applied himself to books; for he discovers more literature than the poets have commonly attained. But his studies were in his latter days obstructed by cataracts in his eyes, which at last terminated in blindness. This melancholy state was aggravated by the gout, for which he sought relief by a journey to Bath; but, being overturned in his chariot, complained from that time of a pain in his side, and died, at his house in Surrey-street in the Strand, Jan. 29, 1728-9. Having lain in state in the Jerusalem-chamber, he was buried in Westminster-abbey, where a monument is erected to his memory by Henrietta dutchess of Marlborough, to whom, for reasons either not known or not mentioned, he bequeathed a legacy of about ten thousand

pounds, the accumulation of attentive parsimony, which, though to her superfluous and useless, might have given great assistance to the ancient family from which he descended, at that time, by the imprudence of his relation, reduced to difficulties and distress.

CONGREVE has merit of the highest kind; he is an original writer, who borrowed neither the models of his plot, nor the manner of his dialogue. Of his plays I cannot speak distinctly; for since I inspected them many years have passed; but what remains upon my memory is, that his characters are commonly fictitious and artificial, with very little of nature, and not much of life. He formed a peculiar idea of comic excellence, which he supposed to consist of gay remarks and unexpected answers; but that which he endeavoured, he seldom failed of performing. His scenes exhibit not much of humour, imagery, or passion: his personages are a kind of intellectual gladiators; every sentence is to ward or strike; the contest of smartness is never intermitted; his wit is a meteor playing to and fro with alternate coruscations. His comedies have, therefore, in some degree, the operation of tragedies; they surprise rather than divert, and raise admiration oftener than merriment. But they are the works of a mind replete with images, and quick in combination.

Of his miscellaneous poetry I cannot say any thing very favourable. The powers of Congreve seem to desert him when he leaves the stage, as Antæus was no longer trong than when he could touch the grouud. It cannot be observed without wonder, that a mind so vigorous and fertile in dramatic compositions should, on any other occasion, discover nothing but impotence and poverty. He has in these little pieces neither elevation of fancy, selection of language, nor skill in versification: yet, if I were required to select from the whole mass of English poetry the most poetical paragraph, I know not what I could prefer to an exclamation in the Mourning Bride:

ALMERIA.

It was a fancy'd noise; for all is hush'd.

LEONORA.

It bore the accent of a human voice.

ALMERIA.

It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aile;
We 'll listen—

LEONORA.

Hark!

ALMERIA.

No, all is hush'd and still as death.—'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity! it strikes an awe
And terrour on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chilness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;

Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

He who reads these lines enjoys for a moment the powers of a poet; he feels what he remembers to have felt before; but he feels it with great increase of sensibility; he recognizes a familiar image, but meets it again amplified and expanded, embellished with beauty, and enlarged with majesty.

Yet could the author, who appears here to have enjoyed the confidence of Nature, lament the death of queen Mary in lines like these:

The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills.
The water-gods to floods their rivulets turn,
And each, with streaming eyes, supplies his wanting urn.
The fawns forsake the woods, the nymphs the grove,
And round the plain in sad distractions rove:
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.
With their sharp nails, themselves the satyrs wound,
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground.
Lo, Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak,
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.
See Pales weeping too, in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.
And see yon fading myrtle, where appears
The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears;
See how she wrings her hands, and beats her breast,
And tears her useless girdle from her waist!
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves!
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.

And, many years after, he gave no proof that time had improved his wisdom or his wit; for, on the death of the marquis of Blandford, this was his song:

And now the winds, which had so long been still,
Began the swelling air with sighs to fill;
The water-nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
Like images of ice, while she complain'd,
Now loos'd their streams; as when descending rains
Roll the steep torrents headlong o'er the plains.
The prone creation, who so long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell!
Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,
And Echo multiplied each mournful sound.

In both these funeral poems, when he has *yelled* out many *syllables* of senseless *dolour*, he dismisses his reader with senseless consolation: from the grave of Pastora rises a light that forms a star; and where Amaryllis wept for Amyntas, from every tear sprung up a violet.

But William is his hero, and of William he will sing:

The hovering winds on downy wings shall wait around,
And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying sound.

It cannot but be proper to show what they shall have to catch and carry:

'Twas now, when flowery lawns the prospect made,
And flowing brooks beneath a forest shade,
A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,
Stood feeding by; while two fierce bulls prepar'd
Their armed heads for fight, by fate of war to prove
The victor worthy of the fair-one's love:
Unthought presage of what met next my view!
For soon the shady scene withdrew:
And now, for woods, and fields, and springing flowers,
Behold a town arise, bulwark'd with walls and lofty towers!
Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread,
Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd;
With eager eyes beholding both from far
Namur, the prize and mistress of the war,

The Birth of the Muse is a miserable fiction. One good line it has, which was borrowed from Dryden. The concluding verses are these:

This said, no more remain'd. Th' etherial host
Again impatient crowd the crystal coast.
The father, now, within his spacious hands,
Encompass'd all the mingled mass of seas and lands;
And, having heav'd aloft the ponderous sphere,
He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

Of his irregular poems, that to Mrs. Arabella Hunt seems to be the best: his ode for St. Cecilia's day, however, has some lines which Pope had in his mind when he wrote his own.

His imitations of Horace are feebly paraphrastical, and the additions which he makes are of little value. He sometimes retains what were more properly omitted, as when he talks of *vervain* and *gums* to propitiate Venus.

Of his translations, the satire of Juvenal was written very early, and may therefore be forgiven, though it have not the massiness and vigour of the original. In all his versions strength and sprightliness are wanting: his Hymn to Venus, from Homer, is perhaps the best. His lines are weakened with expletives, and his rhymes are frequently imperfect.

His petty poems are seldom worth the cost of criticism; sometimes the thoughts are false, and sometimes common. In his verses on lady Gethin, the latter part is in imitation of Dryden's ode on Mrs. Killigrew; and Doris, that has been so lavishly flattered by Steele, has indeed some lively stanzas, but the expression might be mended; and the most striking part of the character had been already shown in Love for Love. His Art of Pleasing is founded on a vulgar, but perhaps impracticable principle, and the staleness of the sense is not concealed by any novelty of illustration or elegance of diction.

This tissue of poetry, from which he seems to have hoped a lasting name, is totally neglected, and known only as it appended to his plays.

While comedy, or while tragedy, is regarded, his plays are likely to be read;

but, except[1] what relates to the stage, I know not that he has ever written a stanza that is sung, or a couplet that is quoted. The general character of his miscellanies is, that they show little wit and little virtue.

Yet to him it must be confessed, that we are indebted for the correction of a national errour, and for the cure of our Pindaric madness. He first taught the English writers that Pindar's odes were regular; and though certainly he had not the fire requisite for the higher species of lyric poetry, he has shown us, that enthusiasm has its rules, and that in mere confusion there is neither grace nor greatness.

[1] "Except!" Dr. Warton exclaims, "Is not this a high sort of poetry?" He mentions, likewise, that Congreve's opera or oratorio of Semele, was set to music by Handel, I believe in 1743. C.

TO

MR. CONGREVE,

ON HIS PLAYS AND POEMS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH TOLLET[1].

CONGREVE! the justest glory of our age!
The whole Menander of the English stage!
Thy comic Muse, in each complete design,
Does manly sense and sprightly wit combine.
And sure the theatre was meant a school,
To lash the vicious, and expose the fool;
The wilful fool, whose wit is always shown
To hit another's fault, and miss his own,
Laughs at himself, when by thy skill exprest,
And always in his neighbour finds the jest.
A fame from vulgar characters to raise
Is every poet's labour, and his praise:
They, fearful, coast; while you forsake the shore,
And undiscover'd worlds of wit explore,
Enrich the scene with characters unknown,
There plant your colonies, and fix your throne.
Let Maskwell's treacheries and Touchwood's rage,
Let rugged Ben, and Foresight's timorous age,
And Heartwell's sullen passion, grace the stage.
Then let half-critics veil their idle spite,
For he knows best to rail, who worst can write.
Let juster satire now employ thy pen,
To tax the vicious on the world's great scene;
There the reformer's praise the poet shares,
And boldly lashes whom the zealot spares.
Ye British fair! could your bright eyes refuse
A pitying tear to grace his tragic Muse?
Can generous Osmyn sigh beneath his chain,
Or the distress'd Almeria weep in vain?
A kindly pity every breast must move,
For injur'd Virtue, or for suffering Love.
The nymphs adorn Pastora's sacred tomb,
And mourn the lov'd Amynta's short-liv'd bloom:
The learn'd admire the poet, when he flies
To trace the Theban swan amid the skies;
When he translates, still faithful to the sense,
He copies and improves each excellence.
Or when he teaches how the rich and great,
And all but deathless Wit, must yield to Fate;
Or when he sings the courser's rapid speed,
Or Virtue's loftier praise, and nobler deed;
Each various grace embellishes his song,
As Horace easy, and as Pindar strong;
Pindar, who long, like oracles' ador'd
In reverend darkness, now to light restor'd, [record.
Shall stamp thy current wit, and seal thy fame's

[1] Daughter of George Tollet, esq. who, as a commissioner of the navy, had a house in the Tower in the reigns of king William and queen Anne. Sir Isaac Newton honoured both him and his daughter with his friendship, and was much pleased with some of her first essays.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

To you, my lord, my Muse her tribute pays
Of various verse, in various rude essays;
To you she first address'd her early voice,
By inclination led, and fix'd by choice;
To you, on whose indulgence she depends,
Her few collected lays she now commends.
By no one measure bound, her numbers range,
And, unresolv'd in choice, delight in change;
Her songs to no distinguish'd fame aspire,
For, now, she tries the reed, anon, attempts the lyre:
In high Parnassus she no birth-right claims,
Nor drinks deep draughts of Heliconian streams:
Yet near the sacred mount she loves to rove,
Visits the springs, and hovers round the grove.
She knows what dangers wait too bold a flight,
And fears to fall from an Icarian height:
Yet she admires the wing that safely soars,
At distance follows, and its track adores.
She knows what room, what force, the swan requires,
Whose towering head above the clouds aspires,
And knows as well, it is your lowest praise,
Such heights to reach with equal strength and ease.
O had your genius been to leisure born,
And not more bound to aid us, than adorn!
Albion in verse with ancient Greece had vy'd,
And gain'd alone a fame, which, there, seven states divide.
But such, ev'n such renown, too dear had cost,
Had we the patriot in the poet lost.
A true poetic state we had deplor'd,
Had not your ministry our coin restor'd.
But still, my lord, though your exalted name
Stands foremost in the fairest list of Fame,
Though your ambition ends in public good
(A virtue lineal to your house and blood):
Yet think not meanly of your other praise,
Nor slight the trophies which the Muses raise.
How oft a patriot's best-laid schemes we find
By party cross'd, or faction undermin'd!
If he succeed, he undergoes this lot,
The good receiv'd, the giver is forgot.
But honours, which from verse their source derive,
Shall both surmount detraction, and survive:
And poets have unquestion'd right to claim,
If not the greatest, the most lasting name.

W. CONGREVE.

THE MOURNING MUSE OF ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL.

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF

QUEEN MARY.

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.
Virg.

ALEXIS, MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

Behold, Alexis, see this gloomy shade,
Which seems alone for Sorrow's shelter made;
Where no glad beams of light can ever play,
But night succeeding night excludes the day,
Where never birds with harmony repair,
And lightsome notes, to cheer the dusky air:
To welcome day, or bid the Sun farewell,
By morning lark, or evening Philomel.
No violet here, nor daisy, e'er was seen;
No sweetly-budding flower, nor springing green.
For fragrant myrtle, and the blushing rose,
Here baleful yew with deadly cypress grows.
Here then, extended on this wither'd moss,
We'll lie, and thou shalt sing of Albion's loss:
Of Albion's loss, and of Pastora's death,
Begin thy mournful song, and raise thy tuneful breath.

ALEXIS.

Ah woe too great! Ah theme! which far exceeds
The lowly lays of humble shepherds reeds!
O could I sing in verse of equal strain
With the Sicilian bard, or Mantuan swain;
Or melting words and moving numbers choose,
Sweet as the British Colin's mournful Muse,

Could I, like him, in tuneful grief excel,
And mourn like Stella for her Astrofel;
Then might I raise my voice, (secure of skill).
And with melodious woe the valleys fill;
The listening Echo on my song should wait,
And hollow rocks Pastora's name repeat;
Each whistling wind, and murmuring stream should tell
How lov'd she liv'd, and how lamented fell.

MENALCAS.

Wert thou with every bay and laurel crown'd,
And high as Pan himself in song renown'd;
Yet would not all thy art avail, to show
Verse worthy of her name, or of our woe:
But such true passion in thy face appears,
In thy pale lips, thick sighs, and gushing tears;
Such tender sorrow in thy heart I read,
As shall supply all skill, if not exceed.
Then leave this common line of dumb distress,
Each vulgar grief can sighs and tears express;
In sweet complaining notes thy passion vent,
And not in sighs, but words explaining sighs, lament.

ALEXIS.

Wild be my words, Menalcas, wild my thought,
Artless as Nature's notes in birds untaught;
Boundless my verse, and roving be my strains,
Various as flowers on unfrequented plains.
And thou, Thalia, darling of my breast,
By whom inspir'd, I sung at Comus' feast;
While, in a ring, the jolly rural throng
Have sat and smil'd to hear my cheerful song:
Begone, with all thy mirth and sprightly lays,
My pipe no longer now thy power obeys;
Learn to lament, my Muse, to weep, and mourn,
Thy springing laurels all to cypress turn;
Wound with thy dismal cries the tender air, [hair;
And beat thy snowy breast, and rend thy yellow
Far hence, in utmost wilds, thy dwelling choose,
Begone, Thalia; Sorrow is my Muse.
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
No more these woods shall with her sight be bless'd,
Nor with her feet these flowery plains be press'd;
No more the winds shall with her tresses play,
And from her balmy breath steal sweets away;
No more these rivers cheerfully shall pass,
Pleas'd to reflect the beauties of her face;
While on their banks the wondering flocks have stood,
Greedy of sight, and negligent of food.
No more the nymphs shall with soft tales delight
Her ears, no more with dances please her sight:
Nor ever more shall swain make song of mirth,
To bless the joyous day that gave her birth;
Lost is that day which had from her its light,
For ever lost with her, in endless night:
In endless night and arms of Death she lies,
Death in eternal shades has shut Pastora's eyes.
Lament, ye nymphs, and mourn, ye wretched swains;
Stray, all ye flocks, and desert be, ye plains;
Sigh, all ye winds, and weep, ye crystal floods;
Fade, all ye flowers, and wither, all ye woods.
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
Within a dismal grot, which damps surround,
All cold she lies upon th' unwholesome ground;
The marble weeps, and, with a silent pace,
Its trickling tears distil upon her face.
Falsely ye weep, ye rocks, and falsely mourn;
For never will you let the nymph return!
With a feign'd grief the faithless tomb relents,
And, like the crocodile, its prey laments.
O she was heavenly fair, in face and mind!
Never in nature were such beauties join'd:
Without, all shining; and within, all white;
Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight;
Like some rare flower, whose leaves all colours yield,
And, opening, is with sweetest odours fill'd.
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So did her graceful height all nymphs exceed;
To which excelling height, she bore a mind
Humble, as osiers bending to the wind.
Thus excellent she was——
Ah wretched fate! she was, but is no more:
Help me, ye hills and vallies, to deplore.
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
From that blest earth, on which her body lies,
May blooming flowers with fragrant sweets arise.
Let Myrrha, weeping aromatic gum,
And ever-living laurel, shade her tomb.
Thither let all th' industrious bees repair,
Unlade their thighs, and leave their honey there:
Thither let fairies with their train resort,
Neglect their revels and their midnight sport;
There in unusual wailings waste the night,
And watch her by the fiery glow-worm's light.
There may no dismal yew nor cypress grow,
Nor holly-bush, nor bitter elder's bough;
Let each unlucky bird far build his nest,
And distant dens receive each howling beast;
Let wolves be gone, be ravens put to flight,
With hooting owls, and bats that hate the light.
But let the sighing doves, that sorrows bring,
And nightingales, in sweet complainings sing;
Let swans from their forsaken rivers fly,
And, sickening at her tomb, make haste to die,
That they may help to sing her elegy.
Let Echo too, in mimic moan, deplore,
And cry with me, "Pastora is no more!"
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
And see, the Heavens to weep in dew prepare,
And heavy mists obscure the burthen'd air;
A sudden damp o'er all the plain is spread,
Each lily folds its leaves and hangs its head:
On every tree the blossoms turn to tears,
And every bough a weeping moisture bears.
Their wings the feather'd airy people droop,
And flocks beneath their dewy fleeces stoop.
The rocks are cleft, and new-descending rills
Furrow the brows of all th' impending hills:
The water-gods to floods their rivulets turn,
And each, with streaming eyes, supplies his wanting urn. [grove,
The fawns forsake the woods, the nymphs the
And round the plain in sad distraction rove;
In prickly brakes their tender limbs they tear,
And leave on thorns their locks of golden hair.
With their sharp nails, themselves the satyrs wound, [the ground.
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief
Lo, Pan himself, beneath a blasted oak,
Dejected lies, his pipe in pieces broke.
See, Pales weeping too, in wild despair,
And to the piercing winds her bosom bare.
And see yon fading myrtle, where appears
The queen of love, all bath'd in flowing tears;

See how she wrings her hands, and beats her breast,
And tears her useless girdle from her waist:
Hear the sad murmurs of her sighing doves,
For grief they sigh, forgetful of their loves.
Lo, Love himself, with heavy woes opprest!
See how his sorrows swell his tender breast;
His bow he breaks, and wide his arrows flings,
And folds his little arms, and hangs his drooping wings;
Then lays his limbs upon the dying grass,
And all with tears bedews his beauteous face,
With tears, which from his folded lids arise,
And even Love himself has weeping eyes.
All nature mourns; the floods and rocks deplore,
And cry with me, "Pastora is no more!"
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
The rocks can melt, and air in mists can mourn,
And floods can weep, and winds to sighs can turn;
The birds, in songs, their sorrows can disclose,
And nymphs and swains, in words, can tell their woes.
But, oh! behold that deep and wild despair,
Which neither winds can show, nor floods, nor air.
See the great shepherd, chief of all the swains,
Lord of these woods, and wide-extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground, and close to earth his face,
Scalding with tears th' already-faded grass;
To the cold clay he joins his throbbing breast,
No more within Pastora's arms to rest!
No more! for those once soft and circling arms
Themselves are clay, and cold are all her charms;
Cold are those lips, which he no more must kiss,
And cold that bosom, once all downy bliss;
On whose soft pillows, lull'd in sweet delights,
He us'd in balmy sleep to lose the nights.
Ah! where is all that love and fondness fled?
Ah! where is all that tender sweetness laid?
To dust must all that heaven of beauty come!
And must Pastora moulder in the tomb!
Ah, Death! more fierce and unrelenting far,
Than wildest wolves or savage tigers are:
With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeas'd,
But ravenous Death the shepherdess has seiz'd.
I mourn Pastora dead; let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn.
But see, Menalcas, where a sudden light,
With wonder stops my song, and strikes my sight!
And where Pastora lies, it spreads around,
Showing all radiant bright the sacred ground.
While from her tomb, behold, a flame ascends
Of whitest fire, whose flight to Heaven extends!
On flaking wings it mounts, and, quick as sight,
Cuts through the yielding air with rays of light;
Till the blue firmament at last it gains,
And, fixing there, a glorious star remains!
Fairest it shines of all that light the skies,
As once on Earth were seen Pastora's eyes.

TO THE KING,

ON THE TAKING OF NAMUR.

IRREGULAR ODE.

Præsenti tibi maturos largimur honores:
Nil orturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes.
Hor. ad Augustum.

O arms and war my Muse aspires to sing,
And strike the lyre upon an untry'd string:
New fire informs my soul, unfelt before;
And, on new wings, to heights unknown I soar.
O power unseen! by whose resistless force
Compell'd, I take this flight, direct my course;
For fancy wild and pathless ways will choose,
Which *judgment* rarely, or with pain, pursues:
Say, sacred nymph, whence this great change proceeds,
Why scorns the lowly swain his oaten reeds;
Daring aloud to strike the sounding lyre,
And sing heroic deeds;
Neglecting flames of love, for martial fire?

William, alone, my feeble voice can raise;
What voice so weak, that cannot sing his praise!
The listening world each whisper will befriend!
That breathes his name, and every ear attend.
The hovering winds on downy wings shall wait around,
And catch, and waft to foreign lands, the flying sound.
Ev'n I will in his praise be heard;
For by his name my verse shall be preferr'd.
Borne like a lark upon this eagle's wing,
High as the spheres, I will his triumph sing;
High as the head of Fame; Fame, whose exalted size
From the deep vale extends up to the vaulted skies:
A thousand talking tongues the monster bears,
A thousand waking eyes and ever-open ears;
Hourly she stalks with huge gigantic pace,
Measuring the globe, like Time, with constant race:
Yet shall she stay, and bend to William's praise:
Of him her thousand earsshall hear triumphant lays,
Of him her tongue shall talk, on him her eyes shall gaze.

But lo, a change, astonishing my eyes!
And all around, behold, new objects rise!
What forms are these I see? and whence?
Beings substantial! or does air condense,
To clothe in visionary shape my various thought?
Are these by fancy wrought!
Can strong ideas strike so deep the sense?
O sacred Poesy! O boundless power!
What wonders dost thou trace, what hidden worlds explore!
Through seas, earth, air, and the wide-circling sky,
What is not sought and seen by thy all-piercing eye!

'Twas now, when flowery lawns the prospect made,
And flowing brooks beneath a forest's shade;
A lowing heifer, loveliest of the herd,
Stood feeding by; while two fierce bulls prepar'd
Their armed heads for fight, by fate of war to prove
The victor worthy of the fair one's love:
Unthought presage of what met next my view!
For soon the shady scene withdrew:
And now, for woods, and fields, and springing flowers,
Behold a town arise, bulwark'd with walls, and lofty towers!
Two rival armies all the plain o'erspread,
Each in battalia rang'd, and shining arms array'd:
With eager eyes beholding both from far
Namur, the prize and mistress of the war.

Now, thirst of conquest, and immortal fame,
Does every chief and soldier's heart inflame.
Defensive arms the Gallic forces bear,
While hardy Britons for the storm prepare:
For Fortune had, with partial hand, before
Resign'd the rule to Gallia's power.

High on a rock the mighty fortress stands,
Founded by Fate, and wrought by Nature's hands.
A wondrous task it is th' ascent to gain,
Through craggy cliffs, that strike the sight with pain,
And nod impending terrours o'er the plain.
To this, what dangers men can add, by force or skil
(And great is human force and wit in ill)
Are join'd; on every side wide-gaping engines wait,
Teeming with fire, and big with certain fate;
Ready to hurl destruction from above,
In dreadful roar, mocking the wrath of Jove.
Thus fearful does the face of adverse power appear;
But British forces are unus'd to fear:
Though thus oppos'd they might, if William were not there.

But hark, the voice of war! behold the storm begin!
The trumpet's clangour speaks in loud alarms,
Mingling shrill notes, with dreadful din
Of cannons' burst, and rattling clash of arms.
Clamours from Earth to Heaven, from Heaven to Earth rebound,
Distinction in promiscuous noise is drown'd,
And echo lost in one continued sound.
Torrents of fire from brazen mouths are sent,
Follow'd by peals, as if each pole were rent;
Such flames the gulf of Tartarus disgorge,
So vaulted Ætna roars from Vulcan's forge;
Such were the peals from thence, such the vast blaze that broke,
Reddening with horrid gloom the dusky smoke,
When the huge Cyclops did with moulding thunder sweat,
And massive bolts on repercussive anvils beat.

Amidst this rage, behold, where William stands,
Undaunted, undismay'd!
With face serene, dispensing dread commands;
Which, heard with awe, are with delight obey'd.
A thousand fiery deaths around him fly;
And burning balls hiss harmless by:
For ev'ry fire his sacred head must spare,
Nor dares the lightning touch the laurels there.

Now many a wounded Briton feels the rage
Of missive fires that fester in each limb,
Which dire revenge alone has power t' assuage;
Revenge makes danger dreadless seem.
And now, with desperate force, and fresh attack,
Through obvious deaths, resistless way they make; [lay,
Raising high piles of earth, and heap on heap they
And then ascend; resembling thus (as far
As race of men inferior may)
The fam'd gigantic war,
When those tall sons of Earth did Heaven aspire;
(A brave, but impious fire!)
Uprooting hills, with most stupendous hale,
To form the high and dreadful scale.
The gods, with horrour and amaze, look'd down,
Beholding rocks from their firm basis rent;
Mountain on mountain thrown, [ment!
With threatening hurl, that shook th' aerial firma-
Th' attempt did fear in Heaven create;
Even Jove desponding sate,
Till Mars, with all his force collected, stood,
And pour'd whole war on the rebellious brood;
Who, tumbling headlong from th' empyreal skies,
O'erwhelm'd those hills, by which they thought to rise.
Mars on the gods did then his aid bestow,
And now in godlike William storms with equal force below.

Still they proceed, with firm unshaken pace,
And hardy breasts oppos'd to danger's face.
With daring feet, on springing mines they tread
Of secret sulphur, in dire ambush laid.
Still they proceed; though all beneath, the labouring Earth
Trembles to give the dread irruptions birth.
Through this, through more, through all they go,
Mounting at last amidst the vanquish'd foe.
See, how they climb, and scale the steepy walls!
See, how the Britons rise! see the retiring Gauls!
Now from the fort, behold, the yielding flag is spread,
And William's banner on the breach display'd.

Hark, the triumphant shouts from every voice!
The skies with acclamations ring!
Hark, how around, the hills rejoice,
And rocks reflected Ios sing!
Hautboys and fifes and trumpets join'd
Heroic harmony prepare,
And charm to silence every wind,
And glad the late-tormented air,
Far is the sound of martial music spread,
Echoing through all the Gallic host,
Whose numerous troops the dreadful storm survey'd:
But they, with wonder or with awe dismay'd,
Unmov'd beheld the fortress lost.
William, their numerous troops with terrour fill'd,
Such wondrous charms can godlike valour show!
Not the wing'd Perseus, with petrific shield
Of Gorgon's head, to more amazement charm'd his foe,
Nor, when on soaring horse he flew, to aid
And save from monster's rage the beauteous maid;
Or more heroic was the deed; [
Or she to surer chains decreed,
Than was Namur, till now by William freed.

Descend, my Muse, from thy too-daring height,
Descend to Earth, and ease thy wide-stretch'd wing;
For weary art thou grown of this unwonted flight,
And dost with pain of triumphs sing:
More fit for thee, resume thy rural reeds;
For war let more harmonious harps be strung:
Sing thou of love, and leave great William's deeds [sung
To him who sung the Boyne; or him to whom he

THE BIRTH OF THE MUSE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.—Hor.

Descend, celestial Muse! thy son inspire
Of thee to sing; infuse thy holy fire.
Belov'd of gods and men, thyself disclose;
Say, from what source thy heavenly power arose,
Which, from unnumber'd years delivering down
The deeds of heroes deathless in renown,
Extends their life and fame to ages yet unknown.

'Time and the Muse set forth with equal pace;
At once the rivals started to the race:
And both at once the destin'd course shall end,
Or both to all eternity contend:
One to preserve what t' other cannot save,
And rescue Virtue rising from the grave.
To thee, O Montague, these strains are sung,
For thee my voice is tun'd, and speaking lyre is strung;
For every grace of every Muse is thine;
In thee their various fires united shine,
Darling of Phœbus and the tuneful Nine!
To thee alone I dare my song commend,
Whose nature can forgive, and power defend,
And show by turns the patron and the friend.
Begin, my Muse, from Jove derive thy song,
Thy song of right does first to Jove belong:
For thou thyself art of celestial seed,
Nor dare a sire inferior boast the breed.
When first the frame of this vast ball was made,
And Jove with joy the finish'd work survey'd;
Vicissitude of things, of men and states,
Their rise and fall, were destin'd by the Fates.
Then Time had first a name; by firm decree
Appointed lord of all futurity,
Within whose ample bosom Fates repose
Causes of things, and secret seeds enclose,
Which, ripening there, shall one day gain a birth,
And force a passage through the teeming Earth.
To him they give to rule the spacious light,
And bound the yet unparted day and night;
To wing the hours that whirl the rolling sphere,
To shift the seasons, and conduct the year,
Duration of dominion and of power
To him prescribe, and fix each fated hour.
This mighty rule to Time the Fates ordain,
But yet to hard conditions bind his reign;
For every beauteous birth he brings to light,
(How good soe'er and grateful in his sight)
He must again to native earth restore,
And all his race with iron teeth devour.
Nor good nor great shall 'scape his hungry maw,
But bleeding Nature prove the rigid law.
Not yet the loosen'd Earth aloft was slung,
Or pois'd amid the skies in balance hung;
Nor yet did golden fires the Sun adorn,
Or borrow'd lustre silver Cynthia's horn;
Nor yet had Time commission to begin,
Or Fate the many twisted web to spin;
When all the heavenly host assembled came
To view the world yet resting on its frame;
Eager they press, to see the sire dismiss
And roll the globe along the vast abyss.
When deep revolving thoughts the God retain,
Which for a space suspend the promis'd scene;
Once more his eyes on Time intentive look,
Again inspect Fate's universal book:
Abroad the wondrous volume he displays,
And present views the deeds of future days.
A beauteous scene adorns the foremost page,
Where Nature's bloom presents the golden age.
The golden leaf to silver soon resigns,
And fair the sheet, but yet more faintly, shines.
Of baser brass, the next denotes the times:
An impious page, deform'd with deadly crimes.
The fourth yet wears a worse and browner face,
And adds to gloomy days an iron race.
He turns the book, and every age reviews,
Then all the kingly line his eye pursues:
The first of men, and lords of Earth design'd,
Who under him should govern human-kind.
Of future heroes, there, the lives he reads,
In search of glory spent, and godlike deeds;
Who empires found, and goodly cities build,
And savage men compel to leave the field.
All this he saw, and all he saw approv'd;
When lo! but thence a narrow space remov'd,
And hungry Time has all the scene defac'd,
The kings destroy'd, and laid the kingdoms waste;
Together all in common ruins lie,
And but anon, and ev'n the ruins die.
Th' Almighty, inly touch'd, compassion found,
To see great actions in oblivion drown'd;
And forward search'd the roll, to find if Fate
Had no reserve to spare the good and great.
Bright in his view the Trojan heroes shine,
And Ilian structures rais'd by hands divine;
But Ilium soon in native dust is laid,
And all her boasted pile a ruin made:
Nor great Æneas can her fall withstand,
But flies, to save his gods, to foreign land.
The Roman race succeed the Dardan state,
And first, and second Cæsar, godlike great.
Still on to after-days his eyes descend,
And rising heroes still the search attend.
Proceeding thus, he many empires pass'd;
When fair Britannia fix'd his sight at last.
Above the waves she lifts her silver head,
And looks a Venus born from Ocean's bed.
For rolling years, her happy fortunes smile,
And Fates propitious bless the beauteous Isle;
To worlds remote she wide extends her reign,
And wields the trident of the stormy main.
Thus on the base of empires firm she stands,
While bright Eliza rules the willing lands.
But soon a lowering sky comes on apace,
And Fate, revers'd, shows an ill-omen'd face.
The void of Heaven a gloomy horrour fills,
And cloudy veils involve her shining hills;
Of greatness pass'd no footsteps she retains,
Sunk in a series of inglorious reigns.
She feels the change and deep regrets the shame
Of honours lost, and her diminish'd name:
Conscious, she seeks from day to shrowd her head,
And glad would shrink beneath her oozy bed.
Thus far, the sacred leaves Britannia's woes
In shady draughts and dusky lines disclose.
Th' ensuing scene revolves a martial age,
And ardent colours gild the glowing page.
Behold! of radiant light an orb arise,
Which, kindling day, restores the darken'd skies:
And see! on seas the beamy ball descends,
And now its course to fair Britannia bends:
Along the foamy main the billows bear
The floating fire, and waft the shining sphere.
Hail, happy omen! hail, auspicious sight!
Thou glorious guide to yet a greater light.
For see a prince, whom dazzling arms array,
Pursuing closely, plows the watery way,
Tracing the glory through the flaming sea.
Britannia, rise! awake, O fairest Isle,
From iron sleep! again thy fortunes smile.
Once more look up, the mighty man behold,
Whose reign renews the former age of gold.
The Fates, at length, the blissful web have spun,
And bid it round in endless circles run.
Again shall distant lands confess thy sway,
Again the watery world thy rule obey;
Again thy martial sons shall thirst for fame,
And win in foreign fields a deathless name;

For William's genius every soul inspires,
And warms the frozen youth with warlike fires.
Already, see, the hostile troops retreat,
And seem forewarn'd of their impending fate.
Already routed foes his fury feel,
And fly the force of his unerring steel.
The haughty Gaul, who well, till now, might boast
A matchless sword, and unresisted host,
At his foreseen approach the field forsakes;
His cities tremble, and his empire shakes.
His towering ensigns long had aw'd the plain,
And fleets audaciously usurp'd the main;
A gathering storm he seem'd, which from afar
Teem'd with a deluge of destructive war,
Till William's stronger genius soar'd above,
And down the skies the daring tempest drove.
So from the radiant Sun retires the night,
And western clouds shot through with orient light.
So when th' assuming god, whom storms obey,
To all the warring winds at once gives way,
The frantic brethren ravage all around,
And rocks, and woods, and shores, their rage resound;
Incumbent o'er the main, at length, they sweep
The liquid plains, and raise the peaceful deep.
But when superior Neptune leaves his bed,
His trident shakes, and shows his awful head;
The madding winds are hush'd, the tempests cease,
And every rolling surge resides in peace.

And now the sacred leaf a landscape wears,
Where heaven serene, and air unmov'd, appears.
The rose and lily paint the verdant plains,
And palm and olive shade the sylvan scenes.
The peaceful Thames beneath his banks abides,
And soft, and still, the silver surface glides.
The Zephyrs fan the fields, the whispering breeze
With fragrant breath remurmurs thro' the trees.
The warbling birds, applauding new-born light,
In wanton measures wing their airy flight.
Above the floods the finny race repair,
And bound aloft, and bask in upper air;
They gild their scaly backs in Phœbus' beams,
And scorn to skim the level of the streams.
Whole Nature wears a gay and joyous face,
And blooms and ripens with the fruits of peace.

No more the labouring hindregrets his toil,
But cheerfully manures the grateful soil;
Secure the glebe a plenteous crop will yield,
And golden Ceres grace the waving field.
Th' adventurous man, who durst the deep explore,
Oppose the winds, and tempt the shelfy shore,
Beneath his roof now tastes unbroken rest,
Enough with native wealth and plenty blest.

No more the forward youth pursues alarms,
Nor leaves the sacred arts for stubborn arms.
No more the mothers from their hopes are torn,
Nor weeping maids the promis'd lover mourn.
No more the widows' shrieks, and orphans' cries,
Torment the patient air, and pierce the skies;
But peaceful joys the prosperous times afford,
And banish'd Virtue is again restor'd.
And he whose arms alone sustain'd the toil,
And propp'd the nodding frame of Britain's isle;
By whose illustrious deeds, her leaders fir'd,
Have honours lost retriev'd, and new acquir'd,
With equal sway will Virtue's laws maintain,
And good, as great, in awful peace shall reign;
For his example still the rule shall give,
And those it taught to conquer, teach to live.

Proceeding on, the Father still unfolds
Succeeding leaves, and brighter still beholds;
The latest seen the fairest seems to shine,
Yet sudden does to one more fair resign.
Th' Eternal paus'd——
Nor would Britannia's fate beyond explore:
Enough he saw besides the coming store.
Enough the hero had already done,
And round the wide extent of glory run:
Nor further now the shining path pursues,
But, like the Sun, the same bright race renews.
And shall remorseless Fates on him have power
Or Time unequally such worth devour!
Then, wherefore shall the brave for fame contest?
Why is this man distinguish'd from the rest?
Whose soaring genius now sublime aspires,
And deathless fame, the due reward, requires.
Approving Heaven th' exalted virtue views,
Nor can the claim which it approves refuse.
The great Creator soon the grant resolves,
And in his mighty mind the means revolves.
He thought; nor doubted once again to choose,
But spake the word, and made th' immortal Muse.
Ne'er did his power produce so bright a child,
On whose creation infant Nature smil'd.
Perfect at first, a finish'd form she wears,
And youth perpetual in her face appears.
Th' assembled gods, who long expecting staid,
With new delight gaze on the lovely maid,
And think the wish'd-for world was well delay'd.
Nor did the Sire himself his joy disguise,
But stedfast view'd, and fix'd, and fed his eyes:
Intent a space, at length he silence broke,
And thus the god the heavenly fair bespoke:
"To thee, immortal maid, from this bless'd hour,
O'er Time and Fame, I give unbounded power.
Thou from oblivion shalt the hero save;
Shalt rise, revive, immortalize the brave.
To thee, the Dardan prince shall owe his fame;—
To thee, the Cæsars their eternal name.
Eliza, sung by thee, with Fate shall strive,
And long as Time in sacred verse survive.
And yet, O Muse, remains the noblest theme;
The first of men, mature for endless fame,
Thy future songs shall grace, and all thy lays,
Thenceforth, alone shall wait on William's praise.
On his heroic deeds thy verse shall rise;
Thou shalt diffuse the fires that he supplies.
Through him thy songs shall more sublime aspire;
And he, thro' them, shall deathless fame acquire.
Nor Time nor Fate his glory shall oppose,
Or blast the monuments the Muse bestows."
This said; no more remain'd. Th' ethereal host,
Again impatient, crowd the crystal coast.
The Father, now, within his spacious hands,
Encompass'd all the mingled mass of seas and lands;
And, having heav'd aloft the ponderous sphere,
He launch'd the world to float in ambient air.

ON

MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, SINGING.

IRREGULAR ODE.

Let all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace,
And every ruder gasp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of Death.

And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,
Thou restless wanderer, my Heart,
Be still; gently, ah leave,
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave.
Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,
Be softly stay'd:
Let me be all, but my attention, dead.
Go, rest, unnecessary springs of life,
Leave your officious toil and strife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be possible to die.

Come, all ye love-sick maids and wounded swains,
And listen to her healing strains.
A wondrous balm between her lips she wears,
Of sovereign force to soften cares;
And this through every ear she can impart
(By tuneful breath diffus'd) to every heart.
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief soft air applies,
Which, warbling mystic sounds,
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds.
But, ah! beware of clamorous moan;
Let no unpleasing murmur, or harsh groan,
Your slighted loves declare;
Your very tenderest moving sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boisterous here.
Hither let nought but sacred Silence come,
And let all saucy praise be dumb.

And, lo! Silence himself is here;
Methinks I see the midnight god appear.
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the reverend shade:
An ancient sigh he sits upon,
Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his throne:
Beneath, two soft transparent clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer feet.
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in despair,
Like a thin mantle, serves to wrap
In fluid folds his visionary shape.
A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
Where curling mists supply the want of hairs;
While the still vapours, which from poppies rise,
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.

But hark! the heavenly sphere turns round,
And Silence now is drown'd
In ecstasy of sound.
How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were just alarm'd!
And every soul, with transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the heavenly choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what speed and care
Descending angels cull the thinnest air!
Haste then, come all th' immortal throng,
And listen to her song;
Leave your lov'd mansions in the sky,
And hither, quickly hither fly.
Your loss of Heaven nor shall you need to fear;
While she sings, 'tis Heaven here.

See how they crowd, see how the little cherubs skip!
While others sit around her mouth, and sip
Sweet Hallelujahs from her lip,
Those lips, where in surprise of bliss they rove;
For ne'er before did angels taste
So exquisite a feast,
Of music and of love.
Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,
And with her voice in chorus join;
Her voice, which, next to yours, is most divine.
Bless the glad Earth with heavenly lays,
And to that pitch th' eternal accents raise,
Which only breath inspir'd can reach, (teach:
To notes, which only she can learn, and you can
While we, charm'd with the lov'd excess,
Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness
Of all, of all, but of the present happiness:
Wishing for ever in that state to lie,
For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

PRIAM'S LAMENTATION AND PETITION TO ACHILLES,

FOR THE BODY OF HIS SON HECTOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER, ILIAD Ω.

Beginning at this line:

Ὡς ἄρα φωνήσας ἀνέβη πρὸς μακρὸν Ὄλυμπον
Ἑρμείας·——

ARGUMENT INTRODUCTORY TO THIS TRANSLATION.

HECTOR'S body (after he was slain) remained still in the possession of Achilles; for which Priam made great lamentation. Jupiter had pity on him; and sent Iris to comfort him, and direct him after what manner he should go to Achilles' tent; and how he should there ransom the body of his son. Priam accordingly orders his chariot to be got ready, and, preparing rich presents for Achilles, sets forward for the Grecian camp, accompanied by nobody but his herald Idæus. Mercury, at Jupiter's command, meets him by the way, in the figure of a young Grecian, and, after bemoaning his misfortune, undertakes to drive his chariot unobserved through the guards, and to the door of Achilles' tent; which having performed, he discovered himself a god, and, giving him a short instruction how to move Achilles to compassion, flew up to Heaven.

So spake the god, and heavenward took his flight;
When Priam from his chariot did alight;
Leaving Idæus there, alone he went,
With solemn pace, into Achilles' tent.
Heedless he pass'd through various rooms of state,
Until approaching where the hero sate;
There, at a feast, the good old Priam found
Jove's best-belov'd, with all his chiefs around;
Two only were t' attend his person plac'd,
Automedon and Alcymus; the rest
At greater distance, greater state express'd.
Priam, unseen by these, his way pursued,
And first of all was by Achilles view'd.
About his knees his trembling arms he cast,
And, agonizing, grasp'd and held them fast;

Then caught his hands, and kiss'd and press'd them close,
Those hands, th' inhuman authors of his woes;
Those hands, whose unrelenting force had cost
Much of his blood (for many sons he lost).
But, as a wretch who has a murder done,
And, seeking refuge, does from justice run,
Entering some house, in haste, where he's unknown,
Creates amazement in the lookers-on:
So did Achilles gaze, surpris'd to see
The godlike Priam's royal misery;
All on each other gaz'd, all in surprise,
And mute, yet seem'd to question with his eyes,
Till he at length the solemn silence broke;
And thus the venerable suppliant spoke:
"Divine Achilles, at your feet behold
A prostrate king, in wretchedness grown old:
Think on your father, and then look on me,
His hoary age and helpless person see;
So furrow'd are his cheeks, so white his hairs,
Such, and so many, his declining years;
Could you imagine (but that cannot be)
Could you imagine such, his misery!
Yet it may come, when he shall be oppress'd,
And neighbouring princes lay his country waste;
Ev'n at this time, perhaps, some powerful foe,
Who will no mercy, no compassion, show,
Entering his palace, sees him feebly fly,
And seek protection where no help is nigh.
In vain he may your fatal absence mourn,
And wish, in vain, for your delay'd return;
Yet, that he hears you live, is some relief;
Some hopes alleviate his excess of grief;
It glads his soul to think he once may see
His much-lov'd son; would that were granted me!
But I, most wretched I! of all bereft!
Of all my worthy sons how few are left!
Yet fifty goodly youths I had to boast,
When first the Greeks invaded Ilion's coast:
Nineteen, the joyful issue of one womb,
Are now, alas! a mournful tribute of one tomb.
Merciless War this devastation wrought,
And their strong nerves to dissolution brought.
"Still one was left, in whom was all my hope,
My age's comfort, and his country's prop;
Hector, my darling, and my last defence,
Whose life alone their deaths could recompense;
And, to complete my store of countless woe,
Him you have slain—of him bereav'd me too!
For his sake only hither am I come;
Rich gifts I bring, and wealth, an endless sum;
All to redeem that fatal prize you won,
A worthless ransom for so brave a son.
"Fear the just gods, Achilles; and on me
With pity look, think you your father see;
Such as I am, he is; alone in this,
I can no equal have in miseries;
Of all mankind most wretched and forlorn,
Bow'd with such weight as never has been borne;
Reduc'd to kneel and pray to you, from whom
The spring and source of all my sorrows come;
With gifts to court mine and my country's bane,
And kiss those hands which have my children slain."
He spake ——
Now sadness o'er Achilles' face appears,
Priam he views, and for his father fears;
That, and compassion, melt him into tears.
Then gently with his hand he put away
Old Priam's face; but he still prostrate lay,
And there, with tears and sighs, afresh begun
To mourn the fall of his ill-fated son.
But passion different ways Achilles turns,
Now he Patroclus, now his father, mourns:
Thus both with lamentations fill'd the place,
Till sorrow seem'd to wear one common face.

THE LAMENTATIONS OF

HECUBA, ANDROMACHE, AND HELEN,

OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HECTOR.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF HOMER, ILIAD ω.

Beginning at the line:

Ἠὼς δὲ κροκόπεπλος ἐκίδνατο πᾶσαν ἐπ' αἶαν.

CONNECTION OF THIS WITH THE FORMER TRANSLATION.

PRIAM, at last, moves Achilles to compassion, and, after having made him presents of great value, obtains the body of his son Mercury awakens Priam early in the morning, and advises him to haste away with the body, lest Agamemnon should be informed of his being in the camp: he himself helps to harness the mules and horses, and conveys him safely, and without noise, chariot and all, from among the Grecian tents; then flies up to Heaven, leaving Priam and Idæus to travel on with the body toward Troy.

Now did the saffron morn her beams display,
Gilding the face of universal day;
When mourning Priam to the town return'd;
Slowly his chariot mov'd, as that had mourn'd;
The mules beneath the mangled body go,
As bearing (now) unusual weight of woe.
To Pergamus' high top Cassandra flies,
Thence she afar the sad procession spies:
Her father and Idæus first appear,
Then Hector's corpse extended on a bier;
At which her boundless grief loud cries began,
And, thus lamenting, through the street she ran:
"Hither, ye wretched Trojans, hither all!
Behold the godlike Hector's funeral!
If e'er you went with joy to see him come,
Adorn'd with conquest and with laurels, home,
Assemble now, his ransom'd body see,
What once was all your joy, now all your misery!"
She spake, and straight the numerous crowd obey'd,
Nor man, nor woman, in the city stay'd;
Common consent of grief had made them one,
With clamorous moan to Scæa's gate they run,
There the lov'd body of their Hector meet,
Which they, with loud and fresh lamentings, greet.
His reverend mother, and his tender wife,
Equal in love, in grief had equal strife:
In sorrow they no moderation knew,
But, wildly wailing, to the chariot flew;
There strove the rolling wheels to hold, while each
Attempted first his breathless corpse to reach;
Aloud they beat their breasts, and tore their hair,
Rending around, with shrieks, the suffering air.

Now had the throng of people stopt the way,
Who would have there lamented all the day;
But Priam from his chariot rose, and spake:
"Trojans, enough; truce with your sorrows make;
Give way to me, and yield the chariot room:
First let me bear my Hector's body home,
Then mourn your fill." At this the crowd gave
Yielding like waves of a divided sea. [way,
Idæus to the palace drove, then laid,
With care, the body on a sumptuous bed,
And round about were skilful singers plac'd,
Who wept, and sigh'd, and in sad notes express'd
Their moan; all in a chorus did agree
Of universal mournful harmony,
When first Andromache her passion broke,
And thus (close pressing his pale cheeks) she spoke:

ANDROMACHE'S LAMENTATION.

"O my lost husband! let me ever mourn
Thy early fate, and too untimely urn:
In the full pride of youth thy glories fade,
And thou in ashes must with them be laid.
"Why is my heart thus miserably torn!
Why am I thus distress'd! why thus forlorn!
Am I that wretched thing a widow left?
Why do I live, who am of thee bereft?
Yet I were blest, were I alone undone;
Alas, my child! where can an infant run?
Unhappy orphan! thou in woes art nurs'd;
Why were you born?—I am with blessings curs'd!
For, long ere thou shalt be to manhood grown,
Wide desolation will lay waste this town:
Who is there now that can protection give,
Since he, who was her strength, no more doth live?
Who of her reverend matrons will have care?
Who save her children from the rage of war?
For he to all father and husband was,
And all are orphans now, and widows, by his loss.
Soon will the Grecians now insulting come,
And bear us captives to their distant home;
I, with my child, must the same fortune share,
And all alike be prisoners of the war;
'Mongst base-born wretches he his lot must have,
And be to some inhuman lord a slave.
Else some avenging Greek, with fury fill'd,
Or for an only son or father kill'd
By Hector's hand, on him will vent his rage,
And with his blood his thirsty grief assuage;
For many fell by his relentless hand. [stain'd.
Biting that ground, with which their blood was
"Fierce was thy father (O my child!) in war,
And never did his foes in battle spare; [cost,
Thence come these sufferings, which so much have
Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.
I saw him not when in the pangs of death,
Nor did my lips receive his latest breath;
Why held he not to me his dying hand?
And why receiv'd not I his last command?
Something he would have said, had I been there,
Which I should still in sad remembrance bear;
For I could never, never words forget,
Which night and day I should with tears repeat."
She spake and wept afresh, when all around
A general sigh diffus'd a mournful sound.
Then Hecuba, who long had been oppress
With boiling passions in her aged breast,
Mingling her words with sighs and tears, begun
A lamentation for her darling son.

HECUBA'S LAMENTATION.

"Hector, my joy, and to my soul more dear
Than all my other numerous issue were;
O my last comfort, and my best-belov'd!
Thou, at whose fall even Jove himself was mov'd,
And sent a god his dread commands to bear,
So far thou wert high Heaven's peculiar care;
From fierce Achilles' chains thy corpse was freed,
So kind a fate was for none else decreed:
My other sons, made prisoners by his hands,
Were sold like slaves, and shipt to foreign lands.
Thou too wert sentenc'd by his barbarous doom,
And dragg'd, when dead, about Patroclus' tomb,
His lov'd Patroclus, whom thy hands had slain:
And yet that cruelty was us'd in vain,
Since all could not restore his life again.
Now fresh and glowing, ev'n in death thou art,
And fair as he who fell by Phœbus' dart."
Here weeping Hecuba her passion stay'd,
And universal moan again was made;
When Helen's lamentation her's supply'd,
And thus, aloud, that fatal beauty cry'd.

HELEN'S LAMENTATION.

"O Hector! thou wert rooted in my heart,
No brother there had half so large a part!
Not less than twenty years are now pass'd o'er,
Since first I landed on the Trojan shore;
Since I with godlike Paris fled from home:
(Would I had dy'd before that day had come!)
In all which time (so gentle was thy mind)
I ne'er could charge thee with a deed unkind;
Not one untender word, or look of scorn,
Which I too often have from others borne.
But you from their reproach still set me free,
And kindly have reprov'd their cruelty;
If by my sisters or the queen revil'd,
(For the good king, like you, was ever mild)
Your kindness still has all my grief beguil'd.
Ever in tears let me your loss bemoan,
Who had no friend alive but you alone:
All will reproach me now where'er I pass,
And fly with horrour from my hated face."
This said, she wept; and the vast throng was mov'd,
And with a general sigh her grief approv'd.
When Priam (who had heard the mourning crowd)
Rose from his seat, and thus he spake aloud:
"Cease your lamentings, Trojans, for a while,
And fell down trees to build a funeral pile;
Fear not an ambush by the Grecians laid,
For with Achilles twelve days truce I made."
He spake; and all obey'd as with one mind,
Chariots were brought, and mules and oxen join'd;
Forth from the city all the people went,
And nine days space was in that labour spent;
The tenth, a most stupendous pile they made,
And on the top the manly Hector laid,
Then gave it fire; while all, with weeping eyes,
Beheld the rolling flames and smoke arise.
All night they wept, and all the night it burn'd;
But when the rosy morn with day return'd,
About the pile the thronging people came,
And with black wine quench'd the remaining flame.
His brothers then and friends search'd every where,
And, gathering up his snowy bones with care,
Wept o'er them; when an urn of gold was brought,
Wrapt in soft purple palls, and richly wrought,

In which the sacred ashes were interr'd,
Then o'er his grave a monument they rear'd.
Meantime strong guards were plac'd, and careful spies,
To watch the Grecians, and prevent surprise.
The work once ended, all the vast resort
Of mourning people went to Priam's court;
There they refresh'd their weary limbs with rest,
Ending the funeral with a solemn feast.

PARAPHRASE UPON HORACE,

ODE XIX. LIB. I.

Mater seva Cupidinum, &c.

The tyrant queen of soft desires,
With the resistless aid of sprightly wine
And wanton ease, conspires
To make my heart its peace resign,
And re-admit love's long-rejected fires.
For beauteous Glycera I burn,
The flames so long repell'd with double force return.
Matchless her face appears, and shines more bright
Than polish'd marble when reflecting light:
Her very coyness warms;
And with a grateful sullenness she charms:
Each look darts forth a thousand rays,
Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays;
My eye-balls swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.
She comes! she comes! she rushes in my veins!
At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns!
Cyprus no more with her abode is blest,
I am her palace, and her throne my breast.
Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,
Of Parthian archers, who in flying fight,
And make rough war their sport;
Such idle themes no more can move,
Nor any thing but what's of high import:
And what's of high import, but love?
Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare;
With wine of two years old your cups be fill'd:
After our sacrifice and prayer,
The goddess may incline her heart to yield.

STANZAS

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

LIB. II. ODE XIV.

Eheu fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni, &c.

Ah! no, 'tis all in vain, believe me 'tis,
This pious artifice.
Not all these prayers and alms can buy
One moment tow'rd eternity.
Eternity! that boundless race,
Which Time himself can never run
(Swift as he flies, with an unweary'd pace):
Which, when ten thousand, thousand years are done,
Is still the same, and still to be begun.
Fix'd are those limits, which prescribe
A short extent to the most lasting breath;
And though thou could'st for sacrifice lay down
Millions of other lives to save thy own,
'Twere fruitless all; not all would bribe
One supernumerary gasp from Death.
In vain's thy inexhausted store
Of wealth, in vain thy power;
Thy honours, titles, all must fail,
Where piety itself can nought avail.
The rich, the great, the innocent, and just,
Must all be huddled to the grave,
With the most vile and ignominious slave,
And undistinguish'd lie in dust.
In vain the fearful flies alarms,
In vain he is secure from wounds of arms,
In vain avoids the faithless seas,
And is confin'd to home and ease,
Bounding his knowledge, to extend his days.
In vain are all those arts we try,
All our evasions, and regret to die:
From the contagion of mortality,
No clime is pure, no air is free:
And no retreat
Is so obscure, as to be hid from Fate.

Thou must, alas! thou must, my friend;
(The very hour thou now dost spend
In studying to avoid, brings on thy end)
Thou must forego the dearest joys of life;
Leave the warm bosom of thy tender wife,
And all the much-lov'd offspring of her womb,
To moulder in the cold embraces of a tomb.
All must be left, and all be lost;
Thy house, whose stately structure so much cost,
Shall not afford
Room for the stinking carcase of its lord.
Of all thy pleasant gardens, grots, and bowers,
Thy costly fruits, thy far-fetch'd plants and flowers,
Nought shalt thou save;
Or but a sprig of rosemary shalt have,
To wither with thee in the grave:
The rest shall live and flourish, to upbraid
Their transitory master dead.

Then shall thy long-expecting heir
A joyful mourning wear:
And riot in the waste of that estate
Which thou hast taken so much pains to get.
All thy hid stores he shall unfold,
And set at large thy captive gold.
That precious wine, condemn'd by thee
To vaults and prisons, shall again be free:
Bury'd alive though now it lies,
Again shall rise;
Again its sparkling surface show,
And free as element profusely flow.
With such high food he shall set forth his feasts,
That cardinals shall wish to be his guests;
And pamper'd prelates see
Themselves outdone in luxury.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE,

ODE IX. LIB. I.

Vides ut alta, &c.

Bless me, 'tis cold! how chill the air!
How naked does the world appear!
But see (big with the offspring of the North)
The teeming clouds bring forth:
A shower of soft and fleecy rain
Falls, to new-clothe the earth again.

Behold the mountain-tops around,
As if with fur of ermins crown'd;
And lo! how by degrees
The universal mantle hides the trees
In hoary flakes, which downward fly,
As if it were the autumn of the sky:
Trembling, the groves sustain their weight, and bow
Like aged limbs, which feebly go
Beneath a venerable head of snow.

Diffusive cold does the whole Earth invade,
Like a disease, through all its veins 'tis spread,
And each late living stream is numb'd and dead.
Let's melt the frozen hours, make warm the air;
Let cheerful fires Sol's feeble beams repair;
Fill the large bowl with sparkling wine;
Let's drink till our own faces shine,
Till we like suns appear,
To light and warm the hemisphere.
Wine can dispense to all both light and heat,
They are with wine incorporate;
That powerful juice, with which no cold dares mix,
Which still is fluid, and no frost can fix:
Let that but in abundance flow,
And let it storm and thunder, hail and snow,
'Tis Heaven's concern; and let it be
The care of Heaven still for me:
Those winds which rend the oaks and plough the seas,
Great Jove can, if he please,
With one commanding nod appease.

Seek not to know to morrow's doom;
That is not ours, which is to come:
The present moment's all our store;
The next should Heaven allow,
Then this will be no more:
So all our life is but one instant now.
Look on each day you've past
To be a mighty treasure won;
And lay each moment out in haste;
We're sure to live too fast,
And cannot live too soon.
Youth doth a thousand pleasures bring,
Which from decrepit age will fly;
The flowers that flourish in the spring,
In winter's cold embraces die.

Now Love, that everlasting boy, invites
To revel, while you may, in soft delights:
Now the kind nymph yields all her charms,
Nor yields in vain to youthful arms.
Slowly she promises at night to meet,
But eagerly prevents the hour with swifter feet.
To gloomy groves and shades obscure she flies,
There veils the bright confession of her eyes.
Unwillingly she stays,
Would more unwillingly depart,
And in soft sighs conveys
The whispers of her heart.
Still she invites and still denies,
And vows she'll leave you if you're rude;
Then from her ravisher she flies,
But flies to be pursu'd;
If from his sight she does herself convey,
With a feign'd laugh she will herself betray,
And cunningly instruct him in the way.

SONG.

I LOOK'D, and I sigh'd, and I wish'd I could speak,
And very fain would have been at her;
But when I strove most my great passion to break,
Still then I said least of the matter.

I swore to myself, and resolv'd I would try
Some way my poor heart to recover;
But that was all vain, for I sooner could die,
Than live with forbearing to love her.

Dear Cælia, be kind then; and since your own eyes
By looks can command adoration,
Give mine leave to talk too, and do not despise
Those oglings that tell you my passion.

We'll look, and we'll love, and though neither should speak,
The pleasure we'll still be pursuing;
And so, without words, I don't doubt we may make
A very good end of this wooing.

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

FAIR Cælia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bower,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his passion.

ODE.

" To all the sex deceitful,
A long and last adieu;
Since women prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cause are many,
And long and hard to bear;
The joys they give (if any)
Few, short, and unsincere."

RECITATIVE.

But Cælia now, repenting
Her breach of assignation,
Arriv'd with eyes consenting,
And sparkling inclination.
Like Cytherea smiling,
She blush'd, and laid his passion;
The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
And sung this recantation.

PALINODE.

" How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After absence or despair!
Women wise increase desiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to please."

ABSENCE.

ALAS! what pains, what racking thoughts he proves,
Who lives remov'd from her he dearest loves!

In cruel absence doom'd past joys to mourn,
And think on hours that will no more return!
Oh let me ne'er the pangs of absence try,
Save me from absence, Love, or let me die.

SONG.

False though she be to me and love,
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the charmer I approve,
Though I deplore her change.
In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last;
And though the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.

SONG IN DIALOGUE,

FOR TWO WOMEN.

1. I love and am belov'd again,
Strephon no more shall sigh in vain;
I've try'd his faith, and found him true,
And all my coyness bid adieu.
2. I love, and am belov'd again,
Yet still my Thyrsis shall complain;
I'm sure he's mine, while I refuse him,
But when I yield, I fear to lose him.
1. Men will grow faint with tedious fasting:
2. And both will tire with often tasting,
When they find the bliss not lasting.
1. Love is complete in kind possessing.
2. Ah no! ah no! that ends the blessing.

CHORUS OF BOTH.

Then let us beware how far we consent,
Too soon when we yield, too late we repent;
'Tis ignorance makes men admire;
And granting desire,
We feed not the fire,
But make it more quickly expire.

SONG.

Tell me no more I am deceived,
That Cloe's false and common;
I always knew (at least believ'd)
She was a very woman:
As such I lik'd, as such caress'd,
She still was constant when possess'd,
She could do more for no man.
But, oh! her thoughts on others ran,
And that you think a hard thing:
Perhaps she fancy'd you the man,
And what care I one farthing?
You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind;
I take her body, you her mind,
Who has the better bargain?

THE PETITION.

"Grant me, gentle Love," said I,
"One dear blessing ere I die;
Long I've borne excess of pain,
Let me now some bliss obtain."
Thus to almighty Love I cry'd,
When angry thus the god reply'd:
"Blessings greater none can have,
Art thou not Amynta's slave?
Cease, fond mortal, to implore,
For Love, ev'n Love himself's no more."

SONG.

Cruel Amynta, can you see
A heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
But through your eyes the conquest made.
In ambush there the traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithless smiles;
No wretches are so lost as they
Whom much security beguiles.

SONG.

See, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes!
And now the Sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the morn that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.
With light united, day they give,
But different fates ere night fulfil;
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!

OCCASIONED BY

A LADY'S HAVING WRIT VERSES

IN COMMENDATION OF A POEM WHICH WAS WRITTEN IN PRAISE OF ANOTHER LADY.

Hard is the task, and bold th' adventurous flight,
Of him, who dares in praise of beauty write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
And he, who, praising beauty, does no wrong,
May boast to be successful in his song:
But when the fair themselves approve his lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise;
His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
Nor can his Muse with brighter fame be crown'd.

EPIGRAM,

WRITTEN AFTER THE DECEASE OF MRS. 'ARABELLA HUNT, UNDER HER PICTURE DRAWN PLAYING ON A LUTE.

Were there on Earth another voice like thine,
Another hand so blest with skill divine!
The late afflicted world some hopes might have,
And Harmony retrieve thee from the grave.

SONG.

Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her!
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!

A HYMN TO HARMONY,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, MDCCI.

SET TO MUSIC BY MR. JOHN ECCLES.

O HARMONY! to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of sacred verse, and sweet-resounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy power we praise.
All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!
Wise Nature owns thy undisputed sway,
Her wondrous works resigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll, unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

CHORUS.

All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful sound,
Could penetrate th' abyss profound,
Explore the realms of ancient Night,
And search the living source of unborn Light.
Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.
Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of Heaven and Earth;
Then all those shining worlds above
In mystic dance began to move
Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
A never-ceasing, never-silent choir.

CHORUS.

Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.

Thou only, goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didst to heavenly minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful sound.
When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didst the god inspire;
When first the vocal shell he strung,
To which the Muses sung;
Then first the Muses sung; melodious strains
Apollo play'd,
And music first began by thy auspicious aid.
Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

CHORUS.

Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.

Descend, Urania, heavenly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See how, with various woes oppress,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Consum'd with cares, with doubts distrest,
Or by conflicting passions torn.
Reason in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While Reason, still by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances, or too soon retreats.
Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

CHORUS.

Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

Begin the powerful song, ye sacred Nine,
Your instruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
In every breast inspire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.
Appease the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge and death inclin'd:
With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

CHORUS.

'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is blest,
By Music lull'd to pleasing rest.

Ah, sweet repose, too soon expiring!
Ah, foolish man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd Ambition, strife pursuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.
See, see, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold, the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard;
And hoarse resounding drums.
War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of Peace destroys.

CHORUS.

War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of Peace destroys.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,
Her parting lover mourn;
She weeps, she sighs, despairs, and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,
Bewailing past delights,
That may no more, no, never more return.
O soothe her cares
With softest, sweetest airs,
Till Victory and Peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No, never to be parted more.

CHORUS,

Let Victory and Peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No, never to be parted more.

Enough, Urania, heavenly fair!
Now to thy native skies repair!
And rifle again the starry sphere;
Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
To ease the world of care,
Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd!
Phœbus himself to her must yield,

And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
And lasting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal music never dies.

GRAND CHORUS.

Cecilia, more than all the Muses skill'd,
Phœbus himself to her must yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majestic sound.
In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
And lasting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
Th' immortal music never dies.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF

GRACE LADY GETHIN,

OCCASIONED BY READING HER BOOK, ENTITLED

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

After a painful life in study spent,
The learn'd themselves their ignorance lament;
And aged men, whose lives exceed the space
Which seems the bound prescrib'd to mortal race,
With hoary heads, their short experience grieve,
As doom'd to die before they've learn'd to live,
So hard it is true knowledge to attain,
So frail is life, and fruitless human pain!
Whoe'er on this reflects, and then beholds,
With strict attention, what this book unfolds,
With admiration struck, shall question who
So very long could live, so much to know?
For so complete the finish'd piece appears,
That learning seems combin'd with length of years;
And both improv'd by purest wit, to reach
At all that study or that time can teach.
But to what height must his amazement rise,
When, having read the work, he turns his eyes
Again to view the foremost opening page,
And there the beauty, sex, and tender age,
Of her beholds, in whose pure mind arose
Th' ethereal source from whence this current flows!
When prodigies appear, our reason fails,
And superstition o'er philosophy prevails.
Some heavenly minister, we straight conclude,
Some angel-mind, with female form endued,
To make a short abode on Earth was sent,
(Where no perfection can be permanent)
And, having left her bright example here,
Was quick recall'd, and bid to disappear.
Whether around the throne, eternal hymns
She sings amid the choir of seraphims;
Or some refulgent star informs, and guides,
Where she, the blest intelligence, presides;
Is not for us to know who here remain;
For 'twere as impious to inquire as vain:
And all we ought, or can, in this dark state,
Is, what we have admir'd, to imitate.

EPITAPH UPON ROBERT HUNTINGDON,

OF STANTON HARCOURT, ESQ.

AND ROBERT HIS SON.

This peaceful tomb does now contain
Father and son, together laid;
Whose living virtues shall remain,
When they and this are quite decay'd.

What man should be, to ripeness grown,
And finish'd worth should do, or shun,
At full was in the father shown;
What youth could promise in the son.

But Death, obdurate, both destroy'd
The perfect fruit, and opening bud:
First seiz'd those sweets we had enjoy'd,
Then robb'd us of the coming good.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

As when of old heroic story tells,
Of knights imprison'd long by magic spells,
Till future time the destin'd hero send,
By whom the dire enchantment is to end:
Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poesy,
Those sullen clouds, which have, for ages past,
O'er Persius' too-long suffering Muse been cast,
Disperse, and fly before thy sacred pen,
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are seen.
Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,
The god of music, and poetic fires:
Else, whence proceeds this great surprise of light!
How dawns this day, forth from the womb of Night!
Our wonder now does our past folly show,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So unbelievers impiously despise
The sacred oracles in mysteries.
Persius before in small esteem was had,
Unless what to antiquity is paid;
But, like Apocrypha, with scruple read
(So far our ignorance our faith misled);
Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
To place it in the poet's sacred writ.
As coin, which bears some awful monarch's face,
For more than its intrinsic worth will pass;
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold,
To you we all this following treasure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.
Old stoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines;
And as before, for Persius, our esteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him:
So now, whatever praise from us is due,
Belongs not to old Persius, but the new,
For, still obscure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.
So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force th' unwilling sparks reveal;
But through your skill, from those small seeds of fire
Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

THE ELEVENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The design of this satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans in their feasting. The poet draws the occasion from an invitation which he here makes to his friend to dine with him; very artfully preparing him with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning the satire, with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons, who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shows us the miserable end of such spendthrifts and gluttons, with the manner and courses which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence he takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men in former ages: to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible remissness in the care of Heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at feasts, and, by the by, touches the nobility with making vice and debauchery consist with their principal pleasures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and disquiets for the present, and a moderate use of pleasure for the future.

If noble Atticus make splendid feasts,
And with expensive food indulge his guests,
His wealth and quality support the treat;
Nor is it luxury in him, but state.
But when poor Rutilus spends all he's worth,
In hopes of setting one good dinner forth;
'Tis downright madness: for what greater jests,
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts?
But Rutilus is now notorious grown,
And proves the common theme of all the town.
A man in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good;
Urg'd by no power, restrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice:
'Mongst common fencers practises the trade,
That end debasing for which arms were made;
Arms which to man ne'er-dying fame afford,
But his disgrace is owing to his sword.
Many there are of the same wretched kind,
Whom their despairing creditors may find
Lurking in shambles; where with borrow'd coin
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine;
Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.
And yet, what's more ridiculous, of these
The poorest wretch is still most hard to please;
And he whose thin transparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Would ransack every element for choice
Of every fish and fowl at any price;
If, brought from far, it very dear has cost,
It has a flavour then, which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater gust.
In riot thus, while money lasts, he lives,
And that exhausted, still new pledges gives;
Till forc'd of mere necessity to eat,
He comes to pawn his dish to buy his meat.
Nothing of silver or of gold he spares,
Not what his mother's sacred image bears;
The broken relic he with speed devours,
As he would all the rest of's ancestors,
If wrought in gold, or if expos'd to sale,
They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.
Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
The stings of hunger, soon, and want, he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd, at length, to serve
Fencers for miserable scraps, or starve.
Imagine now you see a plenteous feast;
The question is, at whose expense 'tis drest.
In great Ventidius we the bounty prize;
In Rutilus the vanity despise.
Strange ignorance! that the same man who knows
How far you mount above this mole-hill shows,
Should not perceive a difference as great
Between small incomes and a vast estate!
From Heaven to mortals sure that rule was sent,
Of "Know thyself," and by some god was meant,
To be our never-erring pilot here,
Through all the various courses which we steer.
Thersites, though the most presumptuous Greek,
Yet durst not for Achilles' armour speak;
When scarce Ulysses had a good pretence,
With all th' advantage of his eloquence.
Whoe'er attempts weak causes to support,
Ought to be very sure he's able for't;
And not mistake strong lungs and impudence,
For harmony of words and force of sense:
Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;
A wise man's power's the limit of his will.
If Fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury;
And wisely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which necessity confines thy price.
Well may they fear some miserable end,
Whom gluttony and want at once attend;
Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd all,
Both land and stock, interest and principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile Pollio's fate,
Who sold his very ring to purchase meat;
And, though a knight, 'mongst common slaves now stands,
Begging an alms with undistinguish'd hands.
Sure sudden death to such should welcome be,
On whom each added year heaps misery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy.
But there are steps in villainy which these
Observe to tread and follow by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
But that and their small stock of credit gone,
Lest Rome should grow too warm, from thence they run:
For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown,
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than, in the midst of summer's scorching heat,
From crowds, and noise, and business, to retreat.
One only grief such fugitives can find,
Reflecting on the pleasures left behind,

The plays and loose diversions of the place;
But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
That out of countenance, Virtue's fled from Earth;
Baffled, expos'd to ridicule and scorn,
She's with Astrea gone, not to return.
This day, my Persicus, thou shalt perceive
Whether myself I keep those rules I give,
Or else an unsuspected glutton live;
If moderate fare and abstinence I prize
In public, yet in private gormandize.
Evander's feast reviv'd, to day thou'lt see;
That poor Evander, I, and thou shalt be
Alcides and Æneas both to me.
Meantime, I send you now your bill of fare;
Be not surpris'd that 'tis all homely cheer:
For nothing from the shambles I provide,
But from my own small farm the tenderest kid,
And fattest of my flock, a suckling yet,
That ne'er had nourishment but from the teat;
No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than blood.
Next that, shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,
Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly country maid.
The largest eggs, yet warm within their nest,
Together with the hens which laid them, drest;
Clusters of grapes preserv'd for half a year,
Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
Apples of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair,
Mixt with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter, from their cruder juice,
Light of digestion now, and fit for use.
Such food as this would have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a senator:
When the good Curius thought it no disgrace,
With his own hands a few small herbs to dress;
And from his little garden cull'd a feast,
Which fetter'd slaves would now disdain to taste;
For scarce a slave, but has to dinner now,
The well-dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow.
But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat,
On birth-days, festivals, or days of state,
A salt dry flitch of bacon to prepare:
If they had fresh meat, 'twas delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd: and 'twas highly priz'd
If aught was left of what they sacrific'd.
To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome;
Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen,
But those who had, at least, thrice consuls been;
Or the dictator's office had discharg'd,
And now from honourable toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to husband and manure the land,
Humbling themselves to those they might command.
Then might y' have seen the good old general [haste,
Before th' appointed hour, to such a feast;
His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph held,
Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
'Twas then when pious consuls bore the sway,
And Vice, discourag'd, pale and trembling lay,
Our censors then were subject to the law,
Ev'n Power itself of Justice stood in awe.
It was not then a Roman's anxious thought,
Where largest tortoise shells were to be bought,
Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
And shining jewels to adorn his head,
That he at vast expense might loll his head.'
Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind:
Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he din'd.
The soldier then, in Grecian arts unskill'd,
Returning rich with plunder from the field,
If cups of silver or of gold be brought,
With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
To glorious trappings straight the plate he turn'd,
And with the glittering spoil his horse adorn'd;
Or else a helmet for himself be made,
Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
The Roman wolf suckling the twins was there,
And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
Hovering above his crest, did dreadful show,
As threatening death to each resisting foe.
No use of silver, but in arms, was known;
Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
No sideboards then with gilded plate were dress'd,
No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd;
Expensive riot was not understood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who would not envy them that age of bliss,
That sees with shame the luxury of this?
Heaven unwearied then did blessings pour,
And pitying Jove foretold each dangerous hour;
Mankind were then familiar with the god,
He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod,
And would have still been bounteous, as of old,
Had we not left him for that idol, gold.
His golden statues hence the god have driven:
For well he knows where our devotion's given.
'Tis gold we worship, though we pray to Heaven.
Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Though none can please us now but from Japan.
Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
The nicest dish his appetite can crave;
But let it on an oaken board be set,
His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
Either your venison's rank, or ointments stink.
Order some other table to be brought,
Something at great expense in India bought,
Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carv'd on rich pedestals of ivory:
He finds no more of that offensive smell,
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
An ivory table is a certain whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
By sympathy from those o' th' elephant.
But such fine feeders are no guests for me:
Riot agrees not with frugality;
Then, that unfashionable man am I,
With me they'd starve for want of ivory:
For not one inch does my whole house afford,
Not in my very tables, or chess board;
Of bone the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unsavoury haut-goût from the haft.
A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat
You'll find, but serv'd up in no formal state;
No sewers nor dextrous carvers have I got,
Such as by skilful Trypherus are taught;
In whose fam'd schools the various forms appear
Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls o' th' air;
And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn
How to dissect, and the nice joints dis-cern;
While all the neighbours are with noise oppress,
From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.

On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver, and my Ganymede:
With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia brought,
No catamites, by shameful pandars taught:
Only to me two home-bred youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both, and garb, appear,
With honest faces, though with uncurl'd hair.
This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
For I have drest them both to wait on thee.
Of country swains they both were born, and one
My ploughman's is, t' other my shepherd's son;
A cheerful sweetness in his look he has,
And innocence unartful in his face:
Though sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy,
And gentle sighs break from the tender boy;
His absence from his mother oft he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wishes to return;
Longing to see his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flowery plain.
A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
But noblemen those humble graces scorn.
This youth to day shall my small treat attend,
And only he with wine shall serve my friend,
With wine from his own country brought, and made
From the same vines, beneath whose fruitful shade
He and his wanton kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
With amorous songs and wanton dances grac'd;
When sprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air;
Whose pliant limbs in various postures move,
And twine and bound as in the rage of love.
Such sights the languid nerves to action stir,
And jaded lust springs forward with this spur.
Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
Which husbands now do with their wives behold;
A needful help, to make them both approve
The dry embraces of long-wedded love.
In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to desire.
But she, who by her sex's charter must
Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust;
Apace she warms with an immoderate heat,
Strongly her bosom heaves, and pulses beat;
With glowing cheeks and trembling lips she lies,
With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.
But this becomes not me, nor my estate;
These are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who dines on ivory tables dine,
Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings shine;
Let him lascivious songs and dances have,
Which, or to see, or hear, the lewdest slave,
The vilest prostitute in all the stews,
With bashful indignation would refuse.
But fortune, there, extenuates the crime;
What's vice in me, is only mirth in him:
The fruits which murder, cards, or dice, afford,
A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whor'd,
Are laudable diversions in a lord.
But my poor entertainment is design'd
To afford you pleasures of another kind:
Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
And Homer's sacred lines and Virgil's read;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Though which exceeds the other none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they 're sung;
Verse so sublimely good no voice can wrong.
Now, then, be all thy weighty cares away,
Thy jealousies and fears; and, while you may,
To peace and soft repose give all the day.
From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill,
Be free; be all uneasy passion still.
What though thy wife do with the morning light
(When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all night)
Steal from thy bed and house abroad to roam,
And, having quench'd her flame, come breathless home,
Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;
With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in sin, still burning in desire:
Whilst you are forc'd to wink, and seem content,
Swelling with passion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you would be free from night-alarms,
You must seem fond, and, doating on her charms,
Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.
Let this, and every other anxious thought,
At th' entrance of my threshold be forgot;
All thy domestic griefs at home be left,
The wife's adultery, with the servant's theft;
And (the most racking thought which can intrude)
Forget false friends, and their ingratitude.
Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
While Megalensian shows are in the Circus seen;
There (to the bane of horses) in high state
The pretor sits on a triumphal seat;
Vainly with ensigns and with robes adorn'd,
As if with conquest from the wars return'd.
This day all Rome (if I may be allow'd,
Without offence to such a numerous crowd,
To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat;
Echoes already do their shouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the cry— "Away, away,
The green have won the honour of the day!"
Oh, should these sports be but one year forborne,
Rome would in tears her lov'd diversion mourn;
For that would now a cause of sorrow yield,
Great as the loss of Cannæ's fatal field.
Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
But vigorous youth to active sports inclin'd.
On beds of roses laid, let us repose,
While round our heads refreshing ointment flows;
Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus' rays,
And live this day devoted to our ease.
Early to day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common censure fear;
On festivals it is allow'd no crime
To bathe and eat before the usual time;
But, that continued, would a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For frequent use would the delight exclude;
Pleasure's a toil when constantly pursued.

PROLOGUE TO QUEEN MARY,

UPON HER MAJESTY'S COMING TO SEE THE OLD BACHELOR, AFTER HAVING SEEN THE DOUBLE DEALER.

By this repeated act of grace, we see
Wit is again the care of majesty;

And while thus honour'd our proud stage appears,
We seem to rival ancient theatres.
Thus flourish'd wit in our forefathers' age,
And thus the Roman and Athenian stage.

Whose wit is best, we'll not presume to tell;
But this we know, our audience will excel:
For never was in Rome, nor Athens, seen
So fair a circle, and so bright a queen.

Long has the Muses' land been overcast,
And many rough and stormy winters past;
Hid from the world, and thrown in shades of night,
Of heat depriv'd, and almost void of light:
While Wit, a hardy plant, of nature bold,
Has struggled strongly with the killing cold:
So does it still through opposition grow,
As if its root was warmer kept by snow:
But when shot forth, then draws the danger near,
On every side the gathering winds appear,
And blasts destroy that fruit, which frosts would spare.
But now, new vigour and new life it knows,
And warmth, that from this royal presence flows.

O would she shine with rays more frequent here!
How gay would then this drooping land appear!
Then, like the Sun, with pleasure she might view
The smiling Earth, cloth'd by her beams anew.
O'er all the meads should various flowers be seen
Mix'd with the laurel's never-fading green,
The new creation of a gracious queen.

EPILOGUE

AT THE OPENING OF THE QUEEN'S THEATRE IN THE HAY-MARKET,

WITH AN ITALIAN PASTORAL.

WHATEVER future fate our house may find,
At present we expect you should be kind;
Inconstancy itself can claim no right,
Before enjoyment and the wedding-night.
You must be fix'd a little ere you range,
You must be true till you have time to change.
A week, at least; one night is sure too soon:
But we pretend not to a honey-moon.
To novelty, we know, you can be true,
But what, alas! or who, is always new?

This day, without presumption, we pretend
With novelty entire you 're entertain'd;
For not alone our house and scenes are new,
Our song and dance, but ev'n our actors too.
Our play itself has something in't uncommon,
Two faithful lovers, and one constant woman.
In sweet Italian strains our shepherds sing,
Of harmless loves our painted forests ring,
In notes, perhaps, less foreign than the thing.
To sound and show, at first, we make pretence,
In time, we may regale you with some sense,
But that, at present, were too great expense.
We only fear the beaux may think it hard,
To be to night from smutty jests debarr'd:
But, in good-breeding, sure they'll once excuse
Ev'n modesty, when in a stranger-muse.
The day's at hand when we shall shift the scene,
And to yourselves show your dear selves again;
Paint the reverse of what you've seen to day,
And in bold strokes the vicious town display.

PROLOGUE

TO PYRRHUS, KING OF EPIRUS;

A TRAGEDY,

BY CHARLES HOPKINS.

OUR age has much improv'd the warrior's art;
For fighting, now, is thought the weakest part;
And a good head, more useful than a heart.
This way of war does our example yield;
That stage will win, which longest keeps the field.
We mean not battle, when we bid defiance;
But starving one another to compliance.
Our troops, encamp'd, are by each other view'd;
And those which first are hungry, are subdued,
And there, in truth, depends the great decision:
They conquer, who cut off the foes' provision.
Let fools with knocks and bruises keep a pother,
Our war and trade is to out-wit each other.
But, hold: will not the politicians tell us,
That both our conduct and our foresight fail us;
To raise recruits, and draw new forces down;
Thus, in the dead vacation of the town,
To muster up our rhymes, without our reason,
And forage for an audience out of season?
Our author's fears must this false step excuse;
'Tis the first flight of a just-feather'd Muse:
Th' occasion ta'en, when critics are away,
Half wits and beaux, those ravenous birds of prey,
But, Heaven be prais'd, far hence they vent their wrath,
Mauling, in mild lampoon, th' intriguing Bath.
Thus does our author his first flight commence;
Thus, against friends at first, with foils we fence:
Thus prudent Gimcrack try'd if he were able
(Ere he'd wet foot) to swim upon a table.
Then spare the youth; or, if you'll damn the play,
Let him but first have his, then take your day.

EPILOGUE TO OROONOKO.

YOU see we try all shapes, and shifts, and arts,
To tempt your favours, and regain your hearts.
We weep, we laugh, join mirth and grief together,
Like rain and sunshine mix'd in April weather.
Your different tastes divide our poet's cares:
One foot the sock, t' other the buskin wears:
Thus, while he strives to please, he's forc'd to do't,
Like Volscius, hip-hop, in a single boot.
Critics, he knows, for this may damn his books:
But he makes feasts for friends, and not for cooks.
Though errant-knights of late no favour find,
Sure you will be to ladies-errant kind.
To follow fame, knights-errant make profession:
We damsels fly, to save our reputation:
So they their valour show; we, our discretion.
To lands of monsters and fierce beasts they go:
We to those islands where rich husbands grow:
Though they're no monsters, we may make them so.
If they 're of English growth, they'll bear't with patience:
But save us from a spouse of Oroonoko's nations!
Then bless your stars, you happy London wives,
Who love at large, each day, yet keep your lives:
Nor envy poor Imoinda's doating blindness,
Who thought her husband kill'd her out of kindness.

Death with a husband ne'er had shown such charms,
Had she once died within a lover's arms.
Her errour was from ignorance proceeding:
Poor soul! she wanted some of our town-breeding!
Forgive this Indian's fondness of her spouse;
Their law no Christian liberty allows:
Alas! they make a conscience of their vows!
If virtue in a Heathen be a fault,
Then damn the heathen school where she was taught.
She might have learn'd to cuckold, jilt, and sham,
Had Covent-Garden been in Surinam.

PROLOGGUE

TO THE HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD,

A COMEDY,

WRITTEN BY MR. J. DRYDEN, JUN.

This year has been remarkable two ways,
For blooming poets, and for blasted plays:
We've been by much appearing plenty mock'd,
At once both tantaliz'd and over-stock'd.
Our authors, too, by their success of late,
Begin to think third-days are out of date.
What can the cause be, that our plays won't keep,
Unless they have a rot some years, like sheep?
For our parts, we confess, we're quite asham'd,
To read such weekly bills of poets damn'd.
Each parish knows 'tis but a mournful case
When christenings fall, and funerals increase.
Thus 'tis, and thus 'twill be, when we are dead,
There will be writers which will ne'er be read.
Why will you be such wits, and write such things
You're willing to be wasps, but want the stings.
Let not your spleen provoke you to that height;
'Odslife! you don't know what you do, sirs, when you write.
You'll find that Pegasus has tricks, when try'd,
Though you make nothing on't, but up and ride:
Ladies and all, i'faith, now get astride.
Contriving characters, and scenes, and plots,
Is grown as common now, as knitting knots:
With the same ease, and negligence of thought,
The charming play is writ, and fringe is wrought.
Though this be frightful, yet we're more afraid,
When ladies leave, that beaux will take the trade:
Thus far 'tis well enough, if here 'twould stop,
But should they write, we must e'en shut up shop.
How shall we make this mode of writing sink?
A mode, said I? 'tis a disease, I think,
A stubborn tetter, that's not cur'd with ink.
For still it spreads, till each th' infection takes,
And seizes ten, for one that it forsakes.
Our play to day is sprung from none of these;
Nor should you damn it, though it does not please,
Since born without the bounds of your four seas.
For if you grant no favour as 'tis new,
Yet, as a stranger, there is something due:
From Rome (to try its fate) this play was sent;
Start not at Rome! for there's no popery meant:
Though there the poet may his dwelling choose,
Yet still he knows his country claims his Muse.
Hither an offering his first-born he sends,
Whose good or ill success on you depends.
Yet he has hope some kindness may be shown,
As due to greater merit than his own,
And begs the sire may for the son atone.
There's his last refuge, if the play don't take;
Yet spare young Dryden for his father's sake.

PROLOGUE

TO A VERY GOOD WIFE,

A COMEDY, BY POWELL.

SPOKEN BY MR. HAINES.

Here's a young fellow here—an actor—Powell—
One whose person, perhaps, you all may know well;
And he has writ a play—this very play
Which you are all come here to see, to day;
And so, being an usual thing to speak
Something or other for the author's sake,
Before the play, (in hopes to make it take)
I'm come, being his friend and fellow-player,
To say what (if you please) you're like to hear.
First know, that favour which I'd fain have shown,
I ask not for, in his name, but my own;
For, without vanity, I'm better known.
Mean time, then, let me beg you would forbear
Your cat-calls, and the instruments of war.
For mercy, mercy, at your feet we fall,
Before your roaring gods destroy us all!
I'll speak with words sweet as distilling honey,
With words—as if I meant to borrow money;
Fair, gentle sirs, most soft alluring beaux,
Think 'tis a lady, that for pity sues.
Bright ladies—but to gain the ladies grace,
I think I need no more than show my face.
Next then, you authors, be not you severe;
Why, what a swarm of scribblers have we here!
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,
All in one row, and brothers of the pen. [ten,
All would be poets; well, your favour's due
To this day's author, for he's one of you.
Among the few which are of noted fame,
I'm safe; for I myself am one of them.
You've seen me smoke at Will's among the wits;
I'm witty too, as they are—that's by fits.
Now, you, our city friends, who hither come
By three o'clock, to make sure elbow-room:
While spouse, tuckt-up, does in her pattens trudge it,
With handkerchief of prog, like troll with budget,
And here, by turns, you eat plumb-cake and judge it:
Pray, be you kind, let me your grace importune,
Or else—egad, I'll tell you all your fortune.
Well, now, I have but one thing more to say,
And that's in reference to our third day;
An odd request—may be you'll think it so;
Pray come, whether you like the play or no:
And if you'll stay, we shall be glad to see you,
If not—leave your half-crowns, and peace be wi' you!

PROLOGUE TO THE COURT,

ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTH-DAY,

1701.

The happy Muse, to this high scene preferr'd,
Hereafter shall in loftier strains be heard;

And, soaring to transcend her usual theme,
Shall sing of virtue and heroic fame.
No longer shall she toil upon the stage,
And fruitless war with Vice and Folly wage;
No more in mean disguise she shall appear,
And shapes she would reform be forc'd to wear:
While Ignorance and Malice join to blame,
And break the mirrour that reflects their shame.
Henceforth she shall pursue a nobler task,
Show her bright virgin face, and scorn the Satyr's mask.
Happy her future days! which are design'd
Alone to paint the beauties of the mind:
By just originals to draw with care,
And copy from the court a faultless fair:
Such labours with success her hopes may crown,
And shame to manners an incorrigible town.
While this design her eager thought pursues,
Such various virtues all around she views,
She knows not where to fix, or which to choose.
Yet still ambitious of the daring flight,
One only awes her with superior light.
From that attempt the conscious Muse retires,
Nor to inimitable worth aspires;
But secretly applauds, and silently admires.
Hence she reflects upon the genial ray
That first enliven'd this auspicious day:
On that bright star, to whose indulgent power
We owe the blessings of the present hour.
Concurring omens of propitious Fate
Bore, with one sacred birth, an equal date;
Whence we derive whatever we possess,
By foreign conquest, or domestic peace.
Then, Britain, then, thy dawn of bliss begun;
Then broke the morn that lighted up this sun!
Then was it doom'd whose councils should succeed,
And by whose arm the christian world be freed;
Then the fierce foe was pre-ordain'd to yield,
And then the battle won at Blenheim's glorious field.

THE

TEARS OF AMARYLLIS FOR AMYNTAS,

A PASTORAL;

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF THE LATE

LORD MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LORD GODOLPHIN, LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amissos queritur fœtus—
————————miserabile carmen
Integrat, & mœstis latè loca questibus implet.
Virg. Geor. 4.

'Twas at the time when new-returning light
With welcome rays begins to cheer the sight;
When grateful birds prepare their thanks to pay,
And warble hymns to hail the dawning day;
When woolly flocks their bleating cries renew,
And from their fleecy sides first shake the silver dew.
'Twas then that Amaryllis, heavenly fair,
Wounded with grief, and wild with her despair,
Forsook her myrtle bower, and rosy bed,
To tell the winds her woes, and mourn Amyntas dead.
Who had a heart so hard, that heard her cries
And did not weep? who such relentless eyes?
Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb distress, and new compassion show;
As taught by her to taste of human woe.
Nature herself attentive silence kept,
And motions seem'd suspended while she wept;
The rising Sun restrain'd his fiery course,
And rapid rivers listen'd at their source;
Ev'n Echo fear'd to catch the flying sound,
Lest repetition should her accents drown;
The very morning wind withheld his breeze,
Nor fann'd with fragrant wings the noiseless trees;
As if the gentle Zephyr had been dead,
And in the grave with loved Amyntas laid.
No noise, no whispering sigh, no murmuring groan,
Presum'd to mingle with a mother's moan;
Her cries alone her anguish could express,
All other mourning would have made it less.
"Hear me," she cried, "ye nymphs and sylvan gods,
Inhabitants of these once-lov'd abodes;
Hear my distress, and lend a pitying ear,
Hear my complaint—you would not hear my prayer;
The loss which you prevented not, deplore,
And mourn with me Amyntas, now no more.
"Have I not cause, ye cruel powers, to mourn?
Lives there like me another wretch forlorn?
Tell me, thou Sun, that round the world doth shine,
Hast thou beheld another loss like mine?
Ye winds, who on your wings sad accents bear,
And catch the sounds of sorrow and despair,
Tell me if e'er your tender pinions bore
Such weight of woe, such deadly sighs, before?
Tell me, thou Earth, on whose wide spreading base
The wretched load is laid of human race,
Dost thou not feel thyself with me opprest!
Lie all the dead so heavy on thy breast?
When hoary Winter on thy shrinking head
His icy, cold, depressing hand has laid,
Hast thou not felt less chillness in thy veins?
Do I not pierce thee with more freezing pains?
But why to thee do I relate my woe,
Thou cruel Earth, my most remorseless foe,
Within whose darksome womb the grave is made,
Where all my joys are with Amyntas laid?
What is't to me, though on thy naked head
Eternal Winter should his horrour shed,
Though all thy nerves are numb'd with endless frost,
And all thy hopes of future spring were lost?
To me what comfort can the spring afford!
Can my Amyntas be with spring restor'd?
Can all the rains that fall from weeping skies,
Unlock the tomb where my Amyntas lies?
No, never! never!—Say then, rigid Earth,
What is to me thy everlasting dearth?
Though never flower again its head should rear,
Though never tree again should blossom bear,
Though never grass should clothe the naked ground,
Nor ever healing plant or wholesome herb be found,
None, none were found when I bewail'd their want;
Nor wholesome herb was found, nor healing plant,
To ease Amyntas of his cruel pains;
In vain I search'd the valleys, hills and plains;
But wither'd leaves alone appear'd to view,
Or poisonous weeds distilling deadly dew.
And if some naked stalk, not quite decay'd,
To yield a fresh and friendly bud essay'd,

Soon as I reach'd to crop the tender shoot,
A shrieking mandrake kill'd it at the root.
Witness to this, ye fawns of every wood,
Who at the prodigy astonish'd stood.
Well I remember what sad signs ye made,
What showers of unavailing tears ye shed;
How each ran fearful to his mossy cave,
When the last gasp the dear Amyntas gave.
For then the air was fill'd with dreadful cries,
And sudden night o'erspread the darken'd skies;
Phantoms, and fiends, and wandering fires appear'd,
And screams of ill-presaging birds were heard.
The forest shook, and flinty rocks were cleft,
And frighted streams their wonted channels left;
With frantic grief o'erflowing fruitful ground,
Where many a herd and harmless swain was drown'd.
While I forlorn and desolate was left,
Of every help, of every hope bereft;
To every element expos'd I lay,
And to my griefs a more defenceless prey.
For thee, Amyntas, all these pains were borne,
For thee these hands were wrung, these hairs were torn;
For thee my soul to sigh shall never leave,
These eyes to weep, this throbbing heart to heave.
To mourn thy fall, I'll fly the hated light,
And hide my head in shades of endless night:
For thou wert light, and life, and health, to me;
The Sun but thankless shines that shows not thee.
Wert thou not lovely, graceful, good, and young?
The joy of sight, the talk of every tongue?
Did ever branch so sweet a blossom bear?
Or ever early fruit appear so fair?
Did ever youth so far his years transcend?
Did ever life so immaturely end?
For thee the tuneful swains provided lays,
And every Muse prepar'd thy future praise.
For thee the busy nymph stripp'd every grove,
And myrtle wreaths and flowery chaplets wove.
But now, ah dismal change! the tuneful throng
To loud lamentings turn the cheerful song.
Their pleasing task the weeping virgins leave,
And with unfinish'd garlands strew thy grave.
There let me fall, there, there lamenting lie,
There grieving grow to earth, despair, and die."
This said, her loud complaint of force she ceas'd,
Excess of grief her faultering speech suppress'd.
Along the ground her colder limbs she laid,
Where late the grave was for Amyntas made;
Then from her swimming eyes began to pour
Of softly-falling rain a silver shower;
Her loosely-flowing hair, all radiant bright,
O'erspread the dewy grass like streams of light:
As if the Sun had of his beams been shorn,
And cast to Earth the glories he had worn.
A sight so lovely sad, such deep distress
No tongue can tell, no pencil can express.
And now the winds, which had so long been still,
Began the swelling air with sighs to fill:
The water-nymphs, who motionless remain'd,
Like images of ice, while she complain'd,
Now loos'd their streams; as when descending rains
Roll the steep torrents headlong o'er the plains.
The prone creation, who so long had gaz'd,
Charm'd with her cries, and at her griefs amaz'd,
Began to roar and howl with horrid yell,
Dismal to hear, and terrible to tell;
Nothing but groans and sighs were heard around,
And Echo multiplied each mournful sound.
When all at once an universal pause
Of grief was made, as from some secret cause.
The balmy air with fragrant scents was fill'd,
As if each weeping tree had gums distill'd.
Such, if not sweeter, was the rich perfume
Which swift ascended from Amyntas' tomb:
As if th' Arabian bird her nest had fir'd,
And on the spicy pile were now expir'd.
And now the turf, which late was naked seen,
Was sudden spread with lively-springing green;
And Amaryllis saw, with wondering eyes,
A flowery bed, where she had wept, arise;
Thick as the pearly drops the fair had shed,
The blowing buds advanc'd their purple head;
From every tear that fell a violet grew,
And thence their sweetness came, and thence their mournful hue.
Remember this, ye nymphs and gentle maids,
When solitude ye seek in gloomy shades;
Or walk on banks where silent waters flow,
For there this lovely flower will love to grow.
Think on Amyntas oft as ye shall stoop
To crop the stalks, and take them softly up.
When in your snowy necks their sweets you wear,
Give a soft sigh, and drop a tender tear:
To lov'd Amyntas pay the tribute due,
And bless his peaceful grave, where first they grew

TO CYNTHIA,

WEEPING AND NOT SPEAKING.

ELEGY.

Why are those hours, which Heaven in pity lent
To longing love, in fruitless sorrow spent?
Why sighs my fair? why does that bosom move
With any passion stirr'd, but rising love?
Can Discontent find place within that breast,
On whose soft pillows ev'n Despair might rest?
Divide thy woes, and give me my sad part;
I am no stranger to an aching heart;
Too well I know the force of inward grief,
And well can bear it to give you relief:
All love's severest pangs I can endure:
I can bear pain, though hopeless of a cure;
I know what 'tis to weep, and sigh, and pray,
To wake all night, yet dread the breaking day;
I know what 'tis to wish, and hope, and all in vain,
And meet, for humble love, unkind disdain:
Anger and hate I have been forc'd to bear,
Nay, jealousy—and I have felt despair.
These pains for you I have been forc'd to prove,
For cruel you, when I began to love.
Till warm compassion took at length my part,
And melted to my wish your yielding heart.
O the dear hour in which you did resign!
When round my neck your willing arms did twine,
And, in a kiss, you said your heart was mine.
Through each returning year may that hour be
Distinguish'd in the rounds of all eternity;
Gay be the Sun that hour in all his light,
Let him collect the day to be more bright,
Shine all that hour, and let the rest be night.
And shall I all this Heaven of bliss receive
From you, yet not lament to see you grieve!

Shall I, who nourish'd in my breast desire,
When your cold scorn and frowns forbid the fire;
Now when a mutual flame you have reveal'd,
And the dear union of our souls is seal'd,
When all my joys complete in you I find,
Shall I not share the sorrows of your mind?
O tell me, tell me all—whence does arise
This flood of tears? whence are these frequent sighs?
Why does that lovely head, like a fair flower
Oppress'd with drops of a hard-falling shower,
Bend with its weight of grief, and seem to grow
Downward to earth, and kiss the root of woe?
Lean on my breast, and let me fold thee fast,
Lock'd in these arms, think all thy sorrows past;
Or what remain think lighter made by me;
So I should think, were I so held by thee.
Murmur thy plaints, and gently wound my ears;
Sigh on my lip, and let me drink thy tears;
Join to my cheek thy cold and dewy face,
And let pale grief to glowing love give place.
O speak—for woe in silence most appears;
Speak, ere my fancy magnify my fears.
Is there a cause which words can not express?
Can I not bear a part, nor make it less?
I know not what to think—am I in fault?
I have not, to my knowledge, err'd in thought,
Nor wander'd from my love; nor would I be
Lord of the world, to live depriv'd of thee.
You weep afresh, and at that word you start!
Am I to be depriv'd then?—must we part?
Curse on that word so ready to be spoke,
For through my lips, unmeant by me, it broke.
Oh no, we must not, will not, cannot part,
And my tongue talks, unprompted by my heart.
Yet speak, for my destruction grows apace,
And racking fears and restless doubts increase,
And fears and doubts to jealousy will turn,
The hottest Hell, in which a heart can burn.

AMORET.

Fair Amoret is gone astray;
Pursue and seek her, every lover;
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both study'd, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

LESBIA.

When Lesbia first I saw so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright, and with that awful air
That durst my heart, which durst so high aspire,
Bold as his who snatch'd celestial fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthrall'd her tongue unbound.

DORIS.

Doris, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art,
A wise observer to engage,
Or wound a heedless heart.

Of native blush, and rosy dye,
Time has her cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent nymph supply
With paint th' injurious theft.

Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
And teeth in good repair;
And her well-furnish'd front disdains
To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of size, she is nor short, nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more than what the French would call
Aimable Embonpoint.

Farther her person to disclose
I leave—let it suffice,
She has few faults but what she knows,
And can with skill disguise.

She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more comply'd;
Which, like her clothes, when little us'd,
She always lays aside.

She's one who looks with great contempt
On each affected creature,
Whose nicety would seem exempt
From appetites of Nature.

She thinks they want or health or sense,
Who want an inclination;
And therefore never takes offence
At him who pleads his passion.

Whom she refuses she treats still
With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, through her skill,
Looks almost like a favour.

Since she this softness can express
To those whom she rejects,
She must be very fond, you'll guess,
Of such whom she affects:

But here our Doris far outgoes
All that her sex have done;
She no regard for custom knows,
Which reason bids her shun.

By reason her own reason's meant,
Or, if you please, her will:
For, when this last is discontent,
The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar therefore is her way;
Whether by Nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought.

But who o'er night obtain'd her grace,
She can next day disown,
And stare upon the strange man's face,
As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or distrusts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow
Bespeaks a noble mind.

Doris our thanks nor asks, nor needs:
For all her favours done
From her love flow, as light proceeds
Spontaneous from the Sun.

On one or other still her fires
Display their genial force;
And she, like Sol, alone retires,
To shine elsewhere of course.

TO SLEEP.

ELEGY.

O Sleep! thou flatterer of happy minds,
How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood finds?
Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
Where no distress is shown, nor want betray'd:
But oh! how swift, how sure thou art to shun
The wretch by fortune or by love undone!
Where are thy gentle dews, thy softer powers,
Which us'd to wait upon my midnight hours?
Why dost thou cease thy hovering wings to spread,
With friendly shade, around my restless bed?
Can no complainings thy compassion move?
Is thy antipathy so strong to love?
O no! thou art the prosperous lover's friend,
And dost, uncall'd, his pleasing toils attend.
With equal kindness, and with rival charms,
Thy slumbers lull him in his fair-one's arms;
Or from her bosom he to thine retires,
Where, sooth'd with ease, the panting youth respires,
Till soft repose restore his drooping sense,
And rapture is reliev'd by indolence.
But oh! what torture does the lover bear,
Forlorn by thee, and haunted by despair!
From racking thoughts by no kind slumber freed,
But painful nights his joyless days succeed.
But why, dull god, do I of thee complain?
Thou didst not cause, nor canst thou ease, my pain.
Forgive what my distracting grief has said;
I own, unjustly I thy sloth upbraid.
For oft I have thy proffer'd aid repell'd,
And my reluctant eyes from rest withheld;
Implor'd the Muse to break thy gentle chains,
And sung with Philomel my nightly strains.
With her I sing, but cease not with her song,
For more enduring woes my days prolong.
The morning lark to mine records his note,
And tunes to my distress his warbling throat:
Each setting and each rising Sun I mourn,
Wailing alike his absence and return.
And all for thee—what had I well nigh said?
Let me not name thee, thou too charming maid!
No, as the wing'd musicians of the grove,
Th' associates of my melody and love,
In moving sound alone relate their pain,
And not with voice articulate complain;
So shall my Muse my tuneful sorrows sing,
And lose in air her name from whom they spring.
O may no wakeful thoughts her mind molest,
Soft be her slumbers, and sincere her rest:
For her, O Sleep! thy balmy sweets prepare;
The peace I lose for her, to her transfer.
Hush'd as the falling dews, whose noiseless showers
Impearl the folded leaves of evening flowers,
Steal on her brow: and as those dews attend,
Till warn'd by waking Day to re-ascend,
So wait thou for her morn; then gently rise,
And to the world restore the day-break of her eyes.

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

OCCASIONED BY L——— Y———'s PICTURE.

I YIELD, O Kneller! to superior skill,
Thy pencil triumphs o'er the poet's quill:
If yet my vanquish'd Muse exert her lays,
It is no more to rival thee, but praise.

Oft have I try'd, with unavailing care,
To trace some image of the much-lov'd fair;
But still my numbers ineffectual prov'd,
And rather show'd how much, than whom, I lov'd;
But thy unerring hands, with matchless art,
Have shown my eyes th' impression in my heart;
The bright idea both exists and lives,
Such vital heat thy genial pencil gives:
Whose daring point, not to the face confin'd,
Can penetrate the heart, and paint the mind.
Others some faint resemblance may express,
Which, as 'tis drawn by chance, we find by guess;
Thy pictures raise no doubts; when brought to view,
At once they're known, and seem to know us too.
Transcendent artist! how complete thy skill!
Thy power to act is equal to thy will.
Nature and Art in thee alike contend,
Not to oppose each other, but befriend;
For what thy fancy has with fire design'd,
Is by thy skill both temper'd and refin'd.
As in thy pictures light consents with shade,
And each to other is subservient made,
Judgment and genius so concur in thee,
And both unite in perfect harmony.

But after-days, my friend, must do thee right,
And set thy virtues in unenvy'd light.
Fame due to vast desert is kept in store,
Unpaid, till the deserver is no more.
Yet thou, in present, the best part hast gain'd,
And from the chosen few applause obtain'd:
Ev'n he who best could judge, and best could praise,
Has high extoll'd thee in his deathless lays;
Ev'n Dryden has immortaliz'd thy name;
Let that alone suffice thee, think that fame.
Unfit I follow where he led the way,
And court applause by what I seem to pay.
Myself I praise, while I thy praise intend,
For 'tis some virtue, virtue to commend;
And next to deeds which our own honour raise,
Is to distinguish them who merit praise.

TO A CANDLE.

ELEGY.

Thou watchful taper, by whose silent light
I lonely pass the melancholy night;
Thou faithful witness of my secret pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;
O learn with me my hopeless love to moan;
Commiserate a life so like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,
Wasting that heart by which supply'd they burn.
Like thine, my joy and suffering they display;
At once are signs of life, and symptoms of decay.
And as thy fearful flames the day decline,
And only during night presume to shine;
Their humble rays not daring to aspire
Before the Sun, the fountain of their fire:
So mine, with conscious shame, and equal awe,
To shades obscure, and solitude, withdraw;
Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,
From whose bright beams their being first arose.

OVID'S THIRD BOOK OF

THE ART OF LOVE,

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

WHEREIN

HE RECOMMENDS THE RULES AND INSTRUCTIONS TO THE FAIR-SEX IN THE CONDUCT OF THEIR AMOURS; AFTER HAVING ALREADY COMPOSED TWO BOOKS FOR THE USE OF MEN UPON THE SAME SUBJECT.

The men are arm'd, and for the fight prepare;
And now we must instruct and arm the fair.
Both sexes, well appointed, take the field,
And mighty Love determine which shall yield.
Man were ignoble, when thus arm'd, to show
Unequal force against a naked foe:
No glory from such conquest can be gain'd,
And odds are always by the brave disdain'd.
But some exclaim—"What phrenzy rules your mind?
Would you increase the craft of woman-kind!
Teach them new wiles and arts! As well you may
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey."
But, sure, too hard a censure they pursue,
Who charge on all the failings of a few.
Examine first impartially each fair,
Then, as she merits, or condemn, or spare.
If Menelaus, and the king of men,
With justice of their sister-wives complain;
If false Eriphyle forsook her faith,
And for reward procur'd her husband's death;
Penelope was loyal still, and chaste,
Though twenty years her lord in absence pass'd.
Reflect how Laodama's truth was try'd,
Who, though in bloom of youth, and beauty's pride,
To share her husband's fate, untimely dy'd.
Think how Alceste's piety was prov'd,
Who lost her life to save the man she lov'd.
"Receive me, Capaneus," Evadne cry'd;
"Nor death itself our nuptials shall divide:
To join thy ashes, pleas'd I shall expire:"
She said, and leap'd amid the funeral fire.
Virtue herself a goddess we confess,
Both female in her name and in her dress;
No wonder, then, if, to her sex inclin'd,
She cultivates with care a female mind.
But these exalted souls exceed the reach
Of that soft art which I pretend to teach.
My tender bark requires a gentle gale,
A little wind will fill a little sail.
Of sportive Loves I sing, and show what ways
The willing nymph must use her bliss to raise,
And how to captivate the man she'd please.
Woman is soft, and of a tender heart,
Apt to receive, and to retain, Love's dart:
Man has a breast robust, and more secure,
It wounds him not so deep, nor hits so sure.
Men oft are false; and, if you search with care,
You'll find less fraud imputed to the fair.
The faithless Jason from Medea fled,
And made Creusa partner of his bed.
Bright Ariadne, on an unknown shore,
Thy absence, perjur'd Theseus, did deplore.
If, then, the wild inhabitants of air
Forbore her tender lovely limbs to tear,
It was not owing, Theseus, to thy care.
Inquire the cause, and let Demophoön tell,
Why Phyllis by a fate untimely fell.
Nine times, in vain, upon the promis'd day,
She sought th' appointed shore, and view'd the sea:
Her fall the fading trees consent to mourn,
And shed their leaves round her lamented urn.
The prince so far for piety renown'd,
To thee, Eliza, was unfaithful found;
To thee, forlorn and languishing with grief,
His sword alone he left, thy last relief.
Ye ruin'd nymphs, shall I the cause impart
Of all your woes? 'Twas want of needful art.
Love of itself too quickly will expire;
But powerful Art perpetuates desire.
Women had yet their ignorance bewail'd,
Had not this art by Venus been reveal'd.
Before my sight the Cyprian goddess shone,
And thus she said—"What have poor women done?
Why is that weak, defenceless sex expos'd,
On every side, by men well arm'd, enclos'd?
Twice are the men instructed by the Muse,
Nor must she now to teach the sex refuse.
The bard, who injur'd Helen in his song,
Recanted after, and redress'd the wrong.
And you, if on my favour you depend,
The cause of women, while you live, defend."
This said, a myrtle sprig, which berries bore,
She gave me (for a myrtle wreath she wore).
The gift receiv'd, my sense enlighten'd grew,
And from her presence inspiration drew.
Attend, ye nymphs, by wedlock unconfin'd,
And hear my precepts, while she prompts my mind:
Ev'n now, in bloom of youth, and beauty's prime,
Beware of coming age, nor waste your time:
Now, while you may, and ripening years invite,
Enjoy the seasonable, sweet delight:
For rolling years, like stealing waters, glide;
Nor hope to stop their ever-ebbing tide:
Think not hereafter will the loss repay;
For every morrow will the taste decay,
And leave less relish than the former day.
I've seen the time, when, on that wither'd thorn,
The blooming rose vied with the blushing morn.
With fragrant wreaths I thence have deck'd my head,
And see how leafless now, and how decay'd!

And you, who now the love-sick youth reject,
Will prove, in age, what pains attend neglect.
None, then, will press upon your midnight hours,
Nor wake, to strew your street with morning flowers.
Then nightly knockings at your door will cease,
Whose noiseless hammer, then, may rust in peace.
Alas! how soon a clear complexion fades!
How soon a wrinkled skin plump flesh invades!
And what avails it, though the fair-one swears
She from her infancy had some grey hairs?
She grows all hoary in a few more years,
And then the venerable truth appears.
The snake his skin, the deer his horns may cast,
And both renew their youth and vigours past:
But no receipt can human-kind relieve,
Doom'd to decrepit age without reprieve.
Then crop the flower which yet invites your eye,
And which, ungather'd, on its stalk must die.
Besides, the tender sex is form'd to bear,
And frequent births too soon will youth impair:
Continual harvest wears the fruitful field,
And earth itself decays, too often till'd.
Thou didst not, Cynthia, scorn the Latmian swain;
Nor thou, Aurora, Cephalus disdain;
The Paphian queen, who for Adonis' fate
So deeply mourn'd, and who laments him yet,
Has not been found inexorable since;
Witness Harmonia, and the Dardan prince.
Then take example, mortals, from above,
And like immortals live, and like them love.
Refuse not those delights, which men require,
Nor let your lovers languish with desire.
False tho' they prove, what loss can you sustain?
Thence let a thousand take, 'twill all remain.
Though constant use ev'n flint and steel impairs,
What you employ no diminution fears.
Who would, to light a torch, their torch deny?
Or who can dread drinking an ocean dry?
"Still women lose," you cry, "if men obtain;"
What do they lose, that's worthy to retain?
Think not this said to prostitute the sex,
But undeceive whom needless fears perplex.
Thus far a gentle breeze supplies our sail,
Now launch'd to sea, we ask a brisker gale.
And, first, we treat of dress. The well-dress'd vine
Produces plumpest grapes, and richest wine;
And plenteous crops of golden grain are found,
Alone, to grace well-cultivated ground.
Beauty's the gift of gods, the sex's pride!
Yet to how many is that gift deny'd?
Art helps a face; a face, though heavenly fair,
May quickly fade for want of needful care.
In ancient days, if women slighted dress,
Then men were ruder too, and lik'd it less.
If Hector's spouse was clad in stubborn stuff,
A soldier's wife became it well enough.
Ajax, to shield his ample breast, provides
Seven lusty bulls, and tans their sturdy hides;
And might not he, d'ye think, be well caress'd,
And yet his wife not elegantly dress'd?
With rude simplicity Rome first was built,
Which now we see adorn'd, and carv'd, and gilt.
This capital with that of old compare;
Some other Jove, you'd think, was worshipp'd there.
That lofty pile, where senates dictate law,
That lofty pile, where senates dictate law,
When Tatius reign'd, was poorly thatch'd with straw.
And where Apollo's fane refulgent stands,
Was heretofore a track of pasture-lands.
Let ancient manners other men delight;
But me the modern please, as more polite.
Not that materials now in gold are wrought,
And distant shores for orient pearls are sought:
Nor for, that hills exhaust their marble veins,
And structures rise whose bulk the sea restrains;
But, that the world is civiliz'd of late,
And polish'd from the rust of former date.
Let not the nymph with pendants load her ear,
Nor in embroidery, or brocade, appear;
Too rich a dress may sometimes check desire,
And cleanliness more animates Love's fire.
The hair dispos'd, may gain or lose a grace,
And much become, or misbecome, the face.
What suits your features, of your glass inquire;
For no one rule is fix'd for head-attire.
A face too long should part and flat the hair,
Lest, upward comb'd, the length too much appear:
So Laodamia dress'd. A face too round
Should show the ears, and with a tower be crown'd.
On either shoulder, one her locks displays;
Adorn'd like Phœbus, when he sings his lays:
Another, all her tresses ties behind;
So dress'd, Diana hunts the fearful hind.
Dishevell'd locks most graceful are to some;
Others, the binding fillets more become:
Some plait, like spiral shells, their braided hair,
Others, the loose and waving curl prefer.
But to recount the several dresses worn,
Which artfully each several face adorn,
Were endless, as to tell the leaves on trees,
The beasts on Alpine hills, or Hybla's bees.
Many there are, who seem to slight all care,
And with a pleasing negligence ensnare;
Whose mornings oft in such a dress are spent,
And all is art that looks like accident.
With such disorder Iole was grac'd,
When great Alcides first the nymph embrac'd.
So Ariadne came to Bacchus' bed,
When with the conqueror from Crete she fled.
Nature, indulgent to the sex, repays
The losses they sustain, by various ways.
Men ill supply those hairs they shed in age,
Lost, like autumnal leaves, when north-winds rage.
Women, with juice of herbs, grey locks disguise,
And Art gives colour which with Nature vies.
The well-wove towers they wear, their own are thought;
But only are their own, as what they've bought.
Nor need they blush to buy heads ready dress'd,
And choose, at public shops, what suits them best.
Costly apparel let the fair-one fly,
Enrich'd with gold, or with the Tyrian dye.
What folly must in such expense appear,
When more becoming colours are less dear?
One with a dye is ting'd of lovely blue,
Such as, through air serene, the sky we view.
With yellow lustre see another spread,
As if the golden-fleece compos'd the thread.
Some of the sea-green wave the cast display;
With this the nymphs their beauteous forms array:
And some the saffron hue will well adorn;
Such is the mantle of the blushing Morn.
Of myrtle-berries, one the tincture shows;
In this, of amethysts, the purple grows,
And that more imitates the paler rose.
Nor Thracian cranes forget, whose silvery plumes
Give patterns, which employ the mimic looms.
Nor almond, nor the chesnut dye disclaim;
Nor others, which from wax derive their name.

As fields you find, with various flowers o'erspread,
When vineyards bud, and winter's frost is fled;
So various are the colours you may try,
Of which the thirsty wool imbibes the dye.
Try every one: what best becomes you, wear;
For no complexion all alike can bear.
If fair the skin, black may become it best,
In black the lovely fair Briseis dress'd:
If brown the nymph, let her be cloth'd in white,
Andromeda so charm'd the wondering sight.
I need not warn you of too powerful smells,
Which sometimes health, or kindly heat, expels.
Nor, from your tender legs to pluck with care
The casual growth of all unseemly hair.
Though not to nymphs of Caucasus I sing,
Nor such who taste remote the Mysian spring;
Yet, let me warn you, that, through no neglect,
You let your teeth disclose the least defect.
You know the use of white to make you fair,
And how, with red, lost colour to repair,
Imperfect eye-brows you by art can mend,
And skin, when wanting, o'er a scar extend.
Nor need the fair-one be asham'd, who tries,
By art, to add new lustre to her eyes.
A little book I've made, but with great care,
How to preserve the face, and how repair,
In that, the nymphs, by time or chance annoy'd,
May see, what pains to please them I've employ'd.
But, still beware, that from your lover's eye
You keep conceal'd the med'cines you apply:
Though art assists, yet must that art be hid,
Lest, whom it would invite, it should forbid.
Who would not take offence, to see a face
All daub'd, and dripping with the melted grease?
And tho' your unguents bear th' Athenian name,
The wool's unsavoury scent is still the same.
Marrow of stags, nor your pomatums try,
Nor clean your furry teeth, when men are by;
For many things, when done, afford delight,
Which yet, while doing, may offend the sight.
Ev'n Myro's statues, which for art surpass
All others, once were but a shapeless mass;
Rude was that gold which now in rings is worn,
As once the robe you wear was wool unshorn.
Think, how that stone rough in the quarry grew,
Which, now, a perfect Venus shows to view.
While we suppose you sleep, repair your face,
Lock'd from observers, in some secret place.
Add the last hand, before yourselves you show;
Your need of art, why should your lovers know?
For many things, when most conceal'd, are best;
And few of strict inquiry bear the test.
Those figures which in theatres are seen,
Gilded without, are common wood within.
But no spectators are allow'd to pry,
Till all is finish'd, which allures the eye.
Yet, I must own, it oft affords delight,
To have the fair-one comb her hair in sight;
To view the flowing honours of her head
Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulder spread.
But let her look, that she with care avoid
All fretful humours, while she's so employ'd;
Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
All that her woman does, who does her best.
I hate a vixen, that her maid assails,
And scratches with her bodkin, or her nails;
While the poor girl in blood and tears must mourn,
And her heart curses, what her hands adorn.
Let her who has no hair, or has but some,
Plant centinels before her dressing-room:
Or in the fane of the good goddess dress,
Where all the male-kind are debarr'd access.
'Tis said, that I (but 'tis a tale devis'd)
A lady at her toilet once surpris'd;
Who, starting, snatch'd in haste the tower she wore,
And, in a hurry, plac'd the hinder part before.
But on our foes fall every such disgrace,
Or barbarous beauties of the Parthian race.
Ungraceful 'tis to see without a horn
The lofty hart, whom branches best adorn;
A leafless tree, or an unverdant mead;
And as ungraceful is a hairless head.
But think not these instructions are design'd
For first-rate beauties of the finish'd kind:
Not to a Semele, or Leda bright,
Nor an Europa, these my rules I write;
Nor the fair Helen do I teach, whose charms
Stirr'd up Atrides, and all Greece, to arms:
Thee to regain, well was that war begun,
And Paris well defended what he won;
What lover, or what husband, would not fight
In such a cause, where both are in the right?
The crowd I teach, some homely, and some fair,
But, of the former sort, the larger share.
The handsome least require the help of Art,
Rich in themselves, and pleas'd with Nature's part.
When calm the sea, at ease the pilot lies,
But all his skill exerts when storms arise.
Faults in your person, or your face, correct:
And few are seen that have not some defect.
The nymph too short, her seat should seldom quit,
Lest, when she stands, she may be thought to sit;
And when extended on her couch she lies,
Let length of petticoats conceal her size.
The lean of thick-wrought stuff her clothes should choose,
And fuller made, than what the plumper use.
If pale, let her the crimson juice apply,
If swarthy, to the Phœnician varnish fly.
A leg too lank, tight garters still must wear;
Nor should an ill-shap'd foot be ever bare.
Round shoulders, bolster'd, will appear the least;
And lacing strait, confines too full a breast.
Whose fingers are too fat, and nails too coarse,
Should always shun much gesture in discourse.
And you, whose breath is touch'd, this caution take,
Nor fasting, nor too near another, speak.
Let not the nymph with laughter much abound,
Whose teeth are black, uneven, or unsound.
You hardly think how much on this depends,
And how a laugh, or spoils a face, or mends.
Gape not too wide, lest you disclose your gums,
And lose the dimple which the cheek becomes.
Nor let your sides too strong concussions shake,
Lest you the softness of the sex forsake.
In some, distortions quite the face disguise;
Another laughs, that you would think she cries.
In one, too hoarse a voice we hear betray'd,
Another's is as harsh as if she bray'd.
What cannot art attain! Many, with ease,
Have learn'd to weep, both when and how they please.
Others, through affectation, lisp, and find,
In imperfection, charms to catch mankind.
Neglect no means which may promote your ends;
Now learn what way of walking recommends.
Too masculine a motion shocks the sight;
But female grace allures with strange delight.
One has an artful swing and jut behind,
Which helps her coats to catch the swelling wind;

Swell'd with the wanton wind, they loosely flow,
And every step and graceful motion show.
Another, like an Umbrian's sturdy spouse,
Strides all the space her petticoat allows.
Between extremes, in this, a mean adjust;
Nor show too nice a gait, nor too robust.
If snowy white your neck, you still should wear
That, and the shoulder of the left arm, bare,
Such sights ne'er fail to fire my amorous heart,
And make me pant to kiss the naked part.
Syrens, though monsters of the stormy main,
Can ships, when under sail, with songs detain:
Scarce could Ulysses by his friends be bound,
When first he listen'd to the charming sound.
Singing insinuates: learn, all ye maids;
Oft, when a face forbids, a voice persuades,
Whether on theatres loud strains we hear,
Or in Ruelle some soft Egyptian air.
Well shall she sing, of whom I make my choice,
And with her lute accompany her voice.
The rocks were stirr'd; the beasts to listen stay'd,
When on his lyre melodious Orpheus play'd;
Ev'n Cerberus and Hell that sound obey'd.
And stones officious were, thy walls to raise;
O Thebes! attracted by Amphion's lays.
The dolphin, dumb itself, thy voice admir'd,
And was, Arion, by thy songs inspir'd.
Of sweet Callimachus the works rehearse,
And read Philetas' and Anacreon's verse.
Terentian plays may much the mind improve;
But softest Sappho best instructs to love.
Propertius, Gallus, and Tibullus read,
And let Varronian verse to these succeed.
Then mighty Maro's work with care peruse;
Of all the Latin bards the noblest Muse.
Ev'n I, 'tis possible, in after-days,
May 'scape oblivion, and be nam'd with these.
My labour'd lines some readers may approve,
Since I've instructed either sex in love.
Whatever book you read of this soft art,
Read with a lover's voice, and lover's heart.
Tender epistles, too by me are fram'd,
A work before unthought-of, and unnam'd.
Such was your sacred will, O tuneful Nine!
Such thine, Apollo! and, Lyæus, thine!
Still unaccomplish'd may the maid be thought,
Who gracefully to dance was never taught:
That active dancing may to love engage,
Witness the well-kept dancers of the stage.
Of some old trifles I'm asham'd to tell,
Though it becomes the sex to trifle well;
To rattle prettily, or slur a dye,
Implies both cunning and dexterity.
Nor is't amiss at chess to be expert,
For games most thoughtful, sometimes, most divert.
Learn every game, you'll find it prove of use:
Parties begun at play, may love produce.
But easier 'tis to learn how bets to lay,
Than how to keep your temper while you play.
Unguarded then each breast is open laid,
And while the head's intent, the heart's betray'd.
Then base desire of gain, then rage, appears,
Quarrels and brawls arise, and anxious fears;
Then clamours and revilings reach the sky,
While losing gamesters all the gods defy.
Then horrid oaths are utter'd every cast;
They grieve, and curse, and storm, nay, weep at last.
Good Love, avert such shameful faults as these
From every nymph, whose heart's inclin'd to please.
Soft recreations fit the female kind;
Nature, for men, has rougher sports design'd:
To wield the sword, and hurl the pointed spear;
To stop or turn the steed in full career.
Though martial fields ill suit your tender frames,
Nor may you swim in Tiber's rapid streams;
Yet when Sol's burning wheels from Leo drive,
And at the glowing Virgin's sign arrive,
'Tis both allow'd and fit you should repair
To pleasant walks, and breathe refreshing air.
To Pompey's gardens, or the shady groves
Which Cæsar honours, and which Phœbus loves;
Phœbus, who sunk the proud Egyptian fleet,
And made Augustus' victory complete.
Or seek those shades, where monuments of fame
Are rais'd, to Livia's and Octavia's name;
Or where Agrippa first adorn'd the ground,
When he with naval victory was crown'd.
To Isis' fane, to theatres, resort;
And in the Circus see the noble sport.
In every public place, by turns, be shown;
In vain you're fair, while you remain unknown.
Should you, in singing, Thamyras transcend;
Your voice unheard, who could your skill commend?
Had not Apelles drawn the sea-born queen,
Her beauties still beneath the waves had been.
Poets, inspir'd, write only for a name,
And think their labours well repay'd with fame.
In former days, I own, the poets were
Of gods and kings the most peculiar care;
Majestic awe was in the name allow'd,
And they with rich possessions were endow'd.
Ennius with honours was by Scipio grac'd,
And, next his own, the poet's statue plac'd.
But now their ivy crowns bear no esteem,
And all their learning's thought an idle dream.
Still, there's a pleasure, that proceeds from praise:
What could the high renown of Homer raise,
But that he sung his Iliad's deathless lays?
Who could have been of Danaë's charms assur'd,
Had she grown old, within her tower immur'd?
This, as a rule, let every nymph pursue;
That 'tis her interest oft to come in view.
A hungry wolf at all the herd will run,
In hopes, through many, to make sure of one.
So let the fair the gazing crowd assail,
That over one, at least, she may prevail.
In every place to please, be all her thought?
Where, sometimes, least we think, the fish is caught.
Sometimes, all day, we hunt the tedious foil;
Anon, the stag himself shall seek the toil.
How could Andromeda once doubt relief,
Whose charms are heighten'd and adorn'd by grief?
The widow'd fair, who sees her lord expire,
While yet she weeps, may kindle new desire,
And Hymen's torch re-light with funeral fire.
Beware of men who are too sprucely dress'd:
And look, you fly with speed a fop profess'd.
Such tools, to you, and to a thousand more,
Will tell the same dull story o'er and o'er.
This way and that, unsteadily they rove,
And, never fix'd, are fugitives in love.
Such fluttering things all women sure should hate,
Light as themselves, and more effeminate.
Believe me, all I say is for your good;
Had Priam been believ'd, Troy still had stood.
Many with base designs, will passion feign,
Who know no love, but sordid love of gain.

But let no powder'd heads, nor essenc'd hair,
Your well-believing, easy hearts ensnare.
Rich clothes are oft by common sharpers worn,
And diamond rings felonious hands adorn.
So may your lover burn with fierce desire
Your jewels to enjoy, and best attire.
Poor Chloe, robb'd, runs crying through the streets;
And as she runs, "Give me my own," repeats.
How often, Venus, hast thou heard such cries,
And laugh'd amidst thy Appian votaries!
Some so notorious are, their very name
Must every nymph whom they frequent, defame.
Be warn'd by ills, which others have destroy'd,
And faithless men with constant care avoid.
Trust not a Theseus, fair Athenian maid,
Who has so oft th' attesting gods betray'd.
And thou, Demophoön, heir to Theseus' crimes,
Hast lost thy credit to all future times.
Promise for promise equally afford,
But once a contract made, keep well your word.
For she for any act of Hell is fit,
And, undismay'd, may sacrilege commit,
With impious hands could quench the vestal fire,
Poison her husband in her arms for hire;
Who first to take a lover's gift complies,
And then defrauds him, and his claim denies.
But hold, my Muse, check thy unruly horse,
And more in sight pursue th' intended course.
If love-epistles tender lines impart,
And billet-doux are sent, to sound your heart;
Let all such letters, by a faithful maid,
Or confident, be secretly convey'd:
Soon from the words you'll judge, if read with care,
When feign'd a passion is, and when sincere.
Ere in return you write, some time require;
Delays, if not too long, increase desire:
Nor let the pressing youth with ease obtain,
Nor yet refuse him with too rude disdain;
Now let his hopes, now let his fears increase,
But by degrees let fear to hope give place.
Be sure avoid set phrases, when you write;
The usual way of speech is more polite.
How have I seen the puzzled lover vex'd,
To read a letter with hard words perplex'd!
A style too coarse takes from a handsome face,
And makes us wish an uglier in its place.
But since (though chastity be not your care)
You from your husband still would hide th' affair,
Write to no stranger till his truth be try'd,
Nor in a foolish messenger confide.
What agonies that woman undergoes,
Whose hand the traitor threatens to expose;
Who, rashly trusting, dreads to be deceiv'd,
And lives for ever to that dread enslav'd!
Such treachery can never be surpass'd,
For those discoveries sure as lightning blast.
Might I advise, fraud should with fraud be paid;
Let arms repel all who with arms invade.
But since your letters may be brought to light,
What if in several hands you learn'd to write!
My curse on him who first the sex betray'd,
And this advice so necessary made.
Nor let your pocket-book two hands contain,
First rub your lover's out, then write again.
Still one contrivance more remains behind,
Which you may use as a convenient blind;
As if to women writ, your letters frame,
And let your friend to you subscribe a female name.

Now greater things to tell, my Muse prepare,
And clap on all the sail the bark can bear.
Let no rude passions in your looks find place;
For fury will deform the finest face:
It swells the lips, and blackens all the veins,
While in the eye a Gorgon horrour reigns.
When on her flute divine Minerva play'd,
And in a fountain saw the change it made,
Swelling her cheek; she flung it quite aside:
"Nor is thy music so much worth," she cry'd.
Look in your glass when you with anger glow,
And you'll confess, you scarce yourselves can know.
Nor with excessive pride insult the sight,
For gentle looks, alone, to love invite.
Believe it as a truth that's daily try'd,
There's nothing more detestable than pride.
How have I seen some airs disgust create,
Like things which by antipathy we hate!
Let looks with looks, and smiles with smiles be paid,
And when your lover bows, incline your head.
So Love preluding, plays at first with hearts,
And after wounds with deeper-piercing darts.
Nor me a melancholy mistress charms;
Let sad Tecmessa weep in Ajax' arms,
Let mourning beauties sullen heroes move,
We cheerful men like gaiety in love.
Let Hector in Andromache delight,
Who, in bewailing Troy, wastes all the night.
Had they not both borne children (to be plain),
I ne'er could think they'd with their husbands lain.
I no idea in my mind can frame,
That either one or t'other doleful dame
Could toy, could fondle, or could call their lords
"My life, my soul;" or speak endearing words.
Why from comparisons should I refrain,
Or fear small things by greater to explain?
Observe what conduct prudent generals use,
And how their several officers they choose;
To one a charge of infantry commit,
Another for the horse is thought more fit,
So you your several lovers should select,
And, as you find them qualified, direct.
The wealthy lover store of gold should send;
The lawyer should, in courts, your cause defend.
We, who write verse, with verse alone should bribe;
Most apt to love is all the tuneful tribe.
By us, your fame shall through the world be blaz'd;
So Nemesis, so Cynthia's name was rais'd.
From east to west, Lycoris' praises ring;
Nor are Corinna's silent, whom we sing.
No fraud the poet's sacred breast can bear;
Mild are his manners, and his heart sincere:
Nor wealth he seeks, nor feels ambition's fires,
But shuns the bar; and books and shades requires.
Too faithfully, alas! we know to love,
With ease we fix, but we with pain remove;
Our softer studies with our souls combine,
And both to tenderness our hearts incline.
Be gentle, virgins, to the poet's prayer,
The god that fills him, and the Muse revere!
Something divine is in us, and from Heaven
Th' inspiring spirit can alone be given.
'Tis sin, a price from poets to exact;
But 'tis a sin no woman fears to act.
Yet hide, howe'er, your avarice from sight,
Lest you too soon your new admirer fright.
As skilful riders rein with different force,
A new-back'd courser, and a well-train'd horse;
Do you, by different management, engage
The man in years, and youth of greener age.

This, while the wiles of love are yet unknown,
Will gladly cleave to you, and you alone:
With kind caresses oft indulge the boy,
And all the harvest of his heat enjoy.
Alone, thus bless'd, of rivals most beware;
Nor love nor empire can a rival bear.
Men more discretly love, when more mature,
And many things, which youth disdains, endure:
No windows break, nor houses set on fire,
Nor tear their own, or mistress's attire.
In youth, the boiling blood gives fury vent,
But men in years more calmly wrongs resent.
As wood when green, or as a torch when wet,
They slowly burn, but long retain their heat.
More bright is youthful flame, but sooner dies;
Then swiftly seize the joy that swiftly flies.
Thus all betraying to the beauteous foe,
How surely to enslave ourselves we show!
To trust a traitor, you'll no scruple make,
Who is a traitor only for your sake.
Who yields too soon, will soon her lover lose;
Would you retain him long, then long refuse.
Oft at your door make him for entrance wait,
There let him lie, and threaten and entreat.
When cloy'd with sweets, bitters the taste restore;
Ships, by fair winds, are sometimes run ashore.
Hence springs the coldness of a marry'd life,
The husband, when he pleases, has his wife.
Bar but your gate, and let your porter cry,
"Here's no admittance, sir; I must deny."
The very husband, so repuls'd, will find
A growing inclination to be kind.
Thus far with foils you've fought; those laid
I now sharp weapons for the sex provide; [aside,
No doubt, against myself to see them try'd.
When first a lover you design to charm,
Beware, lest jealousies his soul alarm;
Make him believe, with all the skill you can,
That he, and only he's the happy man.
Anon, by due degrees, small doubts create,
And let him fear some rival's better fate.
Such little arts make love its vigour hold,
Which else would languish, and too soon grow old.
Then strains the courser, to outstrip the wind,
When one before him runs, and one he hears behind.
Love, when extinct, suspicions may revive;
I own, when mine's secure, 'tis scarce alive.
Yet one precaution to this rule belongs;
Let us at most suspect, not prove our wrongs.
Sometimes, your lover to incite the more,
Pretend your husband's spies beset the door:
Though free as Thais, still affect a fright,
For seeming danger heightens the delight.
Oft let the youth in through your window steal,
Though he might enter at the door as well;
And sometimes let your maid surprise pretend,
And beg you in some hole to hide your friend.
Yet ever and anon dispel his fear,
And let him taste of happiness sincere;
Lest, quite disherten'd with too much fatigue,
He should grow weary of the dull intrigue.
But I forget to tell how you may try
Both to evade the husband, and the spy.
That wives should of their husbands stand in awe,
Agrees with justice, modesty, and law: [awe,
But that a mistress may be lawful prize,
None but her keeper, I am sure, denies:
For such fair nymphs these precepts are design'd,
Which ne'er can fail, join'd with a willing mind.
Though stuck with Argus' eyes your keeper were,
Advis'd by me, you shall elude his care.
When you to wash or bathe retire from sight,
Can he observe what letters then you write?
Or, can his caution against such provide,
Which, in her breast, your confident may hide?
Can he the note beneath her garter view,
Or that, which, more conceal'd, is in her shoe!
Yet, these perceiv'd, you may her back undress,
And, writing on her skin, your mind express.
New milk, or pointed spires of flax, when green,
Will ink supply, and letters mark unseen:
Fair will the paper show, nor can be read,
Till all the writing's with warm ashes spread.
Acrisius was, with all his care, betray'd;
And in his tower of brass a grandsire made.
Can spies avail, when you to plays resort,
Or in the Circus view the noble sport?
Or, can you be to Isis' fane pursued,
Or Cybele's, whose rites all men exclude?
Though watchful servants to the bagnio come,
They're ne'er admitted to the bathing room,
Or when some sudden sickness you pretend,
May you not take to your sick bed a friend?
False keys a private passage may procure,
If not, there are more ways besides the door.
Sometimes, with wine, your watchful follower treat;
When drunk, you may with ease his care defeat;
Or, to prevent too sudden a surprise,
Prepare a sleeping draught to seal his eyes:
Or let your maid, still longer time to gain,
An inclination for his person feign;
With faint resistance let her drill him on,
And, after competent delays, be won.
But what need all these various doubtful wiles,
Since gold the greatest vigilance beguiles?
Believe me, men and gods with gifts are pleas'd:
Ev'n angry Jove with offerings is appeas'd.
With presents, fools and wise alike are caught,
Give but enough, the husband may be bought.
But let me warn you, when you bribe a spy,
That you for ever his connivance buy;
Pay him his price at once, for with such men
You'll know no end of giving now and then.
Once, I remember, I with cause complain'd
Of jealousy, occasion'd by a friend:
Believe me, apprehensions of that kind
Are not alone to our false sex confin'd.
Trust not too far your she-companion's truth,
Lest she sometimes should intercept the youth:
The very confident that lends the bed,
May entertain your lover in your stead;
Nor keep a servant with too fair a face,
For such I've known supply her lady's place.
But whither do I run with heedless rage,
Teaching the foe unequal war to wage?
Did ever bird the fowler's net prepare?
Was ever hound instructed by the hare?
But, all self-ends and interest set apart,
I'll faithfully proceed to teach my art:
Defenceless and unarm'd, expose my life,
And for the Lemnian ladies whet the knife.
Perpetual fondness of your lover feign,
Nor will you find it hard, belief to gain;
Full of himself, he your design will aid,
To what we wish, 'tis easy to persuade.
With dying eyes his face and form survey,
Then sigh, and wonder he so long could stay.

Now drop a tear your sorrows to assuage,
Anon reproach him, and pretend to rage:
Such proofs as these will all distrust remove,
And make him pity your excessive love.
Scarce to himself will he forbear to cry,
"How can I let this poor fond creature die?"
But chiefly one, such fond behaviour fires,
Who courts his glass, and his own charms admires.
Proud of the homage to his merit done,
He'll think a goddess might with ease be won.

Light wrongs, be sure, you still with mildness bear,
Nor straight fly out, when you a rival fear:
Let not your passion o'er your sense prevail,
Nor credit lightly every idle tale.
Let Procris' fate a sad example be
Of what effects attend credulity.

Near where his purple head Hymettus shows,
And flowering hills, a sacred fountain flows;
With soft and verdant turf the soil is spread,
And sweetly-smelling shrubs the ground o'ershade.
There rosemary and bay their odours join,
And with the fragrant myrtle's scent combine.
The tamarisks with thick-leav'd box are found,
And cytissus and garden-pines abound:
While through the boughs soft winds of Zephyr pass,
Tremble the leaves, and tender tops of grass.
Hither would Cephalus retreat to rest,
When tir'd with hunting, or with heat opprest;
And thus to air the panting youth would pray,
"Come, gentle Aura, come, this heat allay."
But some tale-bearing, too officious friend,
By chance o'erheard him, as he thus complain'd;
Who with the news to Procris quick repair'd,
Repeating word for word what she had heard.
Soon as the name of Aura reach'd her ears,
With jealousy surpris'd, and fainting fears,
Her rosy colour fled her lovely face,
And agonies, like death, supply'd the place:
Pale she appear'd as are the falling leaves,
When first the vine the winter's blast receives.
Of ripen'd quinces, such the yellow hue,
Or, when unripe, we cornel-berries view.
Reviving from her swoon, her robes she tore,
Nor her own faultless face to wound forbore.
Now all dishevell'd, to the wood she flies,
With Bacchanalian fury in her eyes.
Thither arriv'd, she leaves below her friends,
And all alone the shady hill ascends.
What folly, Procris, o'er thy mind prevail'd?
What rage thus fatally to lie conceal'd?
"Whoe'er this Aura be" (such was thy thought)
"She now shall in the very fact be caught."
Anon, thy heart repents its rash designs,
And now to go, and now to stay inclines:
Thus love with doubts perplexes still thy mind,
And makes thee seek what thou must dread to find.
But still thy rival's name rings in thy ears,
And more suspicious still the place appears;
But more than all, excessive love deceives,
Which all it fears, too easily believes.

And now a chilness runs through every vein,
Soon as she saw where Cephalus had lain.
'Twas noon, when he again retir'd, to shun
The scorching ardour of the mid-day Sun:
With water first he sprinkled o'er his face,
Which glow'd with heat, then sought his usual place.
Procris, with anxious, but with silent care,
View'd him extended, with his bosom bare;
And heard him soon th' accustom'd words repeat,
"Come, Zephyr; Aura, come; allay this heat:"
Soon as she found her errour, from the word,
Her colour and her temper were restor'd.
With joy she rose to clasp him in her arms,
But Cephalus, the rustling noise alarms;
Some beast he thinks he in the bushes hears,
And straight his arrows and his bow prepares.
"Hold, hold, unhappy youth!—I call in vain,
With thy own hand thou hast thy Procris slain.
Me, me," (she cries,) "thou'st wounded with thy dart!
But Cephalus was wont to wound this heart.
Yet lighter on my ashes earth will lie,
Since, though untimely, I unrivall'd die:
Come, close with thy dear hand my eyes in death,
Jealous of air, to air I yield my breath."
Close to his heavy heart her cheek he laid,
And wash'd, with streaming tears, the wound he made;
At length the springs of life their currents leave,
And her last gasp her husband's lips receive.

Now, to pursue our voyage we provide,
Till safe to port our weary bark we guide.
You may expect, perhaps, I now should teach
What rules to treats and entertainments reach.
Come not the first, invited to a feast;
Rather come last, as a more grateful guest.
For that, of which we fear to be depriv'd,
Meets with the surest welcome when arriv'd.
Besides, complexions of a coarser kind
From candle-light no small advantage find.
During the time you eat observe some grace,
Nor let your unwip'd hands besmear your face;
Nor yet too squeamishly your meat avoid,
Lest we suspect you were in private cloy'd.
Of all extremes in either kind beware,
And still before your belly's full forbear.
No glutton-nymph, however fair, can wound,
Though more than Helen she in charms abound.

I own, I think, of wine the moderate use
More suits the sex, and sooner finds excuse;
It warms the blood, adds lustre to the eyes,
And wine and love have always been allies.
But carefully from all intemperance keep,
Nor drink till you see double, lisp, or sleep.
For in such sleeps brutalities are done,
Which, though you loathe, you have no power to shun.

And now th' instructed nymph from table led,
Should next be taught how to behave in bed.
But modesty forbids: nor more, my Muse
With weary wings the labour'd flight pursues;
Her purple swans unyok'd the chariot leave,
And needful rest (their journey done) receive.

Thus, with impartial care, my art I show,
And equal arms on either sex bestow:
While men and maids, who by my rules improve,
Ovid must own their master is in love.

OF PLEASING.

AN EPISTLE TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

'Tis strange, dear Temple, how it comes to pass,
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has!
So Horace sings—and sure as strange is this,
That no one man's displeas'd with what he is.

The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their persons and their parts content.
Nor is that all, so odd a thing is man,
He most would be what least he should or can.
Hence, homely faces still are foremost seen,
And cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien;
Cowards extol true courage to the skies,
And fools are still most forward to advise;
Th' untrusted wretch to secresy pretends,
Whispering his nothing round to all as friends.
Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art.
Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails,
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
Thus man perverse against plain Nature strives,
And to be artfully absurd contrives.
Plautus will dance, Luscus at ogling aims,
Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games.
Noisome Curculio, whose envenom'd breath,
Though at a distance utter'd, threatens death,
Full in your teeth his stinking whisper throws;
Nor mends his manners, though you hold your nose.
Thersites, who seems born to give offence,
From uncouth form, and frontless impudence,
Assumes soft airs, and with a slur comes in,
Attempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin.
Raucus harangues with a dissuasive grace,
And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
But, that forsaken, we like comets err:
Toss'd through the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
And all her boasted fire is lost in smoke.

Next to obtaining wealth, or power, or ease,
Men most affect, in general, to please;
Of this affection vanity's the source,
And vanity alone obstructs its course;
That telescope of fools, through which they spy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
And in just scales his strength and weakness weigh,
Pursue the path for which he was design'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind;
Scarce one but to some merit might pretend,
Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaff.
If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
We bid the dying patient drink and live:
When Marus comes, we cry, "Beware the pill;"
And wish the tradesman were a tradesman still.
If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior, write,
We study them with profit and delight:
But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, aye, curse the time.
All rules of pleasing in this one unite,
"Affect not any thing in Nature's spite."
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what? For ill-resembling human-kind.
"None are, for being what they are, in fault,
But for not being what they would be thought."

Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the pleasing art;
If art it may be call'd in you, who seem
By Nature form'd for love, and for esteem.
Affecting none, all virtues you possess,
And really are what others but profess.
I'll not offend you, while myself I please;
I loathe to flatter, though I love to praise.
But when such early worth so bright appears,
And antedates the fame which waits on years;
I can't so stupidly affected prove,
Not to confess it in the man I love.
Though now I aim not at that known applause
You've won in arms, and in your country's cause;
Nor patriot now, nor hero, I commend,
But the companion praise, and boast the friend.

But you may think, and some, less partial, say,
That I presume too much in this essay.
How should I show what pleases? How explain
A rule, to which I never could attain?
To this objection I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned person once
(Concern'd to find his only son a dunce)
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whose memory, it seems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatise by,
Till time should make it proper to apply.
Simon, at length, the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the sire prepares the book t' impart,
Which was yclept, Of Memory the Art.
But ah! how oft is human care in vain!
For, now, he could not find his book again.
The place where he had laid it he forgot,
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now to apply the story that I tell,
Which, if not true, is yet invented well.
Such is my case: like most of theirs who teach;
I ill may practise what I well may preach.
Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,
May lay the line, and measure out the ways.
The Mulcibers, who in the minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes.
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then show us what are bad by what they write.

A LETTER

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

LORD VISCOUNT COBHAM, 1729.

Albi sermonum nostrorum candide judex.

Sincerest critic of my prose or rhyme,
Tell how thy pleasing Stowe employs thy time,
Say, Cobham, what amuses thy retreat?
Or stratagems of war, or schemes of state?
Dost thou recal to mind with joy, or grief,
Great Marlborough's actions; that immortal chief,
Whose slightest trophy rais'd in each campaign,
More than suffic'd to signalize a reign?
Does thy remembrance rising warm thy heart
With glory past, where thou thyself hadst part?
Or dost thou grieve indignant now to see
The fruitless end of all thy victory;
To see th' audacious foe, so late subdued,
Dispute those terms for which so long they sued,

As if Britannia now were sunk so low,
To beg that peace she wonted to bestow?
Be far that guilt! be never known that shame!
That England should retract her rightful claim,
Or, ceasing to be dreaded and ador'd,
Stain with her pen the lustre of her sword.
Or dost thou give the winds afar to blow
Each vexing thought, and heart-devouring woe,
And fix thy mind alone on rural scenes;
To turn the levell'd lawns to liquid plains,
To raise the creeping rills from humble beds,
And force the latent springs to lift their heads,
On watery columns, capitals to rear,
That mix their flowing curls with upper air?
Or dost thou, weary grown, these works neglect,
No temples, statues, obelisks, erect,
But catch the morning breeze from fragrant meads?
Or shun the noontide ray in wholesome shades?
Or slowly walk along the mazy wood,
To meditate on all that's wise and good?
For Nature, bountiful, in thee has join'd
A person pleasing with a worthy mind;
Not given thee form alone, but means, and art,
To draw the eye, or to allure the heart.
Poor were the praise in fortune to excel,
Yet want the way to use that fortune well.
While thus adorn'd, while thus with virtue crown'd,
At home in peace, abroad in arms renown'd;
Graceful in form, and winning in address;
While well you think, what aptly you express;
With health, with honour, with a fair estate,
A table free, and eloquently neat,
What can be added more to mortal bliss?
What can he want who stands possest of this?
What can the fondest wishing mother more
Of Heaven attentive for her son implore?
And yet a happiness remains unknown,
Or to philosophy reveal'd alone;
A precept which, unpractis'd, renders vain
Thy flowing hopes, and pleasure turns to pain.
Should hope and fear thy heart alternate tear,
Or love, or hate, or rage, or anxious care,
Whatever passions may thy mind infest,
(Where is that mind which passions ne'er molest?)
Amidst the pangs of such intestine strife,
Still think the present day the last of life;
Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's Sun to thee may never rise.
Or should to-Morrow chance to cheer thy sight
With her enlivening and unlook'd for light
How grateful will appear her dawning rays!
As favours unexpected doubly please.
Who thus can think, and who such thoughts pursues,
Content may keep his life, or calmly lose:
All proofs of this thou may'st thyself receive,
When leisure from affairs will give thee leave.
Come, see thy friend, retir'd without regret,
Forgetting care, or striving to forget;
In easy contemplation soothing time
With morals much, and now and then with rhyme:
Not so robust in body, as in mind,
And always undejected, though declin'd;
Not wondering at the world's new wicked ways,
Compar'd with those of our fore-fathers' days;
For virtue now is neither more or less,
And vice is only varied in the dress.
Believe it, men have ever been the same,
And all the golden age is but a dream.

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ON

MISS TEMPLE,

AFTERWARDS LADY OF SIR THOMAS LYTTELTON.

Leave, leave the drawing-room,
Where flowers of beauty us'd to bloom;
The nymph that's fated to o'ercome,
Now triumphs at the Wells.
Her shape, and air, and eyes,
Her face, the gay, the grave, the wise,
The beau, in spite of box and dice,
Acknowledge, all excels.

Cease, cease, to ask her name,
The crowned Muse's noblest theme,
Whose glory by immortal Fame
Shall only sounded be.
But if you long to know,
Then look round yonder dazzling row;
Who most does like an angel show,
You may be sure 'tis she.

See near those sacred springs,
Which cure to fell diseases brings,
(As ancient fame of Ida sings)
Three goddesses appear!
Wealth, glory, two possest;
The third with charming beauty blest,
So fair, that Heaven and Earth confest
She conquer'd every where.

Like her, this charmer now
Makes every love-sick gazer bow;
Nay, even old age her power allow,
And banish'd flames recall.
Wealth can no trophy rear,
Nor Glory now the garland wear;
To Beauty every Paris here
Devotes the golden ball.

EPIGRAM

ON THE SICKNESS OF MADAM MOHUN, AND MR. CONGREVE.

One fatal day, a sympathetic fire
Seiz'd him that writ, and her that did inspire,
Mohun, the Muses' theme, their master Congreve,
Beauty and Wit, had like to 've lain in one grave.

A PINDARIC ODE,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO THE

QUEEN,

ON THE VICTORIOUS PROGRESS OF HER MAJESTY'S ARMS UNDER THE CONDUCT OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

—Operosa parvus
Carmina fingo Hor. lib. iv. Ode 2

A DISCOURSE ON THE PINDARIC ODE.

The following ode is an attempt towards restoring the regularity of the ancient lyric poetry, which

seems to be altogether forgotten, or unknown, by our English writers.

There is nothing more frequent among us, than a sort of poems entitled Pindaric Odes; pretending to be written in imitation of the manner and style of Pindar, and yet I do not know that there is to this day extant, in our language, one ode contrived after his model. What idea can an English reader have of Pindar, (to whose mouth, when a child, the bees brought their honey, in omen of the future sweetness and melody of his songs) when he shall see such rumbling and grating papers of verses, pretending to be copies of his works?

The character of these late Pindarics is, a bundle of rumbling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verses and rhymes. And I appeal to any reader, if this is not the condition in which these titular *odes* appear.

On the contrary, there is nothing more regular than the odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts. For though his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connection, which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the reader.

The liberty which he took in his numbers, and which has been so misunderstood and misapplied by his pretended imitators, was only in varying the stanzas in different odes; but in each particular ode they are ever correspondent one to another in their turns, and according to the order of the ode.

All the odes of Pindar which remain to us, are songs of triumph, victory, or success, in the Grecian games: they were sung by a chorus, and adapted to the lyre, and sometimes to the lyre and pipe: they consisted oftenest of three stanzas; the first was called the strophé, from the version or circular motion of the singers in that stanza from the right hand to the left. The second stanza was called the antistrophé, from the contraversion of the chorus; the singers, in performing that, turning from the left hand to the right, contrary always to their motion in the strophé. The third stanza was called the epode, (it may be as being the after-song) which they sung in the middle, neither turning to one hand nor the other.

What the origin was of these different motions and stations in singing their odes, is not our present business to inquire. Some have thought, that, by the contrariety of the strophé and antistrophé, they intended to represent the contrarotation of the primum mobile, in respect of the secunda mobilia; and that, by their standing still at the epode, they meant to signify the stability of the Earth. Others ascribe the institution to Theseus, who thereby expressed the windings and turnings of the labyrinth, in celebrating his return from thence.

The method observed in the composition of these odes, was therefore as follows: The poet having made choice of a certain number of verses to constitute his strophé, or first stanza, was obliged to observe the same in his antistrophé, or second stanza; and which accordingly perpetually agreed whenever repeated, both in number of verses and quantity of feet: he was then again at liberty to make a new choice for his third stanza, or epode; where, accordingly, he diversified his numbers, as his ear or fancy led him: composing that stanza of more or fewer verses than the former, and those verses of different measures and quantities, for the greater variety of harmony, and entertainment of the ear.

But then this epode being thus formed, he was strictly obliged to the same measure as often as he should repeat it in the order of his ode, so that every epode in the same ode is eternally the same in measure and quantity, in respect to itself; as is also every strophé and antistrophé, in respect to each other.

The lyric poet Stesichorus (whom Longinus reckons amongst the ablest imitators of Homer, and of whom Quintilian says, that if he could have kept within bounds, he would have been nearest of any body, *in* merit, to Homer) was, if not the inventor of this order in the ode, yet so strict an observer of it in his compositions, that the three stanzas of Stesichorus became a common proverb to express a thing universally known, ne tria quidem Stesichori nôstri; so that when any one had a mind to reproach another with excessive ignorance, he could not do it more effectually than by telling him, "he did not so much as know the three stanzas of Stesichorus;" that is, did not know that an ode ought to consist of a strophé, an antistrophé, and an epode. If this was such a mark of ignorance among them, I am sure we have been pretty long liable to the same reproof; I mean, in respect of our imitations of the odes of Pindar.

My intention is not to make a long preface to a short ode, nor to enter upon a dissertation of lyric poetry in general: but thus much I thought proper to say, for the information of those readers whose course of study has not led them into such inquiries.

I hope I shall not be so misunderstood, as to have it thought that I pretend to give an exact copy of Pindar in this ensuing ode; or that I look upon it as a pattern for his imitators for the future: far from such thoughts, I have only given an instance of what is practicable, and am sensible that I am as distant from the force and elevation of Pindar, as others have hitherto been from the harmony and regularity of his numbers.

Again, we having no chorus to sing our odes, the titles, as well as use of strophé, antistrophé, and epode, are obsolete and impertinent: and certainly there may be very good English odes, without the distinction of Greek appellations to their stanzas. That I have mentioned them here, and observed the order of them in the ensuing ode, is therefore only the more intelligibly to explain the extraordinary regularity of the composition of these odes, which have been represented to us hitherto, as the most confused structures in nature.

However, though there be no necessity that our triumphal odes should consist of the three aforementioned stanzas; yet if the reader can observe, that the great variation of the numbers in the third stanza (call it epode, or what you please) has a pleasing effect in the ode, and makes him

return to the first and second stanzas with more appetite than he could do, if always cloyed with the same quantities and measures; I cannot see why some use may not be made of Pindar's example, to the great improvement of the English odes. There is certainly a pleasure in beholding any thing that has art and difficulty in the contrivance; especially if it appears so carefully executed, that the difficulty does not show itself, till it is sought for; and that the seeming easiness of the work, first sets us upon the inquiry. Nothing can be called beautiful without proportion. When symmetry and harmony are wanting, neither the eye nor the ear can be pleased. Therefore certainly poetry, which includes painting and music, should not be destitute of them; and of all poetry, especially the ode, whose end and essence is harmony.

Mr. Cowley, in his preface to his Pindaric Odes, speaking of the music of numbers, says, "which sometimes (especially in songs and odes) almost without any thing else, makes an excellent poet."

Having mentioned Mr. Cowley, it may very well be expected, that something should be said of him, at a time when the imitation of Pindar is the theme of our discourse. But there is that great deference due to the memory, great parts, and learning, of that gentleman, that I think nothing should be objected to the latitude he has taken in his Pindaric odes. The beauty of his verses is an atonement for the irregularity of his stanzas; and though he did not imitate Pindar in the strictness of his numbers, he has very often happily copied him in the force of his figures, and sublimity of his style and sentiments.

Yet I must beg leave to add, that I believe those irregular odes of Mr. Cowley may have been the principal, though innocent, occasion of so many deformed poems since, which, instead of being true pictures of Pindar, have (to use the Italian painters' term) been only caricatures of him, resemblances that, for the most part, have been either horrid or ridiculous.

For my own part, I frankly own my errour in having heretofore miscall'd a few irregular stanzas a Pindaric ode; and possibly, if others, who have been under the same mistake, would ingenuously confess the truth, they might own, that, never having consulted Pindar himself, they took all his irregularity upon trust; and, finding their account in the great ease with which they could produce odes without being obliged either to measure or design, remained satisfied; and, it may be, were not altogether unwilling to neglect being undeceived.

Though there be little (if any thing) left of Orpheus but his name, yet, if Pausanias was well informed, we may be assured that brevity was a beauty which he most industriously laboured to preserve in his hymns, notwithstanding, as the same author reports, that they were but few in number.

The shortness of the following ode will, I hope, atone for the length of the preface, and, in some measure, for the defects which may be found in it. It consists of the same number of stanzas with that beautiful ode of Pindar, which is the first of his Pythics; and though I was unable to imitate him in any other beauty, I resolved to endeavour to copy his brevity, and take the advantage of a remark he has made in the last strophe of the same ode; which take in the paraphrase of Sudorius.

Qui multa paucis stringere commode
Novere, morsus hi facile invidos
Spernunt, & auris mensque pura
Omne supervacuum rejectat.

ODE.

Daughter of Memory, immortal Muse,
Calliope; what poet wilt thou choose,
Of Anna's name to sing?
To whom wilt thou thy fire impart,
Thy lyre, thy voice, and tuneful art;
Whom raise sublime on thy ethereal wing,
And consecrate with dews of thy Castalian spring?

Without thy aid, the most aspiring mind
Must flag beneath, to narrow flights confin'd,
Striving to rise in vain:
Nor e'er can hope with equal lays
To celebrate bright Virtue's praise.
Thy aid obtain'd, ev'n I, the humblest swain,
May climb Pierian heights, and quit the lowly plain.

High in the starry orb is hung,
And next Alcides' guardian arm,
That harp to which thy Orpheus sung,
Who woods, and rocks, and winds, could charm;
That harp which on Cyllene's shady hill,
When first the vocal shell was found,
With more than mortal skill
Inventor Hermes taught to sound:
Hermes on bright Latona's son,
By sweet persuasion won,
The wondrous work bestow'd;
Latona's son, to thine
Indulgent, gave the gift divine:
A god the gift, a god th' invention show'd.

To that high-sounding lyre I tune my strains;
A lower note his lofty song disdains
Who sings of Anna's name.
The lyre is struck! the sounds I hear!
O Muse, propitious to my prayer!
O well-known sounds! O Melody, the same
That kindled Mantuan fire, and rais'd Mæonian flame.

Nor are these sounds to British bards unknown,
Or sparingly reveal'd to one alone:
Witness sweet Spenser's lays:
And witness that immortal song,
As Spenser sweet, as Milton strong,
Which humble Boyne o'er Tiber's flood could raise,
And mighty William sing with well proportion'd [praise.

Rise, fair Augusta, lift thy head,
With golden towers thy front adorn;
Come forth, as comes from Tithon's bed
With cheerful ray the ruddy Morn.
Thy lovely form, add fresh-reviving state,
In crystal flood of Thames survey;
Then bless thy better fate,
Bless Anna's most auspicious sway.

While distant realms and neighbouring lands,
Arm'd troops and hostile bands
On every side molest:
Thy happier clime is free,
Fair Capital of Liberty!
And plenty knows, and days of halcyon rest.

As Britain's isle, when old vex'd Ocean roars,
Unshaken sees against her silver shores
His foaming billows beat;
So Britain's queen, amidst the jars
And tumults of a world in wars,
Fix'd on the base of her well-founded state,
Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the shocks of fate.

But greatest souls, though blest with sweet repose,
Are soonest touch'd with sense of others' woes.
Thus Anna's mighty mind,
To mercy and soft pity prone,
And mov'd with sorrows not her own,
Has all her peace and downy rest resign'd,
To wake for common good, and succour humankind.

Fly, Tyranny; no more be known
Within Europa's blissful bound;
Far as th' unhabitable zone
Fly every hospitable ground.
To horrid Zembla's frozen realms repair,
There with the baleful beldam, Night,
Unpeopled empire share,
And rob those lands of legal right.
For now is come the promis'd hour,
When Justice shall have power;
Justice to Earth restor'd!
Again Astrea reigns!
Anna her equal scale maintains,
And Marlborough wields her sure-deciding sword.

Now, couldst thou soar, my Muse, to sing the man
In heights sublime, as when the Mantuan swan
Her towering pinions spread; [hand
Thou should'st of Marlborough sing, whose
Unerring from his queen's command,
Far as the seven-mouth'd Ister's secret head,
To save th' imperial state, her hardy Britons led.

Nor there thy song should end; though all the Nine
Might well their harps and heavenly voices join
To sing that glorious day,
When bold Bavaria fled the field,
And veteran Gauls, unus'd to yield,
On Blenheim's plain implering mercy lay;
And spoils and trophies won, perplex'd the victor's way.

But could thy voice of Blenheim sing,
And with success that song pursue;
What art could aid thy wearied wing
To keep the victor still in view?
For as the Sun ne'er stops his radiant flight,
Nor sets, but with impartial ray
To all who want his light
Alternately transfers the day:
So in the glorious round of fame,
Great Marlborough, still the same,
Incessant runs his course:
To climes remote and near
His conquering arms by turns appear,
And universal is his aid and force.

Attempt not to proceed, unwary Muse,
For O! what notes, what numbers could'st thou choose,
Though in all numbers skill'd,
To sing the hero's matchless deed,
Which Belgia sav'd, and Brabant freed;
To sing Ramillia's day! to which must yield
Cannæ's illustrious fight, and fam'd Pharsalia's field?

In the short course of a diurnal Sun,
Behold the work of many ages done!
What verse such worth can raise?
Lustre and life, the poet's art
To middle virtue may impart;
But deeds sublime, exalted high like these,
Transcend his utmost flight, and mock his distant praise.

Still would the willing Muse aspire,
With transport still her strains prolong;
But fear unstrings the trembling lyre,
And admiration stops her song.
Go on, great chief, in Anna's cause proceed;
Nor sheath the terrours of thy sword,
Till Europe thou hast freed,
And universal peace restor'd.
This mighty work when thou shalt end,
Equal rewards attend,
Of value far above
Thy trophies and thy spoils;
Rewards ev'n worthy of thy toils,
The queen's just favour, and thy country's love.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE

EARL OF GODOLPHIN,

LORD HIGH-TREASURER OF GREAT BRITAIN.

PINDARIC ODE.

——Quemvis media erue turbâ:
Aut ob avaritiam, aut miserâ ambitione laborat.
Hunc capit argenti splendor——
Hic mutat merces surgente à sole, ad eum quo
Vespertina tepet regio: quin per mare præceps
Fertur ——
Omnes hi metuunt versus, odêre poetas.
Hor. l. i. Sat. 4.

To hazardous attempts and hardy toils,
Ambition some excites;
And some desire of martial spoils
To bloody fields invites;
Others insatiate thirst of gain
Provokes to tempt the dangerous main,
To pass the burning line, and bear
Th' inclemency of winds, and seas, and air;
Pressing the doubtful voyage till India's shore
Her spicy bosom bares, and spreads her shining ore.

Nor widows' tears, nor tender orphans' cries,
Can stop th' invader's force;
Nor swelling seas, nor threatening skies,
Prevent the pirate's course:
Their lives to selfish ends decreed,
Through blood or rapine they proceed;
No anxious thoughts of ill repute
Suspend th' impetuous and unjust pursuit:
But power and wealth obtain'd, guilty and great,
Their fellow-creatures fears they raise, or urge their hate.

But not for these his ivory lyre
Will tuneful Phœbus string,
Nor Polyhymnia, crown'd amid the choir,
Th' immortal epode sing.
Thy springs, Castalia, turn their streams aside
From rapine, avarice, and pride;
Nor do thy greens, shady Aonia, grow
To bind with wreaths a tyrant's brow.

How just, most mighty Jove, yet how severe,
Is thy supreme decree,
That impious men shall joyless hear
The Muse's harmony!
Their sacred songs, (the recompense
Of virtue and of innocence)
Which pious minds to rapture raise,
And worthy deeds at once excite and praise,
To guilty hearts afford no kind relief;
But add inflaming rage, and more afflicting grief.

Monstrous Typhœus thus new terrours fill,
He, who assail'd the skies,
And now beneath the burning hill
Of dreadful Ætna lies.
Hearing the lyre's celestial sound,
He bellows in th' abyss profound;
Sicilia trembles at his roar,
Tremble the seas, and far Campania's shore;
While all his hundred mouths at once respire
Volumes of curling smoke, and floods of liquid fire.

From Heaven alone all good proceeds;
To heavenly minds belong
All power and love, Godolphin, of good deeds,
And sense of sacred song!
And thus most pleasing are the Muse's lays
To them who merit most her praise!
Wherefore, for thee her ivory lyre she strings,
And soars with rapture while she sings.

Whether affairs of most important weight
Require thy aiding hand,
And Anna's cause and Europe's fate
Thy serious thoughts demand;
Whether thy days and nights are spent
In cares, on public good intent;
Or whether leisure hours invite
To manly sports, or to refin'd delight;
In courts residing, or to plains retir'd,
Where generous steeds contest, with emulation fir'd!
Thee still she seeks, and tuneful sings thy name,
As once she Theron sung,
While with the deathless worthy's fame
Olympian Pisa rung:
Nor less sublime is now her choice:
Nor less inspir'd by thee her voice.
And now she loves aloft to sound
The man for more than mortal deeds renown'd;
Varying anon her theme, she takes delight
The swift-heel'd horse to praise, and sing his rapid flight.

And see! the air-born racers start,
Impatient of the rein;
Faster they run than flies the Scythian dart,
Nor, passing, print the plain!
The winds themselves, who with their swiftness
In vain their airy pinions ply; [vie,
So far in matchless speed thy coursers pass
Th' ethereal authors of their race.

And now awhile the well-strain'd coursers breathe;
And now, my Muse, prepare
Of olive-leaves a twisted wreath
To bind the victor's hair.
Pallas, in care of human-kind,
The fruitful olive first design'd;
Deep in the glebe her spear she lanc'd,
When all at once the laden boughs advanc'd:
The gods with wonder view'd the teeming Earth,
And all, with one consent, approv'd the beauteous birth.

This done, earth-shaking Neptune next essay'd,
In bounty to the world,
To emulate the blue-ey'd maid;
And his huge trident hurl'd
Against the sounding beach; the stroke
Transfix'd the globe, and open broke
The central earth, whence, swift as light,
Forth rush'd the first-born horse. Stupendous sight!
Neptune for human good the beast ordains,
Whom soon he tam'd to use, and taught to bear the reins.

Thus gods contended (noble strife,
Worthy the heavenly mind!)
Who most should do to soften anxious life,
And most endear mankind,
Thus thou, Godolphin, dost with Marlborough strive,
From whose joint toils we rest derive:
Triumph in wars abroad his arm assures,
Sweet Peace at home thy care secures.

AN IMPOSSIBLE THING.

A TALE.

To thee, dear Dick, this tale I send,
Both as a critic and a friend.
I tell it with some variation
(Not altogether a translation)
From La Fontaine; an author, Dick,
Whose Muse would touch thee to the quick.
The subject is of that same kind,
To which thy heart seems most inclin'd:
How verse may alter it, God knows;
Thou lov'st it well, I'm sure in prose.
So, without preface, or pretence,
To hold thee longer in suspense,
I shall proceed, as I am able,
To the recital of my fable.

A goblin of the merry kind,
More black of hue, than curst of mind,
To help a lover in distress,
Contriv'd a charm with such success,
That in short space the cruel dame
Relented, and return'd his flame.
The bargain, made betwixt them both,
Was bound by honour and by oath:
The lover laid down his salvation,
And Satan stak'd his reputation.
The latter promis'd on his part
(To serve his friend, and show his art)
That madam should by twelve o'clock,
Though hitherto as hard as rock,

Become as gentle as a glove,
And kiss and coo like any dove.
In short, the woman should be his,
That is, upon condition—viz.
That he, the lover, after tasting
What one would wish were everlasting,
Should, in return for such enjoyment,
Supply the fiend with fresh employment:
" That's all," quoth Pug; " my poor request
Is, only, never to have rest.
You thought, 'tis like, with reason too,
That I should have been serv'd, not you:
But what? upon my friend impose!
No—though a devil, none of those.
Your business then, pray understand me,
Is nothing more but to command me.
Of one thing only let me warn ye;
Which somewhat nearly may concern ye:
As soon as e'er one work is done,
Straight name a new one; and so on:
Let each to other quick succeed,
Or else—you know how 'tis agreed—
For if, through any hums or haws,
There haps an intervening pause,
In which, for want of fresh commands,
Your slave obsequious idle stands,
Nor soul nor body ever more
Shall serve the nymph whom you adore;
But both be laid at Satan's feet,
To be dispos'd as he thinks meet."
At once the lover all approves;
For who can hesitate that loves?
And thus he argues in his thought:
" Why, after all, I venture nought;
What mystery is in commanding?
Does that require much understanding?
Indeed, wer't my part to obey,
He'd go the better of the lay:
But he must do what I think fit—
Pshaw, pshaw, young Belzebub is bit."
Thus pleas'd in mind, he calls a chair,
Adjusts, and combs, and courts the fair:
The spell takes place, and all goes right,
And happy he employs the night
In sweet embraces, balmy kisses,
And riots in the bliss of blisses.
" O joy," cried he, " that has no equal!"
But hold—no raptures—mark the sequel.
For now, when near the morning's dawn,
The youth began as 'twere to yawn;
His eyes a silky slumber seiz'd,
Or would have done, if Pug had pleas'd:
But that officious demon near,
Now buzz'd for business in his ear:
In haste, he names a thousand things;
The goblin plies his wicker wings,
And in a trice returns to ask
Another and another task.
Now palaces are built and towers,
The work of ages in few hours.
Then storms are in an instant rais'd,
Which the next moment are appeas'd.
Now showers of gold and gems are rain'd,
As if each India had been drain'd:
And he, in one astonish'd view,
Sees both Golconda and Peru.
These things, and stranger things than these,
Were done with equal speed and ease.
And now to Rome poor Pug he'll send;
And Pug soon reach'd his journey's end,
And soon return'd with such a pack
Of bulls and pardons at his back,
That now, the squire (who had some hope
In holy water and the pope)
Was out of heart, and at a stand
What next to wish, and what command;
Invention flags, his brain grows muddy,
And black despair succeeds brown study.
In this distress the woeful youth
Acquaints the nymph with all the truth,
Begging her counsel, for whose sake
Both soul and body were at stake.
" And is this all?" replies the fair:
Let me alone to cure this care.
When next your demon shall appear,
Pray give him—look, what I hold here,
And bid him labour, soon or late,
To lay these ringlets lank and straight."
Then, something scarcely to be seen,
Her finger and her thumb between
She held, and sweetly smiling, cry'd,
" Your goblin's skill shall now be try'd."
She said; and gave—what shall I call
That thing so shining, crisp, and small,
Which round his finger strove to twine?
A tendril of the Cyprian vine?
Or sprig from Cytherea's grove;
Shade of the labyrinth of love?
With awe, he now takes from her hand
That fleece-like flower of fairy land:
Less precious, whilom, was the fleece
Which drew the Argonauts from Greece;
Or that, which modern ages see
The spur and prize of chivalry,
Whose curls of kindred texture grace
Heroes and kings of Spanish race.
The spark prepar'd, and Pug at hand,
He issues, thus, his strict command:
" This line, thus curve and thus orbicular,
Render direct, and perpendicular;
But so direct, that in no sort
It ever may in rings retort.
See me no more till this be done:
Hence, to thy task—avaunt, be gone."
Away the fiend like lightning flies,
And all his wit to work applies:
Anvils and presses he employs,
And dins whole Hell with hammering noise.
In vain: he to no terms can bring
One twirl of that reluctant thing;
Th' elastic fibre mocks his pains,
And its first spiral form retains.
New stratagems the sprite contrives,
And down the depths of sea he dives:
" This sprunt, its pertness sure will lose,
When laid," said he, " to soak in ooze."
Poor foolish fiend! he little knew
Whence Venus and her garden grew.
Old Ocean, with paternal waves
The child of his own bed receives;
Which oft as dipt new force exerts,
And in more vigorous curls reverts.
So when to earth Alcides flung
The huge Antæus, whence he sprung,
From every fall fresh strength he gain'd,
And with new life the fight maintain'd.
The baffled goblin grows perplex'd,
Nor knows what slight to practise next:
The more he tries, the more he fails;
Nor charm, nor art, nor force availa.

But all concur his shame to show,
And more exasperate the foe.
And now he pensive turns and sad,
And looks like melancholic mad.
He rolls his eyes now off, now on
That wonderful phenomenon.
Sometimes he twists and twirls it round,
Then, pausing, meditates profound:
No end he sees of his surprise,
Nor what it should be can devise:
For never was yet wool or feather,
That could stand buff against all weather;
And unrelax'd, like this, resist
Both wind and rain, and snow and mist.
What stuff, or whence, or how 'twas made,
What spinster which could spin such thread,
He nothing knew; but, to his cost,
Knew all his fame and labour lost.
Subdued, abash'd, he gave it o'er;
'Tis said, he blush'd; 'tis sure, he swore
Not all the wiles that Hell could hatch
Could conquer that superb Mustach.
Defeated thus, thus discontent,
Back to the man the demon went:
"I grant," quoth he, "our contract null,
And give you a discharge in full.
But tell me now, in name of wonder,
(Since I so candidly knock under)
What is this thing? Where could it grow?
Pray take it—'tis in statu quo.
Much good may't do you; for my part,
I wash my hands of't from my heart."
"In truth, sir Goblin, or sir Fairy,"
Replies the lad, "you're too soon weary.
What, leave this trifling task undone!
And think'st thou this the only one?
Alas! were this subdued, thou'dst find
Millions of more such still behind;
Which might employ, ev'n to eternity,
Both you and all your whole fraternity."

THE

PEASANT IN SEARCH OF HIS HEIFER.

A TALE AFTER M. DE LA FONTAINE.

It so befell: a silly swain
Had sought his heifer long in vain;
For wanton she had frisking stray'd,
And left the lawn, to seek the shade.
Around the plain he rolls his eyes,
Then to the wood in haste he hies;
Where, singling out the fairest tree,
He climbs, in hopes to hear or see.
Anon, there chanc'd that way to pass
A jolly lad and buxom lass:
The place was apt, the pastime pleasant;
Occasion with her forelock present;
The girl agog, the gallant ready;
So lightly down he lays my lady.
But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
That she some certain charms display'd,
Which with such wonder struck his sight
(With wonder, much; more, with delight)
That loud he cry'd in rapture, "What?
"What see I, gods! What see I not!"
But nothing nam'd; from whence 'tis guess'd,
'Twas more than well could be express'd.
The clown aloft, who lent an ear,
Straight stops him short in mid career;
And louder cry'd, "Ho! honest friend,
That of thy seeing scest no end;
Dost see the heifer that I seek?
If dost, pray be so kind to speak."

HOMER'S HYMN TO VENUS.

Sing, Muse, the force and all-informing fire
Of Cyprian Venus, goddess of desire:
Her charms th' immortal minds of gods can move,
And tame the stubborn race of men to love.
The wilder herds, and ravenous beasts of prey,
Her influence feel, and own her kindly sway.
Thro' pathless air, and boundless ocean's space,
She rules the feather'd kind and finny race;
Whole nature on her sole support depends,
And far as life exists, her care extends.
Of all the numerous host of gods above,
But three are found inflexible to love.
Blue-ey'd Minerva free preserves her heart,
A virgin unbeguil'd by Cupid's art;
In shining arms the martial maid delights,
O'er war presides, and well-disputed fights;
With thirst of fame she first the hero fir'd,
And first the skill of useful arts inspir'd;
Taught artists first the carving tool to wield,
Chariots with brass to arm, and form the fenceful shield:
She first taught modest maids in early bloom,
To shun the lazy life, and spin, or ply the loom.
Diana next the Paphian queen defies,
Her smiling arts and proffer'd friendship flies:
She loves, with well-mouth'd hounds and cheerful horn,
Or silver sounding voice, to wake the Morn,
To wound the mountain boar, or rouse the woodland deer;
To draw the bow, or dart the pointed spear.
Sometimes, of gloomy groves she likes the shades,
And there of virgin-nymphs the chorus leads;
And sometimes seeks the town, and leaves the plains,
And loves society where virtue reigns.
The third celestial power averse to love
Is virgin Vesta, dear to mighty Jove;
Whom Neptune sought to wed, and Phœbus woo'd;
And both with fruitless labour long pursu'd.
For she, severely chaste, rejected both,
And bound her purpose with a solemn oath,
A virgin life inviolate to lead;
She swore, and Jove assenting, bow'd his head.
But since her rigid choice the joys deny'd
Of nuptial rites, and blessings of a bride,
The bounteous Jove with gifts that want supply'd
High on a throne she sits amidst the skies,
And first is fed with fumes of sacrifice;
For holy rites to Vesta first are paid,
And on her altar first-fruit offerings laid;
So Jove ordain'd in honour of the maid.
These are the powers above, and only these,
Whom Love and Cytherea's art displease;
Of other beings, none in Earth or skies
Her force resists, or influence denies.
With ease her charms the thunderer can bind,
And captivate with love th' almighty mind:
Ev'n he, whose dread commands the gods obey,
Submits to her, and owns superior sway.

Enslav'd to mortal beauties by her power,
He oft descends, his creatures to adore,
While, to conceal the theft from Juno's eyes,
Some well-dissembled shape the god belies.
Juno, his wife and sister, both in place
And beauty first among th' ethereal race;
Whom, all transcending, in superior worth,
Wise Saturn got, and Cybele brought forth:
And Jove, by never-erring counsel sway'd,
The partner of his bed and empire made.

But Jove, at length, with just resentment fir'd,
The laughing queen herself with love inspir'd.
Swift through her veins the sweet contagion ran,
And kindled in her breast desire of mortal man;
That she, like other deities, might prove
The pains and pleasures of inferior love;
And not insultingly the gods deride,
Whose sons were human by the mother's side:
Thus, Jove ordain'd, she now for man should burn,
And bring forth mortal offspring in her turn.

Amongst the springs which flow from Ida's head,
His lowing herds the young Anchises fed;
Whose godlike form and face the smiling queen
Beheld, and lov'd to madness, soon as seen:
To Cyprus straight the wounded goddess flies,
Where Paphian temples in her honour rise,
And altars smoke with daily sacrifice.
Soon as arriv'd, she to her shrine repair'd,
Where entering quick, the shining gates she barr'd:
The ready Graces wait, her baths prepare,
And oint with fragrant oils her flowing hair,
Her flowing hair around her shoulders spreads,
And all adown ambrosial odour sheds
Last, in transparent robes her limbs they fold,
Enrich'd with ornaments of purest gold;
And, thus attir'd, her chariot she ascends,
And, Cyprus left, her flight to Troy she bends.

On Ida she alights, then seeks the seat,
Which lov'd Anchises chose for his retreat;
And ever as she walk'd through lawn or wood,
Promiscuous herds of beasts admiring stood;
Some humbly follow, while some fawning meet,
And lick the ground, and crouch beneath her feet.
Dogs, lions, wolves, and bears, their eyes unite,
And the swift panther stops to gaze with fix'd delight.
For every glance she gives soft fire imparts,
Enkindling sweet desire in savage hearts.
Inflam'd with love, all single out their mates,
And to their shady dens each pair retreats.

Meantime the tent she spies so much desir'd,
Where her Anchises was alone retir'd;
Withdrawn from all his friends and fellow-swains,
Who fed their flocks beneath, and sought the plains;
In pleasing solitude the youth she found,
Intent upon his lyre's harmonious sound.
Before his eyes Jove's beauteous daughter stood,
In form and dress, a huntress of the wood;
For, had he seen the goddess undisguis'd,
The youth with awe and fear had been surpris'd.
Fix'd he beheld her, and with joy admir'd
To see a nymph so bright, and so attir'd:
For from her flowing robe a lustre spread,
As if with radiant flames she were array'd;
Her hair in part disclos'd, and part conceal'd,
In ringlets fell, or was with jewels held:
With various gold and gems her neck was grac'd,
And orient pearls heav'd on her panting breast;
Bright as the Moon she shone, with silent light,
And charm'd his sense with wonder and delight.

Thus, while Anchises gaz'd, through every vein
A thrilling joy he felt, and pleasing pain:
At length he spake—"All hail, celestial fair!
Who humbly dost to visit Earth repair.
Whoe'er thou art, descended from above,
Latona, Cynthia, or the queen of Love;
All hail! all honour shall to thee be paid:
Or art thou Themis[1]? or the blue-ey'd maid[2]?
Or art thou fairest of the Graces three,
Who with the gods share immortality?
Or else, some nymph, the guardian of these woods,
These caves, these fruitful hills, or crystal floods?
Whoe'er thou art, in some conspicuous field,
I to thy honour will an altar build,
Where holy offerings I'll each hour prepare,
O prove but thou propitious to my prayer!
Grant me, among the Trojan race to prove
A patriot worthy of my country's love;
Bless'd in myself, I beg I next may be
Bless'd in my children and posterity.
Happy in health, long let me see the Sun,
And, lov'd by all, late may my days be done."
He said—Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd—
"Delight of human kind, thy sex's pride!
Honour'd Anchises, you behold in me
No goddess bless'd with immortality;
But mortal I, of mortal mother came,
Otreus my father, (you have heard the name)
Who rules the fair extent of Phrygia's lands,
And all her towns and fortresses commands.
When yet an infant, I to Troy was brought,
There was I nurs'd, and there your language taught;
Then wonder not, if, thus instructed young,
I, like my own, can speak the Trojan tongue.
In me, one of Diana's nymphs behold;
Why thus arriv'd, I shall the cause unfold.
As late our sports we practis'd on the plain,
I and my fellow-nymphs of Cynthia's train,
Dancing in chorus, and with garlands crown'd,
And by admiring crowds encompass'd round,
Lo! hovering o'er my head I saw the god
Who Argus slew, and bears the golden rod;
Sudden he seiz'd, then bore me from their sight,
Cutting through liquid air his rapid flight:
O'er many states and peopled towns we pass'd,
O'er hills and vallies, and o'er deserts waste;
O'er barren moors, and o'er unwholesome fens,
And woods where beasts inhabit dreadful dens.
Through all which pathless way our speed was such,
We stopt not once the face of Earth to touch.
Meantime he told me, while through air we fled,
That Jove ordain'd I should Anchises wed,
And with illustrious offspring bless his bed.
This said, and, pointing to me your abode,
To Heaven again up-soar'd the swift-wing'd god:
Thus, of necessity, to you I come,
Unknown, and lost, far from my native home.
But I conjure you, by the throne of Jove,
By all that's dear to you, by all you love,
By your good parents, (for no bad could e'er
Produce a son so graceful, good, and fair)
That you no wiles employ to win my heart,
But let me hence an untouch'd maid depart;
Inviolate and guiltless of your bed,
Let me be to your house and mother led.

[1] The goddess of equity and right. [2] Pallas.

Me to your father and your brothers show,
And our alliance first let them allow:
Let me be known, and my condition own'd,
And no unequal match I may be found.
Equality to them my birth may claim,
Worthy a daughter's or a sister's name,
Though for your wife of too inferior fame.
Next, let ambassadors to Phrygia haste,
To tell my father of my fortunes past,
And ease my mother in that anxious state
Of doubts and fears, which cares for me create.
They, in return, shall presents bring from thence
Of rich attire, and sums of gold immense:
You, in peculiar, shall with gifts be grae'd,
In price and beauty far above the rest.
This done, perform the rites of nuptial love,
Grateful to men below, and gods above."
She said, and from her eyes shot subtle fires,
Which to his heart insinuate desires.
Resistless love invading thus his breast,
The panting youth the smiling queen address'd—
"Since mortal you, of mortal mother came,
And Otreus, you report, your father's name;
And since th' immortal Hermes, from above,
To execute the dread commands of Jove,
Your wondrous beauties hither has convey'd,
A nuptial life with me henceforth to lead:
Know, now, that neither gods nor men have pow'r
One minute to defer the happy hour;
This instant will I seize upon thy charms,
Mix with thy soul, and melt within thy arms:
Though Phœbus, arm'd with his unerring dart,
Stood ready to transfix my panting heart;
Though Death, though Hell, in consequence attend,
Thou shalt with me the genial bed ascend."
He said, and sudden snatch'd her beauteous hand;
The goddess smil'd, nor did th' attempt withstand:
But fix'd her eyes upon the hero's bed,
Where soft and silken coverlets were spread,
And over all a counterpane was plac'd,
Thick sown with furs of many a savage beast,
Of bears and lions, heretofore his spoil;
And still remain'd the trophies of his toil.
Now to ascend the bed they both prepare,
And he with eager haste disrobes the fair.
Her sparkling necklace first he laid aside;
Her bracelets next, and braided hair untied:
And now, his busy hand her zone unbrac'd,
Which girt her radiant robe around her waist;
Her radiant robe, at last, aside was thrown,
Whose rosy hue with dazzling lustre shone.
The queen of love the youth thus disarray'd,
And on a chair of gold her vestments laid.
Anchises now (so Jove and Fate ordain'd)
The sweet extreme of ecstasy attain'd;
And, mortal he, was like th' immortals bless'd,
Not conscious of the goddess he possess'd.
But when the swains their flocks and herds had fed,
And, from the flowery fields returning, led
Their sheep to fold, and oxen to the shed;
In soft and pleasing chains of sleep profound,
The wary goddess her Anchises bound:
Then gently rising from his side and bed,
In all her bright attire her limbs array'd.
And now her fair-crown'd head aloft she rears,
Nor more a mortal, but herself appears:
Her face refulgent, and majestic mien,
Confess'd the goddess, love's and beauty's queen.
Then thus aloud she calls—"Anchises, awake!
Thy fond repose and lethargy forsake:
Look on the nymph who late from Phrygia came,
Behold me well—say, if I seem the same."
At her first call the chains of sleep were broke,
And, starting from his bed, Anchises woke:
But when he Venus view'd without disguise,
Her shining neck beheld, and radiant eyes;
Awed and abash'd, he turn'd his head aside,
Attempting with his robe his face to hide.
Confus'd with wonder, and with fear oppress'd,
In winged words he thus the queen address'd—
"When first, O goddess, I thy form beheld,
Whose charms so far humanity excell'd;
To thy celestial pow'r my vows I paid,
And with humility implor'd thy aid:
But thou, for secret cause to me unknown,
Didst thy divine immortal state disown.
But now, I beg thee, by the filial love
Due to thy father, ægis-bearing Jove,
Compassion on my human state to show;
Nor let me lead a life infirm below:
Defend me from the woes which mortals wait,
Nor let me share of men the common fate:
Since never man with length of days was blest,
Who, in delights of love, a deity possess'd."
To him Jove's beauteous daughter thus reply'd—
"Be bold, Anchises; in my love confide:
Nor me, nor other god, thou need'st to fear,
For thou to all the heav'nly race art dear.
Know, from our loves, thou shalt a son obtain,
Who over all the realm of Troy shall reign;
From whom a race of monarchs shall descend,
And whose posterity shall know no end.
To him thou shalt the name Æneas give,
As one, for whose conception I must grieve,
Oft as I think he to exist began
From my conjunction with a mortal man.
"But Troy, of all the habitable Earth,
To a superior race of men gives birth;
Producing heroes of th' ethereal kind,
And next resembling gods in form and mind.
"From thence great Jove to azure skies convey'd,
To live with gods, the lovely Ganymede. [vey'd (!)
Where, by th' immortals honour'd (strange to say
The youth enjoys a bless'd eternity.
In bowls of gold he ruddy nectar pours,
And Jove regales in his unbended hours.
Long did the king his sire, his absence mourn,
Doubtful by whom, or where, the boy was borne:
Till Jove, at length, in pity of his grief,
Dispatch'd Argeides to his relief;
And more, with gifts to pacify his mind,
He sent him horses of a deathless kind,
Whose feet outstript, in speed, the rapid wind:
Charging withal swift Hermes to relate
The youth's advancement to a heav'nly state;
Where all his hours are past in circling joy,
Which age can ne'er decay, nor Death destroy.
Now, when this embassy the king receives,
No more for absent Ganymede he grieves;
The pleasing news his aged heart revives,
And with delight his swift-heel'd steeds he drives.
"But when the gold-enthron'd Aurora made
Tithonus partner of her rosy bed,
(Tithonus too was of the Trojan line,
Resembling gods in face and form divine)
For him she straight the Thunderer address'd,
That with perpetual life he might be bless'd:
Jove heard her pray'r, and granted her request.
But ah! how rash was she, how indiscreet!
The most material blessing to omit;

Neglecting, or not thinking to provide,
That length of days might be with strength sup-
And, to her lover's endless life, engage [plied;
An endless youth, incapable of age.
But hear what fate befell this heav'nly fair,
In gold enthron'd, the brightest child of air.
Tithonus, while of pleasing youth possess'd,
Is by Aurora with delight caress'd;
Dear to her arms, he in her court resides, [tides.
Beyond the verge of earth, and ocean's utmost

" But when she saw grey hairs begin to spread,
Deform his beard, and disadorn his head,
The goddess cold in her embraces grew,
His arms declin'd, and from his bed withdrew;
Yet still a kind of nursing care she show'd,
And food ambrosial, and rich clothes, bestow'd:
But when of age he felt the sad extreme,
And ev'ry nerve was shrunk, and limb was lame,
Lock'd in a room her useless spouse she left,
Of youth, of vigour, and of voice, bereft.
On terms like these, I never can desire
Thou shouldst to immortality aspire.

" Couldst thou, indeed, as now thou art, remain,
Thy strength, thy beauty, and thy youth, retain,
Couldst thou for ever thus my husband prove,
I might live happy in thy endless love;
Nor should I e'er have cause to dread the day,
When I must mourn thy loss and life's decay.
But thou, alas! too soon and sure must bend
Beneath the woes which painful age attend;
Inexorable age! whose wretched state
All mortals dread, and all immortals hate.

" Now, know, I also must my portion share,
And for thy sake reproach and shame must bear.
For I, who heretofore in chains of love
Could captivate the minds of gods above,
And force them, by my all-subduing charms,
To sigh and languish in a woman's arms:
Must now no more that pow'r superior boast,
Nor tax with weakness the celestial host;
Since I myself this dear amends have made,
And am, at last, by my own arts betray'd.

" Erring, like them, with appetite deprav'd,
This hour, by thee, I have a son conceiv'd;
Whom, hid beneath my zone, I must conceal,
Till time his being and my shame reveal. [adorn,

" Him shall the nymphs, who these fair woods
In their deep bosoms nurse, as soon as born;
They nor of mortal nor immortal seed
Are said to spring, yet on ambrosia feed,
And long they live, and oft in chorus join
With gods and goddesses in dance divine.
These the Sileni court; these Hermes loves,
And their embraces seeks in shady groves.
Their origin and birth these nymphs deduce
From common parent Earth's prolific juice;
With lofty firs which grace the mountain's brow,
Or ample-spreading oaks, at once they grow;
All have their trees allotted to their care,
Whose growth, duration, and decrease, they share.
But holy are these groves by mortals held,
And therefore by the ax are never fell'd.
But when the fate of some fair tree draws nigh,
It first appears to droop, and then grows dry;
The bark to crack and perish next is seen,"
And last the boughs it sheds, no longer green:
And thus the nymphs expire by like degrees,
And live and die coëval with their trees.

" These gentle nymphs, by my persuasion won,
Shall in their sweet recesses nurse my son;
And when his cheeks with youth's first blushes
glow,
To thee the sacred maids the boy shall show.

" More to instruct thee, when five years shall
end,
I will again to visit thee descend,
Bringing thy beauteous son to charm thy sight,
Whose godlike form shall fill thee with delight;
Him will I leave thenceforward to thy care,
And will that with him thou to Troy repair:
There, if inquiry shall be made, to know
To whom thou dost so bright an offspring owe;
Be sure, thou nothing of the truth detect,
But ready answer make, as I direct.
Say, of a Sylvan nymph the fair youth came,
And Calycopis call his mother's name.
For shouldst thou boast the truth, and madly own
That thou in bliss hadst Cytherea known,
Jove would his anger pour upon thy head,
And with avenging thunder strike thee dead.
Now all is told thee, and just caution giv'n,
Be secret thou, and dread the wrath of Heav'n."

She said, and sudden soar'd above his sight,
Cutting through liquid air her heav'nward flight.
All hail, bright Cyprian queen! thee first I praise,
Then to some other pow'r transfer my lays.

THE

POEMS

OF

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

THE

LIFE OF BLACKMORE.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE is one of those men whose writings have attracted much notice, but of whose life and manners very little has been communicated, and whose lot it has been to be much oftener mentioned by enemies than by friends.

He was the son of Robert Blackmore, of Corsham, in Wiltshire, styled by Wood *gentleman*, and supposed to have been an attorney. Having been for some time educated in a country school, he was sent, at thirteen, to Westminster; and, in 1668, was entered at Edmund Hall, in Oxford, where he took the degree of M. A. June 3, 1676, and resided thirteen years; a much longer time than it is usual to spend at the university; and which he seems to have passed with very little attention to the business of the place; for, in his poems, the ancient names of nations and places, which he often produces, are pronounced by chance. He afterwards travelled: at Padua he was made doctor of physic: and, after having wandered about a year and a half on the continent, returned home.

In some part of his life, it is not known when, his indigence compelled him to teach a school, an humiliation with which, though it certainly lasted but a little while, his enemies did not forget to reproach him, when he became conspicuous enough to excite malevolence; and let it be remembered, for his honour, that to have been once a schoolmaster is the only reproach which all the perspicacity of malice, animated by wit, has ever fixed upon his private life.

When he first engaged in the study of physic, he inquired, as he says, of Dr. Sydenham, what authors he should read, and was directed by Sydenham to Don Quixote; "which," said he, "is a very good book: I read it still." The perverseness of mankind makes it often mischievous in men of eminence to give way to merriment: the idle and the illiterate will long shelter themselves under this foolish apophthegm.

Whether he rested satisfied with this direction, or sought for better, he commenced physician, and obtained high eminence and extensive practice. He became

fellow of the College of Physicians, April 12, 1687, being one of the thirty which, by the new charter of king James, were added to the former fellows. His residence was in Cheapside[1], and his friends were chiefly in the city. In the early part of Blackmore's time, a citizen was a term of reproach; and his place of abode was another topic to which his adversaries had recourse, in the penury of scandal.

Blackmore, therefore, was made a poet, not by necessity, but inclination, and wrote, not for a livelihood, but for fame; or, if he may tell his own motives, for a nobler purpose, to engage poetry in the cause of Virtue.

I believe it is peculiar to him, that his first public work was an heroic poem. He was not known as a maker of verses till he published (in 1695) Prince Arthur, in ten books, written, as he relates, "by such catches and starts, and in such occasional uncertain hours as his profession afforded, and for the greatest part in coffee-houses, or in passing up and down the streets." For the latter part of this apology he was accused of writing "to the rumbling of his chariot wheels." He had read, he says, "but little poetry throughout his whole life; and, for fifteen years before, had not written an hundred verses, except one copy of Latin verses in praise of a friend's book."

He thinks, and with some reason, that, from such a performance, perfection cannot be expected; but he finds another reason for the severity of his censurers, which he expresses in language such as Cheapside easily furnished. "I am not free of the Poets' Company, having never kissed the governor's hands: mine is therefore not so much as a permission poem, but a downright interloper. Those gentlemen who carry on their poetical trade in a joint stock, would certainly do what they could to sink and ruin an unlicensed adventurer, notwithstanding I disturbed none of their factories, nor imported any goods they have ever dealt in." He had lived in the city till he had learnt its note.

That Prince Arthur found many readers is certain; for in two years it had three editions; a very uncommon instance of favourable reception, at a time when literary curiosity was yet confined to particular classes of the nation. Such success naturally raised animosity; and Dennis attacked it by a formal criticism, more tedious and disgusting than the work which he condemns. To this censure may be opposed the approbation of Locke, and the admiration of Molineux, which are found in their printed Letters. Molineux is particularly delighted with the song of Mopas, which is therefore subjoined to this narrative.

It is remarked by Pope, that what "raises the hero, often sinks the man." Of Blackmore it may be said, that, as the poet sinks, the man rises; the animadversions of Dennis, insolent and contemptuous as they were, raised in him no implacable resentment: he and his critic were afterwards friends; and in one of his latter works he praises Dennis as "equal to Boileau in poetry, and superior to him in critical abilities."

He seems to have been more delighted with praise than pained by censure, and, instead of slackening, quickened his career. Having in two years produced ten books of Prince Arthur, in two years more (1697) he sent into the world King Arthur in twelve. The provocation was now doubled, and the resentment of

[1] At Sadlers' Hall.

wits and critics may be supposed to have increased in proportion. He found, however, advantages more than equivalent to all their outrages; he was this year made one of the physicians in ordinary to King William, and advanced by him to the honour of knighthood, with the present of a gold chain and a medal.

The malignity of the wits attributed his knighthood to his new poem; but King William was not very studious of poetry; and Blackmore perhaps had other merit, for he says, in his dedication to Alfred, that "he had a greater part in the succession of the house of Hanover than ever he had boasted."

What Blackmore could contribute to the succession, or what he imagined himself to have contributed, cannot now be known. That he had been of considerable use, I doubt not but he believed, for I hold him to have been very honest; but he might easily make a false estimate of his own importance: those whom their virtue restrains from deceiving others, are often disposed by their vanity to deceive themselves. Whether he promoted the succession or not, he at least approved it, and adhered invariably to his principles and party through his whole life.

His ardour of poetry still continued; and not long after (1700) he published A Paraphrase on the Book of Job, and other parts of the Scripture. This performance Dryden, who pursued him with great malignity, lived long enough to ridicule in a prologue.

The wits easily confederated against him, as Dryden, whose favour they almost all courted, was his professed adversary. He had besides given them reason for resentment, as, in his preface to Prince Arthur, he had said of the dramatic writers almost all that was alleged afterwards by Collier; but Blackmore's censure was cold and general, Collier's was personal and ardent; Blackmore taught his reader to dislike what Collier incited him to abhor.

In his preface to King Arthur he endeavoured to gain at least one friend, and propitiated Congreve by higher praise of his Mourning Bride, than it has obtained from any other critic.

The same year he published A Satire on Wit; a proclamation of defiance which united the poets almost all against him, and which brought upon him lampoons and ridicule from every side. This he doubtless foresaw, and evidently despised; nor should his dignity of mind be without its praise, had he not paid the homage to greatness which he denied to genius, and degraded himself by conferring that authority over the national taste, which he takes from the poets, upon men of high rank and wide influence, but of less wit and not greater virtue.

Here is again discovered the inhabitant of Cheapside, whose head cannot keep his poetry unmingled with trade. To hinder that intellectual bankruptcy which he affects to fear, he will erect a Bank for Wit.

In this poem he justly censured Dryden's impurities, but praised his powers; though in a subsequent edition he retained the satire, and omitted the praise. What was his reason, I know not; Dryden was then no longer in his way.

His head still teemed with heroic poetry; and (1705) he published Eliza, in ten books. I am afraid that the world was now weary of contending about Blackmore's heroes; for I do not remember that by any author, serious or comical, I have found Eliza either praised or blamed. She "dropped," as it seems, "dead-born from the press." It is never mentioned, and was never seen by me till I

borrowed it for the present occasion. Jacob says, " it is corrected and revised for another impression;" but the labour of revision was thrown away.

From this time he turned some of his thoughts to the celebration of living characters; and wrote a poem on the Kit-cat Club, and Advice to the Poets how to celebrate the Duke of Marlborough; but, on occasion of another year of success, thinking himself qualified to give more instruction, he again wrote a poem of Advice to a Weaver of Tapestry. Steele was then publishing The Tatler; and, looking around him for something at which he might laugh, unluckily lighted on Sir Richard's work, and treated it with such contempt, that, as Fenton observes, he put an end to the species of writers that gave Advice to Painters.

Not long after (1712) he published Creation, a philosophical Poem, which has been by my recommendation inserted in the late collection. Whoever judges of this by any other of Blackmore's performances, will do it injury. The praise given it by Addison (Spec. 339) is too well known to be transcribed; but some notice is due to the testimony of Dennis, who calls it a " philosophical poem, which has equalled that of Lucretius in the beauty of its versification, and infinitely surpassed it in the solidity and strength of its reasoning."

Why an author surpasses himself, it is natural to inquire. I have heard from Mr. Draper, an eminent bookseller, an account received by him from Ambrose Philips, " That Blackmore, as he proceeded in this poem, laid his manuscript from time to time before a club of wits with whom he associated; and that every man contributed, as he could, either improvement or correction; so that," said Philips, " there are perhaps no where in the book thirty lines together that now stand as they were originally written."

The relation of Philips, I suppose, was true; but when all reasonable, all credible allowance is made for this friendly revision, the author will still retain an ample dividend of praise; for to him must always be assigned the plan of the work, the distribution of its parts, the choice of topics, the train of argument, and, what is yet more, the general predominance of philosophical judgment and poetical spirit. Correction seldom effects more than the suppression of faults: a happy line, or a single elegance, may perhaps be added; but of a large work the general character must always remain; the original constitution can be very little helped by local remedies; inherent and radical dulness will never be much invigorated by extrinsic animation.

This poem, if he had written nothing else, would have transmitted him to posterity among the first favourites of the English Muse; but to make verses was his transcendant pleasure, and, as he was not deterred by censure, he was not satiated with praise.

He deviated, however, sometimes into other tracks of literature, and condescended to entertain his readers with plain prose. When the Spectator stopped, he considered the polite world as destitute of entertainment; and, in concert with Mr. Hughes, who wrote every third paper, published three times a week The Lay Monastery, founded on the supposition that some literary men, whose characters are described, had retired to a house in the country to enjoy philosophical leisure, and resolved to instruct the public, by communicating their disquisitions and amusements. Whether any real persons were concealed under fictitious names, is not known.

The hero of the club is one Mr. Johnson; such a constellation of excellence, that his character shall not be suppressed, though there is no great genius in the design, nor skill in the delineation.

"The first I shall name is Mr. Johnson, a gentleman that owes to Nature excellent faculties and an elevated genius, and to industry and application many acquired accomplishments. His taste is distinguishing, just, and delicate: his judgment clear, and his reason strong, accompanied with an imagination full of spirit, of great compass, and stored with refined ideas. He is a critic of the first rank; and, what is his peculiar ornament, he is delivered from the ostentation, malevolence, and supercilious temper, that so often blemish men of that character. His remarks result from the nature and reason of things, and are formed by a judgment free, and unbiassed by the authority of those who have lazily followed each other in the same beaten tract of thinking, and are arrived only at the reputation of acute grammarians and commentators; men, who have been copying one another many hundred years, without any improvement; or, if they have ventured farther, have only applied in a mechanical manner the rules of ancient critics to modern writings, and with great labour discovered nothing but their own want of judgment and capacity. As Mr. Johnson penetrates to the bottom of his subject, by which means his observations are solid and natural, as well as delicate, so his design is always to bring to light something useful and ornamental; whence his character is the reverse to theirs, who have eminent abilities in insignificant knowledge, and a great felicity in finding out trifles. He is no less industrious to search out the merit of an author, than sagacious in discerning his errours and defects; and takes more pleasure in commending the beauties, than exposing the blemishes of a laudable writing: like Horace, in a long work, he can bear some deformities, and justly lay them on the imperfection of human nature, which is incapable of faultless productions. When an excellent *drama* appears in public, and by its intrinsic worth attracts a general applause, he is not stung with envy and spleen; nor does he express a savage nature, in fastening upon the celebrated author, dwelling upon his imaginary defects, and passing over his conspicuous excellences. He treats all writers upon the same impartial footing; and is not, like the little critics, taken up entirely in finding out only the beauties of the ancient, and nothing but the errours of the modern writers. Never did any one express more kindness and good nature to young and unfinished authors; he promotes their interests, protects their reputation, extenuates their faults, and sets off their virtues, and by his candour guards them from the severity of his judgment. He is not like those dry critics, who are morose because they cannot write themselves, but is himself master of a good vein in poetry; and though he does not often employ it, yet he has sometimes entertained his friends with his unpublished performances."

The rest of the Lay Monks seem to be but feeble mortals, in comparison with the gigantic Johnson; who yet, with all his abilities, and the help of the fraternity, could drive the publication but to forty papers, which were afterwards collected into a volume, and called in the title A Sequel to the Spectators.

Some years afterwards (1716 and 1717) he published two volumes of Essays in prose, which can be commended only as they are written for the highest and noblest purpose, the promotion of religion. Blackmore's prose is not the prose of a poet;

for it is languid, sluggish, and lifeless; his diction is neither daring nor exact, his flow neither rapid nor easy, and his periods neither smooth nor strong. His account of *wit* will show with how little clearness he is content to think, and how little his thoughts are recommended by his language.

"As to its efficient cause; *wit* owes its production to an extraordinary and peculiar temperament in the constitution of the possessor of it, in which is found a concurrence of regular and exalted ferments, and an affluence of animal spirits, refined and rectified to a great degree of purity; whence, being endowed with vivacity, brightness, and celerity, as well in their reflections as direct motions, they become proper instruments for the sprightly operations of the mind; by which means the imagination can with great facility range the wide field of Nature, contemplate an infinite variety of objects, and, by observing the similitude and disagreement of their several qualities, single out and abstract, and then suit and unite, those ideas which will best serve its purpose. Hence beautiful allusions, surprising metaphors, and admirable sentiments, are always ready at hand: and while the fancy is full of images, collected from innumerable objects and their different qualities, relations, and habitudes, it can at pleasure dress a common notion in a strange but becoming garb; by which, as before observed, the same thought will appear a new one, to the great delight and wonder of the hearer. What we call *genius* results from this particular happy complexion in the first formation of the person that enjoys it, and is Nature's gift, but diversified by various specific characters and limitations, as its active fire is blended and allayed by different proportions of phlegm, or reduced and regulated by the contrast of opposite ferments. Therefore, as there happens in the composition of a facetious genius a greater or less, though still an inferior, degree of judgment and prudence, one man of wit, will be varied and distinguished from another."

In these Essays he took little care to propitiate the wits; for he scorns to avert their malice at the expense of virtue or of truth.

"Several, in their books, have many sarcastical and spiteful strokes at religion in general; while others make themselves pleasant with the principles of the Christian. Of the last kind, this age has seen a most audacious example in the book entitled A Tale of a Tub. Had this writing been published in a Pagan or Popish nation, who are justly impatient of all indignity offered to the established religion of their country, no doubt but the author would have received the punishment he deserved. But the fate of this impious buffoon is very different; for in a Protestant kingdom, zealous of their civil and religious immunities, he has not only escaped affronts and the effects of public resentment, but has been caressed and patronized by persons of great figure, and of all denominations. Violent party-men, who differed in all things besides, agreed in their turn to show particular respect and friendship to this insolent derider of the worship of his country, till at last the reputed writer is not only gone off with impunity, but triumphs in his dignity and preferment. I do not know that any inquiry or search was ever made after this writing, or that any reward was ever offered for the discovery of the author, or that the infamous book was ever condemned to be burnt in public: whether this proceeds from the excessive esteem and love that men in power, during the late reign, had for wit, or their defect of zeal and concern for

the Christian religion, will be determined best by those who are best acquainted with their character."

In another place he speaks with becoming abhorrence of a *godless author*, who has burlesqued a Psalm. This author was supposed to be Pope, who published a reward for any one that would produce the coiner of the accusation, but never denied it; and was afterwards the perpetual and incessant enemy of Blackmore.

One of his Essays is upon the Spleen, which is treated by him so much to his own satisfaction, that he has published the same thoughts in the same words; first in the Lay Monastery; then in the Essay; and then in the preface to a Medical Treatise on the Spleen. One passage, which I have found already twice, I will here exhibit, because I think it better imagined, and better expressed, than could be expected from the common tenour of his prose:

"—As the several combinations of splenetic madness and folly produce an infinite variety of irregular understanding, so the amicable accommodation and alliance between several virtues and vices produce an equal diversity in the dispositions and manners of mankind; whence it comes to pass, that as many monstrous and absurd productions are found in the moral as in the intellectual world. How surprising is it to observe, among the least culpable men, some whose minds are attracted by Heaven and Earth with a seeming equal force; some who are proud of humility; others who are censorious and uncharitable, yet self-denying and devout; some who join contempt of the world with sordid avarice; and others who preserve a great degree of piety, with ill-nature and ungoverned passions! Nor are instances of this inconsistent mixture less frequent among bad men, where we often, with admiration, see persons at once generous and unjust, impious lovers of their country, and flagitious heroes, good-natured sharpers, immoral men of honour, and libertines who will sooner die than change their religion; and though it is true, that repugnant coalitions of so high a degree are found but in a part of mankind, yet none of the whole mass, either good or bad, are entirely exempted from some absurd mixture."

He about this time (Aug. 22, 1716) became one of the *elects* of the College of Physicians; and was soon after (Oct. 1.) chosen *censor*. He seems to have arrived late, whatever was the reason, at his medical honours.

Having succeeded so well in his book on Creation, by which he established the great principle of all religion, he thought his undertaking imperfect, unless he likewise enforced the truth of revelation; and for that purpose added another poem on Redemption. He had likewise written, before his Creation, three books on the Nature of Man.

The lovers of musical devotion have always wished for a more happy metrical version than they have yet obtained of the book of Psalms: this wish the piety of Blackmore led him to gratify; and he produced (1721) A new Version of the Psalms of David, fitted to the Tunes used in Churches; which, being recommended by the archbishops and many bishops, obtained a licence for its admission into public worship; but no admission has it yet obtained, nor has it any right to come where Brady and Tate have got possession. Blackmore's name must be added to those of many others, who, by the same attempt, have obtained only the praise of meaning well.

He was not yet deterred from heroic poetry. There was another monarch of this island, (for he did not fetch his heroes from foreign countries) whom he considered as worthy of the epic Muse; and he dignified Alfred (1723) with twelve books. But the opinion of the nation was now settled; a hero introduced by Blackmore was not likely to find either respect or kindness; Alfred took his place by Eliza in silence and darkness: Benevolence was ashamed to favour, and Malice was weary of insulting. Of his four epic poems, the first had such reputation and popularity as enraged the critics; the second was at least known enough to be ridiculed; the two last had neither friends nor enemies.

Contempt is a kind of gangrene, which, if it seizes one part of a character, corrupts all the rest by degrees. Blackmore, being despised as a poet, was in time neglected as a physician; his practice, which was once invidiously great, forsook him in the latter part of his life; but being by nature, or by principle, averse from idleness, he employed his unwelcome leisure in writing books on physic, and teaching others to cure those whom he could himself cure no longer. I know not whether I can enumerate all the treatises by which he has endeavoured to diffuse the art of healing; for there is scarcely any distemper, of dreadful name, which he has not taught the reader how to oppose. He has written on the small pox, with a vehement invective against inoculation; on consumptions, the spleen, the gout, the rheumatism, the king's-evil, the dropsy, the jaundice, the stone, the diabetes, and the plague.

Of those books, if I had read them, it could not be expected that I should be able to give a critical account. I have been told that there is something in them of vexation and discontent, discovered by a perpetual attempt to degrade physic from its sublimity, and to represent it as attainable without much previous or concomitant learning. By the transient glances which I have thrown upon them, I have observed an affected contempt of the ancients, and a supercilious derision of transmitted knowledge. Of this indecent arrogance the following quotation from his preface to the Treatise on the Small-pox will afford a specimen; in which, when the reader finds, what I fear is true, that, when he was censuring Hippocates, he did not know the difference between aphorism and apophthegm, he will not pay much regard to his determinations concerning ancient learning.

"As for his book of Aphorisms, it is like my lord Bacon's of the same title, a book of jests, or a grave collection of trite and trifling observations; of which though many are true and certain, yet they signify nothing, and may afford diversion, but no instruction; most of them being much inferiour to the sayings of the wise men of Greece, which yet are so low and mean, that we are entertained every day with more valuable sentiments at the table conversation of ingenious and learned men."

I am unwilling, however, to leave him in total disgrace, and will therefore quote from another preface a passage less reprehensible.

"Some gentlemen have been disingenuous and unjust to me, by wresting and forcing my meaning, in the preface to another book, as if I condemned and exposed all learning, though they knew I declared that I greatly honoured and esteemed all men of superiour literature and erudition; and that I only undervalued false or superficial learning, that signifies nothing for the service of mankind; and that as to physic, I expressly affirmed that learning must be joined with native genius to make a physician of the first rank; but if those talents are separated, I asserted, and

do still insist, that a man of native sagacity and diligence will prove a more able and useful practiser, than a heavy notional scholar, encumbered with a heap of confused ideas."

He was not only a poet and a physician, but produced likewise a work of a different kind, A true and impartial History of the Conspiracy against King William of glorious Memory, in the Year 1695. This I have never seen, but suppose it at least compiled with integrity. He engaged likewise in theological controversy, and wrote two books against the Arians, Just Prejudices against the Arian Hypothesis: and Modern Arians unmasked. Another of his works is Natural Theology, or Moral Duties considered apart from Positive; with some Observations on the Desirableness and Necessity of a supernatural Revelation. This was the last book that he published. He left behind him The accomplished Preacher, or an Essay upon Divine Eloquence; which was printed after his death by Mr. White of Nayland in Essex, the minister who attended his death-bed, and testified the fervent piety of his last hours. He died on the eighth of October, 1729.

BLACKMORE, by the unremitted enmity of the wits, whom he provoked more by his virtue than his dulness, has been exposed to worse treatment than he deserved. His name was so long used to point every epigram upon dull writers, that it became at last a by-word of contempt: but it deserves observation, that malignity takes hold only of his writings, and that his life passed without reproach, even when his boldness of reprehension naturally turned upon him many eyes desirous to espy faults, which many tongues would have made haste to publish. But those who could not blame could at least forbear to praise, and therefore of his private life and domestic character there are no memorials.

As an author he may justly claim the honours of magnanimity. The incessant attacks of his enemies, whether serious or merry, are never discovered to have disturbed his quiet, or to have lessened his confidence in himself: they neither awed him to silence nor to caution; they neither provoked him to petulance, nor depressed him to complaint. While the distributors of literary fame were endeavouring to depreciate and degrade him, he either despised or defied them, wrote on as he had written before, and never turned aside to quiet them by civility, or repress them by confutation.

He depended with great security on his own powers, and perhaps was for that reason less diligent in perusing books. His literature was, I think, but small. What he knew of antiquity, I suspect him to have gathered from modern compilers: but, though he could not boast of much critical knowledge, his mind was stored with general principles, and he left minute researches to those whom he considered as little minds.

With this disposition he wrote most of his poems. Having formed a magnificent design, he was careless of particular and subordinate elegances; he studied no niceties of versification; he waited for no felicities of fancy; but caught his first thoughts in the first words in which they were presented: nor does it appear that he saw beyond his own performances, or had ever elevated his views to that ideal perfection which every genius born to excel is condemned always to pursue, and never overtake. In the first suggestions of his imagination he acquiesced; he thought them good, and

did not seek for better. His works may be read a long time without the occurrence of a single line that stands prominent from the rest.

The poem on Creation has, however, the appearance of more circumspection; it wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction: it has either been written with great care, or, what cannot be imagined of so long a work, with such felicity as made care less necessary.

Its two constituent parts are ratiocination and description. To reason in verse, is allowed to be difficult; but Blackmore not only reasons in verse, but very often reasons poetically; and finds the art of uniting ornament with strength, and ease with closeness. This is a skill which Pope might have condescended to learn from him, when he needed it so much in his Moral Essays.

In his descriptions both of life and nature, the poet and the philosopher happily co-operate; truth is recommended by elegance, and elegance sustained by truth.

In the structure and order of the poem, not only the greater parts are properly consecutive, but the didactic and illustrative paragraphs are so happily mingled, that labour is relieved by pleasure, and the attention is led on through a long succession of varied excellence to the original position, the fundamental principle of wisdom and of virtue.

As the heroic poems of Blackmore are now little read, it is thought proper to insert, as a specimen from Prince Arthur, the song of Mopas mentioned by Molineux.

But that which Arthur with most pleasure heard,
Were noble strains, by Mopas sung the bard,
Who to his harp in lofty verse began,
And through the secret maze of Nature ran.
He the Great Spirit sung, that all things fill'd,
That the tumultuous waves of Chaos still'd,
Whose nod dispos'd the jarring seeds to peace,
And made the wars of hostile Atoms cease.
All beings, we in fruitful Nature find,
Proceeded from the Great Eternal Mind;
Streams of his unexhausted spring of power,
And, cherish'd with his influence, endure.
He spread the pure cerulean fields on high,
And arch'd the chambers of the vaulted sky,
Which he, to suit their glory with their height,
Adorn'd with globes, that reel, as drunk with light.
His hand directed all the tuneful spheres,
He turn'd their orbs, and polish'd all the stars.
He fill'd the Sun's vast lamp with golden light,
And bade the silver Moon adorn the night.
He spread the airy Ocean without shores,
Where birds are wafted with their feather'd oars.
Then sung the bard how the light vapours rise
From the warm earth, and cloud the smiling skies:
He sung how some, chill'd in their airy flight,
Fall scatter'd down in pearly dew by night;
How some, rais'd higher, sit in secret steams
On the reflected points of bounding beams,
Till, chill'd with cold, they shade th' etherial plain,
Then on the thirsty earth descend in rain;

How some, whose parts a slight contexture show,
Sink hovering through the air, in fleecy snow;
How part is spun in silken threads, and clings
Entangled in the grass in glewy strings;
How others stamp to stones, with rushing sound
Fall from their chrystal quarries to the ground;
How some are laid in trains, that kindled fly,
In harmless fires by night, about the sky;
How some in winds blow with impetuous force,
And carry ruin where they bend their course,
While some conspire to form a gentle breeze,
To fan the air, and play among the trees;
How some, enraged, grow turbulent and loud,
Pent in the bowels of a frowning cloud,
That cracks, as if the axis of the world
Was broke, and Heaven's bright towers were downwards hurl'd.
He sung how Earth's wide ball, at Jove's command,
Did in the midst on airy columns stand;
And how the soul of plants, in prison held,
And bound with sluggish fetters, lies conceal'd,
Till with the Spring's warm beams, almost releas'd,
From the dull weight, with which it lay opprest,
Its vigour spreads, and makes the teeming Earth
Heave up, and labour with the sprouting birth:
The active spirit freedom seeks in vain,
It only works and twists a stronger chain;
Urging its prison's sides to break away,
It makes that wider, where 'tis forc'd to stay:
Till, having form'd its living house, it rears
Its head, and in a tender plant appears.
Hence springs the oak, the beauty of the grove,
Whose stately trunk fierce storms can scarcely move.
Hence grows the cedar, hence the swelling vine
Does round the elm its purple clusters twine.
Hence painted flowers the smiling gardens bless,
Both with their fragrant scent and gaudy dress.
Hence the white lily in full beauty grows,
Hence the blue violet, and blushing rose.
He sung how sun-beams brood upon the Earth,
And in the glebe hatch such a numerous birth;
Which way the genial warmth in Summer storms
Turns putrid vapours to a bed of worms;
How rain, transform'd by this prolific power,
Falls from the clouds an animated shower.
He sung the embryo's growth within the womb,
And how the parts their various shapes assume;
With what rare art the wondrous structure's wrought,
From one crude mass to such perfection brought;
That no part useless, none misplac'd we see,
None are forgot, and more would monstrous be.

PREFACE.

It has been the opinion of many persons of great sense and learning, that the knowledge of a God, as well as some other self-evident and uncontested notions, is born with us, and exists antecedent to any perception or operation of the mind. They express themselves on this subject in metaphorical terms, altogether unbecoming philosophical and judicious inquiries, while they assert, that the knowledge of a God is interwoven with our constitution, that it is written, engraven, stamped, and imprinted, in clear and discernible characters, on the heart; in which manner of speech they affect to follow the great orator of the Romans.

By these unartful phrases they can mean nothing but this, that the proposition, THERE IS A GOD, is actually existent in the mind, as soon as the mind has its being; and is not at first acquired, though it may be afterwards confirmed, by any act of reason, by any argument or demonstration. I must confess my inability to conceive this inbred knowledge, these original independent ideas, that owe not their being to the operation of the understanding, but are, I know not how, congenite and co-existent with it.

For how a man can be said to have knowledge before he knows, how ideas can exist in the mind without and before perception, I must own is too difficult for me to comprehend. That a man is born with a faculty or capacity to know, though as yet without any actual knowledge; and that, as the eye has a native disposition and aptitude to perceive the light, when fitly offered, though as yet it never exercised any act of vision, and had no innate images in the womb; so the mind is endued with a power and faculty to know and perceive the truth of this proposition, THERE IS A GOD, as soon as it shall be represented to it: all this is clear and intelligible; but any thing more is, as I have said, above my reach. In this opinion, which I had many years ago entertained, I was afterwards confirmed by the famous author of the Essay on Human Understanding. Nor can I see, that, by this doctrine, the argument for the existence of a Deity, drawn from the general assent of all nations, (excepting, perhaps, some few, who are so barbarous, that they approach very near the condition of brute animals) is at all invalidated. For supposing there is no inbred knowledge of a God; yet, if mankind generally assent to it, whether their belief proceeds from their reflection on themselves, or on the visible creation about them, it will be certainly true, that the existence of a Deity carries with it the clearest and most uncontrollable evidence; since mankind so readily and so universally perceive and embrace it. It deserves consideration, that St. Paul, upon this argument, does not appeal to the light within, or to any characters of the Divine Being originally engraven on the heart, but deduces the cause from the effect, and from the creation infers the Creator.

It is very probable, that those who believe an innate idea of a Divine Being, unproduced by any operation of the mind, were led by this to another opinion, namely, that there never was in the world a real atheist in belief and speculation, how many soever there may have been in life and practice. But, upon due examination, this opinion, I imagine, will not abide the test; which I shall endeavour to make evident.

But, before I enter upon this subject, it seems proper to take notice of the apology, which several persons of great learning and candour have made for many famous men, and great philosophers, unjustly accused of impiety.

Whoever shall set about to mend the world, and reform men's notions, as well as their manners, will certainly be the mark of much scandal and reproach; and will effectually be convinced, that it

is too possible the greatest lovers and benefactors of mankind may be represented by the multitude, whose opinions they contradict, as the worst of men. The hardy undertakers, who express their zeal to rectify the sentiments of a prejudiced people in matters of religion, who labour to stem the tide of popular errour, and strike at the foundations of any ancient, established superstition, must themselves expect to be treated as pragmatical and insolent innovators, disturbers of the public peace, and the great enemies of religion. The observation of all ages confirms this truth; and if any man, who is doubtful of it, would try the experiment, I make no question he will very soon be thoroughly convinced.

It is no wonder, therefore, that Anaxagoras, though he was the first philosopher who plainly asserted an Eternal Mind, by whose power the world was made, for opposing the public worship at Athens, whose refined wits were plunged in the most senseless idolatry, and particularly for denying the divinity of the Sun, should be condemned for irreligion, and treason against the gods; and be heavily fined, and banished the city. It is no wonder, after so sharp a persecution of this zealous reformer, that Socrates, the next successor but one to Anaxagoras, and the last of the Ionic school, for opposing their scandalous rabble of deities, and asserting one Divine Being, should be condemned for atheism, and put to death, by blind superstition and implacable bigotry.

Some have been condemned by their antagonists for impiety, who maintain positions, which those from whom they dissent imagine have a tendency to the disbelief of a Deity. But this is a manifest violation of justice, as well as candour, to impute to any man the remote consequences of his opinion, which he himself disclaims and detests, and who, if he saw the connection of his principles with such conclusions, would readily renounce them. No man can be reasonably charged with more opinions than he owns; and if this justice were observed in polemical discourses, as well of theology as philosophy, many persons had escaped those hard names, and terrible censures, which their angry antagonists have thought fit to fix upon them. No one, therefore, is to be reputed an atheist, or an enemy to religion, upon the account of any erroneous opinion, from which another may, by a long chain of sequels, draw that conclusion; much less for holding any doctrines in philosophy, which the common people are not able to examine or comprehend, who, when they meddle with speculations, of which they are unqualified to judge, will be as apt to censure a philosopher for an atheist, as an astronomer for a magician.

I would fain, too, in this place, make some apology for the great numbers of loose and vicious men, who laugh at religion, and seem in their conversation to disclaim the belief of a Deity. I do not mean an apology for their practice, but their opinion. I hope these unhappy persons, at least the greatest part, who have given up the reins to their passions and exorbitant appetites, are, rather than atheists, a careless and stupid sort of creatures, who, either out of a supine temper, or for fear of being disturbed with remorse in their unwarrantable enjoyments, never soberly consider with themselves, or exercise their reason on things of the highest importance. These persons never examine the arguments that enforce the belief of a Deity, and the obligations of religion: but take the word of their ingenious friends, or some atheistical pretender to philosophy, who assures them there is no God, and therefore no religion. And notwithstanding all atheists have leave given them by their principles to become libertines, yet it is not true that all libertines are atheists. Some plainly assert their belief of a God; and others, who deny his existence, yet do not deny it upon any principles, any scheme of philosophy which they have framed, and by which they account for the existence and duration of the world, in the beautiful order in which we see it, without the aid of a Divine Eternal Mind.

But there are two sorts of men, who, without injustice, have been called atheists; those who frankly and in plain terms have denied the being of a God; and those who, though they asserted his being, denied those attributes and perfections, which the idea of a God includes: and so, while they acknowledge the name, subverted the thing. These are as real atheists as the former, but less sincere. If any man should declare he believes a Deity, but affirms that this Deity is of human shape, and not eternal; that he derives his being from the fortuitous concourse and complication of atoms; or, though he allowed him to be eternal, should maintain, that he showed no wisdom, design, or prudence, in the formation, and no care or providence, in the government of the world; that he never reflects on any thing exterior to his own being, nor interests himself in human affairs; does not know, or does not attend to, any of our actions: such a person is, indeed, and in effect, as much an atheist as the former. For though he owns the appellation, yet his description is

destructive of the idea of a God. I do not affirm, that the idea of a God implies the relation of a Creator: but since, in the demonstration of the existence of a God, we argue from the effect to the cause, and proceed from the contemplation of the creature to the knowledge of the Creator, it is evident we cannot know there is a God, but we must know him to be the Maker, and, if the Maker, then the Governor and Benefactor of the world. Could there be a God, who is entirely regardless of things without him, who is perfectly unconcerned with the direction and government of the world, is altogether indifferent whether we worship or affront him, and is neither pleased nor displeased with any of our actions; he would certainly to us be the same as no God. The log in the fable would be altogether as venerable a Deity; for if he has no concern with us, it is plain, we have none with him: if we are not subject to any laws he has made for us, we can never be obedient, or disobedient, nor can we need forgiveness, or expect reward. If we are not the subjects of his care and protection, we can owe him no love or gratitude; if he either does not hear, or disregards our prayers, how impertinent is it to build temples, and to worship at his altars! In my opinion, such notions of a Deity, which lay the axe to the root of all religion, and make all the expressions of it idle and ridiculous; which destroy the distinction of good and bad, all morality of our actions, and remove all the grounds and reasons of fear of punishment, and hope of reward; will justly denominate a man an atheist, though he ever so much disclaims that ignominious title.

Thales, the founder of the Ionic school, and the philosophers who succeeded him, Anaximander, Anaximenes, Diogenes Apollionates, Anaxagoras, and Archelaus, are censured by Aristotle as disbelievers of a Deity; the reason he gives is, that these philosophers, in treating of the principles of the world, never introduce the Deity as the efficient cause. But if it be considered, that natural science was then in its infancy, and that those primitive philosophers only undertook to account for the material principle out of which the world was made, which one asserted to be water, one fire, another air, though this may prove that they formed but a lame and unfinished scheme of philosophy, yet it does not evince, that they denied the being of a God, or that they did not believe him to be the efficient cause of all things. It is, indeed, a convincing evidence that their philosophy was imperfect, as at first it might well be; but from their silence or omission of him in their systems, when they designed to treat only of the material causes of things, it is unreasonable to affirm that they denied his being: and it is certain Anaxagoras taught, that besides matter, it was absolutely necessary to assert a Divine Mind, the Contriver and Maker of the world; and for this religious principle, as we said before, he was at Athens an illustrious confessor.

After the death of Socrates, the Ionic school was soon divided into various sects and philosophical parties: of the Cyrenaic school, Theodorus and Dion Boristhenites were reputed atheists, contemners of the gods, and deriders of religion. Yet since it does not appear, that they had formed any impious scheme of philosophy, or maintained their irreligion by any pretended principles of reason, it is not improbable that these men were rather abandoned libertines, without consideration and reflection, than speculative and philosophical atheists.

The Italic school, to its great dishonour, was more fertile in impiety, and produced a greater number of these irreligious philosophers. The masters, who succeeded their famous founder Pythagoras, soon degenerated from his noble and pious principles, and not only corrupted the purity of his doctrine, but became downright apostates, renouncing the belief of a God, and subverting the foundations of religion. Leucippus, Democritus, Diagoras and Protagoras, were justly reckoned in this rank; who asserted, that the world was made by the casual combination of atoms, without any assistance or direction of a Divine Mind. They taught their followers this doctrine, supported it with arguments, and so were atheists on pretended principles of reason. But among all the ancient obdurate atheists, and inveterate enemies of religion, no one seems more sincere, or more implacable, than Epicurus.

And though this person was, perhaps, of as dull an understanding, of as unrefined thought, and as little sagacity and penetration, as any man who was ever complimented with the name of a philosopher; yet several great wits, and men of distinguished learning, in this last age, have been pleased to give the world high encomiums of his capacity and superior attainments.

After a long night of ignorance had overspread the face of Europe, many wise men, from a generous love of truth, resolved to exercise their reason, and free themselves from prejudice, and a servile veneration of great names, and prevailing authority; and, growing impatient of tyrannical impositions, as well in philosophy as religion, to their great honour, separated both from the church

of Rome, and the school of Aristotle. These patriots of the commonwealth of learning combined to reform the corruptions, and redress the grievances, of philosophy; to pull down the Peripatetic monarchy, and set up a free and independent state of science; and, being fully convinced of the weakness and unreasonableness of Aristotle's system, which consisted chiefly of words without any determined meaning, and of idle metaphysical definitions, of which many were false, and many unintelligible; they in this case had recourse to the Corpuscularian hypothesis, and revived the obsolete and exploded system of Epicurus.

Many of these noble leaders, who had declared against the Peripatetic usurpation, and asserted the rights and liberties of human understanding, called in this philosopher, for want of a better, to depose Aristotle. And though a general revolution did not follow, yet the defection from the prince of science, as he was once esteemed, was very great. When these first reformers of Aristotle's school had espoused the interest of Epicurus, and introduced his doctrines, that his hypothesis might be received with the less opposition, they thought it necessary to remove the ignominious character of impiety, under which their philosopher had long lain. And it is indeed very natural for a man, who has embraced another's notions and principles, to believe well of his master, and to stand up in the defence of his reputation. The learned Gassendus is eminent above all others for the warm zeal he has expressed, and the great pains he has taken, to vindicate the honour of Epicurus, and clear his character from the imputation of irreligion.

After the unhappy fate of Anaxagoras and the great Socrates, it is no wonder that the philosophers, who succeeded, should grow more cautious in propagating their opinions, for fear of provoking the magistrate, and making themselves obnoxious to the laws of their country: and, if any had formed irreligious schemes, it is to be supposed, they would take care to guard, as well as they could, against the punishment to be inflicted on all who denied the gods, and derided the established worship. An atheist cannot be supposed to be fond of suffering, when pain and death are what he chiefly abhors: and therefore Epicurus, who, if Cicero and Plutarch knew his opinion, was a downright professed atheist, has not in terms denied, but indeed asserted, the being of the gods, and speaks honourably of them, so far as regards the excellence of their nature, and their happiness. But when he describes his gods, and gives them a human face and limbs, and says they are neither incorporeal nor corporeal, but as it were corporeal; while he excludes them from any hand in making, or care in guiding and governing the world, and undertakes to show that all things were brought about by mere chance, without any help or direction of the gods, who are altogether unconcerned with human affairs, and regardless of our actions; he must laugh in himself, and be supposed to have formed this ridiculous idea of a Divine Being, merely to escape the character of an impious philosopher. For though he owns the name of a God, by his description he entirely destroys the Divine Nature. Nor do I think that Aristotle can be defended from the charge of atheism; for while he affirms, that the world, as to its formation, as well as its progression and duration, is independent on the gods, and owes nothing to their power, wisdom, or providence, he utterly subverts all pretence to religion and divine worship, and comes at last into the dregs of the Epicurean scheme: this, I believe, I have plainly proved in the following poem.

As to the modern atheists, Veninus, Hobbes, and Spinosa; I have spoken of them in their turn, and shall not anticipate what is said hereafter.

I have been determined to employ some of my leisure hours in writing on this subject, by the melancholy reflection I have often made on the growth of prophaneness, and the prevailing power of loose and irreligious principles in this nation.

It is a mortifying consideration to all who love mankind, and wish well to their country, that this opinion has of late years, above the example of past ages, spread its contagious influence so far and wide, that now, emboldened by the power and number of its assertors, it becomes insolent and formidable. These impious maxims, which a small party in the last age, when inflamed with wine, vented in private, are now the entertainment of the coffee-house, publicly professed, and in many companies spoken of in cool blood, as the ordinary subjects of conversation.

All ages have brought forth some monsters, some professors and patrons of irreligion; monsters in respect of their scarceness, as well as deformity; but the amazing abundance of these odious productions is, I believe, peculiar to this fertile age. I am apt to think, that most who were reckoned atheists in former reigns were rather unbridled libertines, than irreligious in principle: but now we

are so far advanced, that the infection has seized the mind; the atheist in practice is become one in speculation, and looseness of manners improved to intellectual impiety.

Many (which is without example) express an ardent zeal for prophaneness, are grown bigots in atheism, and with great industry and application propagate their principles, form parties, and concert measures to carry on with vigour the cause of irreligion. They caress, and are very fond of, those who boldly declare for impiety, and mock all religion as cheat and imposture. These are wits, men of sense, of large and free thoughts, and cannot fail of being men in fashion. And as the renegades and deserters of Heaven, who renounce their God for the favour of men, and choose to grow popular at the dearest rate, are by many protected and applauded: so there are places where a man, that has the assurance to own the belief of a Deity and a future state, would be exposed and laughed out of countenance. Hence many are tempted to conceal their notions of religion, for fear of blasting their reputation, and of being neglected and despised by those from whose favour they expect profit or promotion.

Immediately after the Restoration, the people, intoxicated with the pleasures of peace, and influenced by the example of a loose court, as well as from their great aversion to the former fanatical strictness and severity of conversation, which they detested as hypocrisy, indulged themselves in sensual liberties, and by degrees sunk deep into luxury and vice. Then it was that some irreligious men, taking advantage of this growing dissolution of manners, began to propagate their detestable notions, and sow the seeds of prophaneness and impiety, which sprung up apace, and flourished in proportion to the growth of immorality. Thus vice and irreligion, mutually assisting each other, extended their power by daily encroachments; and the solid temper and firmness of mind, which the people once possessed, being slackened and dissolved by the power of riot and forbidden pleasure, their judgment soon became vitiated; which corruption of taste has ever since gradually increased, as the confederate powers of vice and prophaneness have spread their infection, and gained upon religion.

While loose principles and impious opinions pervert the judgment, a petulant humour, that inclines men to give an air of levity and ridicule to all their discourses, and turn every thing to mirth and raillery, does in proportion get ground; this being esteemed the most successful method to weaken the power and authority of religion in the minds of men.

I would not here be understood as if I condemned the qualifications of wit and pleasantry, but only the misapplication of them. I shall always retain a great value for ingenious men, provided they do not abuse and prostitute their talents to the worst purposes; I mean the deriding all sobriety of manners, and turning into jest the principles which constitute our duty here, and assure our happiness hereafter. But can any man who reveres a God, and loves his country, stand by unconcerned, while loose and prophane wits show so much zeal and diligence in propagating maxims, which tend so directly to the dishonour of the one, and the ruin of the other?

Should atheism and corruption of manners, those inseparable companions, which, as causes and effects, mutually introduce and support each other, prevail much farther; should impious notions in any age hereafter generally infect the highest, as well as the inferior ranks of men; what confusion of affairs must ensue! It would be impossible to find men of principle to fill the places of trust and honour, or patrons to promote them: merit would incapacitate and disqualify for the favour of great men, and a religious character would be an invincible obstruction to advancement; there would be no persons of rank to encourage men of worth, and bring neglected virtue into fashion. On the contrary, the contemners of Heaven and deriders of piety would be caressed, applauded, and promoted; the disposers of preferment would confer all on those who embrace their opinions: and what a terrible temptation would this be to our youth, to accommodate their notions to those of the men in power, when they shall see that their favour is not otherwise to be procured!

Is it not highly probable, that, in such an age, clubs and cabals would be formed of scoffers and buffoons, to laugh religion out of countenance, and make the professors of it the object of public scorn and contempt?

Besides, it is natural to believe, that magistrates in a commonwealth, generally composed of atheists, would likewise proceed to violence, and persecute those whom they could not persuade to embrace their notions, as much as any sect of religion has ever done. For it is not religion, but corrupted human nature, that pushes men on to compulsive methods of obliging their adversaries to renounce their own, and assert the opinions of men in power. It is from the factious temper of a party, not

the spirit of piety; it is from pride and an impatience of contradiction, or from lust of dominion, or a violent desire of engrossing the places of honour and profit, that men endeavour, by cruel and coercive methods, to silence their opponents, and suppress their competitors. And if it will be allowed, that human passions will always exert themselves with uniformity, and therefore still produce the like effects; if we may foretel what atheists, when in power, are like to do, from what they have done, as far as they had ability; we may be assured, when they do not want power, they will never want a will, to employ violence, to extinguish the notions of piety, and the hateful heresy of religion. It would not be strange if atheistical tests in such a state of affairs should be formed and imposed, to keep men of dangerous principles out of all posts of power and profit; and all that believed the being of a God, and the rewards and punishments of another life, should be looked on as disaffected to the government, and the disturbers of the public peace.

And if such notions of impiety, and such a degenerate constitution of manners, should ever prevail in this unhappy nation, any man, without the gift of prophecy, and, indeed, with a very moderate penetration, may foresee, that the public will then be exposed to inevitable ruin.

But before the interests of virtue and religion are reduced to so deplorable a state, it is to be hoped this once wise and sober nation will awaken from its lethargy; that, notwithstanding the present popularity of vice, levity, and impiety, it may one day recover its relish of solid knowledge and real merit; that buffoons themselves may one day be exposed, the laughers in their turn become ridiculous, and an atheistical scoffer be as much out of credit, as a sober and religious man is at present: virtue, seriousness, and a due reverence of sacred and divine things, may revive among us; and it is the duty and interest of every man that loves his country, and wishes well to mankind, to make his utmost efforts to bring about such a happy revolution. This would the sooner be effected, if the virtuous part of ingenious men (for virtue has still a party) would not supinely stand by, and see the honour and interest of religion exposed and insulted; but instead of an abject, unactive despondence, would unite their endeavours, with vigour and resolution, against the common enemies of God and their country. It is great pity, that in so noble a cause any should show such poorness of spirit, as to be ashamed of asserting their religion, and stemming the tide of impiety, for fear of becoming the entertainment of scoffing libertines.

I know the gentlemen of atheistical notions pretend to refined parts, and pass themselves upon the world for wits of the first rank: yet, in debate, they decline argument, and rather trust to the decision of raillery. But if it were possible for these gentlemen to apply themselves in good earnest to the reasons alleged in proof of a Divine Being, in a manner that becomes an inquiry of such consequence, I should believe their conviction were not to be despaired of.

But there is little appearance that they will be ever prevailed on to consider this matter with deliberate and unprejudiced thought; and, therefore, I am not so sanguine to think, that any arguments I can bring, though ever so clear and demonstrative, are likely to make any impression upon a veteran atheist. I have, nevertheless, thought it a seasonable service to endeavour to stop the contagion, and, as far as I am able, to preserve those who are not yet infected.

I would entreat these to distinguish between raillery and argument, and not believe that mirth ought to determine in so weighty a case; that they would not admit of principles of the utmost concern without examination; and take impiety upon content; that they would appeal from the buffoon and the mocker, to the impartial decision of right reason, and debate this matter with the gravity that becomes the importance of the subject.

But, since the gentlemen who own no obligations of religion for the rule of behaviour, set up in its stead a spurious principle, which they call honour, and a greatness of mind, that will not descend to a mean or base action; let them reflect, whether that term, as they use it, is not an empty sound, without any determined meaning. If honour lays a man under any obligation to perform or forbear any action, then, it is evident, honour is a law or rule, and the transgression of it makes us guilty and obnoxious to punishment: and if it be a law, it must be the declaration of some legislator's will; for this is the definition of a law that regulates the manners of a moral agent. Now, I ask a man of honour, who denies religion, what, or whose law he breaks, if he deviates from what he imagines a point of honour? It is plain there can be no transgression, where there is no law; no irregularity where there is no rule; nor can a man do a base or dishonourable thing, if he lies under no obligation to the contrary. Honour, therefore, abstracted from the notion of religion, which enjoins it, is an

idle chimera, which can have little power over any man that does not believe a Divine Legislator, whose authority must enforce it.

It is the same with friendship and gratitude, which are principles that the atheist will often commend. But how is any man bound to be grateful, or to be a friend? Should he act a contrary part, and be treacherous and ungrateful, what guilt has he contracted? Has he offended against any law? or can he become guilty, without the breach of any? If you say he has broken any law, tell us the law, and by whom it was made. If the laws of the Supreme Being are set aside, we can lie under no regulation, but have an unbounded liberty over all our actions; we may, without the least fault or dishonour, break our oaths, subvert the government, betray our friends, assassinate our parents; in short, commit all kinds of the most detestable crimes without remorse; for, not being controlled by any obligation, we may do whatever our passions or our interests prompt us to, without being accountable to any tribunal for the least transgression.

If it be said, we are obliged by the laws of our country; I answer, that, as to the actions we are speaking of, such as a man of honour, a great and generous mind, a friend, a grateful person, is supposed to think himself obliged to, these are such as are not regulated by municipal laws, and therefore men are at liberty whether they will act by what they call a principle of honour or not, and can justly incur no censure or reproach, should they have no regard to that pompous and sounding word; for if their actions are not morally determined either by human or divine laws, they may very justly, and honourably too, act with unlimited freedom in these matters. Besides, whoever believes himself free from the obligations of divine precepts, cannot look on himself as bound by any human laws. He may, indeed, from the apprehension of punishment, forbear an action thus forbidden, and it is his interest so to do: but, if he thinks no divine authority makes it his duty to submit to the magistrate, and obey the laws of his country, he is at liberty, as to any guilt, whether he will obey or no. If he ventures the punishment, he escapes the sin. If an atheist swears fidelity to his prince, what controlling power is he under, which affects the mind, not to betray him, if he thinks it fit and safe to do it? If he lets his parents, or his patron, or his friend perish, what iniquity is he accountable for?

The existence of a God has been already cleared, and abundantly demonstrated, by many pious and learned authors; whence this attempt may be censured as impertinent and unnecessary. But all those excellent performances being writ in prose, and the greatest part in the learned languages, or at least in a scholastic manner, are ill-accommodated to great numbers not of a learned education; and many, who have more knowledge, and greater genius, will not undergo the trouble of reading and considering the arguments expressed in a manner to them obscure, dry, and disagreeable. I have therefore formed a poem on this great and important subject, that I might give it the advantages peculiar to poetry, and adapt it more to the general apprehension and capacity of mankind. The harmony of numbers engages many to read and retain what they would neglect if written in prose; and I persuade myself the Epicurean philosophy had not lived so long, nor been so much esteemed, had it not been kept alive and propagated by the famous poem of Lucretius.

I have chosen to demonstrate the existence of a God from the marks of wisdom, design, contrivance, and the choice of ends and means, which appear in the universe. Out of the various arguments that evince the truth of this proposition, THERE IS A GOD, I have selected this as the most evident and intelligible.

I may with reason presume, that I shall not incur any censure for not employing new arguments to prove the being of a God; none but what have been produced before by many writers, even from the eldest days of philosophy. It was never objected to Lucretius, that, in his applauded poem, he has not invented a new system of philosophy, but only recited, in poetical numbers, the ancient doctrines of Democritus and Epicurus. Nor can it with reason be supposed, that the arguments by which he supports their opinions were not long before in the schools of Greece. Nor have modern writers on this subject invented, but pursued, the demonstration of a God, from the evident appearance of contrivance and wisdom in the visible world, which they have done with more clearness and strength, than those who went before them. And while these have attempted to evince the existence of a God only from the contemplation of corporeal nature, I have carried the argument on to the actions of living, sensitive, and intelligent beings, so far as we are acquainted with them; believing that brighter and more noble strokes of wisdom and design appear in the principles of life, sensation, and reason, than in all the compass of the material world.

I have endeavoured to give the subject yet greater degrees of perspicuity, more variety of argument, as well as easy and familiar expression, that, the style being more pleasing, and the demonstration more readily apprehended, it may leave a deeper impression, and its effects and usefulness may become more extensive. In order to this, I have rarely used any term of art, or any phrase peculiar to the writing and conversation of learned men. I have attempted, as Monsieur Fontenelle has done, with great success, in his Plurality of Worlds, to bring philosophy out of the secret recesses of the schools, and strip it of its uncouth and mysterious dress, that it may become agreeable, and admitted to a general conversation.

I take it for granted, that no judicious reader will expect, in the philosophical and argumentative parts of this poem, the ornaments of poetical eloquence. In this case, where metaphor and description are not admitted, lest they should darken and enfeeble the argument, if the reasoning be close, strong, and easily apprehended; if there be an elegant simplicity, purity, and propriety of words, and a just order and connection of the parts, mutually supporting and enlightening one another, there will be all the perfection which the style can demand.

I may safely conclude, that no man will expect that, in this poem, I should borrow any embellishments from the exploded and obsolete theology of the ancient idolaters of Greece or Rome; that I should address any rapturous invocations to their idle deities, or adorn the style with allusions to their fabulous actions. I have more than once publicly declared my opinion, that a Christian poet cannot but appear monstrous and ridiculous in a Pagan dress, that though it should be granted, that the Heathen religion might be allowed a place in light and loose songs, mock heroic, and the lower lyric compositions; yet, in Christian poems of the sublime and greater kind, the mixture of the Pagan theology must, by all who are masters of reflection and good sense, be condemned, if not as impious, at least as impertinent and absurd. And this is a truth so clear and evident, that I make no doubt it will, by degrees, force its way, and prevail over the contrary practice. Should Britons recover their virtue, and reform their taste, they would no more bear the Heathen religion in verse, than in prose. Christian poets, as well as Christian preachers, the business of both being to instruct the people, though the last only are wholly appropriated to it, should endeavour to confirm and spread their own true religion. If a divine should begin his sermon with a solemn prayer to Bacchus, or Apollo, to Mars, or Venus, what would the people think of their preacher? And is it not as really, though not equally, absurd, for a poet, in a great and serious poem, wherein he celebrates some wonderful and happy event of Divine Providence, or magnifies the illustrious instrument that was honoured to bring the event about, to address his prayer to false deities, and cry for help to the abominations of the Heathen?

The design of this poem is to demonstrate the self-existence of an Eternal Mind from the created and dependent existence of the universe, and to confute the hypothesis of the Epicureans and the Fatalists, under whom all the patrons of impiety, ancient or modern, of whatsoever denomination, may be ranged. The first of whom affirm the world was in time caused by chance; and the other, that it existed from eternity without a cause. It is true, as before mentioned, both these acknowledged the existence of gods; but, by their absurd and ridiculous description of them, it is plain they had nothing else in view, but to avoid the obnoxious character of atheistical philosophers.

This likewise has been often objected to the deists of the present times, that at least a great part of them only conceal their notions under that name, while they are really to be numbered among the atheists. I have before expressed my reasons, why I cannot embrace this opinion. It is true, indeed, that most of the deists maintain a particular friendship with the atheists, are pleased with their loose and impious conversation, and appear very tender of their credit and esteem. They are charitable in crying up their shining qualities, and in concealing, excusing, or lessening, their immoral actions; while, at the same time, they show an affectation in exposing the faults and follies of the Christians, especially those who are the most strict and regular in their manners, and appear to be most in earnest. It is likewise remarkable, that these gentlemen express no zeal for the extirpation of irreligious principles: they have never, as far as I know, written any thing against them; nor are they pleased in company to declare their detestation of such impious maxims, or to produce arguments to confute them; while, at the same time, they take great pains, and show a warm zeal, to weaken the belief of the Christian religion, and to expose the pretended errours of its different professors, which seems, indeed, strange, since he that owns a God and his providence, should in reason look upon those who believe neither to be infinitely more opposite to him, than those who agree with him in the belief of a God, and differ only in the point of revealed religion.

Besides, it is observable, that the present deists have not drawn and published any scheme of religion, or catalogues of the duties they are obliged to perform, or whence such obligations arise.

They do not tell us, that they look on man as an accountable creature; nor, if they do, for what, and to whom, or when, that account is to be made, and what rewards and punishments will attend it. I do not affirm they have no such scheme in their thoughts; but, since they will not let us know their creed, and in the mean time deride and triumph over that of the Christians, I cannot defend them from those who say they are justly to be suspected.

And that the deist may clear himself from the suspicion of being an atheist, or at least a friend and favourer of their principles, I could wish he would in public assert and demonstrate the being of a God and his providence, and declare his abhorrence of the principles of those who disbelieve them.

It would likewise give great satisfaction, and remove the objections of those that charge them with direct irreligion, if they would please to give some account of their belief: Whether they look upon God as one who governs mankind by laws to be discovered by the light of reason, which restrain our inclinations and determine our duty; that they would tell us what those laws are, and what sanctions do enforce them; and until this be done, they cannot well discharge themselves from the suspicion before-mentioned.

And here I would address myself to the irreligious gentlemen of the age: and I desire them not to take up prejudices against the existence of a God, and run away with impious maxims, until they have exercised their consideration, and made an impartial inquiry into the grounds and reasons that support the belief of a Divine Eternal Being. In order to such a reasonable examination, it is but just and decent they should be in earnest, and hear the arguments we offer with temper and patience; that they should inure themselves to think, and weigh the force of those arguments, as becomes sincere inquirers after truth. The being of a God, and the duties that result from that principle, are subjects of the greatest excellence and dignity in themselves, and of the greatest concern and importance to mankind; and, therefore, should never be treated in mirth and ridicule. Generals of armies and counsellors of state, senators, and judges, in the great and weighty affairs that come before them, do not put on the air of jesters and buffoons, and, instead of grave and solemn debates, aim at nothing but sallies of wit, and treat their subjects and one another only with raillery and derision; yet the business proposed to the consideration of the persons I speak to is, in every respect, infinitely superior to any of theirs before-mentioned.

Are they sure there is no God, and therefore no religion? If they are not, what a terrible risk do they run! If their reasons amount only to a probability, the contrary opinion may be true, and that *may be* is enough to give them the most frightful apprehensions, and disturb them amidst all the pleasures they enjoy. But if they say they are assured, and past doubt, there is no God; let them consider, confidence in an opinion is not always the effect of certainty and demonstration. Their predecessors, the atheists of former ages, were as certain, that is, as confident, they reasoned right, as they can be. They cannot pretend to clearer light, and greater assurance of the truth of their maxims, than Epicurus and Lucretius did; or insult their adversaries with greater contempt, than those have done: yet these men themselves, at least many of them, allow those philosophers were grossly mistaken, and will by no means trust to the Epicurean scheme, as the foundation of their opinions. If these great masters, notwithstanding their unexampled confidence, have been mistaken, why may not their successors be so?

If they set up Aristotle's scheme, and think they secure their principles by making the world to be eternal, and all effects and events the result of such a fatal necessity, and an indissoluble concatenation of causes, as render it impossible, that things that are should not be, or that they should be otherwise than they are; let them consider, that the greatest assertors of impiety, I mean Democritus, Leucippus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, opposed this as an idle and incoherent system; and that indeed it is so, shall be after demonstrated: and should not this shake their confidence, that all their friends in the Epicurean schools, who were sufficiently delivered from the prejudices of education and superstitious impressions, could not see the least probability in the scheme of the fatalists, on which these gentlemen are pleased to rely in a matter of the highest importance?

Will they confide in Mr. Hobbes? Has that philosopher said any thing new? Does he bring any stronger forces into the field than the Epicureans did before him? Will they derive their certainty from Spinosa? Can such an obscure, perplexed, unintelligible author, create such certainty as leaves no doubt or distrust? If he is indeed to be understood, what does he allege more than the ancient fatalists have done, that should amount to demonstration?

Besides, if, as they pretend, they are established, beyond possibility of deception, in the truth of their maxims, why are they so very fond of those authors that set up any new doctrine? And why do they embrace, with so much pleasure, their new schemes of irreligion? They are very glad

to hear of any great genius, that can invent fresh arguments to strengthen their opinions; and does not this betray a secret diffidence, that demands further light and confirmation?

But further: since these gentlemen show so much industry in propagating their opinions, and are so fond of making proselytes to atheism; since they effect a zeal in countenancing, applauding, and preferring, those whom they have delivered from religious prejudices, and reformed and refined with their free, large, and generous principles; how comes it pass, that they neglect to inform and improve their nearest relations? Are they careful to instruct their wives and daughters, that they need not revere the imaginary phantom of a God; that religion is the creature of a timorous and superstitious mind, or of crafty priests, and cunning politicians; that therefore they are free from all restraints of virtue and conscience, and may prostitute their persons in the most licentious manner, without any remorse, or uneasy reflection; that it is idle to fear any Divine punishment hereafter; and as to the shame and dishonour that may attend the liberties they take, in case they become public, that scandal proceeds from the gross mistakes of people perverted with religion, and misguided by a belief of a Divine Being, and of rewards and punishments in an imaginary life after this?

Do they take pains to inform their eldest sons, that they owe them no gratitude or obedience; that they may use an uncontrolled freedom in indulging all their appetites, passions, and inclinations; that, if they are willing to possess their father's honour and estate, they may, by poison or the poniard, take away his life; and, if they are careful to avoid the punishment of the magistrate, by their secret conduct, they may be fully satisfied of the innocence of the action; and as they have done themselves much good, so they have done their father no injury, and therefore may enjoy in perfect tranquillity the fruits of their parricide? Whatever they may affirm among their loose friends, I cannot conceive they can be guilty of so much folly, as to propagate these opinions in their own families, and instruct their wives and children in the boundless liberties, which, by the principles of atheism, are their undoubted right; for in all actions, where religion does not interpose and restrain us, we are perfectly, as has been said, free to act as we think best for our profit and pleasure.

Besides, to what a deplorable condition would mankind be reduced, should these opinions be universally embraced! If so many kings and potentates, who yet profess their belief of a God, and of rewards and punishments in a life to come, do, notwithstanding, from boundless ambition and a cruel temper, oppress their subjects at home, and ravage and destroy their neighbours abroad, should think themselves free from all Divine obligations, and therefore, too, from the restraints of oaths and solemn contracts: these fences and securities removed, what a deluge of calamities would break in upon the world! what oppression, what violence, what rapine, what devastation, would finish the ruin of human nature! For, if mighty princes are satisfied that it is impossible for them to do any wrong, what bounds are left to insatiable avarice and exorbitant thirst of power! If monarchs may, without the least guilt, violate their treaties, break their vows, betray their friends, and sacrifice their truth and honour, at pleasure, to their passions, or their interest, what trust, what confidence, could be supported between neighbour potentates! and, without this, what confusion and distraction must of necessity ensue!

On the other hand, if subjects were universally atheists, and looked on themselves as under no Divine obligation to pay any duty or obedience to the supreme magistrate; if they believed, that, when they took their oaths of allegiance, they swore by nothing, and invocated a power not in being; that, therefore, those oaths oblige them no longer than they think it safe, and for their interest, to break them; should such principles obtain, would not the thrones of princes be most precarious? Would not ambition, revenge, resentment, or interest, continually excite some or other to betray or assault the lives of their sovereigns? And why should they be blamed by the atheists for doing it? Why are traitors, assassins, haters of their princes, and enemies to their country, branded with the odious names of ruffians and villains, if they lie under no obligations to act otherwise than they do?

Should conspirators, who assassinate their lawful sovereign, have the good fortune to make their escape, I ask the atheist, if he has, in the least, an ill opinion of them for being engaged in such an execrable undertaking? If he says he has not, then the point is gained, and an atheist is what I have represented. If he says he has, I next ask him, Why? Let him tell me in what their guilt consists? Is it in the breach of any Divine law? That cannot be, for he owns none. Is it the transgression of any human law? Tell me what obligation he is under to obey any human law, if no Divine law enforces such obedience. Does their guilt consist in the breach of their duty to their prince and their oaths of allegiance? Still the same question recurs, What duty can a subject owe to a prince which

Divine laws do not constitute and determine? And how can an oath of allegiance bind but by virtue of some Divine command, that obliges us not to violate our vows?

By this it appears, that an atheist must be the worst of subjects; that his principles subvert the thrones of princes, and undermine the foundations of government and society, on which the happiness of mankind so much depends; and therefore it is not possible to conceive how there can be a greater disturber of the public peace, or a greater enemy to his prince and country, than a professed atheist, who propagates with zeal his destructive opinions.

I have proved, in the following poem, that no hypothesis hitherto invented in favour of impiety has the least strength or solidity, no, not the least appearance of truth, to recommend it. A man must be deserted of Heaven, and inflexibly hardened, that cannot, or rather will not, see the unreasonableness of irreligious principles. I demand only a candid temper in the reader, and a mind pleased with truth, and delivered from the prejudices of atheistical conversation.

A SUMMARY ACCOUNT OF THE FOLLOWING

POEM,

AND OF WHAT IS CONTAINED IN EACH BOOK.

The design of this work is to demonstrate the existence of a Divine Eternal Mind.

The arguments used for this end are taken from the various marks of wisdom and artful contrivance, which are evident to observation in the several parts of the material world, and the faculties of the human soul.

The first book contains the proof of a Deity, from the instances of design and choice, which occur in the structure and qualities of the earth and sea.

The second pursues the proof of the same proposition, THERE IS A GOD, from the celestial motions, and more fully from the appearances in the solar system, and the air.

In the third, the objections which are brought by atheistical philosophers against the hypothesis established in the two preceding books are answered.

In the fourth, is laid down the hypothesis of the Atomists or Epicureans, and other irreligious philosophers, and confuted.

In the fifth, the doctrine of the Fatalists, or Aristotelians, who make the world to be eternal, is considered and subverted

In the sixth, the argument of the two first books is resumed, and the existence of God demonstrated from the prudence and art discovered in the several parts of the body of man.

In the seventh, the same demonstration is carried on from the contemplation of the instincts in brute animals, and the faculties and operations of the soul of man. The book concludes with a recapitulation of what has been treated of, and a hymn to the Creator of the World.

POEMS

OF

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

CREATION;

A PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

IN SEVEN BOOKS.

Principio cœlum, ac terras camposque liquentes,
Lucentemque globum Lunæ, Titaniaque astra
Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet.
Inde hominum, pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus.
Virg.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE proposition. The invocation. The existence of a God demonstrated, from the marks of wisdom, choice, and art, which appear in the visible world, and infer an intelligent and free cause. This evinced from the contemplation, I. Of the Earth. 1. Its situation. 2. The cohesion of its parts, not to be solved by any hypothesis yet produced. 3. Its stability. 4. Its structure, or the order of its parts. 5. Its motion diurnal and annual, or else the motion of the Sun in both those respects. The cause of these motions not yet accounted for by any philosopher. 6. Its outside or face; the beauties and conveniences of it; its mountains, lakes, and rivers. II. The existence of a God proved from the marks and impressions of prudence and design, which appear in the sea. 1. In its formation. 2. The proportion of its parts in respect of the earthy. 3. Its situation. 4. The contexture of its parts. 5. Its brackish or briny quality. 6. Its flux and reflux.

No more of courts, of triumphs, or of arms,
No more of valour's force, or Beauty's charms;
The themes of vulgar lays, with just disdain,
I leave unsung, the flocks, the amorous swain,
The pleasures of the land, and terrours of the main.
How abject, how inglorious, 'tis to lie
Grovelling in dust and darkness, when on high
Empires immense, and rolling worlds of light,
To range their heavenly scenes, the Muse invite!
I meditate to soar above the skies,
To heights unknown, through ways untry'd to rise:
I would th' Eternal from his works assert,
And sing the wonders of creating Art.
While I this unexampled task essay,
Pass awful gulphs, and beat my painful way;
Celestial Dove! divine assistance bring,
Sustain me on thy strong-extended wing,
That I may reach th' Almighty's sacred throne,
And make his causeless power, the cause of all things, known.
Thou dost the full extent of nature see,
And the wide realms of vast immensity:
Eternal Wisdom thou dost comprehend,
Rise to her heights, and to her depths descend:
The Father's secret counsels thou canst tell,
Who in his bosom didst for ever dwell.
Thou on the deep's dark face, immortal Dove!
Thou with almighty energy didst move
On the wild waves, incumbent didst display
Thy genial wings, and hatch primeval day.
Order from thee, from thee distinction came,
And all the beauties of the wondrous frame.
Hence stampt on Nature we perfection find,
Fair as th' idea in the Eternal Mind.
See, through this vast extended theatre
Of skill divine, what shining marks appear!
Creating power is all around exprest,
The God discover'd, and his cause confest.
Nature's high birth her heavenly beauties show;
By every feature we the parent know.
Th' expanded spheres, amazing to the sight!
Magnificent with stars and globes of light,
The glorious orbs, which Heaven's bright host compose,
Th' imprison'd sea, that restless ebbs and flows,
The fluctuating fields of liquid air,
With all the curious meteors hovering there,
And the wide regions of the land, proclaim
The Power Divine, that rais'd the mighty frame.
What things soe'er are to an end referr'd,
And in their motions still that end regard,
Always the fitness of the means respect,
These as conducive choose, and those reject,
Must by a judgment, foreign and unknown,
Be guided to their end, or by their own;
For to design an end, and to pursue
That end by means, and have it still in view,

Demands a conscious, wise, reflecting cause,
Which freely moves, and acts by reason's laws;
That can deliberate, means elect, and find
Their due connection with the end design'd.
And since the world's wide frame does not include
A cause with such capacities endued;
Some other cause o'er Nature must preside,
Which gave her birth, and does her motions guide.
And here behold the cause, which God we name,
The source of beings, and the mind supreme;
Whose perfect wisdom, and whose prudent care,
With one confederate voice unnumber'd worlds
declare.

See, how the Earth has gain'd that very place,
Which, of all others in the boundless space,
Is most convenient, and will best conduce
To the wise ends requir'd for Nature's use.
You, who the Mind and Cause Supreme deny,
Nor on his aid to form the world rely,
Must grant, had perfect wisdom been employ'd
To find, through all the interminable void,
A seat most proper, and which best became
The earth and sea, it must have been the same.

Now who can this surprising fact conceive,
Who this event fortuitous believe,
That the brute Earth, unguided, should embrace
The only useful, only proper place,
Of all the millions in the empty space?

Could stupid atoms, with impetuous speed,
By different roads and adverse ways proceed;
From regions opposite begin their flight,
That here they might rencounter, here unite?
What charms could these terrestrial vagrants see
In this one point of all immensity,
That all th' enamour'd troops should thither flow?
Did they its useful situation know?
And when the squadrons, with a swift career,
Had reach'd that point why did they settle there,
When nothing check'd their flight but gulphs of air;
Since Epicurus and his scholars say,
That unobstructed matter flies away,
Ranges the void, and knows not where to stay?
If you, sagacious sons of Art, pretend
That by their native force they did descend,
And ceas'd to move, when they had gain'd their
end;
That native force till you enlighten'd know,
Can its mysterious spring disclose, and show
How 'tis exerted, how it does impel,
Your uninstructive words no doubts dispel.
We ask you, whence does motive vigour flow?
You say, the nature of the thing is so.
But how does this relieve th' inquirer's pain?
Or how the dark impulsive power explain?

The atomists, who skill mechanic teach,
Who boast their clearer sight, and deeper reach,
Assert their atoms took that happy seat,
Determin'd thither by their inbred weight;
That downward thro' the spacious void they strove
To that one point, from all the parts above.
Grant this position true, though up and down
Are to a space not limited unknown;
But since they say our Earth, from morn to morn,
On its own axis is oblig'd to turn;
That swift rotation must disperse in air
All things, which on the rapid orb appear:
And if no power that motion should control,
It must disjoint and dissipate the whole.
'Tis by experience uncontested found,
Bodies orbicular, when whirling round,
Still shake off all things on their surface plac'd,
And to a distance from the centre cast.

If ponderous atoms are so much in love
With this one point, that all will thither move,
Give them the situation they desire;
But let us then, ye sages, next inquire,
What cause of their cohesion can you find?
What props support, what chains the fabric bind?
Why do not beasts that move, or stones that lie
Loose on the field, through distant regions fly?
Or why do fragments, from a mountain rent,
Tend to the Earth with such a swift descent?

Those who ascribe this one determin'd course
Of ponderous things to gravitating force,
Refer us to a quality occult,
To senseless words, for which, while they insult,
With just contempt, the famous Stagyrite,
Their schools should bless the world with clearer
light.
Some, the round Earth's cohesion to secure,
For that hard task employ magnetic power.
"Remark," say they, "the globe; with wonder
own
Its nature, like the fam'd attractive stone.
This has its axis," so th' observer tells,
"Meridians, poles, equator, parallels.
To the terrestrial poles, by constant fate,
Th' obsequious poles themselves accommodate,
And, when of this position dispossest,
They move, and strive, nor ever will they rest,
Till their lov'd situation they regain,
Where pleas'd they settle, and unmov'd remain.
And should you, so experience does decide,
Into small parts the wondrous stone divide,
Ten thousand of minutest size express
The same propension, which the large possess.
Hence all the globe," 'tis said, "we may conclude,
With this prevailing energy endued:
That this attractive, this surprising stone,
Has no peculiar virtue of its own;
Nothing but what is common to the whole,
To sides, to axis, and to either pole.

"The mighty magnet from the centre darts
This strong, though subtle force, through all the
parts;
Its active rays, ejaculated thence,
Irradiate all the wide circumference.
While every part is in proportion blest,
And of its due attractive power possest;
While adverse ways the adverse atoms draw,
With the same strength, by Nature's constant law
Balanc'd and fixt; they can no longer move;
Through gulphs immense no more unguided rove.
If cords are pull'd two adverse ways, we find
The more we draw them, they the faster bind.
So when with equal vigour Nature strains
This way and that these fine mechanic chains,
They fix the Earth, they part to part unite,
Preserve their structure, and prevent their flight.
Pressure, they say, and weight, we must disown,
As things occult, by no ideas known,
And on the Earth's magnetic power depend
To fix its seat, its union to defend."

Let us this fam'd hypothesis survey,
And with attentive thought remark the way,
How Earth's attractive parts their force display.
"The mass," 'tis said, "from its wide bosom pours
Torrents of atoms, and eternal showers
Of fine magnetic darts, of matter made
So subtle, marble they with ease pervade:

Refin'd, and (next to incorporeal) thin,
Not by Ausonian glasses to be seen.
These emanations take their constant flight
Swift from the Earth, as from the Sun the light;
To a determin'd distance they ascend,
And there inflect their course, and downward tend."
What can insult unequal reason more,
Than this magnetic, this mysterious power?
That cords and chains, beyond conception small,
Should gird and bind so fast this mighty ball!
That active rays should spring from every part,
And, though so subtle, should such force exert!
That the light legions should be sent abroad,
Range all the air, and traverse every road!
To stated limits should excursions make,
Then backward of themselves their journey take;
Should in their way to solid bodies cling,
And home to Earth the captive matter bring;
Where all things on its surface spread are bound,
By their coercive vigour, to the ground!
Can this be done without a Guide Divine?
Should we to this hypothesis incline,
Say, does not here conspicuous wisdom shine?
Who can enough magnetic force admire?
Does it not counsel and design require
To give the Earth this wondrous energy,
In such a measure, such a just degree,
That it should still perform its destin'd task,
As Nature's ends and various uses ask?
For, should our globe have had a greater share
Of this strong force, by which the parts cohere,
Things had been bound by such a powerful chain,
That all would fix'd and motionless remain;
All men, like statues, on the Earth would stand,
Nor would they move the foot, or stretch the hand;
Birds would not range the skies, nor beasts the woods,
Nor could the fish divide the stiffen'd floods.
Again, had this strange energy been less,
Defect had been as fatal as excess.
For want of cement strong enough to bind
The structure fast, huge ribs of rock, disjoin'd
Without an earthquake, from their base would start,
And hills, unhing'd from their deep roots, depart.
And, while our orb perform'd its daily race,
All beings, found upon its ample face,
Would, by that motion dissipated, fly
Whirl'd from the globe, and scatter through the sky:
They must, obedient to mechanic laws,
Assemble where the stronger magnet draws;
Whether the Sun that stronger magnet proves,
Or else some planet's orb that nearer moves.
Who can unfold the cause that does recal
Magnetic rays, and make them backward fall?
If these effluvia, which do upward tend,
Because less heavy than the air, ascend;
Why do they ever from their height retreat,
And why return to seek their central seat?
From the same cause, ye sons of Art, declare,
Can they by turns descend, and rise in air?
Prodigious 'tis, that one attractive ray
Should this way bend, the next an adverse way;
For, should th' unseen magnetic jets descend
All the same way, they could not gain their end;
They could not draw and bind the fabric fast,
Unless alike they every part embrac'd.
How does Cartesius all his sinews strain,
How much he labours, and how much in vain,
The Earth's attractive vigour to explain!
This bold contriver thus his thoughts conveys:
"Incessant streams of thin magnetic rays
Gush from their fountains with impetuous force,
In either pole, then take an adverse course:
Those from the southern pole the northern seek;
The southern those that from the northern break:
In either pole these rays emitted meet
Small pores provided, for their figures fit;
Still to and fro they circulating pass,
Hold all the frame, and firmly bind the mass."
Thus he the parts of Earth from flight restrains,
And girds it fast by fine imagin'd chains"
But oh! how dark is human reason found!
How vain the man with wit and learning crown'd!
How feeble all his strength, when he essays
To trace dark Nature, and detect her ways!
Unless he calls its Author to his aid,
Who every secret spring of motion laid,
Who over all his wondrous works presides,
And to their useful ends their causes guides!
These paths in vain are by inquirers trod;
There's no philosophy without a God.
Admir'd Cartesius, let the curious know,
If your magnetic atoms always flow
From pole to pole, what form'd their double source,
What spurr'd, what gave them their inflected course?
Tell, what could drill and perforate the poles,
And to th' attractive rays adapt their holes?
A race so long what prompts them to pursue?
Have the blind troops th' important end in view?
How are they sure they in the poles shall meet
Pores of a figure to their figure fit?
Are they with such sagacity endued
To know, if this their journey be pursued,
They shall the Earth's constructure closely bind,
And to the centre keep the parts confin'd?
Let us review this whole magnetic scheme,
Till wiser heads a wiser model frame.
For its formation lot fit atoms start,
To one determin'd point, from every part.
Encountering there from regions opposite,
They clash, and interrupt each other's flight;
And, rendezvousing with an adverse course,
Produce an equal poise, by equal force:
For while the parts by laws magnetic act,
And are at once attracted, and attract;
While match'd in strength, they keep the doubtful field,
And neither overcome, and neither yield,
To happy purpose they their vigour spend;
For these contentions in the balance end,
Which must in liquid air the globe suspend.
Besides materials, which are brute and blind,
Did not this work require a knowing mind,
Who for the task should fit detachments choose
From all the atoms, which their host diffuse
Through the wide regions of the boundless space,
And for their rendezvous appoint the place?
Who should command, by his almighty nod,
These chosen troops, unconscious of the road,
And unacquainted with th' appointed end,
Their marches to begin, and thither tend;
Direct them all to take the nearest way,
Whence none of all th' unnumber'd millions stray;
Make them advance with such an equal pace,
From all the adverse regions of the space,
That they at once should reach the destin'd place
Should muster there, and round the centre swarm
And draw together in a glorious form?

Grant, that by mutual opposition made
Of adverse parts, their mutual flight is staid;
That thus the whole is in a balance laid;
Does it not all mechanic heads confound,
That troops of atoms, from all parts around,
Of equal number, and of equal force,
Should to this single point direct their course;
That so the counter-pressure every way,
Of equal vigour, might their motions stay,
And, by a steady poise, the whole in quiet lay?

Besides, the structure of the Earth regard:
For firmness, how is all its frame prepar'd!
With what amazing skill is the vast building rear'd!
Metals and veins of solid stone are found
The chief materials which the globe compound.
See, how the hills, which high in air ascend,
From pole to pole their lofty lines extend!

These strong unshaken mounds resist the shocks
Of tides and seas tempestuous, while the rocks,
That secret in a long continued vein
Pass through the Earth, the ponderous pile sustain:
These mighty girders, which the fabric bind,
These ribs robust and vast, in order join'd;
These subterranean walls, dispos'd with art,
Such strength, and such stability, impart,
That storms above, and earthquakes under ground,
Break not the pillars, nor the work confound.

Give to the Earth a form orbicular,
Let it be pois'd, and hung in ambient air;
Give it the situation to the Sun
Such as is only fit; when this is done,
Suppose it still remain'd a lazy heap;
From what we grant, you no advantage reap.
You either must the Earth from rest disturb,
Or roll around the Heavens the solar orb.
Else, what a dreadful face will Nature wear!
How horrid will these lonesome seats appear!
This ne'er would see one kind refreshing ray;
That would be ruin'd, but a different way,
Condemn'd to light, and curs'd with endless day:
A cold Icelandian desert one would grow;
One, like Sicilian furnaces, would glow.
That Nature may this fatal errour shun,
Move, which will please you best, the Earth or Sun.
But, say, from what great builder's magazines
You'll engines fetch, what strong, what vast machines,
Will you employ to give this motion birth,
And whirl so swiftly round the Sun or Earth?
Yet, learned heads, by what mechanic laws
Will you of either orb this motion cause?
Why do they move? why in a circle? why
With such a measure of velocity?
Say, why the Earth—if not the Earth, the Sun,
Does through his winding road the zodiac run?
Why do revolving orbs their tracks sublime
So constant keep, that since the birth of Time,
They never vary'd their accustom'd place,
Nor lost a minute in so long a race?
But hold! perhaps I rudely press too far;
You are not vers'd in reasoning so severe.
To a first question your reply's at hand;
Ask but a second, and you speechless stand.
You swim at top, and on the surface strive,
But to the depths of Nature never dive:
For if you did, instructed you'd explore
Divine contrivance, and a God adore.
Yet sons of Art one curious piece devise,
From whose constructure motions shall arise,
Machines, to all philosophers, 'tis known
Move by a foreign impulse, not their own.
Then let Gassendus choose what frame he please,
By which to turn the heavenly orbs with ease;
Those orbs must rest, till by th' exerted force
Of some first mover they begin their course:
Mere disposition, mere mechanic art,
Can never motion to the globes impart;
And, if they could, the marks of wise design,
In that contrivance, would conspicuous shine.
These questions still recur: we still demand,
What moves them first, and puts them off at hand?
What makes them this one way their race direct,
While they a thousand other ways reject?
Why do they never once their course inflect?
Why do they roll with such an equal pace,
And to a moment still perform their race?
Why Earth or Sun diurnal stages keep?
In spiral tracks why through the zodiac creep?
Who can account for this unless they say,
"These orbs th' Eternal Mind's command obey,
Who bade them move, did all their motions guide,
To each its destin'd province did divide;
Which to complete, he gave them motive power,
That shall, as long as he does will, endure?"

Thus we the frame of Nature have exprest;
Now view the Earth in finish'd beauty drest;
The various scenes, which various charms display,
Through all th' extended theatre survey.

See how sublime th' uplifted mountains rise,
And, with their pointed heads, invade the skies!
How the high cliffs their craggy arms extend,
Distinguish states, and sever'd realms defend!
How ambient shores confine the restless deep,
And in their ancient bounds the billows keep!
The hollow vales their smiling pride unfold;
What rich abundance do their bosoms hold!
Regard their lovely verdure, ravish'd view
The party-colour'd flowers of various hue.
Not eastern monarchs, on their nuptial day,
In dazzling gold and purple, shine so gay
As the bright natives of th' unlabour'd field,
Unvers'd in spinning, and in looms unskill'd.
See, how the ripening fruits the gardens crown,
Imbibe the Sun, and make his light their own!
See the sweet brooks in silver mazes creep,
Enrich the meadows, and supply the deep;
While from their weeping urns the fountains flow,
And vital moisture, where they pass, bestow!
Admire the narrow stream, and spreading lake,
The proud aspiring grove, and humble brake:
How do the forests and the woods delight!
How the sweet glades and openings charm the sight!
Observe the pleasant lawn and airy plain,
The fertile furrows, rich with various grain;
How useful all! how all conspire to grace
Th' extended Earth, and beautify her face!

Now, see, with how much art the parts are made;
With how much wisdom are the strata laid,
Of different weight, and of a different kind,
Of sundry forms, for sundry ends design'd!
Here in their beds the finish'd minerals rest,
There the rich wombs the seeds of gold digest.
Here in fit moulds, to Indian nations known,
Are cast the several kinds of precious stone;
The diamond here, by mighty monarchs worn,
Fair as the star that beautifies the morn;
And, splendid by the Sun's embody'd ray,
The rubies there their crimson light display;

There marble's various colour'd veins are spread;
Here of bitumen unctuous stores are bred.
What skill on all its surface is bestow'd,
To make the Earth for man a fit abode!
The upper moulds, with active spirits stor'd,
And rich in verdant progeny, afford
The flowery pasture, and the shady wood,
To men their physic, and to beasts their food.
Proceed yet farther, and a prospect take
Of the swift stream, and of the standing lake.
Had not the deep been form'd, that might contain,
All the collected treasures of the main,
The Earth had still o'erwhelm'd with water stood,
To man an uninhabitable flood.
Yet had not part as kindly staid behind,
In the wide cisterns of the lakes confin'd;
Did not the springs and rivers drench the land,
Our globe would grow a wilderness of sand;
The plants and groves, the tame and savage beast,
And man, their lord, would die with drought oppress.
Now, as you see, the floating element,
Part loose in streams, part in the ocean pent,
So wisely is dispos'd, as may conduce
To man's delight, or necessary use.
See how the mountains in the midst divide
The noblest regions, that from either side
The streams, which to the hills their currents owe,
May every way along the valley flow,
And verdant wealth on all the soil bestow!
So Atlas, and the mountains of the Moon,
From north to south, in lofty ridges run
Through Afric realms, whence falling waters lave
The inferior regions with a winding wave.
They various rivers give to various soil,
Niger to Guinea, and to Egypt Nile.
So from the towering Alps, on different sides,
Dissolving snows descend in numerous tides,
Which in the vale beneath their parties join
To form the Rhone, the Danube, and the Rhine.
So Caucasus, aspiring Taurus so,
And fam'd Imaüs, ever white with snow,
Through Eastern climes their lofty lines extend,
And this and that way ample currents send.
A thousand rivers make their crooked way,
And disembogue their floods into the sea;
Whence should they ne'er by secret roads retire,
And to the hills, from whence they came, aspire;
They by their constant streams would so increase
The watery stores, and raise so high the seas,
That the wide hollow would not long contain
Th' unequal treasures of the swelling main;
Scorning the mounds which now its tide withstand,
The sea would pass the shores, and drown the land.
Tell, by what paths, what subterranean ways,
Back to the fountain's head the sea conveys
The refluent rivers, and the land repays?
Tell, what superiour, what controlling cause,
Makes waters, in contempt of Nature's laws,
Climb up, and gain th' aspiring mountain's height,
Swift and forgetful of their native weight?
What happy works, what engines under ground,
What instruments of curious art are found,
Which must with everlasting labour play,
Back to their springs the rivers to convey,
And keep their correspondence with the sea?
Perhaps you'll say, "their streams the rivers owe,
In part, to rain, in part, to melting snow;
And that th' attracted watery vapours rise
From lakes and seas, and fill the lower skies:
These, when condens'd, the airy region pours
On the dry Earth in rain, or gentle showers;
Th' insinuating drops sink through the sand,
And pass the porous strainers of the land;
Which fresh supplies of watery riches bring
To every river's head, to each exhausted spring;
The streams are thus, their losses to repair,
Back to their source transmitted to the air;
The waters still their circling course maintain,
Flow down in rivers, and return in rain;
And on the soil with heat immoderate dry'd,
To which the rain's pure treasures are deny'd,
The mountains more sublime in ether rise,
Transfix the clouds, and tower amidst the skies;
The snowy fleeces, which their heads involve,
Still stay in part, and still in part dissolve;
Torrents and loud impetuous cataracts,
Through roads abrupt, and rude unfashion'd tracts,
Roll down the lofty mountain's channell'd sides,
And to the vale convey their foaming tides;
At length, to make their various currents one,
The congregated floods together run;
These confluent streams make some great river's head;
By stores still melting and descending fed;
Thus, from th' aspiring mountains of the Moon,
Dissolving treasures rush in torrents down,
Which pass the sun-burnt realms and sandy soil,
And bless th' Egyptian nation with their Nile;
Then whosoe'er his secret rise would know,
Must climb the hills, and trace his head in snow;
And through the Rhine, the Danube, and the Rhone,
All ample rivers of our milder zone,
While they advance along the flats and plains,
Spread by the showers augmented, and the rains;
Yet these their source and first beginning owe
To stores, that from the Alpine mountains flow;
Hence, when the snows in winter cease to weep,
And undissolv'd their flaky texture keep,
The banks with ease their humble streams contain,
Which swell in summer, and those banks disdain."
Be this account allow'd, say, do not here
Th' impressions of consummate art appear!
In every spacious realm a rising ground,
Observers tell, is in the middle found;
That all the streams, which flow from either side,
May through the valleys unobstructed glide.
What various kingdoms does the Danube lave,
Before the Euxine sea receives its wave!
How many nations of the sun-burnt soil
Fam'd Niger bless! how many drink the Nile!
Through what vast regions near the rising Sun
Does Indus, Ganges, and Hydaspes, run!
What happy empires, wide Euphrates, teem,
And pregnant grow by thy prolific stream!
How many spacious countries does the Rhine,
In winding banks, and mazes serpentine,
Traverse, before he splits in Belgia's plain,
And, lost in sand, creeps to the German main!
Floods which through Indian realms their course pursue,
That Mexico enrich, and wash Peru,
With their unwearied streams yet farther pass,
Before they reach the sea, and end their race,
And since the rivers and the floods demand,
For their descent, a prone and sinking land,
Does not this due declivity declare
A wise Director's providential care?
See, how the streams advancing to the main,
Through crooked channels, draw their crystal train
While lingering thus they in meanders glide,
They scatter verdant life on either side.

The valleys smile, and with their flowery face,
And wealthy births, confess the flood's embrace.
But this great blessing would in part be lost,
Nor would the meads their blooming plenty boast,
Did uncheck'd rivers draw their fluid train
In lines direct, and rapid seek the main.
The sea does next demand our view; and there
No less the marks of perfect skill appear.
When first the atoms to the congress came,
And by their concourse form'd the mighty frame,
What did the liquid to th' assembly call,
To give their aid to form the ponderous ball?
First, tell us, why did any come? next, why
In such a disproportion to the dry?
Why were the moist in number so outdone,
That to a thousand dry, they are but one?
When they united, and together clung,
When undistinguish'd in one heap they hung,
How was the union broke, the knot unty'd?
What did th' entangled elements divide?
Why did the moist disjoin'd, without respect
To their less weight, the lowest seat elect?
Could they dispense to lie below the land,
With Nature's law, and unrepeal'd command;
Which gives to lighter things the greatest height,
And seats inferior to superior weight?
Did they foresee, unless they lay so low,
The restless flood the land would overflow,
By which the delug'd Earth would useless grow?
What, but a conscious Agent, could provide
The spacious hollow, where the waves reside?
Where, barr'd with rock, and fenc'd with hills, the deep
Does in its womb the floating treasures keep;
And all the raging regiments restrain
In stated limits, that the swelling main
May not in triumph o'er the frontier ride,
And through the land licentious spread its tide?
What other cause the frame could so contrive,
That, when tempestuous winds the ocean drive,
They cannot break the tie, nor disunite
The waves, which roll connected in their flight?
Their bands, though slack, no dissolution fear,
Th' unsever'd parts the greatest pressure bear,
Though loose, and fit to flow, they still cohere.
This apt, this wise contexture of the sea,
Makes it the ships, driv'n by the winds, obey;
Whence hardy merchants sail from shore to shore,
Bring Indian spices home, and Guinea's ore.
When you with liquid stores have fill'd the deep,
What does the flood from putrefaction keep?
Should it lie stagnant in its ample seat,
The Sun would through it spread destructive heat.
The wise Contriver, on his end intent,
Careful this fatal errour to prevent,
And keep the waters from corruption free,
Mixt them with salt, and season'd all the sea.
What other cause could this effect produce?
The brackish tincture through the main diffuse?
You, who to solar beams this task assign,
To scald the waves, and turn the tide to brine,
Reflect, that all the fluid stores, which sleep
In the remotest caverns of the deep,
Have of the briny force a greater share
Than those above, that meet the ambient air.
Others, but oh! how much in vain! erect
Mountains of salt, the ocean to infect.
Who, vers'd in Nature, can describe the land,
Or fix the place on which those mountains stand?
Why have those rocks so long unwasted stood,
Since, lavish of their stock, they through the flood
Have, ages past, their melting crystal spread,
And with their spoils the liquid regions fed?
Yet more, the wise Contriver did provide,
To keep the sea from stagnating, the tide;
Which now we see advance, and now subside.
If you exclude this great Directing Mind,
Declare what cause of this effect you find.
You who this globe round its own axis drive,
From that rotation this event derive:
You say, "the sea, which with unequal pace
Attends the Earth in this its rapid race,
Does with its waves fall backward to the west,
And, thence repell'd, advances to the east:
While this revolving motion does endure,
The deep must reel, and rush from shore to shore:
Thus to the setting, and the rising Sun,
Alternate tides in stated order run."
Th' experiments you bring us, to explain
This notion, are impertinent and vain:
An orb or ball round its own axis whirl,
Will not the motion to a distance hurl,
Whatever dust or sand you on it place,
And drops of water from its convex face?
If this rotation does the seas affect,
The rapid motion rather would eject
The stores the low capacious caves contain,
And from its ample bason cast the main;
Aloft in air would make the ocean fly,
And dash its scatter'd waves against the sky.
If you, to solve th' appearance, have recourse
To the bright Sun's or Moon's impulsive force;
Do you, who call for demonstration, tell
How distant orbs th' obedient flood impel?
This strong mysterious influence explain,
By which, to swell the waves, they press the main.
But if you choose magnetic power, and say
"Those bodies by attraction move the sea;"
Till with new light you make this secret known,
And tell us how 'tis by attraction done,
You leave the mind in darkness still involv'd,
Nor have you, like philosophers, resolv'd
The doubts, which we to reasoning men refer,
But with a cant of words abuse the ear.
Those who assert the lunar orb presides
O'er humid bodies, and the ocean guides;
Whose waves obsequious ebb, or swelling run,
With the declining or increasing Moon;
With reason seem her empire to maintain,
As mistress of the rivers and the main.
Perhaps her active influences cause
Th' alternate flood, and give the billow laws;
The waters seem her orders to obey,
And ebb and flow, determin'd by her sway.
Grant that the deep this foreign sovereign owns,
That, mov'd by her, it this and that way runs.
Say, by what force she makes the ocean swell;
Does she attract the waters, or impel?
How does she rule the rolling waves, and guide,
By fixt and constant laws, the restless tide?
Why does she dart her force to that degree,
As gives so just a motion to the sea,
That it should flow no more, no more retire,
Than Nature's various useful ends require?
A Mind Supreme you therefore must approve,
Whose high command caus'd matter first to move;
Who still preserves its course, and, with respect
To his wise ends, all motions does direct.

He to the silver Moon this province gave,
And fixt her empire o'er the briny wave;
Endued her with such just degrees of power,
As might his aims and wise designs procure,
Might agitate and work the troubled deep,
And rolling waters from corruption keep,
But not impel them o'er their bounds of sand,
Nor force the wasteful deluge o'er the land.

CREATION.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The introduction. The numerous and important blessings of religion. The existence of a God demonstrated, from the wisdom and design which appear in the motions of the heavenly orbs; but more particularly in the solar system. I. In the situation of the Sun, and its due distance from the Earth. The fatal consequences of its having been placed otherwise than it is. II. In its diurnal motion, whence the change of day and night proceeds: then in its annual motion, whence arise the different degrees of heat and cold. The confinement of the Sun between the tropics, not to be accounted for by any philosophical hypothesis. The difficulties of the same, if the Earth moves, and the Sun rests. The spring of the Sun's motion, not to be explained by any irreligious philosophy. The contemplation of the solar light, and the uses made of it for the end proposed. The appearances in the solar systemn ot to be solved, but by asserting a God. The systems of Ptolemy, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, and Kepler, considered. The solar system described, and compared with the fixed stars, which are supposed centres of the like systems. Reflections on that comparison. The hypothesis of Epicurus, in relation to the motion of the Sun. Wisdom and design discovered in the air; in its useful structure, its elasticity, its various meteors; the wind, the rain, the thunder, and lightning. A short contemplation of the vegetable kind.

Carus, by hardy Epicurus taught,
From Greece to Rome his impious system brought;
Then war with Heaven he did insulting wage,
And breath'd against the gods immortal rage:
"See," he exclaims, "the source of all our woe!
Our fears and sufferings from religion flow."
We grant, a train of mischiefs oft proceeds
From superstitious rites and penal creeds;
But view Religion in her native charms,
Dispersing blessings with indulgent arms;
From her fair eyes what heavenly rays are spread!
What blooming joys smile round her blissful head!
Offspring divine! by thee we bless the Cause,
Who form'd the world, and rules it by his laws;
His independent being we adore,
Extol his goodness, and revere his power;
Our wondering eyes his high perfections view,
The lofty contemplation we pursue,
Till, ravish'd, we the great idea find,
Shining in bright impressions on our mind

Inspir'd by thee, guest of celestial race,
With generous love, we human-kind embrace;
We provocations unprovok'd receive,
Patient of wrong, and easy to forgive;
Protect the orphan, plead the widow's cause,
Nor deviate from the line unerring Justice draws.
Thy lustre, blest effulgence, can dispel
The clouds of errour, and the gloom of Hell;
Can to the soul impart ethereal light,
Give life divine, and intellectual sight:
Before our ravish'd eyes thy beams display
The opening scenes of bliss, and endless day;
By which incited, we with ardour rise,
Scorn this inferior ball, and claim the skies.
Tyrants to thee a change of nature owe,
Dismiss their tortures, and indulgent grow.
Ambitious conquerors, in their mad career,
Check'd by thy voice, lay down the sword and spear.
The boldest champions of impiety,
Scornful of Heaven, subdu'd or won by thee,
Before thy hallow'd altars bend the knee;
Loose wits, made wise, a public good become,
The sons of pride an humble mien assume;
The profligate in morals grows severe,
Defrauders just, and sycophants sincere.
With amorous language, and bewitching smiles,
Attractive airs, and all the lover's wiles,
The fair Egyptian Jacob's son caress'd,
Hung on his neck, and languish'd on his breast;
Courted with freedom now the beauteous slave,
Now flattering sued, and threatening now did rave;
But not the various eloquence of love,
Nor power enrag'd, could his fix'd virtue move.
See, aw'd by Heaven, the blooming Hebrew flies
Her artful tongue, and more persuasive eyes;
And, springing from her disappointed arms,
Prefers a dungeon to forbidden charms.
Stedfast in virtue's and his country's cause,
Th' illustrious founder of the Jewish laws,
Who, taught by Heaven, at genuine greatness aim'd,
With worthy pride imperial blood disclaim'd;
Th' alluring hopes of Pharaoh's throne resign'd,
And the vain pleasures of a court declin'd;
Pleas'd with obscure recess, to ease the pains
Of Jacob's race, and break their servile chains;
Such generous minds are form'd where blest Religion reigns.
Ye friends of Epicurus, look around,
All nature view with marks of prudence crown'd:
Mind the wise ends, which proper means promote;
See how the different parts for different use are wrought;
Contemplate all this conduct and design,
Then own and praise th' Artificer Divine.
Regard the orb sublime, in ether borne,
Which the blue regions of the skies adorn;
Compar'd with whose extent this low-hung ball,
Shrunk to a point, is despicably small:
Their number, counting those th' unaided eye
Can see, or by invented tubes descry,
With those which in the adverse hemisphere,
Or near each pole, to lands remote appear;
The widest stretch of human thought exceeds,
And in th' attentive mind amazement breeds;
While these so numerous, and so vast of size,
In various ways roll through the trackless skies;
Through crossing roads, perplext and intricate,
Perform their stages, and their rounds repeat;

None by collision from their course are driven,
No shocks, no conflicts, break the peace of Heaven;
No shatter'd globes, no glowing fragments fall,
No worlds o'erturn'd, crush this terrestrial ball;
In beauteous order all the orbs advance,
And in their mazy complicated dance,
Not in one part of all the pathless sky,
Did any ever halt, or step awry.
When twice ten thousand men depriv'd of sight,
To some wide vale direct their footsteps right;
Shall there a various figur'd dance essay,
Move by just steps, and measur'd time obey;
Shall cross each other with unerring feet,
Never mistake their place, and never meet:
Nor shall, in many years, the least decline
From the same ground, and the same winding line:
Then may in various roads the orbs above,
Without a guide, in perfect concord move;
Then beauty, order, and harmonious laws,
May not require a wise Directing Cause.
See how th' indulgent father of the day
At such due distance does his beams display,
That he his heat may give to sea and land,
In just degrees, as all their wants demand!
But had he, in th' unmeasurable space
Of ether, chosen a remoter place;
For instance, pleas'd with that superior seat
Where Saturn, or where Jove, their course repeat;
Or had he happen'd farther yet to lie,
In the more distant quarters of the sky;
How sad, how wild, how exquisite a scene
Of desolation, had this planet been!
A wasteful, cold, untrodden wilderness,
The gloomy haunts of Horrour and Distress:
Instead of woods, which crown the mountain's head,
And the gay honours of the verdant mead;
Instead of golden fruits, the garden's pride,
By genial show'rs and solar heat supply'd;
Icelandian cold, and Hyperborean snows,
Eternal frost, with ice that never flows,
Unsufferable winter had defac'd
Earth's blooming charms, and made a barren waste:
No mild indulgent gales would gently bear,
On their soft wings, sweet vapours through the air,
The balmy spoils of plants and fragrant flowers,
Of aromatic groves, and myrtle bowers,
Whose odoriferous exhalations fan
The flame of life, and recreate beast and man;
But storms, ev'n worse than vex Norwegian waves,
That breed in Scythia's hills, or Lapland caves,
Would through this bleak terrestrial desert blow,
Glaze it with ice, or whelm it o'er with show.
Or had the Sun, by like unhappy fate,
Elected to the Earth a nearer seat,
His beams had cleft the hill, the valley dry'd,
Exhal'd the lake, and drain'd the briny tide:
A heat superior far to that which broils
Borneo, or Sumatra, Indian isles;
Than that which ripens Guinea's golden ore,
Or burns the Lybian hind, or tans the Moor;
Had laid all Nature waste, and turn'd the land
To hills of cinders, and to vales of sand!
No beasts could then have rang'd the leafless wood,
Nor finny nations cut the boiling flood:
Birds had not beat the airy road, the swains
No flocks had tended on the russet plains.
Thus, had the Sun's bright orb been more remote,
The cold had kill'd; and, if more near, the drought.

Next see, Lucretian sages, see the Sun
His course diurnal and his annual run.
How in his glorious race he moves along,
Gay as a bridegroom, as a giant strong:
How his unvary'd labour he repeats,
Returns at morning, and at eve retreats;
And, by the distribution of his light,
Now gives to man the day, and now the night;
Night, when the drowsy swain and traveller cease
Their daily toil, and soothe their limbs with ease;
When all the weary sons of woe restrain
Their yielding cares with slumber's silken chain,
Solace sad grief, and lull reluctant pain.
And while the Sun, ne'er covetous of rest,
Flies with such rapid speed from east to west,
In tracks oblique he through the zodiac rolls,
Between the northern and the southern poles:
From which revolving progress through the skies,
The needful seasons of the year arise.
And as he now advances, now retreats,
Whence winter colds proceed, and summer heats,
He qualifies and cheers the air by turns,
Which winter freezes, and which summer burns.
Thus his kind rays the two extremes reduce,
And keep a temper fit for Nature's use.
The frost and drought, by this alternate power,
The Earth's prolific energy restore.
The lives of man and beast demand the change;
Hence fowls the air, and fish the ocean, range.
Of heat and cold this just successive reign,
Which does the balance of the year maintain,
The gardener's hope and farmer's patience props,
Gives vernal verdure, and autumnal crops.
Should but the Sun his duty once forget,
Nor from the north, nor from the south, retreat:
Should not the beams revive, and soothe the soil,
Mellow the furrow for the ploughman's toil;
A teeming vigour should they not diffuse,
Ferment the globe, and genial spirits loose,
Which lay imprison'd in the stiffen'd ground,
Congeal'd with cold, in frosty fetters bound;
Unfruitful Earth her wretched fate would mourn,
No grass would clothe the plains, no fruit the trees adorn.
But did the lingering orb much longer stay,
Unmindful of its course, and crooked way;
The Earth, of dews defrauded, would detest
The fatal favour of th' effulgent guest;
To distant worlds implore him to repair,
And free from noxious beams the sultry air;
His rays, productive now of wealth and joy,
Would then the pasture and the hills annoy,
And with too great indulgence would destroy:
In vain the labouring hind would till the land,
Turn up the glebe, and sow his seed in sand;
The meads would crack, in want of binding dews,
The channels would th' exhaling river lose:
While in their haunts wild beasts expiring lie,
The panting herds would on the pasture die.
But now the Sun at neither tropic stays
A longer time than his alternate rays
In such proportion heat and lustre give,
As do not ruin Nature, but revive.
When the bright orb, to solace southern seats,
Inverts his course, and from the north retreats;
As he advances, his indulgent beam
Makes the glad Earth with fresh conceptions teem;
Restores their leafy honours to the woods,
Flowers to the banks, and freedom to the floods;

Unbinds the turf, exhilarates the plain,
Brings back his labour, and recruits the swain;
Through all the soil a genial ferment spreads,
Regenerates the plants, and new adorns the meads.
The birds on branches perch'd, or on the wing,
At Nature's verdant restoration sing,
And with melodious lay salute the Spring.
The heats of summer benefits produce
Of equal number, and of equal use:
The sprouting births, and beauteous vernal bloom,
By warmer rays to bright perfection come;
Th' austere and ponderous juices they sublime,
Make them ascend the porous soil, and climb
The orange-tree, the citron, and the lime;
Which, drunk in plenty by the thirsty root,
Break forth in painted flowers, and golden fruit:
They explicate the leaves, and ripen food
For the silk-labourers of the mulberry wood;
And the sweet liquor on the cane bestow,
From which prepar'd the luscious sugars flow;
With generous juice enrich the spreading vine,
And in the grape digest the sprightly wine.
The fragrant trees, which grow by Indian floods,
And in Arabia's aromatic woods,
Owe all their spices to the summer's heat,
Their gummy tears, and odoriferous sweat.
Now the bright Sun compacts the precious stone,
Imparting radiant lustre, like his own:
He tinctures rubies with their rosy hue,
And on the sapphire spreads a heavenly blue;
For the proud monarch's dazzling crown prepares
Rich orient pearl, and adamantine stars.
Next Autumn, when the Sun's withdrawing ray
The night enlarges, and contracts the day,
To crown his labour, to the farmer yields
The yellow treasures of his fruitful fields;
Ripens the harvest for the crooked steel
(While bending stalks the rural weapon feel);
The fragrant fruit for the nice palate fits,
And to the press the swelling grape submits.
At length, forsaken by the solar rays,
See, drooping Nature sickens and decays;
While Winter all his snowy stores displays,
In hoary triumph unmolested reigns
O'er barren hills, and bleak untrodden plains;
Hardens the glebe, the shady grove deforms,
Fetters the floods, and shakes the air with storms.
Now active spirits are restrain'd with cold,
And prisons, cramp'd with ice, the genial captives hold.
The meads their flowery pride no longer wear,
And trees extend their naked arms in air;
The frozen furrow, and the fallow field,
Nor to the spade, nor to the harrow, yield.
Yet in their turn, the snows and frosts produce
Various effects, and of important use.
Th' intemperate heats of summer are controll'd
By winter's rigour, and inclement cold,
Which checks contagious spawn, and noxious steams,
The fatal offspring of immoderate beams;
Th' exhausted air with vital nitre fills,
Infection stops, and deaths in embryo kills;
Constrains the glebe, keeps back the hurtful weed,
And fits the furrow for the vernal seed.
The spirits now, as said, imprison'd stay,
Which else, by warmer sun-beams drawn away,
Would roam in air, and dissipated stray.
Thus are the winter frosts to Nature kind,
Frosts, which reduce excessive heats, and bind
Prolific ferments in resistless chains,
Whence parent Earth her fruitfulness maintains.
To compass all these happy ends, the Sun,
In winding tracts, does through the zodiac run.
You, who so much are vers'd in causes, tell,
What from the tropics can the Sun repel?
What vigorous arm, what repercussive blow,
Bandies the mighty globe still to and fro,
Yet with such conduct, such unerring art,
He never did the trackless road desert?
Why does he never, in his spiral race,
The tropics or the polar circles pass? "
What gulphs, what mounds, what terrours, can control
The rushing orb, and make him backward roll?
Why should he halt at either station? why
Not forward run in unobstructive sky?
Can he not pass an astronomic line?
Or does he dread th' imaginary sign?
That he should ne'er advance to either pole,
Nor farther yet in liquid ether roll,
Till he has gain'd some unfrequented place,
Lost to the world in vast unmeasur'd space?
If to the old you new schools prefer,
And to the fam'd Copernicus adhere;
If you esteem that supposition best,
Which moves the Earth, and leaves the Sun at rest;
With a new veil your ignorance you hide,
Still is the knot as hard to be unty'd;
You change your scheme, but the old doubts remain,
And still you leave th' inquiring mind in pain.
This problem, as philosophers, resolve.
What makes the globe from west to east revolve?
What is the strong impulsive cause, declare,
Which rolls the ponderous orb so swift in air?
To your vain answer will you have recourse,
And tell us, "'tis ingenite, active force,
Mobility, or native power to move,"
Words which mean nothing, and can nothing prove?
That moving power, that force innate, explain,
Or your grave answers are absurd and vain:
We no solution of our question find;
Your words bewilder, not direct, the mind.
If you, this rapid motion to procure,
For the hard task employ magnetic power,
Whether that power you at the centre place,
Or in the middle regions of the mass,
Or else, as some philosophers assert,
You give an equal share to every part,
Have you by this the cause of motion shown?
After explaining, is it not unknown?
Since you pretend, by reason's strictest laws,
Of an effect to manifest the cause;
Nature, of wonders so immense a field,
Can none more strange, none more mysterious, yield:
None that eludes sagacious reason more,
Than this obscure, inexplicable power.
Since you the spring of motion cannot show,
Be just, and faultless ignorance allow;
Say, 'tis obedience to th' Almighty nod,
That 'tis the will, the power, the hand of God.
Philosophers of spreading fame are found,
Who, by th' attraction of the orbs around,
Would move the Earth, and make its course obey
The Sun's and Moon's inevitable sway.
Some from the pressure and impelling force
Of heavenly bodies would derive its course;

Whilst, in the dark and difficult dispute,
All are by turns confuted, and confute;
Each can subvert th' opponent's scheme, but none
Has strength of reason to support his own.
The mind employ'd in search of secret things,
To find out motion's cause and hidden springs,
Through all th' ethereal regions mounts on high,
Views all the spheres, and ranges all the sky;
Searches the orbs, and penetrates the air,
With unsuccessful toil, and fruitless care;
Till, stopp'd by awful heights, and gulphs immense
Of Wisdom, and of vast Omnipotence,
She trembling stands, and does in wonder gaze,
Lost in the wide inextricable maze.
See, how the Sun does on the middle shine,
And round the globe describe th' equator line!
By which wise means he can the whole survey
With a direct, or with a slanting, ray,
In the succession of a night and day.
Had the north pole been fixt beneath the Sun,
To southern realms the day had been unknown:
If the south pole had gain'd that nearer seat,
The northern climes had met as hard a fate.
And since the space, that lies on either side
The solar orb, is without limits wide;
Grant that the Sun had happen'd to prefer
A seat ascant but one diameter,
Lost to the light by that unhappy place,
This globe had lain a frozen, lonesome mass.
Behold the light emitted from the Sun,
What more familiar, and what more unknown!
While by its spreading radiance it reveals
All Nature's face, it still itself conceals.
See how each morn it does its beams display,
And on its golden wings bring back the day!
How soon th' effulgent emanations fly
Through the blue gulph of interposing sky!
How soon their lustre all the region fills,
Smiles on the vallies, and adorns the hills!
Millions of miles, so rapid is their race,
To cheer the Earth, they in few moments pass.
Amazing progress! At its utmost stretch,
What human mind can this swift motion reach?
But if, to save so quick a flight, you say,
"The ever-rolling orb's impulsive ray
On the next threads and filaments does bear,
Which form the springy texture of the air,
That those still strike the next, till to the sight
The quick vibration propagates the light;"
'Tis still as hard, if we this scheme believe,
The cause of light's swift progress to conceive.
With thought, from prepossession free, reflect
On solar rays, as they the sight respect.
The beams of light had been in vain display'd,
Had not the eye been fit for vision made:
In vain the Author had the eye prepar'd
With so much skill, had not the light appear'd.
The old and new astronomers, in vain,
Attempt the heavenly motions to explain.
First Ptolemy his scheme celestial wrought,
And of machines a wild provision brought:
Orbs centric and eccentric he prepares,
Cycles and epicycles, solid spheres,
In order plac'd, and with bright globes inlaid,
To solve the tours by heavenly bodies made.
But so perplext, so intricate a frame,
The latter ages with derision name.
The comets, which at seasons downward tend,
Then with their flaming equipage ascend;
Venus, which, in the purlieus of the Sun,
Does now above him, now beneath him, run;
The ancient structure of the Heavens subvert,
Rear'd with vast labour, but with little art.
Copernicus, who rightly did condemn
This eldest system, form'd a wiser scheme;
In which he leaves the Sun at rest, and rolls
The orb terrestrial on its proper poles;
Which makes the night and day, by this career,
And by its slow and crooked course, the year.
The famous Dane, who oft the modern guides,
To Earth and Sun their provinces divides:
The Earth's rotation makes the night and day;
The Sun, revolving through th' ecliptic way,
Effects the various seasons of the year,
Which in their turn for happy ends appear.
This scheme or that, which pleases best, embrace,
Still we the fountain of their motion trace.
Kepler asserts, these wonders may be done
By the magnetic virtue of the Sun,
Which he, to gain his end, thinks fit to place
Full in the centre of that mighty space,
Which does the spheres, where planets roll, include,
And leaves him with attractive force endued.
The Sun, thus seated, by mechanic laws,
The Earth and every distant planet draws;
By which attraction all the planets, found
Within his reach, are turn'd in ether round.
If all these rolling orbs the Sun obey,
Who holds his empire by magnetic sway?
Since all are guided with an equal force,
Why are they so unequal in their course?
Saturn in thirty years his ring completes,
Which swifter Jupiter in twelve repeats.
Mars three and twenty months revolving spends;
The Earth in twelve her annual journey ends.
Venus, thy race in twice four months is run;
For his, Mercurius three demands; the Moon
Her revolution finishes in one.
If all at once are mov'd, and by one spring,
Why so unequal is their annual ring? [load
If "some," you say, "prest with a ponderous
Of gravity, move slower in their road,
Because, with weight encumber'd and opprest,
These sluggish orbs th' attractive Sun resist;"
Till you can weight and gravity explain,
Those words are insignificant and vain.
If planetary orbs the Sun obey,
Why should the Moon disown his sovereign sway?
Why, in a whirling eddy of her own,
Around the globe terrestrial should she run?
This disobedience of the Moon will prove
The Sun's bright orb does not the planet move.
Philosophers may spare their toil; in vain
They form new schemes, and rack their thoughtful brain,
The cause of heavenly motions to explain:
After their various unsuccessful ways,
Their fruitless labour, and inept essays,
No cause of those appearances they'll find,
But power exerted by th' Eternal Mind;
Which through their roads the orbs celestial drives,
And this or that determin'd motion gives.
The Mind Supreme does all his worlds control,
Which by his order this and that way roll;
From him they take a delegated force,
And by his high command maintain their course;
By laws decreed ere fleeting time begun,
In their fixt limits they their stages run.

But if the Earth, and each erratic world,
Around their Sun their proper centre whirl'd,
Compose but one extended vast machine,
And from one spring their motions all begin;
Does not so wide, so intricate a frame,
Yet so harmonious, sovereign art proclaim?
Is it a proof of judgment to invent
A work of spheres involv'd, which represent
The situation of the orbs above,
Their size and number show, and how they move?
And does not in the orbs themselves appear
A great contrivance, and design as clear?
This wide machine, the universe, regard,
With how much skill is each apartment rear'd!
The Sun, a globe of fire, a glowing mass,
Hotter than melting flint, or fluid glass,
Of this our system holds the middle place.
Mercurius, nearest to the central Sun,
Does in an oval orbit circling run;
But rarely is the object of our sight
In solar glory sunk, and more prevailing light.
Venus the next, whose lovely beams adorn
As well the dewy eve, as opening morn,
Does her fair orb in beauteous order turn.
The globe terrestrial next, with slanting poles,
And all its ponderous load, unwearied rolls.
Then we behold bright planetary Jove,
Sublime in air, through his wide province move;
Four second planets his dominion own,
And round him turn, as round the Earth the Moon.
Saturn, revolving in the highest sphere,
With lingering labour, finishes his year.
Yet is this mighty system, which contains
So many worlds, such vast ethereal plains,
But one of thousands, which compose the whole,
Perhaps as glorious, and of worlds as full.
The stars, which grace the high expansion, bright
By their own beams, and unprecarious light,
Tho' some near neighbours seem, and some display
United lustre in the milky way,
At a vast distance from each other lie,
Sever'd by spacious voids of liquid sky.
All these illustrious worlds, and many more,
Which by the tube astronomers explore;
And millions which the glass can ne'er descry,
Lost in the wilds of vast immensity;
Are suns, are centres, whose superior sway
Planets of various magnitude obey.
If we, with one clear comprehensive sight,
Saw all these systems, all these orbs of light;
If we their order and dependence knew,
Had all their motions and their ends in view,
With all the comets which in ether stray,
Yet constant to their time, and to their way;
Which planets seem, though rarely they appear,
Rarely approach the radiant Sun so near,
That his fair beams their atmosphere pervade,
Whence their bright hair and flaming trains are made;
Would not this view convincing marks impart
Of perfect prudence, and stupendous art?
The masters form'd in Newton's famous school,
Who does the chief in modern science rule,
Erect their schemes by mathematic laws,
And solve appearances with just applause;
These, who have Nature's steps with care pursued,
That matter is with active force endued,
That all its parts magnetic power exert,
And to each other gravitate, assert.
While by this power they on each other act,
They are at once attracted, and attract.
Less bulky matter, therefore, must obey
More bulky matter's more engaging sway;
By this the fabric they together hold,
By this the course of heavenly orbs unfold.
Yet these sagacious sons of science own,
Attractive virtue is a thing unknown.
This wondrous power, they piously assert,
Th' Almighty Author did at first impart
To matter in degrees, that might produce
The motions he design'd for Nature's use.
But, lest we should not here due reverence pay
To learned Epicurus, see the way
By which this reasoner, of such high renown,
Moves through th' ecliptic road the rolling Sun.
"Oppress with thirst and heat, to adverse seats
By turn," says he, "the panting Sun retreats
To slake his drought, his vigour to repair
In snowy climes, and frozen fields of air;
Where the bright glutton revels, without rest,
On his cool banquet, and aërial feast;
Still to and fro he does his light convey
Through the same track, the same unalter'd way,
On luxury intent, and eager of his prey."
But if the Sun is back and forward roll'd,
To treat his thirsty orb with polar cold,
Say, is it not, good Epicurus, strange,
He should not once beyond the tropic range,
Where he, to quench his drought so much inclin'd,
May snowy fields, and nitrous pastures find,
Meet stores of cold so greedily pursu'd,
And be refresh'd with never-wasting food?
Sometimes this wondrous man is pleas'd to say,
"This way and that strong blasts the Sun convey:
A northern wind his orb with vigour drives,
Till at the southern tropic it arrives;
Then, wanting breath, and with his toil opprest,
He drops his wings, and leaves the air at rest;
Fresh gusts, now springing from the southern pole,
Assault him there, and make him backward roll."
Thus gales alternate through the zodiac blow
The sailing orb, and waft him to and fro;
While Epicurus, blest with thought refin'd,
Makes the vast globe the pastime of the wind.
Were it not idle labour to confute
Notions so wild, unworthy of dispute;
I'd of the learned Epicurus ask,
If this were for the winds a proper task?
Illustrious sage, inform th' inquirer, why,
Still from one stated point of all the sky,
The fickle meteor should the Sun convey
Through the same stages of his spiral way?
Why in one path, why with such equal pace,
That he should never miss, in all his race,
Of time one minute, or one inch of space?
Remark the air's transparent element,
Its curious structure, and its vast extent:
Its wondrous web proclaims the loom divine;
Its threads, the hand that drew them out so fine.
This thin contexture makes its bosom fit
Celestial heat and lustre to transmit;
By which of foreign orbs the riches flow
On this dependent, needy ball below.
Observe its parts link'd in such artful sort,
All are at once supported, and support:
The column pois'd sits hovering on our heads,
And a soft burthen on our shoulders spreads;
So the side-arches all the weight sustain,
We find no pressure, and we feel no pain;

Still are the subtile strings in tension found,
Like those of lutes to just proportion wound,
Which of the air's vibration is the source,
When it receives the strokes of foreign force.
Let curious minds, who would the air inspect,
On its elastic energy reflect.
The secret force through all the frame diffus'd,
By which its strings are from compression loos'd;
The spungy parts, now to a straiter seat
Are forc'd by cold, and widen'd now by heat;
By turns they all extend, by turns retire,
As Nature's various services require;
They now expand to fill an empty space,
Now shrink to let a ponderous body pass.
If raging winds invade the atmosphere,
Their force its curious texture cannot tear,
Make no disruption in the threads of air;
Or if it does, those parts themselves restore,
Heal their own wounds, and their own breaches cure.
Hence the melodious tenants of the sky,
Which haunt inferior seats, or soar on high,
With ease through all the fluid region stray,
And through the wide expansion wing their way;
Whose open meshes let terrestrial steams
Pass through, entic'd away by solar beams;
And thus a road reciprocal display
To rising vapours, and descending day.
Of heat and light, what ever-during stores,
Brought from the Sun's exhaustless golden shores,
Through gulphs immense of intervening air,
Enrich the Earth, and every loss repair!
The land, its gainful traffic to maintain,
Sends out crude vapours, in exchange for rain;
The flowery garden and the verdant mead,
Warm'd by their rays, their exhalations spread,
In showers and balmy dews to be repaid;
The streams, their banks forsaken, upward move,
And flow again in wandering clouds above:
These regions Nature's magazines on high
With all the stores demanded there supply;
Their different steams the air's wide bosom fill,
Moist from the flood, dry from the barren hill;
Materials into meteors to be wrought,
Which back to these terrestrial seats are brought,
By Nature shap'd to various figures, those
The fruitful rain, and these the hail, compose,
The snowy fleece, and curious frost-work; these
Produce the dew, and those the gentle breeze:
Some form fierce winds, which o'er the mountain pass,
And beat with vigorous wings the valley's face;
O'er the wide lake and barren desert blow,
O'er Libya's burning sand, and Scythia's snow;
Shake the high cedar, through the forest sweep,
And with their furious breath ferment the deep.
This thin, this soft contexture of the air,
Shows the wise Author's providential care,
Who did the wondrous structure so contrive,
That it might life to breathing creatures give;
Might reinspire, and make the circling mass
Through all its winding channels fit to pass.
Had not the Maker wrought the springy frame
Such as it is, to fan the vital flame,
The blood, defrauded of its nitrous food,
Had cool'd and languish'd in th' arterial road:
While the tir'd heart had strove, with fruitless pain,
To push the lazy tide along the vein.
Of what important use to human kind,
To what great ends subservient, is the wind!
Behold, where'er this active vapour flies,
It drives the clouds, and agitates the skies:
This from stagnation and corruption saves
Th' aërial ocean's ever-rolling waves.
This animals, to succour life, demand;
For, should the air unventilated stand,
The idle deep corrupted would contain
Blue deaths, and secret stores of raging pain;
The scorching Sun would with a fatal beam
Make all the void with births malignant teem,
Engender jaundice, spotted torments breed,
And purple plagues, from pestilential seed;
Exhaling vapours would be turn'd to swarms
Of noxious insects, and destructive worms,
More than were rais'd to scourge tyrannic lust,
By Moses' rod, from animated dust.
Another blessing, which the breathing wind
Benevolent conveys to human kind,
Is, that it cools and qualifies the air,
And with soft breezes does the regions cheer,
On which the Sun, o'er-friendly, does display
Heat too prevailing, and redundant day.
Ye swarthy nations of the torrid zone,
How well to you is this great bounty known!
As frequent gales from the wide ocean rise
To fan your air, and moderate your skies;
So constant winds, as well as rivers, flow
From your high hills, enrich'd with stores of snow;
For this great end, these hills rise more sublime
Than those erected in a temperate clime.
Had not the Author this provision made,
By which your air is cool'd, your Sun allay'd,
Destroy'd by too intense a flame, the land
Had lain a parch'd inhospitable sand.
These districts, which between the tropics lie,
Which scorching beams directly darted fry,
Were thought an uninhabitable seat,
Burnt by the neighbouring orb's immoderate heat;
But the fresh breeze, that from the ocean blows,
From the wide lake, or from the mountain snows,
So soothes the air, and mitigates the Sun,
So cures the regions of the sultry zone,
That oft with Nature's blessings they abound,
Frequent in people, and with plenty crown'd.
As active winds relieve the air and land,
The seas no less their useful blasts demand:
Without this aid, the ship would ne'er advance
Along the deep, and o'er the billow dance,
But lie a lazy and an useless load,
The forest's wasted spoils, the lumber of the flood.
Let but the wind, with an auspicious gale,
To shove the vessel, fill the spreading sail,
And see, with swelling canvass wing'd, she flies;
And with her waving streamers sweeps the skies!
Th' adventurous merchant thus pursues his way,
Or to the rise, or to the fall of day.
Thus mutual traffic sever'd realms maintain,
And manufactures change to mutual gain;
Each other's growth and arts they sell and buy,
Ease their redundance, and their wants supply.
Ye Britons, who the fruit of commerce find,
How is your isle a debtor to the wind,
Which thither wafts Arabia's fragrant spoils,
Gems, pearls, and spices from the Indian isles,
From Persia silks, wines from Iberia's shore,
Peruvian drugs, and Guinea's golden ore!
Delights and wealth to fair Augusta flow
From every region whence the winds can blow.
See, how the vapours congregated rear
Their gloomy columns, and obscure the air!

Forgetful of their gravity, they rise,
Renounce the centre, and usurp the skies,
Where, form'd to clouds, they their black lines display,
And take their airy march, as winds convey.
Sublime in air while they their course pursue,
They from their sable fleeces shake the dew
On the parch'd mountain, and with genial rain,
Renew the forest, and refresh the plain:
They shed their healing juices on the ground,
Cement the crack, and close the gaping wound.
Did not the vapours, by the solar heat
Thinn'd and exhal'd, rise to their airy seat,
Or not in watery clouds collected fly,
Then, form'd to ponderous drops, desert the sky;
The fields would no recruits of moisture find,
But, by the sun-beams dry'd, and by the wind,
Would never plant, or flower, or fruit, produce,
Or for the beast, or for his master's use.
But in the spacious climates, which the rain
Does never bless, (such is th' Egyptian plain)
With how much art is that defect supply'd!
See, how some noble river's swelling tide,
Augmented by the mountains' melting snows,
Breaks from its banks, and o'er the region flows!
Hence fruitful crops and flowery wealth ensue,
And to the swain such mighty gains accrue,
He ne'er reproaches Heaven for want of dew.
See, and revere, th' artillery of Heaven,
Drawn by the gale, or by the tempest driven!
A dreadful fire the floating batteries make,
O'erturn the mountain, and the forest shake.
This way and that they drive the atmosphere,
And its wide bosom from corruption clear,
While their bright flame consumes the sulphur trains,
And noxious vapours, which infect our veins.
Thus they refine the vital element,
Secure our health, and growing plagues prevent.
Your contemplation farther yet pursue;
The wondrous world of vegetables view!
Observe the forest oak, the mountain pine,
The towering cedar, and the humble vine,
The bending willow, that o'ershades the flood,
And each spontaneous offspring of the wood;
The oak and pine, which high from Earth arise,
And wave their lofty heads amidst the skies,
Their parent Earth in like proportion wound,
And through crude metals penetrate the ground;
Their strong and ample roots descend so deep,
That fixt and firm they may their station keep,
And the fierce shocks of furious winds defy,
With all the outrage of inclement sky.
But the base brier and the noble vine
Their arms around their stronger neighbour twine.
The creeping ivy, to prevent its fall,
Clings with its fibrous grapples to the wall.
Thus are the trees of every kind secure,
Or by their own, or by a borrow'd power.
But every tree, from all its branching roots,
Amidst the glebe small hollow fibres shoots;
Which drink with thirsty mouths the vital juice,
And to the limbs and leaves their food diffuse:
Peculiar pores peculiar juice receive,
To this deny, to that admittance give.
Hence various trees their various fruits produce,
Some for delightful taste, and some for use.
Hence sprouting plants enrich the plain and wood,
For physic some, and some design'd for food.
Hence fragrant flowers, with different colours dy'd,
On smiling meads unfold their gaudy pride.
Review these numerous scenes, at once survey
Nature's extended face; then, Sceptics, say,
In this wide field of wonders, can you find
No art discover'd, and no end design'd?

CREATION.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The introduction. Useful knowledge first pursued by man. Agriculture. Architecture. Sculpture. Painting. Music. The Grecian philosophers first engaged in useless *speculations*. The absurdity of asserting the self-existent, independent, and eternal being of atoms, according to the scheme of Epicurus. Answer to the objections of atheists to the scheme of creation asserted in the two former books. The objections brought by Lucretius against creation, from the necessity of pre-existent matter for the formation of all kinds of beings; from the pretended unartful contrivance of the world; from thorns, briers, and noxious weeds; from savage beasts, storms, thunder, diseases; from the painful birth and the short life of man; from the inequality of heat and cold in different climates; answered. The objections of the Pyrrhonians, or Sceptics, answered. A reply to those who assert all things owe their being and their motions to Nature. Their different and senseless account of that word. More apparent and eminent skill and wisdom expressed in the works of Nature than in those of human art. The unreasonableness of denying skill and design in the author of those works. Vanimus, Hobbes, and Spinosa, considered.

Ere vain Philosophy had rear'd her school,
Whose chiefs imagin'd realms of science rule,
With idle toil form visionary schemes,
And wage eternal war for rival dreams;
Studious of good, man disregarded fame,
And useful *knowledge* was his eldest aim:
Through metaphysic wilds he never flew,
Nor the dark haunts of school chimeras knew,
But had alone his happiness in view.
He milk'd the lowing herd, he press'd the cheese,
Folded the flock, and spun the woolly fleece.
In urns the bees' delicious dews he lay'd,
Whose kindling wax invented day display'd;
Wrested their iron entrails from the hills,
Then with the spoils his glowing forges fills;
And shap'd, with *vigorous strokes*, the ruddy bar,
To rural arms, unconscious yet of war.
He made the ploughshare in the furrow shine,
And learn'd to sow his bread, and plant his vine.
Now verdant food adorn'd the garden beds,
And fruitful trees shot up their branching heads;
Rich balm from groves, and herbs from grassy plains,
His fever sooth'd, or heal'd his wounded veins.
Our fathers next, in architecture skill'd,
Cities for use, and forts for safety, build:

Then palaces and lofty domes arose,
Thes for devotion, and for pleasure those.
Their thoughts were next to artful sculpture turn'd,
Which now the palace, now the dome, adorn'd.
The pencil then did growing fame acquire,
Then was the trumpet heard, and tuneful lyre,
One did the triumph sing, and one the war inspire.
Greece did at length a learned race produce,
Who needful science mock'd, and arts of use,
Consum'd their fruitless hours in eager chase
Of airy notions, through the boundless space
Of speculation, and the darksome void,
Where wrangling wits, in endless strife employ'd,
Mankind with idle subtilties embroil,
And fashion systems with romantic toil;
These, with the pride of dogmatizing schools,
Impos'd on Nature arbitrary rules;
Forc'd her their vain inventions to obey,
And move as learned frenzy trac'd the way:
Above the clouds while they presum'd to soar,
Her trackless heights ambitious to explore,
And heaps of undigested volumes writ,
Illusive notions of fantastic wit;
So long they Nature search'd, and mark'd her laws,
They lost the knowledge of th' Almighty Cause.
Th' erroneous dictates of each Grecian sage
Renounc'd the doctrines of the eldest age:
Yet these their matchless science did proclaim,
Usurp distinction, and appropriate fame.
But tho' their schools produc'd no nobler fruit
Than empty schemes, and triumphs of dispute;
The notions, which arise from Nature's light,
As well adorn the mind, as guide her right,
Enlarge her compass, and improve her sight.
These ne'er the breast with vain ambition fire,
But banish pride, and modest thoughts inspire.
By her inform'd, we blest religion learn,
Its glorious object by her aid discern;
The rolling worlds around us we survey,
Th' alternate sovereigns of the night and day;
View the wide Earth adorn'd with hills and woods,
Rich in her herds, and fertile by her floods;
Walk through the deep apartments of the main,
Ascend the air to visit clouds and rain;
And, while we ravish'd gaze on Nature's face,
Remark her order, and her motions trace,
The long coherent chain of things, we find,
Leads to a Cause Supreme, a wise Creating Mind.
You, who the being of a God disclaim,
And think mere Chance produc'd this wondrous frame;
Say, did you e'er reflect, Lucretian tribe,
To matter what perfections you ascribe?
Can you to dust such veneration show?
An atom with such privilege endow,
That, from its nature's pure necessity,
It should exist, and no corruption see?
Since your first atoms independent are,
And not each other's being prop and bear,
And since to this it is fortuitous
That others should existence have; suppose
You in your mind one atom should remove
From all the troops, that in the vacant strove,
Cannot our thought conceive one atom less?
If so, you Grecian sages must confess
That matter, which you independent name,
Cannot a being necessary claim;
For what has being from necessity,
It is impossible it should not be.
Why has an atom this one place possest
Of all the empty void, and not the rest?
If by its nature's voice 'tis present here,
By the same force it must be every where;
Can beings be confin'd, which necessary are?
If a first body may to any place
Be not determin'd, in the boundless space,
'Tis plain, it then may absent be from all;
Who then will this a self-existence call?
As time does vast eternity regard,
So place is with infinitude compar'd:
A being then, which never did commence,
Must, as eternal, likewise be immense.
What cause within, or what without, is found,
That can a being uncreated bound?
None that's internal, for it has no cause;
Nor can it be controll'd by foreign laws,
For then it clearly would dependent be
On force superior, which will ne'er agree
With self-existence and necessity.
Absurdly then to atoms you assign
Such powers, and such prerogatives divine.
Thus while the notion of a God you slight,
Yourselves (who vainly think you reason right)
Make vile material gods, in number infinite.
Now let us, as 'tis just, in turn prepare
To stand the foe, and wage defensive war.
Lucretius first, a mighty hero, springs
Into the field, and his own triumph sings.
He brings, to make us from our ground retire,
The reasoner's weapons, and the poet's fire.
The tuneful sophist thus his battle forms,
Our bulwarks thus in polish'd armour storms:
To parent Matter things their being owe,
Because from nothing no productions flow;
And, if we grant no pre-existent seed,
Things, different things, from what they do, might breed,
And any thing from any thing proceed;
The spicy groves might Scythia's hills adorn,
The thistle might the amaranth have borne,
The vine the lemon, and the grape the thorn;
Herds from the hills, men from the seas, might rise,
From woods the whales, and lions from the skies,
Th' elated bard here, with a conqueror's air,
Disdainful smiles, and bids his foes despair.
But Carus, here you use poetic charms,
And not assail us with the reasoner's arms.
Where all is clear, you fancy'd doubts remove,
And what we grant with ease, with labour prove.
What you would prove, but cannot, you decline;
But choose a thing you can, and there you shine.
Tell us, fam'd Roman, was it e'er denied,
That seeds for such productions are supplied?
That Nature always must materials find
For beasts and trees, to propagate their kind?
All generation, the rude peasant knows,
A pre-existent matter must suppose.
But what to Nature first her being gave?
Tell, whence your atoms their existence have?
We ask you, whence the seeds constituent spring
Of every plant, and every living thing?
Whence every creature should produce its kind,
And to its proper species be confin'd?
To answer this, Lucretius will require
More than sweet numbers and poetic fire.
But see how well the poet will support
His cause, if we the argument retort.
If Chance alone could manage, sort, divide,
And, beings to produce, your atoms guide;

If casual concourse did the world compose,
And things from hits fortuitous arose;
Then any thing might come from any thing;
For how from chance can constant order spring?
The forest oak might bear the blushing rose,
And fragrant myrtles thrive in Russian snows;
The fair pomegranate might adorn the pine,
The grape the bramble, and the sloe the vine;
Fish from the plains, birds from the floods, might rise,
And lowing herds break from the starry skies.
But, see, the chief does keener weapons choose,
Advances bold, and thus the fight renews:
"If I were doubtful of the source and spring
Whence things arise, I from the skies could bring,
And every part of Nature, proofs, to show
The world to gods cannot its being owe;
So full of faults is all th' unartful frame.
First we the air's unpeopled desert blame:
Brute beasts possess the hill, and shady wood;
Much do the lakes, but more the ocean's flood,
(Which severs realms, and shores divided leaves)
Take from the land by interposing waves!
One third, by freezing cold, and burning heat,
Lies a deform'd, inhospitable seat;
The rest, unlabour'd, would by nature breed
Wild brambles only, and the noxious weed,
Did not industrious man, with endless toil,
Extort his food from the reluctant soil;
Did not the farmer's steel the furrow wound,
And harrows tear the harvest from the ground,
The Earth would no spontaneous fruits afford
To man, her vain imaginary lord.
Oft, when the labouring hind has plough'd the field,
And forc'd the glebe unwillingly to yield,
When green and flowery Nature crowns his hope
With the gay promise of a plenteous crop,
The fruits (sad ruin!) perish on the ground,
Burnt by the Sun, or by the deluge drown'd;
Or soon decay, by snows immoderate chill'd,
By winds are blasted, or by lightning kill'd.
Nature, besides, the savage beast sustains,
Breeds in the hills the terrour of the plains,
To man a fatal race. Could this be so,
Did gracious gods dispose of things below?
Their proper plagues with annual seasons come,
And deaths untimely blast us in the bloom.
Man at his birth (unhappy son of grief!)
Is helpless cast on the wide coasts of life,
In want of all things whence our comforts flow;
A sad and moving spectacle of woe.
Infants in ill-presaging cries complain,
As conscious of a coming life of pain.
All things meantime to beasts kind Nature grants,
Prevents their sufferings, and supplies their wants;
Brought forth with ease, they grow, and skip, and feed,
No dangling nurse, or jingling gewgaw, need;
In caves they lurk, or o'er the mountains range,
Nor ever, through the year, their garment change;
Unvers'd in arms, and ignorant of war,
They need no forts, and no invasion fear;
Whate'er they want, from Nature's hand they gain;
The life she gave, she watches to maintain."
Thus impotent in sense, though strong in rage,
The daring Roman does the gods engage:
But, undismay'd, we face th' intrepid foe,
Sustain his onset, and thus ward the blow.

Suppose defects in this terrestrial seat,
That Nature is not, as you urge, complete;
That a divine and wise Artificer
Might greater wonders of his art confer,
And might with ease on man, and man's abode,
More bounty, more perfection, have bestow'd;
If in this lower world he has not shown
His utmost skill, say, has he therefore none?
We in productions arbitrary see
Marks of perfection, different in degree.
Though masters now more skill, now less, impart,
Yet are not all their works the works of art?
Do poets still sublimer subjects sing,
Still stretch to Heaven a bold aspiring wing,
Nor e'er descend to flocks and labouring swains,
Frequent the floods, or range the humble plains?
Did, Grecian Phidias, all thy pieces shine
With equal beauty? or, Apelles, thine?
Or Raphael's pencil never choose to fall?
Say, are his works Transfigurations all?
Did Buonorota never build, O Rome!
A meaner structure, than thy wondrous dome?
Though, in their works applauded as their best,
Greater design and genius are exprest,
Yet, is there none acknowledg'd in the rest?
In all the parts of Nature's spacious sphere
Of art, ten thousand miracles appear:
And will you not the Author's skill adore,
Because you think he might discover more?
You own a watch th' invention of the mind,
Though for a single motion 'tis design'd,
As well as that, which is with greater thought,
With various springs, for various motions wrought.
An independent, wise, and conscious Cause,
Who freely acts by arbitrary laws,
Who at connection and at order aims,
Creatures distinguish'd in perfection frames.
Unconscious causes only still impart
Their utmost skill, their utmost power exert.
Those, which can freely choose, discern, and know,
In acting can degrees of vigour show,
And more or less of art or care bestow.
If all perfection were in all things shown,
All beauty, all variety, were gone.
As this inferior habitable seat
By different parts is made one whole complete;
So our low world is only one of thos,
Which the capacious universe compose.
Now to the universal whole advert;
The Earth regard as of that whole a part,
In which wide frame more noble worlds abound;
Witness, ye glorious orbs, which hang around,
Ye shining planets, that in other stray,
And thou, bright lord and ruler of the day!
Witness, ye stars, which beautify the skies,
How much do your vast globes, in height and size,
In beauty and magnificence, outgo
Our ball of Earth, that hangs in clouds below!
Between yourselves, too, is distinction found,
Of different bulk, with different glory crown'd;
The people, which in your bright regions dwell,
Must this low world's inhabitants excel;
And, since to various planets they agree,
They from each other must distinguish'd be,
And own perfections different in degree.
When we on fruitful Nature's care reflect,
And her exhaustless energy respect,
That stocks this globe, which you Lucretians call
The world's coarse dregs, which to the bottom fall,

With numerous kinds of life, and bounteous fills
With breathing guests the vallies, floods, and hills;
We may pronounce each orb sustains a race
Of living things, adapted to the place.
Were the refulgent parts, and most refin'd,
Only to serve the dark and base design'd?
Were all the stars, whose beauteous realms of light,
At distance only hung to shine by night,
And with their twinkling beams to please our sight?
How many roll in ether, which the eye
Could ne'er, till aided by the glass, descry;
And which no commerce with the Earth maintain!
Are all those glorious empires made in vain?
Now, as I said, the globe terrestrial view,
As of the whole a part, a mean one too.
Though 'tis not like th' ethereal worlds refin'd,
Yet is it just, and finish'd in its kind;
Has all perfection which the place demands,
Where in coherence with the rest it stands.
Were to your view the universe display'd,
And all the scenes of Nature open laid;
Could you their place, proportion, harmony,
Their beauty, order, and dependence, see,
You'd grant our globe had all the marks of art,
All the perfection due to such a part,
Though not with lustre, or with magnitude,
Like the bright stars, or brighter Sun, endued.
You oft declaim on man's unhappy fate;
Insulting, oft demand, in this debate,
If the kind gods could such a wretch create?
But whence can this unhappiness arise?
You say, "as soon as born, he helpless lies,
And mourns his woes in ill-presaging cries."
But does not Nature for the child prepare
The parent's love, the nurse's tender care,
Who, of their own forgetful, seek his good,
Enfold his limbs in bands, and fill his veins with food?
That man is frail and mortal, is confest;
Convulsions rack his nerves, and cares his breast;
His flying life is chas'd by ravening pains,
Through all its doubles in the winding veins;
Within himself he sure destruction breeds,
And secret torment in his bowels feeds;
By cruel tyrants, by the savage beast,
Or his own fiercer passions, he's opprest:
Now breathes malignant air, now poison drinks;
By gradual death, or by untimely, sinks.
But these objectors must the Cause upbraid,
That has not mortal man immortal made;
For, if he once must feel the fatal blow,
Is it of great importance when, or how?
Should the Lucretian lingering life maintain
Through numerous ages, ignorant of pain,
Still might the discontented murmurer cry,
"Ah, hapless fate of man! ah, wretch, doom'd once to die!"
But oh! how soon would you, who thus complain,
And Nature's Cause of cruelty arraign,
By reason's standard this mistake correct,
And cease to murmur, did you once reflect,
That death removes us only from our seat,
Does not extinguish life, but change its state.
Then are display'd (oh ravishing surprise!)
Fair scenes of bliss, and triumphs in the skies;
To which admitted, each superior mind,
By virtue's vital energy refin'd,
Shines forth with more than solar glory bright,
And, cloth'd with robes of beatific light,
His hours in heavenly transports does employ,
Young with immortal bloom from living streams of joy.
You ask us, "why the soil the thistle breeds?
Why its spontaneous births are thorns and weeds?
Why for the harvest it the harrow needs?
The Author might a nobler world have made,
In brighter dress the hills and vales array'd,
And all its face in flowery scenes display'd:
The glebe untill'd might plenteous crops have borne,
And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn;
Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
Might every hill have crown'd, have honour'd all the plains:
This Nature might have boasted, had the Mind,
Who form'd the spacious universe, design'd
That man, from labour free as well as grief,
Should pass in lazy luxury his life.
But he his creature gave a fertile soil,
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil;
That some reward his industry should crown,
And that his food in part might be his own."
But while, insulting, you arraign the land,
Ask why it wants the plough, or labourer's hand;
Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
That they without the sculptor's skill and pain
No perfect statue yield, no basse relieve,
Or finish'd column for the palace give;
Yet if from hills unlabour'd figures came,
Man might have ease enjoy'd, though never fame.
You may the world of more defects upbraid,
That other works by Nature are unmade;
That she did never, at her own expense,
A palace rear, and in magnificence
Out-rival art, to grace the stately rooms;
That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.
Had Nature's hand these various works prepar'd,
What thoughtful care, what labour, had been spar'd!
But then no realm would one great master show,
No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.
With equal reason too you might demand,
Why boats and ships require the artist's hand?
Why generous Nature did not these provide
To pass the standing lake, or flowing tide?
You say "the hills, which high in air arise,
Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the skies,
The Earth's dishonour and encumbering load,
Of many spacious regions man defraud,
For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode."
But can th' objector no convenience find
In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind
The mighty frame, that else would be disjoin'd?
Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain,
And for the dome afford the marble vein?
Does not the river from the mountain flow,
And bring down riches to the vale below?
See how the torrent rolls the golden sand
From the high ridges to the flatter land.
The lofty lines abound with endless store
Of mineral treasure, and metallic ore;
With precious veins of silver, copper, tin,
Without how barren, yet how rich within!
They bear the pine, the oak and cedar yield,
To form the palace, and the navy build.
When the inclement meteors you accuse,
And ask if gracious God would storms produce?
You ne'er reflect, that by the driving wind
The air from noxious vapours is refin'd;

Freed from the putrid seeds of pain and death,
That living creatures might not, by their breath,
Through their warm veins, instead of vital food,
Disperse contagion, and corrupt their blood.
Without the wind, the ship were made in vain,
Adventurous merchants could not cross the main,
Nor sever'd realms their gainful trade maintain.
Then with this wise reflection you disturb
Your anxious thought, that our terrestrial orb
In many parts is not by man possest,
With too much heat, or too much cold, opprest.
But in mistake you this objection found:
Unnumber'd isles and spacious tracts of ground,
Which feel the scorching Sun's directer beam,
And did to you inhospitable seem,
With tawny nations, or with black, abound,
With noble rivers lav'd, with plenty crown'd;
And regions too from the bright orb remote
Are peopled, which you unfrequented thought.
But could Lucretius on the Sun reflect,
His proper distance from the Earth respect,
Observe his constant road, his equal pace,
His round diurnal, and his annual race;
Could he regard the nature of the light,
Its beauteous lustre, and its rapid flight,
And its relation to the sense of sight;
Could he to all these miracles advert,
And not in all perceive one stroke of art?
Grant, that the motions of the Sun are such,
That some have light too little, some too much;
Grant, that in different tracts he might have roll'd,
And given each clime more equal heat and cold:
Yet view the revolutions, as they are,
Does there no wisdom, no design appear?
Could any but a knowing, prudent Cause
Begin such motions, and assign such laws?
If the Great Mind had form'd a different frame,
Might not your wanton wit the system blame?
Though here you all perfection should not find,
Yet is it all th' Eternal Will design'd:
It is a finish'd world, and perfect in its kind.
Not that its regions every charm include,
With which celestial empires are endued;
Nor is consummate goodness here confer'd,
If we perfection absolute regard;
But what's before asserted, we repeat,
Of the vast whole it is a part complete.
But since you are displeas'd the partial Sun
Is not indulgent to the frigid zone;
Suppose more suns in proper orbits roll'd,
Dissolv'd the snows, and chas'd the polar cold;
Or grant that this revolv'd in such a way,
As equal heat to all he might convey,
And give the distant poles their share of day;
Observe how prudent Nature's icy hoard,
With all her nitrous stores, would be devour'd;
Then would unbalanc'd heat licentious reign,
Crack the dry hill, and chap the russet plain;
Her moisture all exhal'd, the cleaving Earth
Would yield no fruit, and bear no verdant birth.
You of the pools and spacious lakes complain,
And of the liquid deserts of the main,
As hurtful these, or useless, you arraign.
Besides the pleasure which the lakes afford,
As bearing fish delicious stor'd?
Are not their waves with fish delicious deep the sky
Does not the wide capacious deep the sky
With dewy clouds, the Earth with rain, supply?
Do not the rivers, which the valley lave,
[illegible] subterraneous cave,
[illegible] fluent wave?
You then must own the Earth the ocean needs,
Which thus the lake recruits, the fountain feeds.
The noxious plant, and savage animal,
Which you the Earth's reproach and blemish call,
Are useful various ways; if not for food,
For manufactures or for medicine good.
Thus we repel with reason, not evade,
The bold objections by Lucretius made.
Pyrrhonians next, of like ambitious aim,
Wanton of wit, and panting after fame,
Who strove to sink the sects of chief renown,
And on their ruin'd schools to raise their own;
Boldly presum'd, with rhetorician pride,
To hold of any question either side.
They thought, in every subject of debate,
In either scale the proof of equal weight.
Ask, if a God existeth they allow?
The vain declaimers will attempt to show,
That, whether you renounce him, or assert,
There's no superior proof on either part.
"Suppose a God, we must," say they, "conclude
He lives; if so, he is with sense endued;
And, if with sense endued, may pain perceive,
And what can suffer pain may cease to live."
Pyrrhonians, we a living God adore,
An unexhausted spring of vital power;
But his immortal, uncreated life,
No torment feels, and no destructive grief.
Does he by different organs taste or hear?
Or by an eye do things to him appear?
Has he a muscle, or extended nerve,
Which to impart or pain or pleasure serve?
Of all perfection possible possest,
He finds no want, nor is with woe opprest.
Though we can ne'er explore the life divine,
And sound the blest abyss by reason's line,
Yet 'tis not, mortal man, a transient life, like thine.
Others, to whom the whole mechanic tribe
With an harmonious sympathy subscribe,
Nature with empire universal crown,
And this high queen the world's Creator own.
If you what builder rear'd the world demand,
They say 'twas done by Nature's powerful hand;
If whence its order and its beauty rose,
Nature, they say, did so the frame dispose;
If what its steady motions does maintain,
And holds of causes and effects the chain,
O'er all her works this Sovereign Cause presides,
Upholds the orbs, and all their motions guides.
Since to her bounty we such blessings owe,
Our generous Benefactor let us know.
When the word Nature you express, declare,
Form'd in your minds what image does appear?
Can you that term of doubtful sound explain?
Show it no idle offspring of the brain?
Sometimes by Nature your enlighten'd school
Intends of things the universal whole;
Sometimes it is the order that connects,
And holds the chain of causes and effects:
Sometimes it is the manner and the way,
In which those causes do their force convey,
And in effects their energy display.
That she's the work itself, you oft assert,
As oft' th' artificer, as oft the art,
That is, that we may Nature clearly trace,
And by her marks distinctly know her face;
She's now the building, now the architect,
And now the rule which does his hand direct.

But let this empress be whate'er you please;
Let her be all or any one of these;
She is with reason, or she's not, endu'd:
If you the first affirm, we thence conclude
A God, whose being you oppose, you grant:
But if this mighty queen does reason want,
How could this noble fabric be design'd,
And fashion'd by a Maker brute and blind?
Could it of art such miracles invent,
And raise a beauteous world of such extent?
Still at the helm does this dark pilot stand,
And with a steady, never-erring hand,
Steer all the floating worlds, and their set course command?

That clearer strokes of masterly design,
Of wise contrivance, and of judgment, shine
In all the parts of Nature, we assert,
Than in the brightest works of human art:
And shall not those be judg'd th' effect of thought,
As well as these with skill inferior wrought?
Let such a sphere to India be convey'd,
As Archimede or modern Hugens made;
Will not the Indian, though untaught and rude,
This work th' effect of wise design conclude?
Is there such skill in imitation shown?
And in the things, we imitate, is none?
Are not our arts, by artful Nature taught,
With pain and careful observation sought?

Behold the painter, who with Nature vies:
See his whole soul exerted in his eyes!
He views her various scenes, intent to trace
The master lines, that form'd her finish'd face:
Are thought and conduct in the copy clear,
While none in all th' original appear?
Tell us, what master, for mechanics fam'd,
Has one machine so admirably fram'd,
Where you will art in such perfection grant,
As in a living creature or a plant?
Declare, what curious workmanship can vie
Or with a hand or foot, an ear, or eye?
That can for skill as much applause deserve,
As the fine texture of the fibrous nerve;
Or the stupendous system, which contains
Th' arterial channels, or the winding veins?
What artificial frame, what instrument,
Did one superior genius yet invent,
Which to the bones or muscles is preferr'd,
If you their order, form, or use, regard?
Why then to works of Nature is assign'd
An Author unintelligent and blind,
When ours proceed from choice and conscious mind?

To this you say, that "Nature's are indeed
Most artful works, but then they ne'er proceed
From Nature acting with design and art,
Who, void of choice, her vigour does exert;
And by unguided motion things produce,
Regardless of their order, end, or use."
By Tully's mouth thus Cotta does dispute,
But thus, with ease, the Roman we confute.

Say, if in artful things no art is shown,
What are the certain marks, that make it known?
How will you artful from unartful bound,
And not th' ideas in our mind confound?
Than this no truth displays before our sight
A brighter beam, or more convincing light;
That skilful works suppose a skilful Cause,
Which acts by choice, and moves by prudent laws.
Where you, unless you are as matter blind,
Conduct and beauteous disposition find,
Conspiring order, fitness, harmony,
Use, and convenience; will you not agree
That such effects could not be undesign'd,
Nor could proceed but from a knowing mind?

Old systems you may try, or new ones raise,
May shift, and wind, and plot, a thousand ways;
May various words, and forms of diction, use,
And with a different cant th' unjudging ear amuse;
You may affirm, that Chance did things create,
Or let it Nature be, or be it Fate;
Body alone, inert and brute, you'll find,
The cause of all things is by you assign'd.
And, after all your fruitless toil, if you
A Cause distinct from matter will allow,
It must be conscious, not like matter blind,
And show you grant a God, by granting mind.

Vaninus next, a hardy modern chief,
A bold opposer of divine belief,
Attempts Religion's fences to subvert,
Strong in his rage, but destitute of art;
In impious maxims fixt, he Heaven defy'd,
An unbelieving, anti-martyr dy'd.
Strange, that an atheist pleasure should refuse,
Relinquish life, and death in torment choose!
Of science what a despicable share
Vaninus own'd, his publish'd dreams declare.
Let impious wits applaud a godless mind,
As blest with piercing sight, and sense refin'd,
Contriv'd and wrought by Nature's careful hand,
All the proud schools of learning to command;
Let them pronounce each patron of their cause
Claims, by distinguish'd merit, just applause;
Yet I this writer's want of sense arraign,
Treat all his empty pages with disdain,
And think a grave reply mis-spent and vain:
To borrow light, his errour to amend,
I would the atheist to Vaninus send.

At length Britannia's soil, immortal shame!
Brought forth a sage of celebrated name,
Who with contempt on blest Religion trod,
Mock'd all her precepts, and renounc'd his God.
"As awful shades and horrours of the night
Disturb the mother, and the child affright;
Who see dire spectres through the gloomy air
In threatening forms advance, and shuddering hear
The groans of wandering ghosts, and yellings of despair:
From the same spring," he says, "devotion flows,
Conscience of guilt from dread of vengeance rose;
Religion is the creature of the spleen,
And troubled fancy forms the world unseen;
That timorous minds, with self-tormenting care,
Create those awful phantoms which they fear."

Such arms were us'd by impious chiefs of old,
Vain as this modern hero, and as bold.
Who would not this philosopher adore,
For finding worlds discover'd long before?
Can he one flower in all his garden show,
Which in his Grecian master's did not grow?
And yet, imperious, with a teacher's air,
Boastful, he claims a right to Wisdom's chair;
Gasping with ardent thirst of false renown,
With Grecian wreaths he does his temples crown,
Triumphs with borrow'd spoils, and trophies not his own.
The world, he grants, with clouds was overspread;
Truth ne'er erected yet her starry head,
Till he, bright genius, rose to chase the night,
And thro' all nature shone with new-sprung light.

But let th' inquirer know, proud Briton! why
Hope should not gods, as well as fear, supply;
Does not th' idea of a God include
The notion of beneficent and good;
Of one to mercy, not revenge, inclin'd,
Able and willing to relieve mankind?
And does not this idea more appear
The object of our hope, than of our fear?
Then tell us, why this passion, more than that,
Should build their altars, and the gods create?
But let us grant the weak and timorous mind
To superstitious terrours is inclin'd;
That horrid scenes, and monsters form'd in air,
By night the children and the mother scare;
That apparitions, by a fever bred,
Or by the spleen's black vapours, fill the head;
Does that affect the sage of sense refin'd,
Whose body's healthful, and serene his mind?
Yet more, insulting Briton! let us try
Your reason's force, your arguments apply.
You say, "since spectres from the fancy flow,
To timorous fancy gods their being owe;
Since phantoms to the weak seem real things,
Religion from mistake and weakness springs."
But though the vulgar have illusions seen,
Thought objects were without that were within;
Yet we from hence absurdly should conclude,
All objects of the mind the mind delude:
That our ideas idle are, that none
Were ever real, and that nothing's known.
But, leaving phantoms and illusive fear,
Let us at Reason's judgment-seat appear;
There let the question be severely try'd;
By an impartial sentence we abide:
Th' Eternal Mind's existence we sustain,
By proofs so full, by evidence so plain,
That none of all the sciences have shown
Such demonstration of the truths they own.
Spinosa next, to hide his black design,
And to his side th' unwary to incline,
For Heaven his ensigns treacherous displays,
Declares for God, while he that God betrays;
For whom he's pleas'd such evidence to bring,
As saves the name, while it subverts the thing.
Now hear his labour'd scheme of impious use:
"No substance can another e'er produce;
Substance no limit, no confinement, knows,
And its existence from its nature flows;
The substance of the universe is one,
Which is the self-existent God alone.
The spheres of ether, which the world enclose,
And all th' apartments, which the whole compose;
The lucid orbs, the earth, the air, the main,
With every different being they contain,
Are one prodigious aggregated God,
Of whom each sand is part, each stone and clod;
Supreme perfections in each insect shine,
Each shrub is sacred, and each weed divine."
Sages, no longer Egypt's sons despise,
For their cheap gods, and savoury deities!
No more their coarse divinities revile!
To leeks, to onions, to the crocodile,
You might your humble adorations pay,
Were you not gods yourselves, as well as they.
As much you pull Religion's altars down,
By owning all things God, as owning none;
For should all beings be alike divine,
Of worship if an object you assign,
God to himself must veneration show,
Must be the idol and the votary too;
And their assertions are alike absurd,
Who own no God, or none to be ador'd.

CREATION.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

The introduction. No man happy, that has not conquered the fears of death. The inability of the Epicurean scheme to accomplish that end. Religion only capable of subduing those fears. The hypothesis of Epicurus concerning the formation of the universe shown to be absurd, I. In a more general survey of the parts of the universe. II. By a more close and strict examination of his scheme. The principle of motion not accounted for by that scheme; nor the determination of it one way. Pondus, gravity, innate mobility, words without a meaning. Descent of atoms; upwards and downwards; a middle or centre, absurdly asserted by Epicurus in infinite space. His hypothesis not to be supported, whether his matter be supposed finite or infinite. His ridiculous assertion relating to the diurnal and annual motion of the Sun. The impossibility of forming the world by the casual concourse of atoms. They could never meet if they moved with equal speed. Primitive atoms, being the smallest parts of matter, would move more slowly than bodies of greater bulk, which have more gravity; yet these are absurdly supposed to move the swiftest. His assertion, that some primitive atoms have a direct, and others an inclining, motion, implies a contradiction. Lucretius's explanation of this inclining motion of some first atoms not intelligible. The inexplicable difficulty of stopping the atoms in their flight, and causing them to settle in a formed world. The ponderous Earth not to be sustained in liquid air. The Epicurean formation of the Heavens very ridiculous. No account given by the Epicureans how the Sun and stars are upheld in fluid ether. Their idle account of the formation of the air. The variety of figure and size given by Epicurus to his atoms, a convincing proof of wisdom and design. Another proof is the disproportion of the moist and dry atoms in the formation of the Earth. His ludicrous and childish account of the formation of the hollow for the sea. No account given by Epicurus, or his followers, of the motion of the heavenly orbs, particularly of the Sun.

Carus, we grant, no man is blest, but he
Whose mind from anxious thoughts of death is free
Let laurel wreaths the victor's brows adorn,
Sublime thro' gazing throngs in triumph borne;
Let acclamations ring around the skies,
While curling clouds of balmy incense rise;
Let spoils immense, let trophies gain'd in war,
And conquer'd kings, attend his rolling car;
If dread of death, still unsubdu'd remains,
And secret o'er the vanquish'd victor reigns;

Th' illustrious slave in endless thraldom bears
A heavier chain than his led captive wears.
With swiftest wing, the fears of future fate
Elude the guards, and pass the palace gate;
Traverse the lofty rooms, and, uncontroll'd,
Fly hovering round the painted roofs, and bold
To the rich arras cling, and perch on busts of gold,
Familiar horrours haunt the monarch's head,
And thoughts ill-boding from the downy bed
Chase gentle sleep; black cares the soul infest,
And broider'd stars adorn a troubled breast:
In vain they ask the charming lyre, in vain
The flatterer's sweeter voice, to lull their pain;
Riot and wine but for a moment please;
Delights they oft enjoy, but never ease.
What are distinction, honour, wealth, and state,
The pomp of courts, the triumphs of the great;
The numerous troops, that envy'd thrones secure,
And splendid ensigns of imperial power?
What the high palace, rear'd with vast expense,
Unrivall'd art, and luxury immense,
With statues grac'd by ancient Greece supply'd,
With more than Persian wealth, and Tyrian pride?
What are the foods of all delicious kinds,
Which now the huntsman, now the fowler, finds;
The richest wines, which Gallia's happy field,
Which Tuscan hills, or thine, Iberia, yield?
Nature, deprav'd, abundance does pursue;
Her first and pure demands are cheap and few.
What health promotes, and gives unenvy'd peace,
Is all expenseless, and procur'd with ease.
Behold the shepherd, see th' industrious swain,
Who ploughs the field, or reaps the ripen'd grain,
How mean, and yet how tasteful, is their fare!
How sweet their sleep! their souls how free from care!
They drink the streaming crystal, and escape
Th' inflaming juices of the purple grape;
And, to protect their limbs from rigorous air,
Garments, their own domestic work, they wear:
Yet thoughts of death their lonely cots molest,
Affright the hind, and break the labourer's rest.
Since these reflections on approaching fate
Distrust and ill-presaging care create;
'Tis clear we strive for happiness in vain,
While fears of death within insulting reign.
But then Lucretian wits absurdly frame,
To sink those inbred fears, their impious scheme,
To chase the horrours of a conscious mind,
They desperate means and wild expedients find;
The hardy rebels aiming to appease
Their fierce remorse, and dream a while at ease,
Of crying guilt th' avenging power disown,
And pull their high Creator from his throne;
That done, they mock the threats of future pain,
As monstrous fictions of the poet's brain.
Thy force, alone, Religion! Death disarms,
Breaks all his darts, and every viper charms;
Soften'd by thee, the grisly form appears
No more the horrid object of our fears;
We undismay'd this awful power obey,
That guides us thro' the safe, tho' gloomy way,
Which leads to life, and to the blest abode,
Where ravish'd minds enjoy, what here they own'd, a God.
Regard, ye sages of Lucretian race,
Nature's rich dress, behold her lovely face.
Look all around, terrestrial realms survey,
The isles, the rivers, and the spacious sea;
Observe the air, view with attentive eyes
The glorious concave of the vaulted skies;
Could these from casual hits, from tumult those, arise?
Can rule and beauty from distraction grow?
Can symmetry from wild confusion flow?
When atoms in th' unmeasur'd space did rove,
And in the dark for doubtful empire strove;
Did intervening Chance the feuds compose,
Establish friendship, and disarm the foes?
Did this the ancient darksome horrours chase,
Distinction give, and spread celestial grace
O'er the black districts of the empty space?
Could atoms, which, with undirected flight,
Roam'd through the void, and rang'd the realms of night,
Of reason destitute, without intent,
Deprived of choice, and mindless of event,
In order march, and to their posts advance,
Led by no guide, but undesigning Chance?
What did th' entangled particles divide,
And sort the various seeds of things ally'd?
To make primeval elements select
All the fit atoms, and th' unfit reject?
Distinguish hot from cold, and moist from dry,
Range some to form the Earth, and some the sky?
From the embrace, and gloomy arms, of Night,
What freed the glimmering fire, and disengag'd the light?
Could Chance such just and prudent measures take?
To frame the world, such distribution make?
If to your builder you will conduct give,
A power to choose, to manage, and contrive,
Your idol Chance, suppos'd inert and blind,
Must be enroll'd an active conscious mind.
Did this your wise and sovereign architect
Design the model, and the world erect?
Were by her skill the deep foundations laid,
The globes suspended, and the Heavens display'd?
By what elastic engines did she rear
The starry roof, and roll the orbs in air?
On the formation of the Earth reflect;
Is this a blind fortuitous effect?
Did all the grosser atoms, at the call
Of Chance, file off, to form the ponderous ball,
And undetermin'd into order fall?
Did of themselves th' assembled seeds arrive,
And without art this artful frame contrive?
To build the Earth, did Chance materials choose,
And through the parts cementing glue diffuse;
Adjust the frontier of the sea and soil,
Balance and hang in air the finish'd pile?
Ye towering hills, whose snowy peaks arise
Above the clouds, and winter in the skies;
Ye rocks, which on the shores your heads advance;
Are you the labour and the care of Chance?
To draw up stones of such prodigious weight,
And raise th' amazing heaps to such a height,
What huge machine, what forceful instrument,
Did your blind builder of the world invent?
Could it distinguish, could it wall around
The damp and dark apartments under ground;
With rocky arches vault the hollow caves,
And form the tracks of subterranean waves;
Extend the different mineral veins, and spread
For rich metallic ores the genial bed?
What could prepare the gulphs to entertain
Between their shores the interposing main;
Disjoin the land, the various realms divide,
And spread with scatter'd isles th' extended tide?

Regard th' unnumber'd wonders of the deep,
Where confluent streams, their race completed, sleep:
Did Chance the compass take, and in the dark
The wide dimensions of the ocean mark;
Then dig the ample cave, and stretch the shores,
Whose winding arms confine the liquid stores,
Which, gushing from the mountain to the main,
Through verdant vallies draw their humid train?
Did it design the deep abyss, and spread
The ancient waters on their central bed?
To the wild flood did sovereign Fortune say,
"Thus far advance, and here thy billows stay;
Be this thy barrier, this enclosing sand
Thou shalt not pass, nor overflow the land?"
And do the waves revere her high command?
Did chemic Chance the furnaces prepare,
Raise all the labour-houses of the air,
And lay crude vapours in digestion there;
Where Nature is employ'd, with wondrous skill,
To draw her spirits, and her drops distil;
Meteors for various purposes to form,
The breeze to cheer, to terrify the storm?
Did she extend the gloomy clouds on high,
Where all th' amazing fireworks of the sky
In unconcocted seeds fermenting lie,
Till the imprison'd flames are ripe for birth,
And ruddy bolts exploded wound the Earth?
What ready hand applies the kindled match,
Which evening trains of unctuous vapours catch?
Whence shoots with lambent flight the falling star,
And flames unhurtful hovering dance in air?
What curious loom does Chance by evening spread?
With what fine shuttle weave the virgin's thread,
Which, like the spider's net, hangs on the grassy mead?
Let us the moulds to fashion meteors know,
How these produce the hail, and those the snow?
What gave the exhalations wings to rise,
To leave their centre, and possess the skies?
Let us no longer missive weapons throw,
But close the fight, and grapple with the foe;
Submit to reason's strictest test their scheme,
And by mechanic laws pursue the huddled frame.
See, how th' ambitious architects design:
To rear the world without the Power Divine,
As principles, the great contrivers place
Unbounded matter in unbounded space:
Matter was first, in parts minute, endued
With various figures, various magnitude;
Some, moving in the spacious infinite,
Describe a line oblique, and some a right;
For, did not some from a straight course deflect,
They could not meet, they could no world erect:
While unfatigued from endless ages past,
They rang'd the dark interminable waste,
Oft clashing and rencountering in their flight,
Some atoms leap aside, and some upright;
They various ways recoil, and swiftly flow,
By mutual repercussions, to and fro,
Till, shuffled and entangled in their race,
They clasp each other with a close embrace;
Combin'd by concourse, mingled and comprest,
They grow in bulk, and complicated rest.
Hence did the world and all its parts arise!
Hence the bright Sun and stars, and hence the skies!
Hence sprung the air, the ocean, and the earth!
And hence all nature had its casual birth!

If you demand what wise directing mind
The wondrous platform of the world design'd;
Did range, divide, and in their order place,
The crude materials of th' unfashion'd mass;
Did move, direct, and all the parts control,
With perfect skill, to serve the beauteous whole;
Fortune to this high honour they advance,
And no surveyor want, no guide, but Chance.
Lucretian masters, now to make it plain
In building worlds how raw you are, and vain;
Grant that before this mighty frame was rear'd,
Before confusion fled, and light appear'd,
In the dark void and empty realms of night
Your restless atoms did pursue their flight;
And in their adverse paths, and wild career,
By chance rencounter, and by chance cohere;
Thus clasp'd in strict embraces, they produce
Unnumber'd casual forms for different use:
You, who to clearer reason make pretence,
Of wit refin'd, and eminent in sense,
Let us, ye sons of Epicurus, know
The spring, whence all these various motions flow.
What vigour push'd primeval atoms on?
Was it a foreign impulse, or their own?
If 'twas a foreign delegated force,
Which mov'd those bodies, and control'd their course;
Asserting this, you your own scheme destroy,
And Power Divine, to form the world, employ.
If from a moving principle within,
Your active atoms did their flight begin,
That spring, that moving principle, explain,
And in the schools unrivall'd you shall reign;
Declare its nature, and assign its name;
For motion, and its cause, are not the same.
We know, you'll tell us, 'tis impulsive weight,
Mobility, or power to move innate:
Profound solution! worthy of your schools,
Where reason in its boasted freedom rules.
But thus you mock mankind, and language use,
Not to inform the mind, but to amuse.
Of motion we the principle demand;
You say, 'tis power to move, and there you stand!
But is it to explain, to change the name?
Is not the doubt in different words the same?
Do you reveal the spring of motion more,
By wisely calling that a moving power,
Which we had term'd a principle before?
The youngest head, new-vers'd in reasoning, knows
That motion must a power to move suppose;
Which, while in vain you labour to unfold,
You clearly tell us, that Lucretians hold
An active spring, a principle approve,
Distinct from matter, which must matter move.
Matter, as such, abstracted in the mind,
We from a power to move divested find,
Not more to motion than to rest inclin'd;
The power, which motion does to matter give,
We therefore must distinct from both conceive;
A power to nature given by Nature's Lord,
When first he spoke the high creating word,
When for his world materials he prepar'd,
And on each part this energy conferr'd.
Ye vain philosophers! presumptuous race!
Who would the Great Eternal Mind displace;
Take from the world its Maker, and advance
To his high throne your thoughtless idol Chance:
Let us th' inquiry by just steps pursue;
With motion we your atoms will endue.

We ask, when in the spacious void they stray,
Why still they beat one track, and move one way?
Still the same flight why do their parties take?
Why this, or that way, no digression make?
What will to this our atomists reply?
They answer, "By an innate gravity
The ponderous bodies still are downward borne,
And never upwards of themselves return."
Acute and solid answer! see a flight,
Worthy of finest wit, and clearest sight!
Do not these wise mechanic masters know,
That no man can conceive, or high or low,
Nor find distinction of superior place,
Or of inferior, in the empty space
Uncircumscrib'd, and ignorant of bound,
And where no midst, no centre, can be found?
Perhaps, your master's doctrine to sustain,
And matter's downward motion to explain,
You, with his famous Gallic friend, assert,
That is superior, whence your atoms start,
And that inferior in the empty space
To which they all direct their rapid race.
Now let us recollect, and what you say
At large, in one contracted view survey.
You say, your atoms move; we ask you, why?
"Because it is their nature," you reply.
But since that native power you never show,
You only say they move, because they do:
But let your atoms move, we bid you say,
Why they move this, and not a different way?
You tell us, 'tis from inbred gravity;
That is, you tell us, 'tis you know not why.
Till what is gravity you let us know,
By senseless words how can we wiser grow?
We give you this ingenite, moving force,
That makes them always downward take their course;
We then demand, which place inferior *is*
Within the spacious unconfin'd abyss?
You say 'tis that, to which the atoms bend
Their swift career, for still they must descend;
That is, they downward move, because they downward tend.
Let us, Lucretians, now our task pursue,
And of your scheme remaining wonders view.
Say, if your atoms of immortal race
Are equal and commensurate to space:
If so, the boundless vast immensity,
While thus possest, would full of matter be;
For in the vacant (as your schools approve)
Should finite matter be suppos'd to move,
Not knowing how to stop, or where to stay,
It unobstructed must pursue its way,
Be lost in void immense, and dissipated stray;
The scattering bodies never would combine,
Nor, to compose a world, by concourse join.
But, if all space is full, if all possest,
Which supposition you embrace as best,
Then crowded matter would for ever rest;
Nature no change of place had ever seen;
Where all is full, no motion can begin;
For, if it should, you'll be compell'd to say,
Body does body pierce, to force its way;
Or unconfin'd immensity retreats,
To give your atoms room to change their seats.
And here with us Lucretius does agree,
That, if some place from matter be not free,
In plenitude no motion could commence,
All would be stagnate in the vast immense.

If it be said, "small parts of empty space
Are interspers'd through all the spreading mass,
By which some bodies give to others place;"
Then matter, you must grant, would finite be,
And stretch unequal to immensity;
And then, as Epicurus judges right,
It would for ever take a useless flight,
Lost in expansion void and infinite.
Besides, allowing through th' extended whole
Small scatter'd spaces not of body full,
Then matter, you Lucretians must agree,
Has not existence from necessity;
For, if its being necessary were,
Why are some parts of space from matter clear?
Why does it here exist, and why not there?
Lucretians, now, which side you please, embrace:
If in your void you finite substance place,
'Tis dissipated through th' immense abyss,
And you to form the world materials miss;
You'll not the progress of your atoms stay,
Nor to collect the vagrants find a way.
Thus too your master's scheme will be destroy'd,
Who, wholly to possess the boundless void,
No less than matter infinite employ'd.
If you, in honour to your founder's skill,
The boundless void with boundless substance fill,
Then tell us, how you can your bodies roll
Through space, of matter so completely full?
The force this single reason does exert
Will the foundations of your scheme subvert:
Nor were it needful to pursue the blow,
Or form a fresh attack, unless to show
How slight your works in every quarter are,
How ill your huddled sentiments cohere.
Be this, O Greece! thy everlasting shame,
That thoughtless Epicurus rais'd a name,
Who built by artless Chance this mighty frame.
Could one whose wit such narrow limits bound,
Nature, thy depths unfathomable sound?
Of his sagacious thoughts to give a part,
Does not this wise philosopher assert
The radiant Sun's extinguish'd every night,
And every morn, rekindled, darts his light?
That the vast orb, which casts so far his beams,
Is such, or not much bigger, than he seems?
That the dimensions of his glorious face
Two geometric feet do scarce surpass?
Does he not make the fickle winds convey
The Sun revolving through his crooked way?
But, since his school has gain'd such spreading fame,
And modern wits his master-skill proclaim;
Let us yet farther carry this debate,
And, as you ask, confer on matter weight,
To make it move within the vast abyss,
And downward too, ev'n where *no* downward is.
If this be true, as you Lucretians say,
That atoms wing with equal speed their way,
Then how could this that atom overtake?
How could they clash, and how collisions make?
If in a line oblique your bodies rove,
Or in a perpendicular they move,
If some advance not slower in their race,
And some, more swift, should not pursue the chase,
How could they be entangled, how embrace?
'Tis demonstration, 'tis meridian light,
Those bodies ne'er could justle, ne'er could fight,
Nor by their mutual shocks be ruffled in their flight.
Since matter of a greater magnitude
Must be with greater gravity endued,

Then the minutest parts must still proceed
With less, the greater with the greater speed.
Hence your first bodies, which the smallest are,
On which the swiftest motion you confer,
Must be contented with the slowest pace,
And yield to matter of more bulk the race.
How wondrous little must those atoms be,
Which you endow with such velocity!
Minute beyond conception, when we find
Bodies so small, where many are combin'd!
How many various figures must we take,
What numerous complications use, to make
Some compound things, so small of magnitude,
That all our senses they with ease elude!
Light exhalations, that from Earth arise,
Attracted by the sun-beams through the skies,
Which the mysterious seeds of thunder bear,
Of winds, and all the meteors of the air;
Though they around us take their constant flight,
Their little size escapes the sharpest sight.
The fragrant vapours breath'd from rich perfumes,
From Indian spices, and Arabian gums,
Though many years they flow, will scarce abate
The odoriferous body's bulk or weight.
Though antimonial cups, prepar'd with art,
Their force to wine through ages should impart;
This dissipation, this profuse expense,
Nor shrinks their size, nor wastes their stores immense.
The powder which destructive guns explode,
And by its force their hollow wombs unload,
When rarefy'd of space, possesses more,
Five hundred times, than what it fill'd before.
The seeds of form, which, by prolific heat
Cheer'd and unfolded, form a plant so great,
Are less a thousand times than what the eye
Can, unassisted by the tube, descry.
By glasses aided, we in liquor see
Some living things, minute to that degree,
That a prodigious number must unite,
To make the smallest object of the sight.
How little bodies must the light compound,
Which by your masters is corporeal own'd;
Since the vast deluge of refulgent rays,
Which in a day the Sun a thousand ways,
Through his wide empire, lavishly conveys,
Were they collected in one solid mass,
Might not in weight a single drachm surpass?
At least those atoms wondrous small must be,
Small to an unconceivable degree;
Since though these radiant spoils, dispers'd in air,
Do ne'er return, and ne'er the Sun repair,
Yet the bright orb, whence still new torrents flow,
Does no apparent loss, no diminution know.
Now, curious wits, who Nature's work inspect
With rapture, with astonishment, reflect
On the small size of atoms, which unite
To make the smallest particle of light?
Then how minute primeval atoms are,
From this account Lucretians may infer:
Yet they on these, without regard to right,
Confer the honour of the quickest flight.
Within the void, with what a swift career
Your rapid matter moves will thus appear.
That all mixt bodies are in speed outdone
By your first atoms, you with ease will own;
For compound beings can no motion have,
But what their first constituent atoms gave:
Then your primeval substances exceed
The swift-wing'd wind, or swifter light, in speed.
How soon the sun-beams at the morning's birth
Leap down from Heaven, and light upon the Earth!
Prodigious flight! they in few moments pass
The vast ethereal interposing space,
Should you enjoin a rock so hard a task.
It would more years, than light will minutes, ask,
One atom then (so you'll be forc'd to say)
Must rocks and hills and the whole globe out-
Since it exceeds them by its swifter flight, [weigh;
And swifter motion springs from greater weight.
If Nature's rule your atoms do enjoin
To move directly downward in a line;
Say, how can any from that path decline?
Th' inclining motion then, which you suppose,
Whence the first concourse of your atoms rose,
Must the great maxim of your schools subvert,
Which still with one confederate voice assert,
That matter by necessity descends
In lines direct, yet part obliquely tends.
And thus your matter, by its native force,
To different points would steer a different course;
Determin'd by the same impulsive weight,
Move in a line oblique, and in a straight.
To heal your system's deep and ghastly wound,
Which this objection gives, Lucretius found
A method; who a motion did invent,
Not straight entirely, nor entirely bent,
Which forms a line to crooked somewhat like,
Slanting almost, and, as it were, oblique.
Who does not now this wondrous bard adore?
See Reason's conquering light, and Wit's resistless power?
If atoms, after their eternal dance,
Into this beauteous fabric leap'd by chance;
If they combin'd by casual concourse; say,
What, in a free and unobstructed way,
Did in a full career your atoms stay?
What mounds, what force, when rushing from the height
Of space immense, could stop them in their flight?
Why in their road did they not forward pass;
But say, where now we find the settled mass,
Why did they cease from moving in despite
Of their own nature, and impelling weight?
Had the wise troops sagacity to know,
That, there arriv'd, they should no further go?
That, in this point of all the spacious void,
To form a world they were to be employ'd?
Did they, in prospect of so great a good,
In this one place of all the liquid road,
All their encumbering gravity unload?
Fatigued, and spent with labour infinite,
Did they grow torpid, and unapt for flight?
Or, in th' embrace and downy lap of air
Lull'd and enchanted, did they settle there?
Grant in this single place by chance they met,
That there by chance they did their weight forget;
It happen'd there they form'd a mighty mass,
Where yet no order, no distinction, was:
Let this be so; we ask you to explain
The wondrous Power that did the parts sustain,
For still their nature and their weight remain.
What from descent should ponderous matter stay,
When no more ponderous matter stops its way?
Can airy columns prop the mighty ball,
Its pressure balance, and prevent its fall?
And after this remains a mighty task,
Which more than human skill and power will ask,
The strong mysterious cements to unfold,
Which atoms strictly complicated hold.

But let us leave the heap in air's embrace,
To rest unmov'd within the empty space,
Which knows no height, or depth, or middle place:
Tell, how you build the chambers of the sky,
Extend the spheres, and hang the orbs on high?
You say, when matter first began to fall,
And settle into this terrestrial ball,
Press'd from the Earth thin exhalations rose,
Vapours and steams, materials to compose
The spacious regions of the liquid air,
The Heavens, and all the luminaries there:
These vapours soon (miraculous event!)
Shuffled by chance, and mix'd by accident,
Into such ranks and beauteous order fell,
As no effect of wisdom can excel.
Hence did the planets, hung in ether stray!
Hence rose the stars, and hence the Milky Way!
Hence did the Sun along the skies advance!
The source of day but sprung from Night and Chance!

But who can show the legends, that record
More idle tales, or fables so absurd?
Does not your scheme affront ev'n vulgar sense;
That spheres of such a vast circumference,
That all the orbs, which in the regions roll,
Stretching from east to west, from pole to pole,
Should their constructure, and their beauty, owe
To vapours press'd from this poor ball below?
From this small heap could exhalations rise
Enough, and fit, to spread and vault the skies?
Lucretius thus the manner has display'd
How meteors, not how heavenly globes, are made.
But grant the steams, which by expression rose,
Did all the spheres and every orb compose;
Since their ingenite gravity remains,
What girder binds, what prop the frame sustains?

The Sun's bright beams, which you of matter make,
From Heaven their downward flight perpetual take:
Why does not then his body, which outweighs,
By infinite degrees, his golden rays,
By its own force precipitated fall,
And hide in ruins this terrestrial ball?
Can air, unable to sustain the light,
Support the Sun of such superior weight;
And all the ponderous heavenly orbs suspend,
Against their nature, which does downward tend?
Tell, wise Lucretius, tell the secret art,
Which keeps the Heavens and Earth so long apart.

Thus too the air, press'd from this mass, you say
Between the Earth and skies expanded lay;
Not with intention that the solar light
Through the thin gulph might take an easy flight,
Or that with nitrous food it should inspire
The breathing lungs, and feed the vital fire;
But mere contingence did the gulph extend,
Regardless of convenience, use, or end.
Now, vaunting poet! should it be confess'd,
That from the Earth the air is thus express'd;
Since things by heavier things are upward thrown,
Which tend with stronger gravitation down;
Why are the Sun, and the fair orbs of light,
All which so far exceed the air in weight,
Hung from the centre at a greater height?
Why do not these their nature's law obey,
Rush from above, and near the centre stay,
And make all lighter bodies give them way?
Tell us, Lucretius, why they ne'er pursue
This natural bent, and this undoubted due?
Since to the Earth you give the middle place,
To which all heavy things direct their race;
If nothing does obstruct, by certain fate
Things would, in order of their different weight,
Lie round the Earth, and make one mighty heap;
They would their place, as different strata, keep;
Nor would the air, or interceding sky,
Between the distant orbs and worlds divided lie;
Ether and air would claim the highest place,
The stars and planets would the Earth embrace.
As now the ocean floats upon its face.
In vain you labour by mechanic rules,
In vain exhaust the reason of your schools,
These questions to resolve, and to explain
How separate worlds were made, and separate still remain.

Since to your uncompounded atoms you
Figures in number infinite allow,
From which, by various combination, springs
This unconfin'd diversity of things;
Are not, in this, design and counsel clear?
Does not the wise Artificer appear,
Who the corporeal particles endued
With different shape, and different magnitude,
That from their mixtures all things might have birth,
In the wide sea, and air, and Heaven, and Earth?
To all these figures of distinguish'd kind,
And different sizes, are not ends assign'd?
Then own their Cause did act with wise intent,
Which did those sizes square, and every shape invent.

When atoms first the world began to frame,
Is it not strange that every number came
Of such a figure, and of such a size,
As serv'd to found the Earth, and spread the skies?
Had they not met in such proportion, were
Their form and number not as now they are,
In a rude mass they had confus'dly join'd,
Not in a finish'd world, like this, combin'd.
Did these assembled substances reflect,
That here a beauteous frame they must erect?
Did they a general council wisely call,
To lay the platform of each mighty ball;
To settle prudent rules, and orders make,
In rearing worlds, what methods they should take?
To every Atom was his task enjoin'd?
His post, and fellow-labourers, assign'd?
Did they consent what parts they should compose;
That these should ether make, or water those?
That some should be the Moon, and some the Earth?
Those give the Sun, and these the planet, birth?
If all these noble worlds were undesign'd,
And carry'd on without a Conscious Mind;
Oh, happy accident! auspicious chance!
That in such order made the work advance!
At length to such admir'd perfection brought
The finish'd structure, as it had been wrought
With art transcendent and consummate thought!

Since 'tis an outrage done to common sense
To fix a central point in space immense;
Why is a middle to the Earth assign'd,
To which your ponderous bodies are inclin'd?

Besides, reflect how this terrestrial mass
Does the whole sea a thousand times surpass;
Which in a line, if drawn directly down,
More than a mile in depth is rarely known.
Now if by chance more watery atoms came
Than earthy, to compose this wondrous frame;

Or had they both in equal number met,
Which might as well have been, had Chance thought fit;
Or if the watery (we no farther press)
Were but an hundred times in number less;
This globe had lain, if not a general flood,
At least a fen, a mass of ooze and mud,
With no rich fruit, or verdant beauty, blest,
Wild and unpeopled, or by man, or beast.
Who will our orb's unequal face explain,
Which Epicurus made all smooth and plain?
How did thy rocks, O Earth! thy hills, arise?
How did thy giant sons invade the skies?
Lucretius, "that it happen'd thus," replies.
Now give us leave, great poet, to demand,
How the capacious hollow in the land
Was first produc'd, with ease to entertain
All the assembled waters of the main?
When Earth was made, this hollow for the sea
Was form'd; but how it happen'd so to be?
"It on a time fell out, that every wave
Forsook the Earth, and fill'd the mighty cave,
Which happen'd opportunely to be there,
Where now their heads the rolling billows rear.
It then fell out, that stones did rocks compose,
That vales subsided, and that hills arose."
Thus the formation of the world you know;
So all events fell out, and all things happen'd so.
Can tales more senseless, ludicrous, and vain,
By winter-fires, old nurses entertain?
Does this unfold how all things first were made
Without divine and supernatural aid?
His penetration has Lucretius shown,
By saying things proceed from Chance alone,
As their efficient cause, that is, from none?
But let your troops, which rang'd the plains of night,
And through the vacant wing'd their careless flight,
The high command of ruling Chance obey;
Unguided and unconscious of the way,
Let them advance to one determin'd place,
Prescrib'd by Chance, in all th' unmeasur'd space;
Their proper stations undirected find,
To form a world that never was design'd;
Let all the rolling globes, and spacious skies,
From happy hits of heedless atoms rise;
Be thus the Earth's unmov'd foundations laid,
Thus the thin regions of the air display'd;
Chance shall the planets in their place suspend,
Between these worlds th' ethereal plains extend;
Direct the Sun to that convenient seat,
Whence he displays his lustre and his heat.
This labour, all this progress, is in vain,
Unless the orbs their various motions gain:
For let the Sun in buoyant ether float,
Nor nearer to the Earth, nor more remote;
Yet did his orb unmov'd its beams diffuse,
He'd sure destruction to the Earth produce;
One half for heat, and one for cold, would pray;
This would abhor the night, and that the day:
Did he not yearly through the zodiac pass,
Were he not constant to his daily race,
He would not, by alternate shade and light,
Produce the needful change of day and night:
Nor would the various seasons of the year,
By turns revolving, rise and disappear.
Now can judicious atomists conceive,
Chance to the Sun could this just impulse give,
By which the source of day so swiftly flies,
His stages keeps, and traverses the skies?
We ask you, whence these constant motions flow?
Will learned heads reply, "They happen'd so?"
You say, this solar orb, first mov'd by chance,
Does north and south, and east and west, advance!
We ask, why first in these determin'd ways
He chose to move? Why thence he never strays?
Why did he ne'er, since time begun, decline
His round diurnal, or his annual line?
So steadily does fickle Fortune steer
Th' obedient orb, that it should never err;
Should never start aside, and never stray;
Never in pathless ether miss his way?
Why does he ne'er beyond the tropics go?
Why still revolve? why travel to and fro?
Will it a wise philosopher content,
To say these motions came by accident,
That all is undesign'd, fortuitous event?
But if the sluggish Sun you 'll not disturb,
But motion give to this terrestrial orb;
Still of the Earth we the same question ask,
Which, to explain, you have as hard a task.
Can Chance this frame, these artful scenes erect,
Which knows not works less artful to effect?
Did it mechanic engines e'er produce,
A globe, or tube of astronomic use?
Why do not vessels, built and rigg'd by Chance,
Drawn in long order, on the billows dance?
Might not the Sovereign Cause, with greater ease,
A navy build, than make the winds and seas?
Let atoms once the form of letters take
By Chance, and let those huddled letters make
A finish'd poem by a lucky hit,
Such as the Grecian, or the Mantuan, writ;
Then we 'll embrace the doctrines you advance,
And yield the world's fair poem made by Chance.

CREATION.

BOOK V.

THE introduction. A description of the calamitous state of mankind, by reason of innumerable woes and sufferings to which they are obnoxious. Diseases of the body. Trouble and grief of mind. Violence and oppression. The vicissitude of human affairs, and the certain prospect of death. Whence it appears, that it suits the state of mankind, and therefore is desirable, there should be a God. Arguments against the fatalists, who assert the eternity of the world. There must be granted some self-existent and independent being. The corporeal world cannot be that being: proved from its mutability, and the variety of forms rising and disappearing in the several parts of Nature; from the possibility of conceiving, without any consequent contradiction, less or more parts in the world, than are actually existent; from the possibility of plants and animals having had different shapes, and limbs, from what they now have. The pretended fatal chain of things not self-existent and independent; because all its links or parts are dependent, and obnoxious to corruption. Fate, a word without sense or meaning. Two more arguments against the eternity of the world, from the contemplation of the light of the Sun, and of motion. Aristotle's scheme considered and confuted.

Ah, hapless mortal man! ah, rigid Fate!
What cares attend our short, uncertain state!
How wide a front, how deep and black a rear,
What sad varieties of grief and fear,
Drawn in array, exert their fatal rage,
And gall obnoxious life through every stage,
From infancy to youth, from youth to age!
Who can compile a roll of all our woes?
Our friends are faithless, and sincere our foes;
The poison'd arrows of an envious tongue
Improve our errours, and our virtues wrong;
Th' oppressor now, with arbitrary might,
Tramples on law, and robs us of our right;
Dangers unseen on every side invade,
And snares o'er all th' unfaithful ground are laid.
Oft wounds from foreign violence we feel,
Now from the ruffian's, now the warrior's, steel;
By bruises or by labour we are pain'd;
A bone disjointed, or a sinew strain'd;
Now festering sores afflict our tortur'd limbs;
Now to the yielding heart the gangrene climbs.
Acute distempers fierce our veins assail,
Rush on with fury, and by storm prevail;
Others with thrift dispense their stores of grief,
And by the sap prolong the siege of life;
While to the grave we for deliverance cry,
And, promis'd still, are still denied to die.
See colic, gout, and stone, a cruel train,
Oppos'd by all the healing race in vain;
Their various racks and lingering plagues employ,
Relieve each other, and by turns annoy,
And, tyrant like, torment, but not destroy.
We noxious insects in our bowels feed,
Engender deaths, and dark destruction breed.
The spleen with sullen vapours clouds the brain,
And binds the spirits in its heavy chain:
Howe'er the cause fantastic may appear,
Th' effect is real, and the pain sincere.
Hydropic wretches by degrees decay,
Growing the more, the more they waste away;
By their own ruins they augmented lie,
With thirst and heat amidst a deluge fry:
And while in floods of water these expire,
More scorching perish by the fever's fire;
Stretch'd on our downy, yet uneasy beds,
We change our pillows, and we raise our heads;
From side to side, in vain, for rest we turn,
With cold we shiver, or with heat we burn;
Of night impatient, we demand the day:
The day arrives, and for the night we pray;
The night and day successive come and go,
Our lasting pains no interruption know.
Since man is born to so much woe and care,
Must still new terrours dread, new sorrows bear;
Does it not suit the state of human kind,
There should preside a good Almighty Mind;
A Cause Supreme, that might all nature steer,
Avert our danger, and prevent our fear;
Who, when implor'd, might timely succour give,
Solace our anguish, and our wants relieve;
Father of comfort, might our souls sustain,
When prest with grief, and mitigate our pain?
'Tis certain something, from all ages past,
Without beginning was, and still will last;
For if of time one period e'er had been
When nothing was, then nothing could begin.
That things should to themselves a being give,
Reluctant reason never can conceive.
If you affirm, effects themselves produce,
You shock the mind, and contradiction choose;
For they, 'tis clear, must act and move, before
They were in being, or had motive power;
As active causes must, of right, at once
Existence claim, and as effects renounce.
Then something is, which no beginning had,
A causeless cause, or nothing could be made,
Which must by pure necessity exist,
And whose duration nothing can resist.
Let us inquire, and search, by due degrees,
What, who, this self-existent being is.
Should this material world's capacious frame
Uncaus'd and independent being claim;
It would, thus form'd and fashion'd as we see,
Derive existence from necessity,
And then to ages unconfin'd must last,
Without the least diversity or waste.
Necessity, view'd with attentive thought,
Does plain impossibility denote,
That things should not exist, which actual are,
Or in another shape or different modes appear.
But see in all corporeal Nature's scene,
What changes, what diversities, have been!
Matter not long the same appearance makes,
But shifts her old, and a new figure takes:
If now she lies in Winter's rigid arms,
Dishonour'd and despoil'd of all her charms,
Soft vernal airs will loose th' unkind embrace,
And genial dews renew her wither'd face;
Like fabled nymphs transform'd, she's now a tree,
Now weeps into a flood, and streaming seeks the sea.
She's now a gaudy fly, before a worm,
Below a vapour, and above a storm;
This ooze was late a monster of the main,
That turf a lowing grazer of the plain,
A lion this did o'er the forest reign.
Regard that fair, that branching laurel-plant,
Behold that lovely blushing amarant;
One might have William's broken frame assum'd,
And one from bright Maria's dust have bloom'd.
These shifting scenes, these quick rotations, show
Things from necessity could never flow,
But must to mind and choice precarious being owe.
Let us suppose, that Nature ever was
Without beginning, and without a cause;
As her first order, disposition, frame,
Must then subsist unchangeably the same;
So must our mind pronounce, it would not be
Within the reach of possibility,
That e'er the world a being could have had
Different from what it is, or could be made
Of more or less, or other parts than those
Which the corporeal universe compose.
Now, fatalists, we ask, if those subvert
Reason's establish'd maxims, who assert,
That we the world's existence may conceive,
Though we one atom out of Nature leave;
Though some one wandering orb, or twinkling star,
Were absent from the Heavens, which now is there;
Though some one kind of plant, or fly, or worm,
No being had, or had another's form?
And might not other animals arise,
Of different figure, and of different size?
In the wide womb of possibility
Lie many things, which ne'er may actual be;
And more productions, of a various kind,
Will cause no contradiction in the mind.
'Tis possible the things in Nature found,
Might different forms and different parts have own'd:

The boar might wear a trunk, the wolf a horn,
The peacock's train the bittern might adorn;
Strong tusks might in the horse's mouth have grown,
And lions might have spots, and leopards none.
But, if the world knows no superior cause,
Obeys no sovereign's arbitrary laws;
If absolute necessity maintains
Of causes and effects the fatal chains;
What could one motion stop, change one event?
It would transcend the wide, the vast extent,
The utmost stretch of possibility,
That things, from what they are, should disagree.
If, to elude this reasoning, you reply,
"Things, what they are, are by necessity;
Which never else so aptly could conspire
To serve the whole, and Nature's ends acquire;
To form the beauty, order, harmony,
Which we through all the works of Nature see:"
Ready we this assertion will allow,
For what can more exalted wisdom show?
With zeal we this necessity defend,
Of means directed to their useful end;
But 'tis not that which fatalists intend,
Nor that which we oppose in this debate,
An uncontroll'd necessity of Fate,
Which all things blindly does and must produce,
Unconscious of their goodness and their use,
Which cannot ends design, nor means convenient choose.
If you persist, and fondly will maintain
Of causes and effects an endless train;
That this successive series still has been,
Will never cease, and never did begin;
That things did always, as they do, proceed,
And no First Cause, no wise Director, need:
Say, if no links of all your fatal chain
Free from corruption, and unchang'd, remain;
If of the whole each part in time arose,
And to a cause its borrow'd being owes;
How then the whole can independent be?
How have a being from necessity?
Is not the whole, ye learned heads, the same
With all the parts, and different but in name?
Could e'er that whole the least perfection show,
Which from the parts, that form it, did not flow?
Then, tell us, can it from its parts derive,
What in themselves those parts had not to give?
Farther to clear the subject in debate,
Inform us, what you understand by Fate.
Have you a just idea in the mind
Of this great cause of things by you assign'd?
If you the order and dependence mean,
By which effects upon their causes lean,
The long succession of th' efficient train,
And firm coherence of th' extended chain;
Then Fate is nothing but a mode of things,
Which from continued revolution springs;
A pure relation, and a mere respect,
Between the cause effective and th' effect.
If causes and effects themselves are that
Which your clear-sighted schools intend by Fate;
Then Fate by no idea can be known,
'Tis one thing only, as a heap is one:
You no distinguish'd being by it mean,
But all th' effects and causes that have been.
If you assert, that each sufficient cause
Must act by fix'd inevitable laws;
If you affirm this necessary state,
And tell us this necessity is Fate;
When will you bless the world with light to see
The spring and source of this necessity?
Say, what did so dispose, so things ordain,
To form the links of all the casual chain,
That Nature, by inevitable force,
Should run one ring, and keep one steady course?
That things must needs in one set order flow,
And all events must happen as they do?
Can you no proof of your assertion find?
Produce no reason to convince the mind,
That Nature this determin'd way must go?
Are all things thus, because they must be so?
We grant, with ease, there is necessity,
The Source of things should self-existent be.
But then he's not a necessary cause;
He freely acts by arbitrary laws:
He gave to beings motive energy,
And active things to passive did apply;
In such wise order all things did dispose,
That of events necessity arose:
Without his aid, say, how will you maintain
Your fatal link of causes? Hence 'tis plain,
While the word Fate you thus affect to use,
You coin a senseless term; th' unwary to amuse.
You, who assert the world did ne'er commence,
Prepare against this reasoning your defence.
If solar beams, which through th' expansion dart,
Corporeal are, as learned schools assert;
Since still they flow, and no supply repays
The lavish Sun his dissipated rays;
Grant, that his radiant orb did ne'er begin,
And that his motions have eternal been;
Then, by eternal, infinite expense,
By unrecruited waste, and spoils immense,
By certain fate to slow destruction doom'd,
His glorious stock long since had been consum'd;
Of light unthrifty, and profuse of day,
The ruin'd globe had spent his latest ray,
Dispers'd in beams eternally display'd,
Had lost in ether roam'd, and loose in atoms stray'd.
Grant, that a grain of matter would outweigh
The light the Sun dispenses in a day
Through all the stages of his heavenly way;
That in a year the golden torrents, sent
From the bright source, its losses scarce augment;
Yet without end, if you the waste repeat,
Th' eternal loss grows infinitely great.
Then, should the Sun of finite bulk sustain,
In every age, the loss but of a grain;
If we suppose those ages infinite,
Could there remain one particle of light?
Reflect, that motion must abate its force,
As more or less obstructed in its course;
That all the heavenly orbs, while turning round,
Have some resistance from the medium found:
Be that resistance ne'er so faint and weak,
If 'tis eternal, 'twill all motion break;
If in each age you grant the least decrease,
By infinite succession it must cease.
Hence, if the orbs have still resisted been
By air, or light, or ether, ne'er so thin;
Long since their motion must have been suppress,
The stars had stood, the Sun had lain at rest;
So vain, so wild a scheme, you fatalists have
Let us the wise positions now survey [dress'd!
Of Aristotle's school, who's pleas'd to say,
Nothing can move itself, no inward power
To any being motion can procure.
Whate'er is mov'd, its motion must derive
From something else, which must an impulse give;

And yet no being motion could begin;
Else motion might not have eternal been.
That matter never did begin to move,
But in th' immense from endless ages strove,
The Stagyrite thus undertakes to prove.
He says, "of motion time the measure is;"
Then that's eternal too, as well as this.
Motion through ages without limit flows,
Since time, its measure, no beginning knows.
This feeble base upholds our author's hopes,
And all his mighty superstructure props.
On this he all his towering fabric rears,
Sequel on sequel heaps, to reach the spheres.
But if this definition you deny
Of time, on which his building does rely,
You bring his lofty Babel from the sky:
A thousand fine deductions you confound,
Scatter his waste philosophy around,
And level all his structure with the ground.
We then this definition thus defeat:
Time is no measure, which can motion meet;
For men of reasoning faculties will see,
That time can nothing but duration be
Of beings; and duration can suggest
Nothing or of their motion, or their rest;
Only prolong'd existence it implies,
Whether the thing is mov'd, or quiet lies.
This single blow will all the pile subvert,
So proudly rais'd, but with so little art.
But, since the author has such fame acquir'd,
And as a god of science been admir'd,
A stricter view we'll of his system take,
And of the parts a short examen make.
Let us observe, what light his scheme affords,
His undigested heap of doubtful words.
Great Stagyrite, the lost inquirer show
The spring whence motion did for ever flow;
Since nothing of itself e'er moves or strives,
Tell what begins, what the first impulse gives.
Hear how the man, who all in fame surmounts,
For motion's spring and principle accounts.
To his supreme, unmov'd, unactive god,
He the first sphere appoints, a blest abode;
Who sits supinely on his azure throne,
In contemplation of himself alone;
Is wholly mindless of the world, and void
Of providential care, and unemploy'd.
To all the spheres inferior are assign'd
Gods subaltern, and of inferior kind:
On these he self-existence does confer,
Who, as the god supreme, eternal are;
With admiration mov'd, and ardent love,
They all their spheres around in order move;
And from these heavenly revolutions flow
All motions, which are found in things below.
If you demand by what impulsive force
The under-gods begin their circling course:
He says, as things desirable excite
Desire, and objects move the appetite;
So his first god, by kindling ardent love,
Does all the gods in seats inferior move:
Thus mov'd, they move around their mighty spheres,
With their refulgent equipage of stars; [spheres,
From sphere to sphere communicate the dance,
Whence all in heavenly harmony advance;
And from this motion propagated rise
All motions in the Earth, and air, and skies.
And thus by learned Aristotle's mind
All things were form'd, yet nothing was design'd.

He owns no choice, no arbitrary will,
No artist's hand, and no exerted skill;
All motion flows from necessary Fate,
Which nothing does resist, or can abate;
Things sink and rise, a being lose or gain,
In a coherent, undissolving chain [train
Of causes and effects, which Nature's course sus-
Th' unmoveable Supreme the rest does move,
As proper objects raise desire and love;
They, mov'd without their choice, without consent,
Move all their spheres around without intent;
Whate'er he calls his moving cause, to choose
He gives that cause no power, or to refuse.
And thus from Fate all artful order springs,
This rear'd the world, this is the rise of things.
Now give us leave to ask, great Stagyrite,
How the first god th' inferior does excite?
Of his own substance does he parts convey,
Whose motive force the under-gods obey?
If so, he may be chang'd, he may decay.
But if by stedfast gazing they are mov'd,
And admiration of the object lov'd;
If those below their motive force acquire
From the strong impulse of divine desire;
Tell us, what good your god supreme can grant,
Which those beneath, to make them happy, want
If admiration of the god supreme,
And heavenly raptures, should their breasts inflame,
Is that of motion a resistless cause,
Of motion constant to eternal laws?
Might not each second god inactive lie
On his blue sphere, and fix his ravish'd eye
On the Supreme Unmoveable, and ne'er
Be forc'd to roll around his solid sphere?
Say, how could wonder drive them from their place?
How in a circle make them run their race?
How keep them steady in one certain pace?
He this a fundamental maxim lays,
That Nature wisely acts in all her ways;
That she pursues the things which most conduce
To order, beauty, decency, and use.
Who can to reason this affront endure?
Should it derision cause, or anger more,
To hear a deep philosopher assert
That Nature, not endu'd with skill or art,
Of liberty of choice, of reason void,
Still wisely acts, wherever she's employ'd?
Can actions be denominated wise,
Which from a brute necessity arise,
Which the blind agent never did intend,
The means unchosen, and unknown the end?
On this be laid the stress of this debate;
What wisely acts can never act by Fate.
The means and end must first be understood;
The means, as proper; and the end, as good;
The act must be exerted with intent,
By using means to gain the wish'd event.
But can a senseless and unconscious cause,
By foreign impulse mov'd, and fatal laws,
This thing as good, and that as fit, respect,
Design the end, and then the means elect?
Nature, you grant, can no event intend,
Yet that she acts with prudence you pretend:
So Nature wisely acts, yet acts without an end!
Yet while this prince of science does declare
That means or ends were never Nature's care;
That things which seem with perfect art contriv'd,
By the resistless force of Fate arriv'd;

This cautious master, to secure his fame,
And 'scape the atheist's ignominious name,
Did to his gods of all degrees allow
Counsel, design, and power to choose and know.
Yet, since he's pleas'd so plainly to assert,
His gods no act of reasoning power exert,
No mark of choice, or arbitrary will,
Employ'd no prudence, and express'd no skill,
In making or directing Nature's frame,
Which from his fate inevitable came;
These gods must, as to us, be brute and blind,
And as unuseful, as if void of mind:
Acting without intent, or care, or aim,
Can they our prayer regard, or praises claim?
Of all the irreligious in debate,
This shameful errour is the common fate;
That though they cannot but distinctly see
In Nature's works, and whole economy,
Design and judgment in a high degree;
This judgment, this design, they ne'er allow
Do from a cause endued with reason flow.
The art they grant, th' artificer reject,
The structure own, and not the architect;
That unwise Nature all things wisely makes,
And prudent measures without prudence takes.
Grant that their admiration and their love
Of the first god may all th' inferior move;
Grant, too, though no necessity appears,
That, with their rapture mov'd, they move their spheres:
These questions let the Stagyrite resolve,
Why they at all, why in this way revolve?
Declare by what necessity controll'd,
In one determin'd manner they are roll'd?
Why is their swift rotation west and east,
Rather than north and south, or east and west?
Why do not all th' inferior spheres obey
The highest sphere's inevitable sway?
Tell us, if all celestial motions rise
From revolutions of the starry skies,
Whence of the orbs the various motions come?
Why some the general road pursue; and some
In ether stray, and disobedient roam?
If yours the source of motion is, declare,
Why this is fix'd, and that a wandering star?
Tell by what fate, by what resistless force,
This orb has one, and that another course?
How does the learned Greek the cause unfold,
With equal swiftness why the Sun is roll'd
Still east and west, to mark the night and day?
To form the year, why through th' ecliptic way?
What magic, what necessity, confines
The solar orb between the tropic lines?
What charms in those enchanted circles dwell,
That with controlling power the Sun repel?
The Stagyrite to this no answer makes;
Of the vast globe so little thought he takes,
That he to solve these questions never strives,
No cause or of its place or motion gives.
But farther yet, applauded Greek, suppose
Celestial motions from your spring arose;
That motion down to all the worlds below,
From the first sphere, may propagated flow:
Since you of things, to show th' efficient source,
Have always to necessity recourse;
From what necessity do spheres proceed
With such a measur'd, such a certain speed?
We fain would this mysterious cause explore,
Why motion was not either less or more,
But in this just proportion and degree,
As suits with Nature's just economy.
This is a cause, a right one too, we grant,
But 'tis the final, we th' efficient want;
With greater swiftness if the spheres were whirl'd,
The motion given to this inferior world
Too violent had been for Nature's use,
Of too great force mix'd bodies to produce;
The elements, air, water, earth, and fire,
Which now to make compounded things conspire,
By their rude shocks could never have combin'd,
Or had been disengag'd as soon as join'd:
But then, had motion in a less degree
Been given, than that which we in Nature see;
Of greater vigour we had stood in need,
To mix and blend the elemental seed,
To temper, work, incorporate, and bind,
Those principles, that thence, of every kind,
The various compound beings might arise,
Which fill the earth and sea, and store the skies.
Say, what necessity, what fatal laws,
Did in such due proportion motion cause,
Nor more or less, but just so much as tends
To frame the world, and serve all Nature's ends?

Ask why the highest of the rolling spheres,
Deck'd to profusion with refulgent stars,
And all with bright excrescences embost,
Has the whole beauty of the Heavens engrost;
When of the others, to dispel the night,
Each owns a single, solitary light;
Only one planet in a sphere is found,
Marching in air his melancholy round:
"Nature," he tells us, "took this prudent care,
That the sublimest and the noblest sphere
Should be with nobler decoration blest,
And in magnificence outshine the rest;
That so its greater ornament and state
Should bear proportion with its greater height."
It seems then Nature does not only find
Means to be good, beneficent, and kind,
But has for beauty and for order car'd,
Does rank, and state, and decency, regard.

Now, should he not considering men forgive,
If, sway'd by this assertion, they believe,
That Nature, which does decency respect,
Is something which can reason, choose, reflect?
Or that some wise director must preside
O'er Nature's works, and all her motions guide?
You here should that necessity declare,
Why all the stars adorn the highest sphere;
Say, how is this th' effect of fatal laws,
Without reflecting on a final cause?
One sphere has all the stars; we ask you, why?
When you to beauty and to order fly,
You plain assert the truth which you deny;
That is, that Nature has wise ends in view,
With foresight works, and does designs pursue.

Thus all the mighty wits, that have essay'd
To explicate the means how things are made
By Nature's power, without the Hand Divine,
The final causes of effects assign.
They say, that this or that is so or so,
That such events in such succession flow;
Because convenience, decency, and use,
Require that Nature things should thus produce.
They, in their demonstrations, always vaunt
Efficient causes, which they always want.
But thus they yield the question in debate,
And grant the impotence of Chance and Fate;

For, till they show by what necessity
Things have the disposition which we see,
Whether it be deriv'd from Fate or Chance,
Not the least step in science they advance.
Grant Nature furnish'd, at her vast expense,
One room of state with such magnificence,
That it might shine above the others bright,
Adorn'd with numerous burnish'd balls of light;
Does she on one by decent rules dispense
Of constellations such a wealth immense,
While the next sphere, in amplitude and height,
Rolls on with one erratic lonely light?
But be it so, the question's still the same,
Tell us, from what necessity it came?
Let us the great philosopher attend,
While to the worlds below his thoughts descend:
His elements, "Earth, Water, Air, and Fire,
He says, "to make all compound things, conspire;"
He in the midst leaves the dull Earth at rest,
In the soft bosom of the Air caress'd;
The red-wing'd Fire must to the Moon arise,
Hover in air, and lick contiguous skies;
No charms, no force, can make the Fire descend,
Nor can the Earth to seats superior tend;
Both, unmolested, peace for ever own,
This in the middle, that beneath the Moon:
Water and Air not so; for they, by Fate
Assign'd to constant duty, always wait;
Ready by turns to rise or to descend,
Nature against a vacant to defend;
For should a void her monarchy invade,
Should in her works the smallest breach be made,
That breach the mighty fabric would dissolve,
And in immediate ruin all involve.
A consequence so dismal to prevent,
Water and Air are still (as said) intent
To mount or fall, this way or that to fly,
Seek subterranean vaults, or climb the sky;
While these with so much duty are oppress,
The Earth and Fire are privileg'd with rest.
These elements, 'tis clear, have not discern'd
The interest of the whole, nor are concern'd
Lest they, when once an interposing void
Has Nature's frame o'erturn'd, should be destroy'd.
Tell, why these simple elements are four?
Why just so many? why not less or more?
Does this from pure necessity proceed?
Or say, does Nature just that number need?
If this, you mock us, and decline the task;
You give the final cause, when we th' efficient ask.
If that, how often shall we call, in vain,
That you would this necessity explain?
But here forgive me, famous Stagyrite,
If I esteem it idle to recite
The reasons (so you call them) which you give
To make us this necessity believe;
Reasons so trifling, so absurd, and dry,
That those should blush, who make a grave reply.
Your elements we grant: but now declare
How you to form compounded things prepare,
And mix your fire and water, earth and air?
The swift rotation of the spheres above,
You say, must all inferior bodies move;
The elements in sublunary space
Are by this impulse forc'd to leave their place;
By various agitations they combine
In different forms, by different mixtures join;
Blended and justly temper'd, they compound
All things in all th' inferior regions found:
Thus beings from th' incorporated four
Result, by undesigning Nature's power.
Hence metals, plants, and minerals arise,
The clouds, and all the meteors of the skies!
Hence all the clans that haunt the hill or wood,
That beat the air, or cut the limpid flood!
Ev'n man, their lord, hence into being came,
Breath'd the pure air, and felt the vital flame!
Say, is not this a noble scheme, a piece
Worthy the Stagyrite, and worthy Greece?
But now, acuté philosopher, declare
How this rotation of the heavenly sphere
Can mingle fire and water, earth and air?
The fire that dwells beneath the lunar ball,
To meet ascending earth, must downward fall.
Now turn your sphere contiguous to the fire,
Will from its seat that element retire?
The sphere could never drive its neighbour down,
But give a circling motion, like its own.
So give the air impression from above,
It in a whirl vertiginous would move;
And thus the rolling spheres can ne'er displace
The fire or air, to make a mingled mass;
The elements distinct might keep their seat,
Elude the ruffle, and your scheme defeat.
But since th' applauded author will demand
For complex bodies no director's hand;
Since art without an artist he maintains,
A building rears without a builder's pains;
He comes at length to Epicurus' scheme,
Pleas'd by his model compound works to frame.
One all his various atoms does unite
To form mixt things; the famous Stagyrite,
By his invented elements combin'd,
Composes beings of each different kind;
But both agree, while both alike deny
The gods did e'er their care or thought apply
To form or rule this universal frame,
Which or from Fate or casual concourse came.
Whether to raise the world you are inclin'd
By this man's chance, or that man's fate, as blind;
If still mechanic, necessary laws
Of moving matter must all beings cause;
If artful works from a brute cause result,
From springs unknown, and qualities occult;
With schemes alike absurd our reason you insult.
And now, to finish this less pleasant task,
Of our renown'd philosopher we ask,
How was the Earth determin'd to its place?
Why did it first the middle point embrace?
What blandishments, what strong attractive power,
What happy arts adapted to allure,
Were by that single point of all the void,
To captivate and charm the mass, employ'd?
Or what machines, what grapples did it cast
On Earth, to fix it to the centre fast?
But if the Earth, by strong enchantment caught,
This point of all the vacant fondly sought,
Since it is unintelligent and blind,
Could it the way, the nearest could it find?
When at that point arriv'd, how did it know
It was arriv'd, and should no farther go?
When in a globous form collected there,
What wondrous cement made the parts cohere?
Why did the orb suspended there remain
Fix'd and unmov'd? What does its weight sustain?
Tell what its fall prevents; can liquid air
The ponderous pile on its weak columns bear?
The Earth must, in its gravity's despight,
Uphold itself; our careless Stagyrite,

For its support, has no provision made,
No pillar rear'd, and no foundation laid:
When, by occult and unknown gravity,
'Tis to its station brought, it there must lie
In undisturb'd repose; in vain we ask him, why?
Say, if the world uncaus'd did ne'er begin,
If Nature what it is has always been;
Why do no arms the poet's song employ
Before the Theban war, or siege of Troy?
And why no elder histories relate
The rise of empires, and the turns of state?
If generations infinite are gone,
Tell, why so late were arts and letters known?
Their rise and progress is of recent date,
And still we mourn their young imperfect state.
If unconfin'd duration we regard,
And time be with eternity compar'd,
But yesterday the sages of the East
First some crude knowledge of the stars exprest,
In sacred emblems Egypt's sons conceal'd
Their mystic learning, rather than reveal'd.
Greece after this, for subtle wit renown'd,
The sciences and arts improv'd or found;
First, causes search'd, and Nature's secret ways;
First taught the bards to sing immortal lays;
The charms of music and of painting rais'd,
And was for building first, and first for sculpture, prais'd.
Man in mechanic arts did late excel,
That succour life, and noxious power repel;
Which yield supplies for necessary use,
Or which to pleasure or to pomp conduce.
How late was found the loadstone's magic force,
That seeks the north, and guides the sailor's course!
How newly did the printer's curious skill
Th' enlighten'd world with letter'd volumes fill!
But late the kindled powder did explode
The massy ball, and the brass tube unload;
The tube, to whose loud thunder Albion owes
The laurel honours that adorn her brows;
Which awful, during eight renown'd campaigns,
From Belgia's hills, and Gallia's frontier plains,
Did through th' admiring realms around proclaim
Marlborough's swift conquest, and great Anna's name!
By this the leader of the British powers
Shook Menin, Lilla, and high Ganda's towers;
Next his wide engines levell'd Tournay's pride,
Whose lofty walls advancing foes defy'd:
Though nitrous tempests, and clandestine death,
Fill'd the deep caves and numerous vaults beneath,
Which, form'd with art, and wrought with endless toil,
Ran through the faithless excavated soil.
See, the intrepid Briton delves his way,
And to the caverns lets in war and day;
Quells subterranean foes, and rises crown'd
With spoils, from martial labour under ground.
Mons, to reward Blarignia's glorious field,
To Marlborough's terrours did submissive yield.
The hero next assail'd proud Doway's head;
And, spite of confluent inundations spread
Around, in spite of works for sure defence
Rais'd with consummate art, and cost immense,
With unexampled valour did succeed!)
(Villars, thy host beheld the hardy deed!)
Aria, Venantia, Bethune, and Bouchain,
Of his long triumphs close th' illustrious train
While thus his thunder did his wrath declare,
And [illegible] flash'd along the air,
Somona's castles, with th' impetuous roar,
Astonish'd tremble, but their warriors more:
Lutetia's lofty towers, with terrour struck,
Caught the contagion, and at distance shook.
Tell, Gallic chiefs, for you have often heard
His dreadful cannon, and his fire rever'd,
Tell, how you rag'd, when your pale cohorts run
From Marlborough's sword, the battle scarce begun.
Tell, Scaldis! Legia, tell! how to their head
Your frighted waves in refluent terrours fled.
While Marlborough's cannon thus prevails by land,
Britain's sea-chiefs, by Anna's high command,
Resistless o'er the Tuscan billows ride,
And strike rebellowing caves on either side;
Their sulphur tempests ring from shore to shore,
Now make the Ligur start, and now the Moor.
Hark! how the sound disturbs imperious Rome,
Shakes her proud hills, and rolls from dome to dome!
Her mitred princes hear the echoing noise,
And, Albion, dread thy wrath, and awful voice.
Aided by thee, the Austrian eagles rise
Sublime, and triumph in Iberian skies.
What panic fear, what anguish, what distress,
What consternation, Gallia's sons express,
While, trembling on the coast, they from afar
View the wing'd terrours, and the floating war!

CREATION,

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fabulous account of the first rise of mankind, given by the ancient poets. The opinions of many of the Greek philosophers concerning that point not less ridiculous. The assertion of Epicurus and his followers, that our first parents were the spontaneous production of the Earth, most absurd and incredible. The true origin of man inquired into. He is proved to be at first created by an intelligent, arbitrary Cause; from the characters and impressions of contrivance, art, and wisdom, which appear in his formation. The wonderful progress of it. The figure, situation, and connection of the bones. The system of the veins, and that of the arteries. The manner of the circulation of the blood described. Nutrition, how performed. The system of the nerves. Of the animal spirits, how made, and how employed in muscular motion and sensation. A wise, intelligent Cause inferred from these appearances.

The Pagan world, to Canaan's realms unknown,
Where knowledge reign'd, and light celestial shone,
Lost by degrees their parent Adam's name,
Forgot their stock, and wonder'd whence they came;
Unguided, in the dark they strove to find,
With fruitless toil, the source of human kind.
The Heathen bards, who idle fables drest,
Illusive dreams in mystic verse express'd,

And, foes to natural science and divine,
In beauteous phrase made impious notions shine,
In strains sublime their different fictions sung,
Whence the first parents of our species sprung.
Prometheus (so some elder poets say)
Temper'd and form'd a paste of purer clay,
To which, well mingled with the river's stream,
His artful hand gave human shape and frame;
Then, with warm life his figures to inspire,
The bold projector stole celestial fire.
While others tell us, how the human brood
Ow'd their production to the fruitful wood;
How from the laurel and the ash they sprung,
And infants on the oak, like acorns, hung:
The crude conceptions prest the bending trees,
Till cherish'd by the sun-beams, by degrees,
Ripe children dropp'd on all the soil around,
Peopled the woods, and overspread the ground.
Great Jupiter, (so some were pleas'd to sing)
Of fabled gods the father and the king,
The moving prayer of Æacus did grant,
And into men and women turn'd the ant.
Some tell, Deucalion and his Pyrrha threw
Obdurate stones, which o'er their shoulders flew,
Then, shifting shape, receiv'd a vital flame,
And men and women (wondrous change!) became.
And thus the hard and stubborn race of man
From animated rock and flint began.
Now to the learned schools of Greece repair,
Who Chance the author of the world declare:
Then judge if wise philosophers excel
Those idle tales, which wanton poets tell.
They say, "at first to living things the Earth,
At her formation, gave spontaneous birth;
When youthful heat was through the glebe diffus'd,
Mankind, as well as insects, she produc'd;
That genial wombs by parent Chance were form'd,
Adapted to the soil, which, after warm'd
And cherish'd by the Sun's enlivening beam,
With human offsprings did in embryo teem;
These, nourish'd there, a while imprison'd lay,
Then broke their yielding bands, and forc'd their way;
The field a crop of reasoning creatures crown'd,
And crying infants grovell'd on the ground;
A milky store was by the mother Earth
Pour'd from her bosom, to sustain the birth;
In strength and bulk increas'd, the earth-born race
Could move, and walk, and ready change their place,
O'er every hill and verdant pasture stray,
Skip o'er the lawns, and by the rivers play,
Could eat the tender plant, and by degrees
Browse on the shrub, and crop the budding trees;
The fragrant fruit from bending branches shake,
And with the crystal stream their thirst at pleasure slake."
The Earth, by these applauded schools, 'tis said,
This single crop of men and women bred;
Who, grown adult, (so Chance, it seems, enjoin'd)
Did male and female propagate their kind.
This wise account Lucretian sages give,
Whence our first parents their descent derive.
Severely on this subject to dispute,
And tales so wild, so senseless, to confute,
Were with inglorious labour to disgrace
The schools, and Reason's dignity debase.
But since, with this of man's original,
The parts remaining of their scheme must fall,
(Yet farther to pursue the present theme)
Behold how vain philosophers may dream!
Grant, Epicurus, that by casual birth
Men sprung spontaneous from the fruitful Earth,
When on the glebe the naked infants lay,
How were the helpless creatures fed? You say,
"The teeming soil did from its breasts exude
A soft and milky liquor for their food."
I will not ask, what this apt humour made,
Nor by what wondrous channels 'twas convey'd;
For, if we such inquiries make, we know
Your short reply—"It happen'd to be so;"
Without assigning once a proper cause,
Or solving questions by mechanic laws,
To every doubt your answer is the same—
"It so fell out, and so by chance it came."
How shall the new-born race their food command,
Who cannot change their place, or move a hand?
Grant that the glebe beneath will never drink,
Nor through its pores let the soft humour sink;
Will not the Sun, with his exhaling ray,
Defraud the babe, and draw his food away?
Since, for so long a space, the human birth
Must lie expos'd and naked on the Earth;
Say, could the tender creature, in despite
Of heat by day, and chilling dews by night,
In spite of thunder, winds, and hail, and rain,
And all inclement air, its life maintain?
In vain, you say, "in Earth's primeval state,
Soft was the air, and mild the cold and heat;"
For did not then the night succeed the day?
The Sun, as now, roll through his annual way?
Th' effects then on the air must be the same,
The frosts of winter, and the summer's flame.
"In the first age," you say, "the pregnant ground
With human kind in embryo did abound,
And pour'd her offspring on the soil around."
But tell us, Epicurus, why the field
Did never since one human harvest yield?
And why we never see one ripening birth
Heave in the glebe, and struggle thro' the earth?
You say, "that when the Earth was fresh and young,
While her prolific energy was strong,
A race of men she in her bosom bred,
And all her fields with infant people spread:
But that first birth her strength did so exhaust,
The genial mother so much vigour lost,
That, wasted now by age, in vain we hope
She should again bring forth a human crop."
Mean time, she's not with labour so much worn
But she can still the hills with woods adorn.
See, from her fertile bosom, how she pours
Verdant conceptions, and, refresh'd with showers,
Covers the field with corn, and paints the mead with flowers!
See, her tall sons, the cedar, oak, and pine,
The fragrant myrtle, and the juicy vine,
Their parent's undecaying strength declare,
Which with fresh labour, and unwearied care,
Supplies new plants, her losses to repair.
Then, since the Earth retains her fruitful power
To procreate plants, the forest to restore;
Say, why to nobler animals alone
Should she be feeble, and unfruitful grown?
After one birth she ceas'd not to be young,
The glebe was succulent, the mould was strong;
Could she at once fade in her perfect bloom,
Waste all her spirits, and her wealth consume?

Grant that her vigour might in part decrease,
From like productions must she ever cease?
To form a race she might have still inclin'd,
Though of a monstrous, or a dwarfish kind.
Why did she never, by one crude essay,
Imperfect lines and rudiments display?
In some succeeding ages had been found
A leg or arm unfinish'd in the ground;
And sometimes in the fields might ploughing swains
Turn up soft bones, and break unfashion'd veins.
But grant the Earth was lavish of her power,
And spent at once her whole prolific store;
Would not so long a rest new vigour give,
And all her first fertility revive?
Learn, Epicurus, of th' experienc'd swain,
When frequent wounds have worn th' impoverish'd plain:
Let him a while the furrow not molest,
But leave the glebe to heavenly dews and rest;
If then he till and sow the harrow'd field,
Will not the soil a plenteous harvest yield?
The Sun, by you, Lucretius, is assign'd
The other parent of all human kind.
But does he ever languish or decay?
Does he not equal influence display,
And pierce the plains with the same active ray?
If then the glebe, warm'd with the solar flame,
Men once produc'd, it still should do the same.
You say, "the Sun's prolific beams can form
Th' industrious ant, the gaudy fly, and worm;
Can make each plant, and tree, the gardener's care,
Beside their leaves, their proper insects bear:
Then might the Heavens, in some peculiar state,
Or lucky aspect, beasts and men create."
But late inquirers by their glasses find
That every insect, of each different kind,
In its own egg, cheer'd by the solar rays,
Organs involv'd and latent life displays:
This truth, discover'd by sagacious art,
Does all Lucretian arrogance subvert.
Proud wits, your frenzy own, and, overcome
By Reason's force, be now for ever dumb.
If, learned Epicurus, we allow
Our race to Earth primeval being owe,
How did she male and female sexes frame?
Say, if from Fortune this distinction came?
Or did the conscious parent then foresee
By one conception she should barren be,
And therefore, wisely provident, design'd
Prolific pairs to propagate the kind;
That, thus preserv'd, the godlike race of man
Might not expire ere yet it scarce began?
Since, by these various arguments, 'tis clear
The teeming mould did not our parents bear;
By more severe inquiries let us trace
The origin and source of human race.
I think, I move, I therefore know I am;
While I have been, I still have been the same,
Since, from an infant, I a man became.
But though I am, few circling years are gone,
Since I in Nature's roll was quite unknown.
Then, since 'tis plain I have not always been,
I ask, from whence my being could begin?
I did not to myself existence give,
Nor from myself the secret power receive,
By which I reason, and by which I live.
I did not build this frame, nor do I know
The hidden springs from whence my motions flow.
If I had form'd myself, I had design'd
A stronger body, and a wiser mind,
From sorrow free, nor liable to pain;
My passions should obey, and reason reign.
Nor could my being from my parents flow,
Who neither did the parts or structure know,
Did not my mind or body understand,
My sex determine, nor my shape command:
Had they design'd and rais'd the curious frame,
Inspir'd my branching veins with vital flame,
Fashion'd the heart, and hollow channels made,
Through which the circling streams of life are play'd;
Had they the organs of my senses wrought,
And form'd the wondrous principle of thought;
Their artful work they must have better known,
Explain'd its springs, and its contrivance shown.
If they could make, they might preserve me too,
Prevent my fears, or dissipate my woe.
When long in sickness languishing I lay,
They, with compassion touch'd, did mourn and pray,
To soothe my pain, and mitigate my grief,
They said kind things, yet brought me no relief.
But whatsoever cause my being gave,
The Power that made me can its creature save.
If to myself I did not being give,
Nor from immediate parents did receive;
It could not from my predecessors flow,
They, than my parents, could not more bestow.
Should we the long depending scale ascend
Of sons and fathers, will it never end?
If 'twill, then must we through the order run
To some one man, whose being ne'er begun:
If that one man was sempiternal, why
Did he, since independent, ever die?
If from himself his own existence came,
The cause, that could destroy his being, name.
To seek my maker, thus in vain I trace
The whole successive chain of human race.
Bewilder'd I my author cannot find,
Till some First Cause, some Self-existent Mind,
Who form'd, and rules all Nature, is assign'd.
When first the womb did the crude embryo hold,
What shap'd the parts? what did the limbs unfold?
O'er the whole work in secret did preside,
Give quickening vigour, and each motion guide?
What kindled in the dark the vital flame,
And, ere the heart was form'd, push'd on the reddening stream?
Then for the heart the aptest fibres strung?
And in the breast th' impulsive engine hung?
Say, what the various bones so wisely wrought?
How was their frame to such perfection brought?
What did their figures for their uses fit,
Their number fix, and joints adapted knit;
And made them all in that just order stand,
Which motion, strength, and ornament, demand?
What for the sinews spun so strong a thread,
The curious loom to weave the muscles spread;
Did the nice strings of tended membranes drill,
And perforate the nerve with so much skill,
Then with the active stream the dark recesses fill?
The purple mazes of the veins display'd,
And all th' arterial pipes in order laid,
What gave the bounding current to the blood,
And to and fro convey'd the restless flood?
The living fabric now in pieces take,
Of every part due observation make;

All which such art discover, so conduce
To beauty, vigour, and each destin'd use;
The atheist, if to search for truth inclin'd,
May in himself his full conviction find,
And from his body teach his erring mind.
When the crude embryo careful Nature breeds,
See how she works, and how her work proceeds;
While through the mass her energy she darts,
To free and swell the complicated parts,
Which only does unravel and untwist
Th' invelop'd limbs, that previous there exist.
And as each vital speck, in which remains
Th' entire, but rumpled animal, contains
Organs perplext, and clues of twining veins;
So every fœtus bears a secret hoard,
With sleeping, unexpanded issue stor'd;
Which numerous, but unquicken'd progeny,
Clasp'd and inwrapt within each other lie;
Engendering heats these one by one unbind,
Stretch their small tubes, and hamper'd nerves unwind:
And thus, when time shall drain each magazine,
Crowded with men unborn, unripe, unseen,
Nor yet of parts unfolded; no increase
Can follow, all prolific power must cease.
Th' elastic spirits, which remain at rest
In the strait lodgings of the brain compresst,
While by the ambient womb's enlivening heat,
Cheer'd and awaken'd, first themselves dilate;
Then quicken'd and expanded every way,
The genial labourers all their force display:
They now begin to work the wondrous frame,
To shape the parts, and raise the vital flame;
For when th' extended fibres of the brain
Their active guests no longer can restrain,
They backward spring, which due effort compels
The labouring spirits to forsake their cells;
The spirits thus exploded from their seat,
Swift from the head to the next parts retreat,
Force their admission, and their passage beat:
Their tours around th' unopen'd mass they take,
And by a thousand ways their inroads make,
Till there resisted they their race inflect,
And backward to their source their way direct.
Thus, with a steady and alternate toil,
They issue from, and to the head recoil;
By which their plastic function they discharge,
Extend their channels, and their tracks enlarge;
For, by the swift excursions which they make,
Still sallying from the brain, and leaping back,
They pierce the nervous fibre, bore the vein,
And stretch th' arterial channels, which contain
The various streams of life, that to and fro,
Through dark meanders, undirected flow;
Th' inspected egg this gradual change betrays,
To which the brooding hen expanding heat conveys.
The beating heart, demanded first for use,
Is the first muscle Nature does produce;
By this impulsive engine's constant aid,
The tepid floods are every way convey'd;
And did not Nature's care at first provide
The active heart, to push the circling tide,
All progress to her work would be denied.
The salient point, so first is call'd the heart,
Shap'd and suspended with amazing art,
By turns dilated, and by turns compress'd,
Expels and entertains the purple guest;
It sends from out its left contracted side
Into th' arterial tube its vital pride;
Which tube, prolong'd but little from its source,
Parts its wide trunk, and takes a double course.
One channel to the head its way directs,
One to th' inferior limbs its path inflects;
Both smaller by degrees, and smaller grow,
And on the parts, through which they branching go,
A thousand secret subtle pipes bestow;
From which, by numerous convolutions wound,
Wrapt with th' attending nerve, and twisted round,
The complicated knots and kernels rise,
Of various figures, and of various size.
Th' arterial ducts, when thus involv'd, produce
Unnumber'd glands, and of important use;
But after, as they farther progress make,
The appellation of a vein they take;
For though th' arterial pipes themselves extend
In smallest branches, yet they never end;
The same continued circling channels run
Back to the heart, where first their course begun.
The heart, as said, from its contractive cave
On the left side, ejects the bounding wave;
Exploded thus, as splitting channels lead,
Upward it springs, or downward is convey'd;
The crimson jets, with force elastic thrown,
Ascend, and climb the mind's imperial throne,
Arterial streams through the soft brain diffuse,
And water all its fields with vital dews:
From this o'erflowing tide the curious brain
Does through its pores the purer spirits strain;
Which to its inmost seats their passage make,
Whence their dark rise th' extended sinews take;
With all their mouths the nerves these spirits drink,
Which through the cells of the fine strainer sink;
These all the channell'd fibres every way
For motion and sensation still convey.
The greatest portion of th' arterial blood,
By the close structure of the parts withstood,
Whose narrow meshes stop the grosser flood,
By apt canals and furrows in the brain,
Which here discharge the office of a vein,
Invert their current, and the heart regain.
The shooting streams, which through another road
The beating engine downward did explode,
To all th' inferior parts descend, and lave
The members with their circulating wave:
To make th' arterial treasure move as slow,
As Nature's ends demand, the channels grow
Still more contracted, as they farther go:
Besides, the glands, which o'er the body spread
Fine complicated clues of nervous thread,
Involv'd and twisted with th' arterial duct,
The rapid motion of the blood obstruct;
These labyrinths the circling current stay
For noble ends, which after we display.
Soon as the blood has pass'd the winding ways,
And various turnings of the wondrous maze,
From the entangled knot of vessels freed,
It runs its vital race with greater speed;
And from the parts and members most remote,
By these canals the streams are backward brought,
Which are of thinner coats and fewer fibres wrought;
Till all the confluent rills their current join,
And in the ample porta vein combine.
This larger channel by a thousand roads
Enters the liver, and its store unloads;
Which from that store by proper inlets strains

The yellow dregs, and sends them by the veins
To the large cistern, which the gall contains;
Then to the vein, we cava name, the blood
Calls in the scatter'd streams, and re-collects the flood.
As when the Thames advances through the plain,
With his fresh waters to dilute the main;
He turns and winds amidst the flowery meads,
And now contracts, and now his waters spreads;
Here in a course direct he forward tends,
There to his head his waves retorted bends:
See, now the sportive flood in two divides
His silver train, now with uniting tides
He wanton clasps the intercepted soil,
And forms with erring streams the reedy isle;
At length, collecting all his watery band
The ocean to augment, he leaves the land.
So the red currents, in their secret maze,
In various rounds through dark meanders pass,
Till all, assembled in the cava vein,
Bring to the heart's right side their crimson train,
Which, now compress with force elastic, drives
The flood, that through the secret passes strives;
The road that to the lungs this store transmits,
Into unnumber'd narrow channels splits;
The venal blood crowds through the winding ways,
And through the tubes the broken tide conveys;
Those numerous streams, their rosy beauty gone,
Poor by expense, and faint with labour grown,
Are in the lungs enrich'd, which re-inspire
The languid liquors, and restore their fire.
The large arterial ducts that thither lead,
By which the blood is from the heart convey'd,
Through either lobe ten thousand branches spread.
Here its bright stream the bounding current parts,
And through the various passes swiftly darts,
Each subtle pipe, each winding channel, fills
With sprightly liquors, and with purple rills;
The pipe, distinguish'd by its gristly rings,
To cherish life aërial pasture brings,
Which the soft breathing lungs, with gentle force,
Constant embrace by turns, by turns divorce;
The springy air this nitrous food impels
Through all the spungy parts and bladder'd cells,
And with dilating breath the vital bellows swells;
Th' admitted nitre agitates the flood,
Revives its fire, and re-ferments the blood.
Behold, the streams now change their languid blue,
Regain their glory, and their flame renew;
With scarlet honours re-adorn'd, the tide
Leaps on, and, bright with more than Tyrian pride,
Advances to the heart, and fills the cave
On the left side, which the first motion gave;
Now through the same involv'd arterial ways,
Again th' exploded jets th' impulsive engine plays.
No sons of wisdom could this current trace,
Or of th' Ionic, or Italic race:
From thee, Democritus, it lay conceal'd,
Though yielding Nature much to thee reveal'd;
Though with the curious knife thou didst invade
Her dark recesses, and hast oft display'd
The crimson mazes, and the hollow road,
Which to the heart conveys the refluent blood.
It was to thee, great Stagyrite, unknown,
And thy preceptor of divine renown.
Learning did ne'er this secret truth impart
To the Greek masters of the healing art.
'Twas by the Coan's piercing eye unview'd,
And did attentive Galen's search elude.

Thou, wondrous Harvey! whose immortal fame,
By thee instructed, grateful schools proclaim;
Thou, Albion's pride, didst first the winding way,
And circling life's dark labyrinth display;
Attentive from the heart thou didst pursue
The starting flood, and keep it still in view;
Till thou with rapture saw'st the channels bring
The purple currents back, and form the vital ring.
See, how the human animal is fed,
How nourishment is wrought, and how convey'd:
The mouth, with proper faculties endued,
First entertains, and then divides, the food;
Two adverse rows of teeth the meat prepare,
On which the glands fermenting juice confer;
Nature has various tender muscles plac'd,
By which the artful gullet is embrac'd;
Some the long funnel's curious mouth extend,
Through which ingested meats with ease descend;
Other confederate pairs for Nature's use
Contract the fibres, and the twitch produce,
Which gently pushes on the grateful food
To the wide stomach, by its hollow road;
That this long road may unobstructed go,
As it descends, it bores the midriff through;
The large receiver for concoction made
Behold amidst the warmest bowels laid;
The spleen to this, and to the adverse side
The glowing liver's comfort is apply'd;
Beneath, the pancreas has its proper seat,
To cheer its neighbour, and augment its heat;
More to assist it for its destin'd use,
This ample bag is stor'd with active juice,
Which can with ease subdue, with ease unbind,
Admitted meats of every different kind;
This powerful ferment, mingling with the parts,
The leaven'd mass to milky chyle converts;
The stomach's fibres this concocted food,
By their contraction's gentle force, exclude,
Which by the mouth on the right side descends
Through the wide pass, which from that mouth depends;
In its progression soon the labour'd chyle
Receives the confluent rills of bitter bile,
Which by the liver sever'd from the blood,
And striving through the gall-pipe, here unload
Their yellow streams, more to refine the flood;
The complicated glands, in various ranks
Dispos'd along the neighbouring channel's banks,
By constant weeping mix their watery store
With the chyle's current, and dilute it more;
Th' intestine roads, inflected and inclin'd,
In various convolutions turn and wind,
That these meanders may the progress stay,
And the descending chyle, by this delay,
May through the milky vessels find its way,
Whose little mouths in the large channel's side
Suck in the flood, and drink the cheering tide.
These numerous veins (such is the curious frame!)
Receive the pure insinuating stream;
But no corrupt or dreggy parts admit,
To form the blood, or feed the limbs unfit;
Th' intestine spiral fibres these protrude,
And from the winding tubes at length exclude.
Observe, these small canals conspire to make
With all their treasure one capacious lake,
Whose common receptacle entertains
Th' united streams of all the lacteal veins,
Hither the rills of water are convey'd,
In curious aquæducts, by Nature laid,

To carry all the limpid humour strain'd,
And from the blood divided by the gland;
Which, mingling currents with the milky juice
Makes it more apt to flow, more fit for use;
These liquors, which the wide receiver fill,
Prepar'd with labour, and refin'd with skill,
Another course to distant parts begin,
Through roads that stretch along the back within;
This useful channel, lately known, ascends,
And in the vein near the left shoulder ends,
Which there unloads its wealth, that with the blood
Now flows in one incorporated flood;
Soon by the vein 'tis to the heart convey'd,
And is by that elastic engine play'd
Into the lungs, whence, as describ'd before,
It onward springs, and makes the wondrous tour.

Now all the banks the branching river laves
With dancing streams, and animated waves;
New florid honours and gay youth bestows,
Diffusing vital vigour, where it flows;
Supplies fresh spirits to the living frame,
And kindles in the eyes a brighter flame;
Muscles impair'd receive new fibrous thread,
And every bone is with rich marrow fed;
Nature revives, cheer'd with the wealthy tide,
And life regal'd displays its purple pride.

But how the wondrous distribution's made,
How to each part its proper food convey'd;
How fibrous strings for nourishment are wrought,
By what conveyance to the muscles brought;
How rang'd for motion, how for beauty mix'd:
With vital cement how th' extremes are fix'd;
How they agree in various ways to join
In a transverse, a straight, and crooked line;
Here lost in wonder we adoring stand,
With rapture own the wise Director's hand,
Who Nature made, and does her works command.

Let us howe'er the theme as far pursue,
As learn'd observers know, or think they do.

Mixt with the blood in the same circling tide,
The rills nutritious through the vessels glide:
Those pipes, still lessening as they further pass,
Retard the progress of the flowing mass.
The glands, that Nature o'er the body spreads,
All artful knots of various hollow threads,
Which lymphæducts, an artery, nerve, and vein,
Involv'd and close together wound, contain,
Make yet the motion of the streams more slow,
Which through those mazes intricate must flow:
And hence it comes the interrupted blood
Distends its channels with its swelling flood;
Those channels, turgid with th' obstructive tide,
Stretch their small holes, and make their meshes wide,
By skilful Nature pierc'd on every side.
Meantime, the labour'd chyle pervades the pores
In all th' arterial perforated shores;
The liquid food, which through those passes strives,
To every part just reparation gives;
Through holes of various figures various juice
Insinuates, to serve for Nature's use.
See, softer fibres to the flesh are sent,
While the thin membrane finer strings augment:
The tough and strong are on the sinews laid,
And to the bones the harder are convey'd;
But what the mass nutritious does divide,
To different parts the different portions guide,
What makes them aptly to the limbs adhere,
In youth augment them, and in age repair,
The deepest search could never yet declare,

Nor less contrivance, nor less curious art,
Surprise and please in every other part.
See, how the nerves, with equal wisdom made,
Arising from the tender brain, pervade,
And secret pass in pairs the channell'd bone,
And thence advance through paths and roads unknown;
Form'd of the finest complicated thread,
These numerous cords are through the body spread;
A thousand branches from each trunk they send,
Some to the limbs, some to the bowels tend;
Some in straight lines, some in transverse, are found,
One forms a crooked figure, one a round;
The entrails these embrace in spiral strings,
Those clasp th' arterial tubes in tender rings;
The tendons some compacted close produce,
And some thin fibres for the skin diffuse.

These subtle channels (such is every nerve!)
For vital functions, sense, and motion, serve;
Included spirits through their secret road
Pass to and fro, as through the veins the blood;
Some to the heart advancing take their way,
Which move and make the beating muscle play;
Part to the spleen, part to the liver, flows,
These to the lungs, and to the stomach those;
They help to labour and concoct the food,
Refine the chyle, and animate the blood;
Exalt the ferments, and the strainers aid,
That, by a constant separation made,
They may a due economy maintain,
Exclude the noxious parts, the good retain.

Yet we these wondrous functions ne'er perceive,
Functions, by which we move, by which we live;
Unconscious we these motions never heed,
Whether they err, or by just laws proceed.

But other spirits, govern'd by the will,
Shoot through their tracks, and distant muscles fill:
This sovereign, by his arbitrary nod,
Restrains, or sends his ministers abroad;
Swift and obedient to his high command,
They stir a finger, or they lift a hand;
They tune our voices, or they move our eyes;
By these we walk, or from the ground arise;
By these we turn, by these the body bend;
Contract a limb at pleasure, or extend.
And though these spirits, which obsequious go,
Know not the paths through which they ready flow,
Nor can our mind instruct them in their way,
Of all their roads as ignorant as they;
Yet, seldom erring, they attain their end,
And reach that single part, which we intend;
Unguided they a just distinction make,
This muscle swell, and leave the other slack;
And when their force this limb or that inflects,
Our will the measure of that force directs;
The spirits which distend them, as we please,
Exert their power, or from their duty cease.

These out-guards of the mind are sent abroad,
And still patrolling beat the neighbouring road;
Or to the parts remote obedient fly,
Keep posts advanc'd, and on the frontier lie.
The watchful centinels at every gate,
At every passage, to the senses wait;
Still travel to and fro the nervous way,
And their impressions to the brain convey,
Where their report the vital envoys make,
And with new orders are remanded back.

Quick, as a darted beam of light, they go,
Through different paths, to different organs flow,
Whence they reflect as swiftly to the brain,
To give it pleasure, or to give it pain.
Thus has the Muse a daring wing display'd,
Through trackless skies ambitious flight essay'd,
To sing the wonders of the human frame;
But, oh! bewails her weak, unequal flame.
Ye skilful masters of Machaon's race,
Who Nature's mazy intricacies trace,
And to sublimer spheres of knowledge rise
By manag'd fire, and late-invented eyes;
Tell, how your search has here eluded been,
How oft amaz'd and ravish'd you have seen
The conduct, prudence, and stupendous art,
And master-strokes in each mechanic part.
Tell, what delightful mysteries remain
Unsung, which my inferior voice disdain.
Who can this field of miracles survey,
And not with Galen all in rapture say,
"Behold a God, adore him, and obey!"

CREATION.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The introduction, in imitation of king Solomon's ironical concessions to the libertine. The Creator asserted, from the contemplation of animals. Of their sense of hearing, tasting, smelling, and especially of seeing. Of the nobler operations of animals, commonly called instincts. The Creator demonstrated farther, from the contemplation of human understanding, and the perfections of the mind. The vigour and swiftness of thought. Simple perception. Reflection. Of the mind's power of abstracting, uniting, and separating ideas. Of the faculty of reasoning, or deducing one proposition from two others. The power of human understanding, in inventing skilful works, and in other instances. The mind's self-determining power, or freedom of choice. Her power of electing an end, and choosing means to attain that end. Of controlling our appetites, rejecting pleasures, and choosing pain, want, and death itself, in hopes of happiness in a distant unknown state of life. The conclusion, being a short recapitulation of the whole; with a hymn to the Creator of the world.

While rosy youth its perfect bloom maintains,
Thoughtless of age, and ignorant of pains;
While from the heart rich streams with vigour spring,
Bound through their ronds, and dance their vital ring;
And spirits, swift as sun-beams through the skies,
Dart through thy nerves, and sparkle in thy eyes;
While Nature with full strength thy sinews arms,
Glows in thy cheeks, and triumphs in her charms;
Indulge thy instincts, and, intent on ease,
With ravishing delight thy senses please.
Since no black clouds dishonour now the sky,
No winds, but balmy, genial zephyrs, fly,
Eager embark, and to th' inviting gale
Thy pendants loose, and spread thy silken sail;
Sportive advance, on Pleasure's wanton tide,
Through flowery scenes, diffus'd on either side.
See how the Hours their painted wings display,
And draw, like harness'd doves, the smiling Day!
Shall this glad Spring, when active ferments climb,
These Months, the fairest progeny of Time,
The brightest parts in all Duration's train,
Ask thee to seize thy bliss, and ask in vain?
To their prevailing smiles thy heart resign,
And wisely make the proffer'd blessings thine.
Near some fair river, on reclining land,
'Midst groves and fountains, let thy palace stand;
Let Parian walls unrivall'd pomp display,
And gilded towers repel augmented day;
Let porphyry pillars in high rows uphold
The azure roof, enrich'd with veins of gold;
And the fair creatures of the sculptor's art
Part grace thy palace, and thy garden part;
Here let the scentful spoils of opening flowers
Breathe from thy citron walks, and jasmine bowers;
Hesperian blossoms in thy bosom smell;
Let all Arabia in thy garments dwell.
That costly banquets and delicious feasts
May crown thy table, to regale thy guests,
Ransack the hills, and every park and wood,
The lake unpeople, and despoil the flood;
Procure each feather'd luxury, that beats
Its native air, or from its clime retreats,
And by alternate transmigration flies
O'er interposing seas, and changes skies;
Let artful cooks to raise their relish strive,
With all the spicy tastes the Indies give.
While wreaths of roses round thy temples twine,
Enjoy the sparkling blessings of the vine;
Let the warm nectar all thy veins inspire,
Solace thy heart, and raise the vital fire.
Next let the charms of heavenly music cheer
Thy soul with rapture listening in thy ear;
Let tuneful chiefs exert their skill, to show
What artful joys from manag'd sound can flow;
Now hear the melting voice and trembling string;
Let Pepusch touch the lyre, and Margarita sing.
While wanton ferments swell thy glowing veins,
To the warm passion give the slacken'd reins;
Thy gazing eyes with blooming beauty feast,
Receive its dart, and hug it in thy breast;
From fair to fair with gay inconstance rove,
Taste every sweet, and cloy thy soul with love.
But 'midst thy boundless joys, unbridled youth,
Remember still this sad, but certain truth,
That thou at last severely must account;
To what will thy congested guilt amount?
Allow a God; he must our deeds regard;
A righteous Judge must punish and reward:
Yet that he reals no high tribunal here,
Impartial justice to dispense, is clear.
His sword unpunish'd criminals defy,
Nor by his thunder does the tyrant die;
While Heaven's adorers, prest with want and pain,
Their unrewarded innocence maintain,
See his right-hand he unextended keeps,
Tho' long provok'd, th' unactive vengeance sleeps.
Hence we a world succeeding this infer,
Where he his justice will assert; prepare
To stand arraign'd before his awful bar.
Where wilt thou hide thy ignominious head?
Shuddering with horrour, what hast thou to plead?

Despairing wretch!—he'll frown thee from his throne,
And by his wrath will make his being known.
Yet more Religion's empire to support,
To push the foe, and make our last effort;
Let beings with attention be review'd,
Which, not alone with vital power endued,
Can move themselves, can organiz'd perceive
The various strokes, which various objects give.
By laws mechanic can Lucretius tell
How living creatures see, or hear, or smell?
How is the image to the sense convey'd?
On the tun'd organ how the impulse made?
How, and by which more noble part, the brain
Perceives th' idea, can their schools explain?
'Tis clear, in that superior seat alone
The judge of objects has her secret throne;
Since, a limb sever'd by the wounding steel,
We still may pain, as in that member, feel.
Mark how the spirits, watchful in the ear,
Seize undulating sounds, and catch the vocal air.
Observe how others, that the tongue possess,
Which salts of various shape and size impress,
From their affected fibres upward dart,
And different tastes by different strokes impart.
Remark, how those, which in the nostril dwell,
That artful organ, destin'd for the smell,
By vapours mov'd, their passage upward take,
And scents unpleasant or delightful make.
If in the tongue, the nostril, and the ear,
No skill, no wisdom, no design, appear;
Lucretians, next, regard the curious eye;
Can you no art, no prudence, there descry?
By your mechanic principles, in vain
The sense of sight you labour to explain.
You say, "from all the objects of the eye
Thin colour'd shapes uninterrupted fly.
As wandering ghosts (so ancient poets feign)
Skim thro' the air, and sweep th' infernal plain;
So these light figures roam by day and night,
But undiscover'd, till betray'd by light."
But can corporeal forms, with so much ease,
Meet in their flight a thousand images,
And yet no conflict, no collisive force,
Break their thin texture, and disturb their course?
What fix'd their parts, and made them so cohere,
That they the picture of the object wear?
What is the shape, that from a body flies?
What moves, what propagates, what multiplies,
And paints one image in a thousand eyes?
When to the eye the crowding figures pass,
How in a point can all possess a place,
And lie distinguish'd in such narrow space?
Since all perception in the brain is made,
(Though where, and how, was never yet display'd)
And since so great a distance lies between
The eye-ball, and the seat of sense within;
While in th' eye th' arrested object stays,
Tell, what th' idea to the brain conveys?
You say, "the spirits in the optic nerve,
Mov'd by the intercepted image, serve
To bear th' impression to the brain, and give
The stroke, by which the object we perceive."
How does the brain, touch'd with a different stroke,
The whale distinguish from the marble rock?
Pronounce this tree a cedar, that an oak?
Can spirits weak or stronger blows express,
One body greater, and another less?
How do they make us space and distance know?
At once distinct a thousand objects show?
Lucretians, now proceed; contemplate all
The nobler actions of the animal,
Which instinct some, some lower reason, call.
Say, what contexture did by chance arrive,
Which to brute creatures did that instinct give,
Whence they at sight discern and dread their foe,
Their food distinguish, and their physic know?
By which the lion learns to hunt his prey,
And the weak herd to fear and fly away?
The birds contrive inimitable nests?
And dens are haunted by the forest beasts?
Whence some in subterranean dwellings hide,
These in the rocks, and those in woods abide?
Whence timorous beasts, through hills and lawns pursued,
By artful shifts the raveling foe elude?
What various wonders may observers see
In a small insect, the sagacious bee!
Mark, how the little untaught builders square
Their rooms, and in the dark their lodgings rear!
Nature's mechanics, they unwearied strive,
And fill with curious labyrinths the hive.
See, what bright strokes of architecture shine
Thro' the whole frame, what beauty, what design!
Each odoriferous cell, and waxen tower,
The yellow pillage of the rifled flower,
Has twice three sides, the only figure fit
To which the labourers may their stores commit,
Without the loss of matter, or of room,
In all the wondrous structure of the comb.
Next view, spectator, with admiring eyes,
In what just order all th' apartments rise!
So regular their equal sides cohere,
Th' adapted angles so each other bear,
That, by mechanic rules refin'd and bold,
They are at once upheld, at once uphold.
Does not this skill ev'n vie with Reason's reach?
Can Euclid more, can more Palladio, teach?
Each verdant hill th' industrious chymists climb,
Extract the riches of the blooming thyme,
And, provident of winter long before,
They stock their caves, and hoard their flowery store;
In peace they rule their state with prudent care,
Wisely defend, or wage offensive war.
Maro, these wonders offer'd to his thought,
Felt his known ardour, and the rapture caught:
Then rais'd his voice, and, in immortal lays,
Did high as Heaven the insect nation raise.
If, Epicurus, this whole artful frame
Does not a wise Creator's hand proclaim,
To view the intellectual world advance;
Is this the creature too of Fate or Chance!
Turn on itself thy godlike Reason's ray,
Thy mind contemplate, and its power survey.
What high perfections grace the human Mind,
In flesh imprison'd, and to Earth confin'd!
What vigour has she! what a piercing sight!
Strong as the winds, and sprightly as the light!
She moves unweary'd as the active fire,
And, like the flame, her flights to Heaven aspire;
By day her thoughts in never-ceasing streams
Flow clear; by night, they strive in troubled dreams.
She draws ten thousand landscapes in the brain,
Dresses of airy forms an endless train,
Which all her intellectual scenes prepare,
Enter by turns the stage, and disappear.

To the remoter regions of the sky
Her swift-wing'd thought can in a moment fly;
Climb to the heights of Heaven, to be employ'd
In viewing thence th' interminable void;
Can look beyond the stream of time, to see
The stagnant ocean of eternity.
Thoughts in an instant through the zodiac run,
A year's long journey for the labouring Sun;
Then down they shoot, as swift as darting light,
Nor can opposing clouds retard their flight;
Through subterranean vaults with ease they sweep,
And search the hidden wonders of the deep.

When man with reason dignify'd is born,
No images his naked mind adorn;
No sciences or arts enrich his brain,
Nor Fancy yet displays her pictur'd train:
He no innate ideas can discern,
Of knowledge destitute, though apt to learn.
Our intellectual, like the body's eye,
Whilst in the womb, no object can descry;
Yet is dispos'd to entertain the light,
And judge of things when offer'd to the sight.
When objects through the senses passage gain,
And fill with various imagery the brain,
Th' ideas, which the Mind does thence perceive,
To think and know the first occasion give.
Did she not use the senses' ministry,
Nor ever taste, or smell, or hear, or see,
Could she possest of power perceptive be?
Wretches, who sightless into being came,
Of light or colour no idea frame.
Then grant a man his being did commence,
Deny'd by Nature each external sense,
These ports unopen'd, diffident we guess,
Th' unconscious soul no image could possess;
Though what in such a state the restless train
Of spirits would produce, we ask in vain:
The Mind proceeds, and to reflection goes,
Perceives she does perceive, and knows she knows;
Reviews her acts, and does from thence conclude
She is with reason and with choice endued.

From individuals of distinguish'd kind,
By her abstracting faculty, the Mind
Precisely general natures can conceive,
And birth to notions universal give;
The various modes of things distinctly shows;
A pure respect, a nice relation knows,
And sees whence each respect and each relation flows;
By her abstracting power in pieces takes
The mix'd and compound whole, which Nature makes;
On objects of the senses she refines,
Beings, by Nature separated, joins,
And severs qualities, which that combines.
The Mind, from things repugnant, some respects
In which their natures are alike selects,
And can some difference and unlikeness see
In things which seem entirely to agree;
She does distinguish here, and there unite;
The mark of judgment that, and this of wit.

As she can reckon, separate, and compare,
Conceive what order, rule, proportion, are,
So from one thought she still can more infer;
Maxim from maxim can by force express,
And make discover'd truths associate truths confess:
On plain foundations, which our reason lays,
She can stupendous frames of science raise;
Notion on notion built will towering rise,
Till th' intellectual fabrics reach the skies;
The mathematic axioms, which appear
By scientific demonstration clear,
The master-builders on two pillars rear:
From two plain problems by laborious thought
Is all the wondrous superstructure wrought.

The Soul, as mentioned, can herself inspect,
By acts reflex can view her acts direct;
A task too hard for sense; for though the eye
Its own reflected image can descry,
Yet it ne'er saw the sight by which it sees,
Vision can show no colour'd images.

The Mind's tribunal can reports reject
Made by the senses, and their faults correct;
The magnitude of distant stars it knows,
Which erring sense, as twinkling tapers, shows:
Crooked the shape our cheated eye believes,
Which through a double medium it receives;
Superior Mind does a right judgment make,
Declares it straight, and mends the eye's mistake.

Where dwells this sovereign arbitrary Soul,
Which does the human animal control,
Inform each part, and agitate the whole?
O'er ministerial senses does preside,
To all their various provinces divide,
Each member move, and every motion guide,
Which, by her secret uncontested nod,
Her messengers the spirits sends abroad,
Through every nervous pass, and every vital road,
To fetch from every distant part a train
Of outward objects, to enrich the brain?
Where sits this bright intelligence enthron'd,
With numberless ideas pour'd around?
Where sciences and arts in order wait,
And truths divine compose her godlike state?
Can the dissecting steel the brain display,
And the august apartment open lay,
Where this great queen still chooses to reside,
In intellectual pomp, and bright ideal pride?
Or can the eye, assisted by the glass,
Discern the strait, but hospitable place,
In which ten thousand images remain,
Without confusion, and their rank maintain?

How does this wondrous principle of thought
Perceive the object by the senses brought?
What philosophic builder will essay,
By rules mechanic, to unfold the way
How a machine must be dispos'd to think,
Ideas how to frame, and how to link?
Tell us, Lucretius, Epicurus, tell,
And you in wit unrivall'd shall excel;
How through the outward sense the object flies,
How in the Soul her images arise;
What thinking, what perception is, explain;
What all the airy creatures of the brain;
How to the Mind a thought reflected goes,
And how the conscious engine knows it knows.

The Mind a thousand skilful works can frame,
Can form deep projects to procure her aim.
Merchants, for eastern pearl and golden ore
To cross the main, and reach the Indian shore,
Prepare the floating ship, and spread the sail,
To catch the impulse of the breathing gale.
Warriors, in framing schemes, their wisdom show,
To disappoint or circumvent the foe.
Th' ambitious statesman labours dark designs,
Now open force employs, now undermines;
By paths direct his end he now pursues,
By side approaches now, and slanting views,

See, how resistless orators persuade,
Draw out their forces, and the heart invade;
Touch every spring and movement of the soul,
This appetite excite, and that control;
Their powerful voice can flying troops arrest,
Confirm the weak, and melt th' obdurate breast;
Chase from the sad their melancholy air,
Soothe discontent, and solace anxious care.
When threatening tides of rage and anger rise,
Usurp the throne, and Reason's sway despise,
When in the seats of life this tempest reigns,
Beats through the heart, and drives along the veins;
See, Eloquence, with force persuasive, binds
The restless waves, and charms the warring winds,
Resistless bids tumultuous uproar cease,
Recalls the calm, and gives the bosom peace.

Did not the Mind, on heavenly joy intent,
The various kinds of harmony invent?
She the theorbo, she the viol found,
And all the moving melody of sound;
She gave to breathing tubes a power unknown,
To speak inspir'd with accents not their own;
Taught tuneful sons of music how to sing,
How, by vibrations of th' extended string,
And manag'd impulse on the suffering air,
T' extort the rapture, and delight the ear.

See, how celestial Reason does command
The ready pencil in the painter's hand;
Whose strokes affect with Nature's self to vie,
And with false life amuse the doubtful eye:
Behold the strong emotions of the Mind
Exerted in the eyes, and in the face design'd.
Such is the artist's wondrous power, that we
Ev'n pictur'd souls and colour'd passions see,
Where without words (peculiar eloquence)
The busy figures speak their various sense.
What living face does more distress or woe,
More finish'd shame, confusion, horrour, know,
Than what the masters of the pencil show?

Mean time the chissel with the pencil vies;
The sister arts dispute the doubtful prize.
Are human limbs, ev'n in their vital state,
More just and strong, more free and delicate,
Than Buonorota's curious tools create?
He to the rock can vital instincts give,
Which, thus transform'd, can rage, rejoice, or grieve:
His skilful hand does marble veins inspire,
Now with the lover's, now the hero's fire;
So well th' imagin'd actors play their part,
The silent hypocrites such power exert,
That passions, which they feel not, they bestow,
Affright us with their fear, and melt us with their woe.
There Niobe leans weeping on her arm:
How her sad looks and beauteous sorrow charm!
See, here a Venus soft in Parian stone;
A Pallas there, to ancient fables known;
That from the rock arose, not from the main,
This not from Jove's, but from the sculptor's brain.

Admire the carver's fertile energy,
With ravish'd eyes his happy offspring see.
What beauteous figures, by the unrivall'd art
Of British Gibbons, from the cedar start!
He makes that tree unnative charms assume,
Usurp gay honours, and another's bloom;
The various fruits, which different climates bear,
And all the pride the fields and gardens wear;
While from unjuicy limbs, without a root,
New buds devis'd, and leafy branches, shoot.

As human kind can by an act direct,
Perceive and know, then reason and reflect:
So the self-moving spring has power to choose,
These methods to reject, and those to use;
She can design and prosecute an end,
Exert her vigour, or her act suspend;
Free from the insults of all foreign power,
She does her godlike liberty secure;
Her right and high prerogative maintains,
Impatient of the yoke, and scorns coercive chains;
She can her airy train of forms disband,
And makes new levees at her own command;
O'er her ideas sovereign she presides,
At pleasure these unites, and those divides.

The ready phantoms at her nod advance,
And form the busy intellectual dance;
While her fair scenes to vary, or supply,
She singles out fit images, that lie
In Memory's records, which faithful hold
Objects immense, in secret marks enroll'd;
The sleeping forms at her command awake,
And now return, and now their cells forsake,
On active Fancy's crowded theatre,
As she directs, they rise or disappear.

Objects, which through the senses make their way,
And just impressions to the Soul convey,
Give her occasion first herself to move,
And to exert her hatred, or her love;
Ideas, which to some impulsive seem,
Act not upon the mind, but that on them.
When she to foreign objects audience gives,
Their strokes and motions in the brain perceives;
As these perceptions, we ideas name,
From her own power and active nature came,
So when discern'd by intellectual light,
Herself her various passions does excite,
To ill her hate, to good her appetite;
To shun the first, the latter to procure,
She chooses means by free elective power;
She can their various habitudes survey,
Debate their fitness, and their merit weigh,
And, while the means suggested she compares,
She to the rivals this or that prefers.

By her superior power the reasoning Soul
Can each reluctant appetite control;
Can every passion rule, and every sense,
Change Nature's course, and with her laws dispense;
Our breathing to prevent, she can arrest
Th' extension, or contraction, of the breast;
When pain'd with hunger, we can food refuse,
And wholesome abstinence, or famine, choose.
Can the wild beast his instinct disobey,
And from his jaws release the captive prey?
Or hungry herds on verdant pastures lie,
Mindless to eat, and resolute to die?
With heat expiring, can the panting hart,
Patient of thirst, from the cool stream depart?
Can brutes, at will imprison'd, breath detain?
Torment prefer to ease, and life disdain?

From all restraint, from all compulsion, free,
Unforc'd, and unnecessitated, we
Ourselves determine, and our freedom prove,
When this we fly, and to that object move.
Had not the Mind a power to will and choose,
One object to embrace, and one refuse;
Could she not act, or not her act suspend,
As it obstructed, or advanc'd, her end;

Virtue and vice were names without a cause,
This would not hate deserve, nor that applause;
Justice in vain has high tribunals rear'd,
Whom can her sentence punish, whom reward?
If impious children should their father kill,
Can they be wicked, when they cannot will;
When only causes, foreign and unseen,
Strike with resistless force the springs within,
Whence in the engine man all motion must begin?
Are vapours guilty which the vintage blast?
Are storms proscrib'd, which lay the forest waste?
Why lies the wretch then tortur'd on the wheel,
If forc'd to treason, or compell'd to steal?
Why does the warrior, by auspicious Fate,
With laurels crown'd, and clad in robes of state,
In triumph ride amidst the gazing throng,
Deaf with applauses, and the poet's song;
If the victorious, but the brute machine,
Did only wreaths inevitable win,
And no wise choice or vigilance has shown,
Mov'd by a fatal impulse, not his own?
Should trains of atoms human sense impel,
Though not so fierce, so strong, so visible,
As soldiers arm'd, and do not men arrest
With clubs upheld, and daggers at their breast:
Yet means compulsive are not plainer shown,
When ruffians drive, or conquerors drag, us on;
As much we're forc'd, when by an atom's sway
Controll'd, as when a tyrant we obey;
And, by whatever cause constrain'd to act,
We merit no reward, no guilt contract.
Our Mind of rulers feels a conscious awe,
Reveres their justice, and regards their law:
She rectitude and deviation knows,
That vice from one, from one that virtue, flows;
Of these she feels unlike effects within,
From virtue pleasure, and remorse from sin;
Hopes of a just reward by that are fed,
By this, of wrath vindictive, secret dread.
The Mind, which thus can rules of duty learn,
Can right from wrong, and good from ill, discern;
Which, the sharp stroke of justice to prevent,
Can shame express, can grieve, reflect, repent;
From Fate or Chance her rise can never draw,
Those causes know not virtue, vice, or law.
She can a life succeeding this conceive,
Of bliss or woe an endless state believe.
Dreading the just and universal doom,
And aw'd by fears of punishment to come,
By hopes excited of a glorious crown,
And certain pleasures in a world unknown:
She can the fond desires of sense restrain,
Renounce delight, and choose distress and pain;
Can rush on danger, can destruction face,
Joyful relinquish life, and death embrace:
She to afflicted virtue can adhere,
And chains and want to prosperous guilt prefer;
Unmov'd, these wild tempestuous steps survey,
And view serene this restless rolling sea.
In vain the monsters, which the coast infest,
Spend all their rage to interrupt her rest;
Her charming song the syren sings in vain,
She can the tuneful hypocrite disdain,
Fix'd and unchang'd the faithless world behold,
Deaf to its threats, and to its favour cold.
Sages, remark, we labour not to show
The will is free, but that the man is so;
For what enlighten'd reasoner can declare
What human will and understanding are?
What science from those objects can we frame
Of which we little know, besides the name?
The learned, who with anatomic art
Dissect the mind, and thinking substance part,
And various powers and faculties assert,
Perhaps by such abstraction of the mind,
Divide the things that are in nature join'd.
What masters of the schools can make it clear
Those faculties, which two to them appear,
Are not residing in the soul the same,
And not distinct, but by a different name?
Thus has the Muse pursu'd her hardy theme,
And sung the wonders of this artful frame.
Ere yet one subterranean arch was made,
One cavern vaulted, or one girder laid;
Ere the high rocks did o'er the shores arise,
Or snowy mountains tower'd amidst the skies;
Before the wat'ry troops fil'd off from land,
And lay amidst the rocks entrench'd in sand;
Before the air its bosom did unfold,
Or burnish'd orbs in blue expansion roll'd,
She sung how Nature then in embryo lay,
And did the secrets of her birth display.
When after, at th' Almighty's high command,
Obedient waves divided from the land;
And shades and lazy mists were chas'd away,
While rosy light diffus'd the tender day;
When uproar ceas'd, and wild confusion fled,
And new-born Nature rais'd her beauteous head;
She sung the frame of this terrestrial pile,
The hills, the rocks, the rivers, and the soil:
She view'd the sandy frontiers, which restrain
The noisy insults of th' imprison'd main;
Rang'd o'er the wide diffusion of the waves,
The moist cerulean walks, and search'd the coral caves.
She then survey'd the fluid fields of air,
And the crude seeds of meteors fashion'd there;
Then with continued flight she sped her way,
Mounted, and bold pursu'd the source of day;
With wonder of celestial motions sung,
How the pois'd orbs are in the vacant hung;
How the bright sluices of ethereal light,
Now shut, defend the empire of the night;
And now, drawn up with wise alternate care,
Let floods of glory out, and spread with day the air.
Then, with a daring wing, she soar'd sublime,
From realm to realm, from orb to orb did climb:
Swift through the spacious gulph she urg'd her way,
At length emerg'd in empyrean day;
Where far, oh far, beyond what mortals see,
In the void districts of immensity;
The Mind new suns, new planets, can explore,
And yet beyond can still imagine more.
Thus in bold numbers did th' adventurous Muse
To sing the lifeless parts of Nature choose;
And then advanc'd to wonders yet behind,
Survey'd and sung the vegetable kind;
Did lofty woods, and humble brakes review,
Along the valley swept, and o'er the mountain flew.
Then left the Muse the field and waving grove,
And, unfatigu'd with grateful labour, strove
To climb th' amazing heights of sense, and sing
The power perceptive, and the inward spring
Which agitates and guides each living thing.
She next essay'd the embryo's rise to trace
From an unfashion'd, rude, unchannell'd mass;
Sung how the spirits waken'd in the brain,
Exert their force, and genial toil maintain;

Erect the beating heart, the channels frame,
Unfold entangled limbs, and kindle vital flame:
How the small pipes are in meanders laid,
And bounding life is to and fro convey'd;
How spirits, which for sense and motion serve,
Unguided find the perforated nerve,
Through every dark recess pursue their flight,
Unconscious of the road, and void of sight,
Yet certain of the way, still guide their motions right.

From thence a nobler flight she did essay,
The Mind's extended empire to survey.
She sung the godlike principle of thought,
And how, from objects by the senses brought,
The intellectual imagery is wrought;
How she the modes of beings can discern,
A nice respect, a mere relation learn;
Can all the thin abstracted notions reach,
Which Grecian wits, or, Britain, thine can teach.

Thus has the Muse strove to display a part
Of those unnumber'd miracles of art;
Of prudence, conduct, and a wise design,
Which to th' attentive thought conspicuous shine.

Still, vanquish'd atheists! will you keep the field,
And, hard in errour, still refuse to yield?
See, all your broken arms lie spread around,
And ignominious rout deforms the ground;
Be wise, and, once admonish'd by a foe,
Where lies your strength, and where your weakness, know;
No more at Reason's solemn bar appear,
Hardy no more scholastic weapons bear;
Disband your feeble forces, and decline
The war; no more in tinsel armour shine;
Nor shake your bullrush spears, but swift repair
To your strong place of arms, the scoffer's chair;
And thence, supported with a mocking ring,
Sarcastic darts, and keen invectives, fling
Against your foes, and scornful at your feasts
Religion vanquish with decisive jests;
Arm'd with resistless laughter, Heaven assail,
Relinquish reason, and let mirth prevail.

Good Heav'n! that men, who vaunt discerning sight,
And arrogant from Wisdom's distant height
Look down on vulgar mortals, who revere
A Cause Supreme, should their proud building rear,
Without one prop the ponderous pile to bear!
How much the Judge, who does in Heaven preside,
Re-mocks the scoffer, and contemns his pride!
Behold, the sad, unsufferable hour
Advances near, which will his errour cure;
When he, compell'd, shall drink the wrathful bowl,
And, ruin'd, feel immortal vengeance roll
Through all his veins, and drench his inmost soul.
O'erwhelm'd with horrour, sunk in deep despair,
And lost for ever, will the wretch forbear
To curse his madness, and blaspheme the power
Of his just Sovereign, which he mock'd before?

Hail, King Supreme! of Power immense Abyss!
Father of Light! Exhaustless Source of Bliss!
Thou uncreated, Self-existent Cause,
Controll'd by no superior being's laws,
Ere infant light essay'd to dart the ray,
Smil'd heav'nly sweet, and try'd to kindle day:
Ere the wide fields of ether were display'd,
Or silver stars cerulean spheres inlaid,
Ere yet the eldest child of Time was born,
Or verdant pride young Nature did adorn;
Thou art; and didst eternity employ
In unmolested peace, in plenitude of joy.

In its ideal frame the world, design'd
From ages past, lay finish'd in thy mind.
Conform to this divine imagin'd plan,
With perfect art th' amazing work began.
Thy glance survey'd the solitary plains,
Where shapeless shade inert and silent reigns;
Then in the dark and undistinguish'd space,
Unfruitful, unenclos'd, and wild of face,
Thy compass for the world mark'd out the destin'd place.
Then didst thou through the fields of barren Night
Go forth, collected in Creating Might.
Where thou almighty vigour didst exert,
Which emicant did this and that way dart
Through the black bosom of the empty space:
The gulphs confess th' omnipotent embrace,
And, pregnant grown with elemental seed,
Unfinish'd orbs and worlds in embryo breed.
From the crude mass, Omniscient Architect,
Thou for each part materials didst select,
And with a master-hand thy world erect.
Labour'd by thee, the globes, vast lucid buoys,
By thee uplifted, float in liquid skies:
By thy cementing word their parts cohere,
And roll by thy impulsive nod in air.
Thou in the vacant didst the Earth suspend,
Advance the mountains, and the vales extend:
People the plains with flocks, with beasts the wood,
And store with scaly colonies the flood.

Next, man arose at thy Creating Word,
Of thy terrestrial realms vicegerent lord.
His Soul, more artful labour, more refin'd,
And emulous of bright Seraphic Mind,
Ennobled by thy image, spotless shone,
Prais'd thee, her Author, and ador'd thy throne;
Able to know, admire, enjoy her God,
She did her high felicity applaud.

Since thou didst all the spacious worlds display,
Homage to thee let all obedient pay.
Let glittering stars, that dance their destin'd ring
Sublime in sky, with vocal planets sing
Confederate praise to thee, O Great Creator King!
Let the thin districts of the waving air,
Conveyancers of sound, thy skill declare.
Let winds, the breathing creatures of the skies,
Call in each vigorous gale, that roving flies
By land or sea; then one loud triumph raise,
And all their blasts employ in songs of praise.

While painted herald-birds thy deeds proclaim,
And on their spreading wings convey thy fame;
Let eagles, which in Heaven's blue concave soar,
Scornful of Earth, superior seats explore,
And rise with breasts erect against the Sun,
Be ministers to bear thy bright renown,
And carry ardent praises to thy throne.

Ye fish, assume a voice; with praises fill
The hollow rock, and loud reactive hill.
Let lions with their roar their thanks express,
With acclamations shake the wilderness.
Let thunder clouds, that float from pole to pole,
With salvos loud salute thee as they roll.
Ye monsters of the sea, ye noisy waves,
Strike with applause the repercussive caves.
Let hail and rain, let meteors form'd of fire,
And lambent flames, in this blest work conspire

Let the high cedar and the mountain pine
Lowly to thee, Great King, their heads incline.
Let every spicy odoriferous tree
Present its incense and its balm to thee.
  And thou, Heaven's viceroy o'er this world below,
In this blest task superior ardour show:
To view thyself, inflect thy reason's ray,
Nature's replenish'd theatre survey;
Then all on fire the Author's skill adore,
And in loud songs extol Creating Power.
  Degenerate minds, in mazy errour lost,
May combat Heaven, and impious triumphs boast;
But, while my veins feel animating fires,
And vital air this breathing breast inspires,
Grateful to Heaven, I'll stretch a pious wing,
And sing his praise, who gave me power to sing.

THE

POEMS

OF

ELIJAH FENTON.

THE

LIFE OF FENTON,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

THE brevity with which I am to write the account of ELIJAH FENTON, is not the effect of indifference or negligence. I have sought intelligence among his relations in his native country, but have not obtained it.

He was born near Newcastle in Staffordshire, of an ancient family[1], whose estate was very considerable; but he was the youngest of eleven children, and being therefore necessarily destined to some lucrative employment was sent first to school, and

[1] He was born at Shelton, near Newcastle, May 20, 1683; and was the youngest of eleven children of John Fenton, an attorney at law, and one of the coroners for the county of Stafford. His father died in 1694; and his grave, in the church-yard of Stoke upon Trent, is distinguished by the following elegant Latin inscription from the pen of his son:

H. S. E.
JOANNES FENTON
de Shelton
antiquâ stirpe generosus;
juxta reliquias conjugis
CATHARINÆ
formâ, moribus, pietate,
optimo viro dignissimæ:
Qui
intemeratâ in ecclesiam fide,
et virtutibus intaminatis enituit;
necnon ingenii lepore
bonis artibus expoliti,
ac animo erga omnes benevolo,
sibi suisque jucundus vixit.
Decem annos uxori dilectæ superstes
magnum sui desiderium bonis
omnibus reliquit,
Anno { salutis humanæ 1694.
{ ætatis suæ 56.

See Gent. Mag. 1791, vol. LXI. p. 703.

afterwards to Cambridge[2], but with many other wise and virtuous men, who at that time of discord and debate consulted conscience, whether well or ill informed, more than interest, he doubted the legality of the government, and refusing to qualify himself for public employment by the oaths required, left the university without a degree; but I never heard that the enthusiasm of opposition impelled him to separation from the church.

By this perverseness of integrity he was driven out a commoner of Nature, excluded from the regular modes of profit and prosperity, and reduced to pick up a livelihood uncertain and fortuitous; but it must be remembered that he kept his name unsullied, and never suffered himself to be reduced, like too many of the same sect, to mean arts and dishonourable shifts. Whoever mentioned Fenton, mentioned him with honour.

The life that passes in penury must necessarily pass in obscurity. It is impossible to trace Fenton from year to year, or to discover what means he used for his support. He was awhile secretary to Charles earl of Orrery in Flanders, and tutor to his young son, who afterwards mentioned him with great esteem and tenderness. He was at one time assistant in the school of Mr. Bonwicke in Surrey; and at another kept a school for himself at Sevenoaks in Kent, which he brought into reputation; but was persuaded to leave it (1710) by Mr. St. John, with promises of a more honourable employment.

His opinions, as he was a nonjuror, seem not to have been remarkably rigid. He wrote with great zeal and affection the praises of queen Anne, and very willingly and liberally extolled the duke of Marlborough, when he was (1707) at the height of his glory.

He expressed still more attention to Marlborough and his family by an elegiac Pastoral on the Marquis of Blandford, which could be prompted only by respect or kindness: for neither the duke nor dutchess desired the praise, or liked the cost of patronage.

The elegance of his poetry entitled him to the company of the wits of his time, and the amiableness of his manners made him loved wherever he was known. Of his friendship to Southern and Pope there are lasting monuments.

He published in 1707 a collection of poems.

By Pope he was once placed in a station that might have been of great advantage. Craggs, when he was advanced to be secretary of state, (about 1720) feeling his own want of literature, desired Pope to procure him an instructor, by whose help he might supply the deficiencies of his education. Pope recommended Fenton, in whom Craggs found all that he was seeking. There was now a prospect of ease and plenty, for Fenton had merit, and Craggs had generosity: but the small-pox suddenly put an end to the pleasing expectation.

When Pope, after the great success of his Iliad, undertook the Odyssey, being, as it seems, weary of translating, he determined to engage auxiliaries. Twelve books he took to himself, and twelve he distributed between Broome and Fenton: he books allotted to Fenton were the first, the fourth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth. It is observable, that he did not take the eleventh, which he had before

[2] He was entered of Jesus College, and took a bachelor's degree in 1704: but it appears by the list of Cambridge graduates that he removed in 1726 to Trinity Hall. N

translated into blank verse; neither did Pope claim it, but committed it to Broome. How the two associates performed their parts is well known to the readers of poetry, who have never been able to distinguish their books from those of Pope.

In 1723 was performed his tragedy of Mariamne; to which Southern, at whose house it was written, is said to have contributed such hints as his theatrical experience supplied. When it was shown to Cibber, it was rejected by him, with the additional insolence of advising Fenton to engage himself in some employment of honest labour, by which he might obtain that support which he could never hope from his poetry. The play was acted at the other theatre; and the brutal petulance of Cibber was confuted, though, perhaps not shamed, by general applause. Fenton's profits are said to have amounted to near a thousand pounds, with which he discharged a debt contracted by his attendance at court.

Fenton seems to have had some peculiar system of versification. Mariamne is written in lines of ten syllables, with few of those redundant terminations which the drama not only admits but requires, as more nearly approaching to real dialogue. The tenour of his verse is so uniform, that it cannot be thought casual; and yet upon what principle he so constructed it, is difficult to discover.

The mention of his play brings to my mind a very trifling occurrence. Fenton was one day in the company of Broome, his associate, and Ford, a clergyman, at that time too well known, whose abilities, instead of furnishing convivial merriment to the voluptuous and dissolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and the wise. They determined all to see The Merry Wives of Windsor, which was acted that night; and Fenton, as a dramatic poet, took them to the stage-door: where the door-keeper enquiring who they were, was told that they were three very necessary men, Ford, Broome, and Fenton. The name in the play, which Pope restored to Brook, was then Broome.

It was perhaps after this play that he undertook to revise the punctuation of Milton's poems, which, as the author neither wrote the original copy nor corrected the press, was supposed capable of amendment. To this edition he prefixed a short and elegant account of Milton's life, written at once with tenderness and integrity.

He published likewise (1729) a very splendid edition of Waller, with notes often useful, often entertaining, but too much extended by long quotations from Clarendon. Illustrations, drawn from a book so easily consulted, should be made by reference rather than transcription.

The latter part of his life was calm and pleasant. The relict of sir William Trumbull invited him, by Pope's recommendation, to educate her son: whom he first instructed at home, and then attended to Cambridge. The lady afterwards detained him with her as the auditor of her accompts. He often wandered to London, and amused himself with the conversation of his friends.

He died in 1730, at Easthampstead in Berkshire, the seat of lady Trumbull; and Pope, who had been always his friend, honoured him with an epitaph, of which he borrowed the two first lines from Crashaw.

Fenton was tall and bulky, inclined to corpulence, which he did not lessen by much exercise; for he was very sluggish and sedentary, rose late, and when he had risen, sat down to his books or papers. A woman that once waited on him in a lodging, told him, as she said, that he would "lie a-bed, and be fed with a

spoon." This, however, was not the worst that might have been prognosticated; for Pope says, in his Letters, that "he died of indolence;" but his immediate distemper was the gout.

Of his morals and his conversation the account is uniform: he was never named but with praise and fondness, as a man in the highest degree amiable and excellent. Such was the character given him by the earl of Orrery, his pupil; such is the testimony of Pope[3]; and such were the suffrages of all who could boast of his acquaintance.

By a former writer of his life a story is told, which ought not to be forgotten. He used, in the latter part of his time, to pay his relations in the country an yearly visit. At an entertainment made for the family, by his elder brother, he observed, that one of his sisters, who had married unfortunately, was absent; and found, upon enquiry, that distress had made her thought unworthy of invitation. As she was at no great distance, he refused to sit at the table till she was called, and, when she had taken her place, was careful to show her particular attention.

His collection of poems is now to be considered. The Ode to the Sun is written upon a common plan, without uncommon sentiments; but its greatest fault is its length. No poem should be long of which the purpose is only to strike the fancy, without enlightening the understanding by precept, ratiocination, or narrative. A blaze first pleases, and then tires the sight.

Of Florelio it is sufficient to say, that it is an occasional pastoral, which implies something neither natural nor artificial, neither comic nor serious.

The next ode is irregular, and therefore defective. As the sentiments are pious they cannot easily be new; for what can be added to topics on which successive ages have been employed?

Of the Paraphrase on Isaiah nothing very favourable can be said. Sublime and solemn prose gains little by a change to blank verse; and the paraphrast has deserted his original, by admitting images not Asiatic, at least not Judaical:

> ——Returning Peace,
> Dove eyed, and rob'd in white—

Of his petty poems some are very trifling, without any thing to be praised either in the thought or expression. He is unlucky in his competitions; he tells the same idle tale with Congreve, and does not tell it so well. He translates from Ovid the same epistle as Pope; but I am afraid not with equal happiness.

To examine his performances one by one would be tedious. His translation from Homer into blank verse will find few readers, while another can be had in rhyme. The piece addressed to Lambarde is no disagreeable specimen of epistolary poetry; and his Ode to the Lord Gower was pronounced by Pope the next ode in the English language to Dryden's Cecilia. Fenton may be justly styled an excellent versifier and a good poet.

WHATEVER I have said of Fenton is confirmed by Pope in a letter, by which he communicated to Broome an account of his death.

[3] Spence.

TO THE REV^{d} MR. BROOME.

AT PULHAM, NEAR HARLESTONE

NOR

[BY BECCLES BAG.] SUFFOLKE.

D^{r} SIR,

I INTENDED to write to you on this melancholy subject, the death of Mr. Fenton, before y^{rs} came; but stay'd to have inform'd myself and you of ye circumstances of it. All I hear is, that he felt a gradual decay, tho so early in life, & was declining for 5 or 6 months. It was not, as I apprehended, the gout in his stomach, but I believe rather a complication first of gross humours, as he was naturally corpulent, not discharging themselves; as he used no sort of exercise. No man better bore ye approaches of his dissolution (as I am told) or with less ostentation yielded up his being. The great modesty wch you know was natural to him, and ye great contempt he had for all sorts of vanity and parade, never appeared more than in his last moments: he had a conscious satisfaction (no doubt) in acting right, in feeling himself honest, true, & unpretending to more than his own. So he dyed, as he lived, with that secret, yet sufficient, contentment.

As to any papers left behind him, I dare say they can be but few; for this reason, he never wrote out of vanity, or thought much of the applause of men. I know an instance where he did his utmost to conceal his own merit that way; and if we join to this his natural love of ease, I fancy we must expect little of this sort: at least I hear of none except some few remarks on Waller (wch his cautious integrity made him leave an order to be given to Mr. Tonson) and perhaps, tho' tis many years since I saw it, a translation of ye first book of Oppian. He had begun a tragedy of Dion, but made small progress in it.

As to his other affairs, he dyed poor, but honest, leaving no debts, or legacies; except of a few p^{ds} to Mr. Trumbull and my lady, in token of respect, gratefulness, & mutual esteem.

I shall with pleasure take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deserving, unpretending Christian and philosophical character, in his epitaph. There truth may be be spoken in a few words: as for flourish, & oratory, & poetry, I leave them to younger and more lively writers, such as love writing for writing sake, & w^{d} rather show their own fine parts, y^{n} report the valuable ones of any other man. So the elegy I renounce.

I condole with you from my heart, on the loss of so worthy a man, & a friend to us both. Now he is gone, I must tell you he has done you many a good office, & set your character in ye fairest light to some who either mistook you, or knew you not. I doubt not he has done the same for me.

Adieu: Let us love his memory, and profit by his example. I am very sincerely

Dr Sir

your affectionate

& real servant

AUG. 29th, 1730. A. POPE.

POEMS

OF

ELIJAH FENTON.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES EARL OF ORRERY,

THESE POEMS ARE MOST HUMBLY DEDICATED, BY HIS LORDSHIP'S MOST OBLIGED, AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

E. FENTON.

A WISH TO THE NEW YEAR,

1705.

JANUS! great leader of the rolling year,
Since all that's past no vows can e'er restore,
But joys and griefs alike, once hurried o'er,
No longer now deserve a smile or tear;
Close the fantastic scenes—but grace
With brightest aspects thy fore-face,
While Time's new offspring hasten to appear,
With lucky omens guide the coming hours,
Command the circling Seasons to advance,
And form their renovated dance,
With flowing pleasures fraught, and bless'd by friendly powers.

Thy month, O Janus! gave me first to know
A mortal's trifling cares below;
My race of life began with thee.
Thus far from great misfortunes free,
Contented, I my lot endure,
Nor Nature's rigid laws arraign,
Nor spurn at common ills in vain,
Which Folly cannot shun, nor wise Reflection cure.

But, oh!—more anxious for the year to come,
I would foreknow my future doom.
Then tell me, Janus, canst thou spy
Events that yet in embryo lie,
For me, in Time's mysterious womb?
Tell me—nor shall I dread to hear
A thousand accidents severe;
I'll fortify my soul the load to bear,
If love rejected add not to its weight,
To finish me in woes, and crush me down with fate.

But if the goddess, in whose charming eyes,
More clearly written than in Fate's dark book,
My joy, my grief, my all of future fortune, lies;
If she must, with a less propitious look,
Forbid my humble sacrifice,
Or blast me with a killing frown;
If, Janus, this thou seest in store,
Cut short my mortal thread, and now
Take back the gift thou didst bestow!
Here let me lay my burthen down,
And cease to love in vain, and be a wretch no more.

AN ODE TO THE SUN,

FOR THE NEW YEAR,

1707.

Augur & fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus, acceptusque novem Camœnis,
Qui salutari levat arte fessos
Corporis artus;————
Alterum in lustrum, meliúsque semper
Proroget ævum. Hor.

I.

BEGIN, celestial source of light,
To gild the new-revolving sphere;
And from the pregnant womb of Night,
Urge on to birth the infant Year.
Rich with auspicious lustre rise,
Thou fairest regent of the skies,
Conspicuous with thy silver bow!
To thee, a god, 'twas given by Jove
To rule the radiant orbs above,
To Gloriana this below.

With joy renew the destin'd race,
And let the mighty Months begin;
Let no ill omen cloud thy face,
Through all thy circle smile serene.
While the stern ministers of Fate
Watchful o'er pale Lutetia wait,
To grieve the Gaul's perfidious head;
The Hours, thy offspring, heavenly fair,
Their whitest wings should ever wear,
And gentle joys on Albion shed.

When Ilia bore the future fates of Rome,
And the long honours of her race began,
Thus, to prepare the graceful age to come,
They from thy stores in happy order ran.
Heroes, elected to the list of Fame,
Fix'd the sure columns of her rising state;
Till the loud triumphs of the Julian name
Render'd the glories of her reign complete,
Each year advanc'd a rival to the rest,
In comely spoils of war, and great achievements, drest.

II.

Say, Phœbus, for thy searching eye
Saw Rome, the darling child of Fate,
When nothing equal here could vie
In strength with her imperious state;
Say, if high virtues there did reign
Exalted in a nobler strain,
Than in fair Albion thou hast seen;
Or can her demi-gods compare
Their trophies for successful war,
To those that rise for Albion's queen!

When Albion first majestic show'd,
High o'er the circling seas, her head,
Her the great Father smiling view'd,
And thus to bright Victoria said:
"Mindful of Phlegra's happy plain,
On which, fair nymph, you fix'd my reign,
This isle to you shall sacred be;
Her hand shall hold the rightful scale,
And crowds be vanquish'd, or prevail,
As Gloriana shall decree."

Victoria, triumph in thy great increase!
With joy the Julian stem the Tyber claims;
Young Ammon's might the Granic waves confess:
The Heber had a Mars, a Churchill Thames.
Roll, sovereign of the streams! thy rapid tide,
And bid thy brother floods revere the queen,
Whose voice the hero's happy hand employ'd
To save the Danube, and subdue the Seine;
And, boldly just to Gloriana's fame,
Exalt thy silver urn, and dutcous homage claim.

III.

Advanc'd to thy meridian height,
On Earth, great god of Day, look down:
Let Windsor entertain thy sight,
Clad in fair emblems of renown:
And whilst in radiant pomp appear
The names to bright Victoria dear,
Intent the long procession view:
Confess none worthier ever wore
Her favours, or was deck'd with more,
Than she confers on Churchill's brow.

But oh! withdraw thy piercing rays,
The nymph anew begins to moan,
Viewing the much-lamented space,
Where late her warlike William shone:
There fix'd by her officious hand,
His sword and sceptre of command,
To deathless Fame adopted, rest;
Nor wants there to complete her woe,
Plac'd with respectful love below,
The star that beam'd on Gloucester's breast.

O Phœbus! all thy saving power employ,
Long let our vows avert the distant woe,
Ere Gloriana re-ascends the sky,
And leaves a land of orphans here below!
But when (so Heaven ordains) her smiling ray
Distinguish'd o'er the balance shall preside,
Whilst future kings her ancient sceptre sway,
May her mild influence all their councils guide:
To Albion ever constant in her love,
Of sovereigns here the best, the brightest star above.

IV.

For lawless power, reclaim'd to right,
And virtue rais'd by pious arms,
Let Albion be thy fair delight,
And shield her safe from threaten'd harms:
With flowers and fruit her bosom fill,
Let laurel rise on every hill,
Fresh as the first on Daphne's brow:
Instruct her tuneful sons to sing,
And make each vale with Pæans ring,
To Blenheim and Ramilia due.

Secure of bright eternal fame,
With happy wing the Theban swan,
Towering from Pisa's sacred stream,
Inspir'd by thee, the song began:
Through deserts of unclouded night,
When he harmonious took his flight,
The gods constrain'd the sounding spheres:
Still Envy darts her rage in vain,
The lustre of his worth to stain,
He growing whiter with his years.

But, Phœbus, god of numbers, high to raise
The honours of thy art, and heavenly lyre,
What Muse is destin'd to our sovereign's praise,
Worthy her acts, and thy informing fire?
To him for whom this springing laurel grows,
Eternal on the topmost heights of fame,
Be kind, and all thy Helicon disclose;
And all intent on Glorinna's name,
Let Silence brood o'er ocean, earth, and air,
As when to victor Jove thou sung'st the giant's war.

V.

In sure records each shining deed,
When faithful Clio sets to view,
Posterity will doubting read,
And scarce believe her annals true:
The Muses toil with art to raise
Fictitious monuments of praise,
When other actions they rehearse:
But half of Gloriana's reign,
That so the rest may credit gain,
Should pass unregister'd in verse.

High on its own establish'd base
Prevailing Virtue's pleas'd to rise;
Divinely deck'd with native grace,
Rich in itself with solid joys;
Ere Gloriana on the throne
Quitting for Albion's rest her own,
In types of regal power was seen:
With fair pre-eminence confest,
It triumph'd in a private breast,
And made the princess more than queen.

O Phœbus! would thy godhead not refuse
This humble incense, on thy altar laid;
Would thy propitious ear attend the Muse,
That suppliant now invokes thy certain aid;
With Mantuan force I'd mount a stronger gale,
And sing the parent of her land, who strove
T' exceed the transports of her people's zeal,
With acts of mercy, and majestic love;
By Fate, to fix Britannia's empire, given
The guardian power of Earth, and public care of Heaven.

VI.

Then, Churchill, should the Muse record
The conquests by thy sword achiev'd;
Quiet to Belgian states restor'd,
And Austrian crowns by thee retriev'd.
Imperious Leopold confess'd
His hoary majesty distress'd;
To arms, to arms, Bavaria calls,
Nor with less terrour shook his throne,
Than when the rising crescent shone
Malignant o'er his shatter'd walls.

The warrior led the Britons forth,
On foreign fields to dare their fate,
Distinguish'd souls of shining worth,
In war unknowing to retreat:
Thou, Phœbus, saw'st the hero's face,
When Mars had breath'd a purple grace,
And mighty fury fill'd his breast:
How like thyself, when to destroy
The Greeks thou didst thy darts employ,
Fierce with thy golden quiver drest!

Sudden, whilst banish'd from his native land,
Red with dishonest wounds, Bavaria mourn'd,
The chief, at Gloriana's high command,
Like a rous'd lion, to the Maes return'd;
With vengeful speed the British sword he drew,
Unus'd to grieve his host with long delay;
Whilst wing'd with fear the force of Gallia flew;
As when the morning star restores the day,
The wandering ghosts of twenty thousand slain
Fleet sullen to the shades from Blenheim's mournful plain.

VII.

Britannia, wipe thy dusty brow,
And put the Bourbon laurels on;
To thee deliver'd nations bow,
And bless the spoils thy wars have won.
For thee Bellona points her spear,
And, whilst lamenting mothers fear,
On high her signal torch displays;
But when thy sword is sheath'd, again
Obsequious she receives thy chain,
And smooths her violence of face.

Parent of arms! for ever stand
With large increase of fame rever'd,
Whilst arches to thy saving hand
On Danube's grateful banks are rear'd.
Eugene, inspir'd to war by thee,
Ausonia's weeping states to free,
Swift on th' Imperial eagle flies;
Whilst, bleeding, from his azure bed
Th' asserted Iber lifts his head,
And safe his Austrian lord enjoys.

Io Britannia! fix'd on foreign wars,
Guiltless of civil rage extend thy name:
The waves of utmost ocean, and the stars,
Are bounds but equal to thy sovereign's fame.
With deeper wrath thy victor lion roars;
Wide o'er the subject world diffusing fear,
Whilst Gallia weeps her guilt, and peace implores;
So Earth, transfix'd by fierce Minerva's spear,
A gentler birth obedient did disclose,
And sudden from the wound eternal olives rose.

VIII.

When with establish'd freedom bless'd,
The globe to great Alcides bow'd,
Whose happy power reliev'd th' oppress'd
From lawless chains, and check'd the proud;
Mature in fame, the grateful gods
Receiv'd him to their bright abodes:
Where Hebe crown'd his blooming joys;
Garlands the willing Muses wove,
And each with emulation strove
T' adorn the Churchill of the skies.

For Albion's chief, ye sacred Nine!
Your harps with generous ardour string,
With Fame's immortal trumpet join,
And safe beneath his laurel sing:
When clad in vines the Seine shall glide,
And duteous in a smoother tide,
To British seas her tribute yield;
Wakeful at Honour's shrine attend,
And long with living beams defend
From night, the warrior's votive shield.

And, Woodstock, let his dome exalt thy fame,
Great o'er thy Norman ruins be restor'd;
Thou that with pride dost Edward's[1] cradle claim,
Receive an equal hero for thy lord:
Whilst every column, to record their toils,
Eternal monuments of conquest wears,
And all thy walls are dress'd with mingled spoils,
Gather'd on fam'd Ramilia and Poictiers,
High on thy tower the grateful flag display,
Due to thy queen's reward, and Blenheim's glorious day.

FLORELIO;

A PASTORAL,

LAMENTING THE DEATH OF THE LATE

MARQUIS OF BLANDFORD.

Ask not the cause why all the tuneful swains,
Who us'd to fill the vales with tender strains,
In deep despair neglect the warbling reed,
And all their bleating flocks refuse to feed.
Ask not why greens and flowers so late appear
To clothe the glebe, and deck the springing year;
Why sounds the lawn with loud laments and cries,
And swoln with tears to floods the rivulets rise:
The fair Florelio now has left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

For thee, lov'd youth! on every vale and lawn,
The nymphs and all thy fellow-shepherds moan.
The little birds now cease to sing and love,
Silent they sit, and droop in every grove:
No mounting lark now warbles on the wing,
Nor linnets chirp to cheer the sullen Spring:
Only the melancholy turtles coo,
And Philomel by night repeats her woe.

[1] The Black Prince.

O, charmer of the shades! the tale prolong,
Nor let the morning interrupt thy song:
Or softly tune thy tender notes to mine,
Forgetting Tereus, make my sorrows thine.
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

Say, all ye shades, where late he us'd to rest,
If e'er your beds with lovelier swain were prest;
Say, all ye silver streams, if e'er ye bore
The image of so fair a face before.
But now, ye streams, assist me whilst I mourn,
For never must the lovely swain return;
And, as these flowing tears increase your tide,
O, murmur for the shepherd, as ye glide:
Be sure, ye rocks, while I my grief disclose,
Let your sad echoes lengthen out my woes:
Ye breezes, bear the plaintive accent on,
And, whispering, tell the floods Florelio's gone;
For ever gone, and left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

Ripe strawberries for thee, and peaches, grew,
Sweet to the taste, and tempting red to view:
For thee the rose put sweeter purple on,
Preventing, by her haste, the summer-sun.
But now the flowers all pale and blighted lie,
And in cold sweats of sickly mildew die.
Nor can the bees suck from the shrivel'd blooms
Ethereal sweets, to store their golden combs.
Oft on thy lips they would their labour leave,
And sweeter odours from thy mouth receive:
Sweet as the breath of Flora, when she lies
In jasmine shades, and for young Zephyr sighs.
But now those lips are cold; relentless Death
Hath chill'd their charms, and stopt thy balmy breath.

Those eyes, where Cupid tipp'd his darts with fire,
And kindled in the coldest nymphs desire,
Robb'd of their beams, in everlasting night
Are clos'd, and give us woes as once delight:
And thou, dear youth, hast left the lonely plain,
And art the grief, who wert the grace, of every British swain.

As in his bower the dying shepherd lay,
The shepherd yet so young, and once so gay!
The nymphs that swim the stream, and range the wood,
And haunt the flowery meads, around him stood.
There tears down each fair cheek unbounded fell,
And as he gasp'd, they gave a sad farewell.
"Softly," they cry'd, "as sleeping flowers are clos'd
By night, be thy dear eyes by Death compos'd:
A gentle fall may thy young beauties have,
And golden slumbers wait thee in the grave:
Yearly thy hearse with garlands we'll adorn,
And teach young nightingales for thee to mourn;
Bees love the blooms, the flocks the bladed grain,
Nor less wert thou belov'd by every swain.
Come, shepherds, come, perform the funeral due,
For he was ever good and kind to you:
On every smoothest beech, in every grove,
In weeping characters record your love."
And as in memory of Adonis slain,
When for the youth the Syrian maids complain,
His river, to record the guilty day,
With freshly bleeding purple stains the sea:
So thou, dear Cam, contribute to our woe,
And bid thy stream in plaintive murmurs flow:
Thy head with thy own willow boughs adorn,
And with thy tears supply the frugal urn.
The swains their sheep, the nymphs shall leave the lawn,
And yearly on their banks renew their moan:
His mother, while they there lament, shall be
The queen of love, the lov'd Adonis he:
On her, like Venus, all the Graces wait,
And he too like Adonis in his fate!
For fresh in fragrant youth he left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

No more the nymphs, that o'er the brooks pre-side,
Dress their gay beauties by the crystal tide,
Nor fly the wintry winds, nor scorching Sun,
Now he, for whom they strove to charm is gone.
Oft they beneath their reedy coverts sigh'd,
And look'd, and long'd, and for Florelio dy'd.
Of him they sang, and with soft ditties strove
To soothe the pleasing agonies of love.
But now they roam distracted with despair,
And cypress, twin'd with mournful willows, wear.
Thus, hand-in-hand, around his grave they go,
And saffron buds and fading lilies strow,
With sprigs of myrtle mix'd, and scattering cry,
"So sweet and soft the shepherd was! so soon de-creed to die!"
There, fresh in dear remembrance of their woes,
His name the young anemonies disclose;
Nor strange they should a double grief avow,
Then Venus wept, and Pastorella now.
Breathe soft, ye winds! long let them paint the plain,
Unhurt, untouch'd, by every passing swain.
And when, ye nymphs, to make the garlands gay,
With which ye crown the mistress of the May,
Ye shall these flowers to bind her temples take,
O pluck them gently for Florelio's sake!
And when through Woodstock's green retreats ye stray,
Or Althrop's flowery vales invite to play;
O'er which young Pastorella's beauties bring
Elysium early, and improve the spring:
When evening gales attentive silence keep,
And Heaven its balmy dew begins to weep,
By the soft fall of every warbling stream,
Sigh your sad airs, and bless the shepherd's name:
There to the tender lute attune your woe,
While hyacinths and myrtles round ye grow.
So may Sylvanus ever 'tend your bowers,
And Zephyr brush the mildew from the flowers!
Bid all the swans from Cam and Isis haste,
In the melodious choir to breathe their last.
O Colin, Colin, could I there complain
Like thee, when young Philisides was slain!
Thou sweet frequenter of the Muses' stream!
Why have I not thy voice, or thou my theme?
Though weak my voice, though lowly be my lays,
They shall be sacred to the shepherd's praise:
To him my voice, to him my lays, belong,
And bright Myrtilla now must live unsung:
Even she, whose artless beauty bless'd me more
Than ever swain was bless'd by nymph before;
While every tender sigh, to seal our bliss,
Brought a kind vow, and every vow a kiss:
Fair, chaste, and kind, yet now no more can move,
So much my grief is stronger than my love:
Now the dear youth has left the lonely plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

As when some cruel hind has borne away
The turtle's nest, and made the young his prey,
Sad in her native grove she sits alone,
There hangs her wings, and murmurs out her moan;
So the bright shepherdess, who bore the boy,
Beneath a baleful yew does weeping lie;
Nor can the fair the weighty woe sustain,
But bends, like roses crush'd with falling rain;
Nor from the silent earth her eyes removes,
That, weeping, languish like a dying dove's.
Not such her look (severe reverse of fate!)
When little Loves in every dimple sate;
And all the Smiles delighted to resort
On the calm Heaven of her soft cheeks to sport:
Soft as the clouds mild April evenings wear,
Which drop fresh flowrets on the youthful year.
The fountain's fall can't lull her wakeful woes,
Nor poppy-garlands give the nymph repose:
Through prickly brakes, and unfrequented groves,
O'er hills and dales, and craggy cliffs, she roves.
And when she spies, beneath some silent shade,
The daisies press'd, where late his limbs were laid,
To the cold print there close she joins her face,
And all with gushing tears bedews the grass. [skies,
There with loud plaints she wounds the pitying
"And, oh! return, my lovely youth," she cries;
"Return, Florelio, with thy wonted charms
Fill the soft circle of my longing arms."——
Cease, fair Affliction, cease! the lovely boy
In Death's cold arms must pale and breathless lie.
The Fates can never change their first decree,
Or sure they would have chang'd this one for thee.
Pan for his Syrinx makes eternal moan,
Ceres her daughter lost, and thou thy son.
Thy son for ever now has left the plain,
And is the grief, who was the grace, of every British swain.

Adieu, ye mossy caves, and shady groves,
Once happy scenes of our successful loves:
Ye hungry herds, and bleating flocks, adieu!
Flints be your beds, and browze the bitter yew.
Two lambs alone shall be my charge to feed,
For yearly on his grave two lambs shall bleed.
This pledge of lasting love, dear shade, receive;
'Tis all, alas, a shepherd's love can give!
But grief from its own power will set me free,
Will send me soon a willing ghost to thee:
Cropt in the flowery spring of youth, I'll go
With hasty joy to wait thy shade below:
In ever-fragrant meads, and jasmine-bowers,
We'll dwell, and all Elysium shall be ours.
Where citron groves ethereal odours breathe,
And streams of flowing crystal purl beneath;
Where all are ever young, and heavenly fair,
As here above thy sister Graces are.

AN ODE.

What art thou, Life, whose stay we court?
What is thy rival Death we fear?
Since we're but fickle Fortune's sport,
Why should we wish t' inhabit here,
And think the race, we find so rough, too short?

While in the womb we forming lie,
While yet the lamp of life displays
A doubtful dawn with feeble rays,
New issuing from non-entity;
The shell of flesh pollutes with sin
Its gem, the soul, just enter'd in;
And, by transmitted vice defil'd,
The fiend commences with the child.

In this dark region future fates are bred,
And mines of secret ruin laid:
Hot fevers here long kindling lie,
Prepar'd with flaming whips to rage,
And lash on lingering Destiny:
Whene'er excess has fir'd our riper age,
Here brood in infancy the gout and stone,
Fruits of our fathers' follies, not our own.
Ev'n with our nourishment we death receive,
For here our guiltless mothers give
Poison for food when first we live.
Hence noisome humours sweat thro' every pore[1],
And blot us with an undistinguish'd sore:
Nor, mov'd with beauty, will the dire disease
Forbear on faultless forms to seize;
But vindicates the good, the gay,
The wise, the young, its common prey.
Had all, conjoin'd in one, had power to save,
The Muses had not wept o'er Blandford's grave.

The spark of pure ethereal light
That actuates this fleeting frame,
Darts through the cloud of flesh a sickly flame,
And seems a glow-worm in a winter-night.
But man would yet look wondrous wise,
And equal chains of thought devise;
Intends his mind on mighty schemes,
Refutes, defines, confirms, declaims;
And diagrams he draws, t' explain
The learn'd chimeras of his brain;
And, with imaginary wisdom proud,
Thinks on the goddess while he clips the cloud.

Through Errour's mazy grove, with fruitless toil,
Perplex'd with puzzling doubts, we roam;
False images our sight beguile,
But still we stumble through the gloom,
And science seek, which still deludes the mind.
Yet, more enamour'd with the race,
With disproportion'd speed we urge the chase:
In vain! the various prey no bounds restrain;
Fleeting it only leaves, t' increase our pain,
A cold unsatisfying scent behind.

Yet, gracious God! presumptuous man,
With random guesses, makes pretence
To sound thy searchless providence,
From which he first began:
Like hooded hawks we blindly tower,
And circumscribe, with fancy'd laws, thy power.
Thy will the rolling orbs obey,
The Moon, presiding o'er the sea,
Governs the waves with equal sway:
But man perverse, and lawless still,
Boldly runs counter to thy will;
Thy patient thunder he defies;
Lays down false principles, and moves
By what his vicious choice approves;
And, when he's vainly wicked, thinks he's wise.

Return, return, too long misled!
With filial fear adore thy God:
Ere the vast deep of Heaven was spread,
Or body first in space abode,
Glories ineffable adorn'd his head.

[1] The small-pox.

Unnumber'd seraphs round the burning throne,
Sung to th' incomprehensible Three-One:
Yet then his clemency did please
With lower forms t' augment his train,
And made thee, wretched creature, man,
Probationer of happiness.

On the vast ocean of his wonders here,
We momentary bubbles ride,
Till, crush'd by the tempestuous tide,
Sunk in the parent flood, we disappear:
We, who so gaudy on the waters shone,
Proud, like the showery bow, with beauties not our own.

But, at the signal given, this earth and sea
Shall set their sleeping vassals free;
And the belov'd of God,
The faithful, and the just,
Like Aaron's chosen rod,
Though dry, shall blossom in the dust:
Then, gladly bounding from their dark restraints,
The skeletons shall brighten into saints,
And, from mortality refin'd, shall rise
To meet their Saviour coming in the skies:
Instructed then by intuition, we
Shall the vain efforts of our wisdom see;
Shall then impartially confess
Our demonstration was but guess;
That knowledge, which from human reason flows,
Unless Religion guide its course,
And Faith her steady mounds oppose,
Is ignorance at best, and often worse.

PART OF THE

FOURTEENTH CHAPTER OF ISAIAH

PARAPHRASED.

Now has th' Almighty Father, seated high
In ambient glories, from the eternal throne
Vouchsaf'd compassion; and th' afflictive power
Has broke, whose iron sceptre long had bruis'd
The groaning nations. Now returning Peace,
Dove-ey'd, and rob'd in white, the blissful land
Deigns to re-visit; whilst beneath her steps
The soil, with civil slaughter oft manur'd,
Pours forth abundant olives. Their high tops
The cedars wave, exulting o'er thy fall,
Whose steel from the tall monarch of the grove
Sever'd the regal honours, and up tore
The scions blooming in the parent shade.
When, vehicled in flame, thou slow didst pass
Prone thro' the gates of Night, the dreary realms
With loud acclaim receiv'd thee. Tyrants old
(Gigantic forms, with human blood besmear'd)
Rose from their thrones; for thrones they still possess, [cry,
Their penance and their guilt: "Art thou," they
"O emulous of our crimes, here doom'd to reign
Associate of our woe? Nor com'st thou girt
With livery'd slaves, or bands of warrior-knights,
Which erst before thee stood, a flattering crowd,
Observant of thy brow; nor hireling quires,
Attempering to the harp their warbled airs,
Thy panegyric chaunt; but, hush'd in death,
Like us thou ly'st unwept; a corse obscene
With dust, and preying worms, bare and despoil'd
Of ill-got pomp. We hail thee our compeer!

"How art thou with diminish'd glory fall'n
From thy proud zenith, swift as meteors glide
Aslope a summer-eve! Of all the stars,
Titled the first and fairest, thou didst hope
To share divinity, or haply more,
Elated as supreme, when o'er the North
Thy bloody banners stream'd, to rightful kings
Portending ruinous downfall; wondrous low,
Opprobrious and detested, art thou thrown,
Disrob'd of all thy splendours: round thee stand
The swarming populace, and with fix'd regard
Eying thee, pale and breathless, spend their rage
In taunting speech, and jovial ask their friends,
'Is this the Mighty, whose imperious yoke
We bore reluctant, who to desert wilds,
And haunts of savages, transform'd the marts,
And capital cities raz'd, pronouncing thrall
Or exile on the peerage? How becalm'd
The tyrant lies, whose nostrils us'd to breathe
Tempests of wrath, and shook establish'd thrones!'
"In solemn state the bones of pious kings,
Gather'd to their great sires, are safe repos'd
Beneath the weeping vault: but thou, a branch
Blasted and curs'd by Heaven, to dogs and fowls
Art doom'd a banquet; mingling some remains
With criminals unabsolv'd; on all thy race
Transmitting guilt and vengeance. From thy domes
Thy children skulk, erroneous and forlorn,
Fearing perdition, and for mercy sue,
With eyes uplift, and tearful. From thy seed
The sceptre Heaven resumes, by thee usurp'd
By guile and force, and sway'd with lawless rage."

VERSES ON THE UNION.

The Gaul, intent on universal sway,
Sees his own subjects with constraint obey;
And they who most his rising beams ador'd,
Weep in their chains, and wish another lord.
But, if the Muse not uninspir'd presage,
Justice shall triumph o'er oppressive rage:
His power shall be reclaim'd to rightful laws,
And all, like Savoy, shall desert his cause.
So when to distant vales an Eagle steers,
His fierceness not disarm'd by length of years,
From his stretch'd wing he sees the feathers fly,
Which bore him to his empire of the sky.
Unlike, great queen, thy steps to deathless Fame;
O best, O greatest, of thy royal name!
Thy Britons, fam'd for arts, in battle brave,
Have nothing now to censure, or to crave:
Ev'n Vice and factious Zeal are held in awe,
Thy court a temple, and thy life a law.
When edg'd with terrours, by thy vengeful hand
The sword is drawn to gore a guilty land;
Thy mercy cures the wound thy justice gave,
For 'tis thy lov'd prerogative to save:
And Victory, to grace thy triumph, brings
Palms in her hand, with healing in her wings.
But as mild Heaven on Eden's op'ning gems
Bestow'd the balmiest dews, and brightest beams:
So whilst remotest climes thy influence share,
Britain's the darling object of thy care:
By thy wise councils, and resistless might,
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
Before thou bid'st the distant battles cease,
Thy piety cements domestic peace;

Impatient of delay to fix the state,
Thy dove brings olive ere the waves abate

Hail, happy sister-lands! for ever prove
Rivals alone in loyalty and love;
Kindled from Heaven, be your auspicious flame
As lasting, and as bright, as Anna's fame!
And thou, fair northern nymphs, partake our toil,
With us divide the danger, and the spoil:
When thy brave sons, the friends of Mars avow'd,
In steel around our Albion standards crowd;
What wonders in the war shall now be shown
By her, who single shook the Gallic throne!

The day draws nigh, in which the warrior-queen
Shall wave her union-crosses o'er the Seine:
Rous'd with heroic warmth unfelt before,
Her lions with redoubled fury roar;
And urging on to fame, with joy behold
The woody walks, in which they rang'd of old.
O Louis, long the terrour of thy arms
Has aw'd the continent with dire alarms;
Exulting in thy pride, with hope to see
Empires and states derive their power from thee;
From Britain's equal hand the scale to wrest,
And reign without a rival o'er the west:
But now the laurels, by thy rapine torn
From Belgian groves, in early triumphs borne;
Wither'd and leafless in thy winter stand,
Expos'd a prey to every hostile hand:
By strange extremes of destiny decreed
To flourish, and to fall with equal speed.

So the young gourd, around the prophet's head,
With swift increase, her fragrant honours spread;
Beneath the growing shade secure he sate,
To see the towers of Ninus bow to Fate:
But, curs'd by Heaven, the greens began to fade,
And, sickening, sudden as they rose, decay'd.

CUPID AND HYMEN.

Cupid resign'd to Sylvia's care
His bow and quiver stor'd with darts;
Commissioning the matchless fair
To fill his shrine with bleeding hearts.

His empire thus secur'd, he flies
To sport amid th' Idalian grove;
Whose feather'd choirs proclaim'd the joys,
And bless'd the pleasing power of love.

The god their grateful songs engage,
To spread his nets which Venus wrought;
Whilst Hymen held the golden cage,
To keep secure the game they caught.

The warblers, brisk with genial flame,
Swift from the myrtle shades repair;
A willing captive each became,
And sweetlier carol'd in the snare.

When Hymen had receiv'd the prey,
To Cytherea's fane they flew,
Regardless, while they wing'd their way,
How sullen all the songsters grew.

Alas! no sprightly note is heard,
But each with silent grief consumes;
Though to celestial food preferr'd,
They pining droop their painted plumes.

Cupid, afflicted at the change,
To beg her aid to Venus run;
She heard the tale, nor thought it strange,
But, smiling, thus advis'd her son:

"Pleasure grows languid with restraint,
'Tis Nature's privilege to roam:
If you'll not have your linnets faint,
Leave Hymen with his cage at home.'

OLIVIA.

Olivia's lewd, but looks devout,
And scripture-proofs she throws about,
When first you try to win her:
Pull your fob of guineas out;
Fee Jenny first, and never doubt
To find the saint a sinner.

Baxter by day is her delight:
No chocolate must come in sight
Before two morning chapters:
But, lest the spleen should spoil her quite,
She takes a civil friend at night,
To raise her holy raptures.

Thus oft we see a glow-worm gay,
At large her fiery tail display,
Encourag'd by the dark:
And yet the sullen thing all day
Snug in the lonely thicket lay,
And hid the native spark.

TO A LADY,

SITTING BEFORE HER GLASS.

So smooth and clear the fountain was,
In which his face Narcissus spy'd,
When, gazing in that liquid glass,
He for himself despair'd and dy'd:
Now, Chloris, can you safer see
Your own perfections here than he.

The lark before the mirror plays,
Which some deceitful swain has set,
Pleas'd with herself, she fondly stays
To die deluded in the net.
Love may such frauds for you prepare,
Yourself the captive, and the snare.

But, Chloris, whilst you there review
Those graces opening in their bloom,
Think how disease and age pursue,
Your riper glories to consume.
Then sighing you would wish your glass
Could show to Chloris what she was.

Let Pride no more give Nature law,
But free the youth your power enslaves
Her form, like yours, bright Cynthia saw,
Reflected on the crystal waves;
Yet priz'd not all her charms above
The pleasure of Endymion's love.

No longer let your glass supply
Too just an emblem of your breast,
Where oft to my deluded eye
Love's image has appear'd impress;
But play'd so lightly on your mind,
It left no lasting print behind.

TO THE SAME,

READING THE ART OF LOVE.

Whilst Ovid here reveals the various arts,
Both how to polish and direct their darts,
Let meaner beauties by his rule improve,
And read these lines to gain success in love:
But Heaven alone, that multiplies our race,
Has power t' increase the conquests of your face.
The Spring, before he paints the rising flowers,
Receives mild beams, and soft descending showers;
But love blooms ever fresh beneath your charms,
Though neither pity weeps, nor kindness warms.
The chiefs who doubt success, assert their claim
By stratagems, and poorly steal a name:
The generous Son of Jove[1], in open fight,
Made bleeding Victory proclaim his might:
Like him resistless, when you take the field,
Love sounds the signal, and the world must yield.

THE FAIR NUN.

A TALE.

——Ire per ignes, fullis,
Per gladios ausim. Neque in hoc tamen ignibus
Aut gladiis opus est! opus est mihi crine—
Ovid. Met. lib. viii.

We sage Cartesians, who profess
Ourselves sworn foes to emptiness,
Assert that souls a tip-toe stand
On what we call the pineal gland;
As weather-cocks on spires are plac'd,
To turn the quicker with each blast.
This granted, can you think it strange,
We all should be so prone to change;
Ev'n from the go-cart till we wear
A sattin cap in th' elbow chair?
The follies that the child began,
Custom makes current in the man;
And, firm by livery and seisin,
Holds the fee-simple of his reason.
But still the gusts of love we find
Blow strongest on a woman's mind;
Nor need I learnedly pursue
The latent cause, th' effect is true;
For proof of which, in manner ample,
I mean to give you one example.
Upon a time, (for so my nurse,
Heaven rest her bones! began discourse)
A lovely nymph, and just nineteen,
Began to languish with the spleen:
She, who had shone at balls and play
In gold brocade extremely gay,
All on a sudden grew precise,
Declaim'd against the growth of vice,
A very prude in half a year,
And most believ'd she was sincere:
Necklace of pearl no more she wears,
That's sanctify'd to count her prayers:
Venus, and all her naked Loves,
The reformado nymph removes;
And Magdalen, with saints and martyrs,
Was plac'd in their respective quarters.
Nor yet content, she could not bear
The rankness of the public air,
'Twas so infected with the vice
Of luscious songs, and lovers' sighs:
So most devoutly would be gone,
And straight profess herself a nun.
A youth of breeding and address,
And call him Thyrsis, if you please,
Who had some wealth to recompense
His slender dividend of sense;
Yet could, with little thought and care,
Write tender things to please the fair;
And then successively did grow
From a half-wit, a finish'd beau!
(For fops thus naturally rise,
As maggots turn to butterflies.)
This spark, as story tells, before
Had held with madam an amour,
Which he resolving to pursue,
Exactly took the proper cue,
And on the wings of love he flies
To lady abbess, in disguise,
And tells her, he had brought th' advowson
Of soul and body to dispose on,
Old Sanctity, who nothing fear'd
In petticoats, without a beard,
Fond of a proselyte, and fees,
Admits the fox among the geese.
Here duty, wealth, and honour prove,
Though three to one, too weak for love;
And to describe the war throughout,
Would make a glorious piece, no doubt,
Where moral virtues might be slain,
And rise, and fight, and fall again:
Love should a bloody myrtle wear,
And, like Camilla, fierce and fair,
The nun should charge.—But I forbear.
All human joys, though sweet in tasting,
Are seldom (more's the pity) lasting:
The nymph had qualms, her cheeks were pale,
Which others thought th' effects of zeal:
But she, poor she, began to doubt,
(Best knowing what she'd been about)
The marriage earnest-penny lay,
And burnt her pocket, as we say.
She now invokes, to ease her soul,
The dagger and the poison'd bowl;
And, self-condemn'd for breach of vow,
To lose her life and honour too,
Talk'd in as tragical a strain, as
Your craz'd Monimias and Roxanas.
But as she in her cell lay sighing,
Distracted, weeping, drooping, dying,
The fiend (who never wants address
To succour damsels in distress)
Appearing, told her he perceiv'd
The fatal cause for which she griev'd;
But promis'd her *en cavalier*,
She should be freed from all her fear,
And with her Thyrsis lead a life
Devoid of all domestic strife,
If she would sign a certain scrawl—
Aye, that she would, if that was all.
She sign'd, and he engag'd to do
Whate'er she pleas'd to set him to.
The critics must excuse me now,
They both were freed, no matter how;
For when we epic writers use
Machines to disengage the Muse,
We're clean acquit of all demands,
The matter's left in abler hands;

[1] Alexander.

And if they cannot loose the knot,
Should we be censur'd? I think not.
The scene thus alter'd, both were gay,
For pomp and pleasures who but they,
Who might do every thing but pray?
Madam in her gilt chariot flaunted,
And Pug brought every thing she wanted;
A slave devoted to her will:
But women will be wavering still.
Ev'n vice, without variety,
Their squeamish appetites will cloy:
And having stolen from lady abbess
One of our merry modern rabbies,
She found a trick she thought would pass,
And prove the devil but an ass.

His next attendance happen'd right
Amidst a moonless stormy night.
When madam and her spouse together
Guess'd at his coming by the weather.
He came: "To-night," says he, "I drudge
To fetch a heriot for a judge,
A gouty nine-i' th' hundred knave;
But, madam, do you want your slave?
I need not presently be gone,
Because the doctors have not done,
A rosy vicar and a quack
Repuls'd me in my last attack:
But all in vain, for mine he is;
A fig for both the faculties.
The dame produc'd a single hair,
But whence it came I cannot swear;
Yet this I will affirm is true;
It curl'd like any bottle screw.
"Sir Nic," quoth she, "you know us all,
We ladies are fantastical:
You see this hair"—"Yes, madam"—"Pray
In presence of my husband stay,
And makes it straight; or else you grant
Our solemn league and covenant
Is void in law."—"It is, I own it:"
And so he sets to work upon it.

He tries, not dreaming of a cheat,
If wetting would not do the feat:
And 'twas, in truth, a proper notion,
But still it kept th' elastic motion.
Well! more ways may be found than one
To kill a witch that will not drown.
"If I," quoth he, "conceive its nature,
This hair has flourish'd nigh the water:
'Tis crisp'd with cold, perhaps, and then
The fire will make it straight again."
In haste he to the fire applies it,
And turns it round and round, and eyes it.
Heigh jingo, worse than 'twas before!
The more it warms, it twirls the more.
He stamp'd his cloven foot, and chaf'd;
The husband and the lady laugh'd.

Howe'er he fancy'd sure enough
He should not find it hammer-proof.
No Cyclops e'er at work was warmer,
At forging thunder-bolts or armour,
Than Satan was; but all in vain:
Again he beats.—It curls again!
At length he bellow'd in a rage,
"This hair will take me up an age."
"This take an age!" the husband swore,
"Z——ds! Betty has five hundred more."
"More! take your bond," quoth Pug; "adieu,
'Tis loss of time to ply for you."

AN EPISTLE TO MR. SOUTHERNE,

FROM KENT, JANUARY 23, 1710-11.

Bold is the Muse to leave her humble cell,
And sing to thee, who know'st to sing so well:
Thee! who to Britain still preserv'st the crown,
And mak'st her rival Athens in renown.
Could Sophocles behold, in mournful state,
The weeping Graces on Imoinda wait;
Or hear thy Isabella's moving moan,
Distress'd and lost for vices not her own;
If envy could permit, he'd sure agree,
To write by nature were to copy thee:
So full, so fair, thy images are shown,
He by thy pencil might improve his own.
There was an age (its memory will last!)
Before Italian airs debauch'd our taste,
In which the sable Muse with hopes and fears
Fill'd every breast, and every eye with tears.
But where's that art which all our passions rais'd,
And mov'd the springs of Nature as it pleas'd?
Our poets only practise on the pit
With florid lines, and trifling turns of wit.
Howe'er 'tis well the present times can boast
The race of Charles's reign not wholly lost.
Thy scenes, immortal in their worth, shall stand
Among the chosen classics of our land.
And whilst our sons are by tradition taught
How Barry spoke what thou and Otway wrote,
They'll think it praise to relish and repeat,
And own thy works inimitably great.

Shakespeare, the genius of our isle, whose mind
(The universal mirror of mankind)
Express'd all images, enrich'd the stage,
But sometimes stoop'd to please a barbarous age;
When his immortal bays began to grow,
Rude was the language, and the humour low:
He, like the god of day, was always bright,
But rolling in its course, his orb of light
Was sully'd, and obscur'd, though soaring high,
With spots contracted from the nether sky.
But whither is th' adventurous Muse betray'd?
Forgive her rashness, venerable shade!
May Spring with purple flowers perfume thy urn,
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:
Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee.

Some scions shot from this immortal root,
Their tops much lower, and less fair the fruit:
Jonson the tribute of my verse might claim,
Had he not strove to blemish Shakespeare's name.
But, like the radiant Twins that gild the sphere,
Fletcher and Beaumont next in pomp appear:
The first a fruitful vine, in blooming pride,
Had been by superfluity destroy'd,
But that his friend, judiciously severe,
Prun'd the luxuriant boughs with artful care;
On various sounding harps the Muses play'd,
And sung, and quaff'd their nectar in the shade.

Few moderns in the lists with these may stand,
For in those days were giants in the land:
Suffice it now by lineal right to claim,
And bow with filial awe to Shakespeare's fame;
The second honours are a glorious name.
Achilles dead, they found no equal lord
To wear his armour, and to wield his sword.

An age most odious and accurs'd ensu'd,
Discolour'd with a pious monarch's blood;

Whose fall when first the tragic virgin saw,
She fled, and left her province to the law.
Her merry sister still pursu'd the game,
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same.
She first reform'd the muscles of her face,
And learnt the solemn screw for signs of grace;
Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone,
By humming to a tabor and a drone;
Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the white:
Thus banish'd from the stage, she gravely next
Assum'd a cloke, and quibbled o'er a text.
But when, by miracles of mercy shown,
Much-suffering Charles regain'd his father's throne;
When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
She straight pull'd off her satin cap and band;
Bade Wycherly be bold in her defence,
With pointed wit, and energy of sense;
Etherege and Sedley join'd him in her cause,
And all deserv'd, and all receiv'd, applause.
Restor'd with less success, the Tragic Muse
Had quite forgot her style by long disuse;
She taught her Maximins to rant in rhyme,
Mistaking rattling nonsense for sublime;
Till witty Buckingham reform'd her taste,
And sneering sham'd her into sense at last.
But, now relaps'd, she dwindles to a song,
And weakly warbles on an eunuch's tongue;
And with her minstrelsy may still remain,
Till Southerne court her to be great again.
Perhaps the beauties of thy Spartan dame,
Who (long defrauded of the public fame)
Shall, with superior majesty avow'd,
Shine like a goddess breaking from a cloud;
Once more may reinstate her on the stage,
Her action graceful, and divine her rage.
Arts have their empires, and, like other states,
Their rise and fall are govern'd by the Fates.
They, when their period's measur'd out by Time,
Transplant their laurels to another clime.
The Grecian Muse once fill'd with loud alarms
The court of Heaven, and clad the gods in arms;
The trumpet silent, humbly she essay'd
The Doric reed, and sung beneath the shade;
Extoll'd a frugal life, and taught the swains
T' observe the seasons, and manure the plains;
Sometimes in warbled hymns she paid her vow,
Or wove Olympic wreaths for Theron's brow;
Sometimes on flowery beds she lay supine,
And gave her thoughts a loose to love and wine;
Or, in her sable stole and buskins dress'd,
Show'd Vice enthron'd, and virtuous kings oppress'd.
The nymph still fair, however past her bloom,
From Greece at length was led in chains to Rome:
Whilst wars abroad, and civil discord, reign'd,
Silent the beauteous captive long remain'd;
That interval employ'd her timely care
To study, and refine the language there.
She views with anguish, on the Roman stage,
The Grecian beauties weep, the warriors rage:
But most those scenes delight th' immortal maid,
Which Scipio had revis'd, and Roscius play'd.
Thence to the pleadings of the gown she goes
(For Themis then could speak in polish'd prose):
Charm'd at the bar, amid th' attentive throng,
She bless'd the Syren-power of Tully's tongue.
But when Octavius, thy successful sword
Was sheath'd, and universal peace restor'd,
Fond of a monarch, to the court she came,
And chose a numerous choir to chant his fame.
First from the green retreats and lowly plains,
Her Virgil soar'd sublime in epic strains;
His theme so glorious, and his flight so true,
She with Mæonian garlands grac'd his brow;
Taught Horace then to touch the Lesbian lyre,
And Sappho's sweetness join'd with Pindar's fire.
By Cæsar's bounty all the tuneful train
Enjoy'd, and sung of Saturn's golden reign;
No genius then was left to live on praise,
Or curs'd the barren ornament of bays;
On all her sons he cast a kind regard,
Nor could they write so fast as he reward.
The Muse, industrious to record his name
In the bright annals of eternal Fame,
Profuse of favours, lavish'd all her store,
And for one reign made many ages poor.
Now from the rugged North unnumber'd swarms
Invade the Latian coasts with barbarous arms;
A race unpolish'd, but inur'd to toil,
Rough as their heaven, and barren as their soil.
These locusts every springing art destroy'd,
And soft Humanity before them dy'd.
Picture no more maintain'd the doubtful strife
With Nature's scenes, nor gave the canvas life;
Nor Sculpture exercis'd her skill, beneath
Her forming hand, to make the marble breathe:
Struck with despair, they stood devoid of thought,
Less lively than the works themselves had wrought.
On those twin-sisters such disasters came,
Though colours and proportions are the same
In every age and clime; their beauties known
To every language, and confin'd by none.
But Fate less freedom to the Muse affords,
And checks her genius with the choice of words:
To paint her thoughts, the diction must be found
Of easy grandeur, and harmonious sound.
Thus when she rais'd her voice divinely great
To sing the founder of the Roman state;
The language was adapted to the song,
Sweet and sublime, with native beauty strong:
But when the Goths insulting troops appear'd,
Such dissonance the trembling virgin heard!
Chang'd to a swan, from Tyber's troubled streams
She wing'd her flight, and sought the silver Thames.
Long in the melancholy grove she staid,
And taught the pensive Druids in the shade;
In solemn and instructive notes they sung
From whence the beauteous frame of Nature sprung,
Who polish'd all the radiant orbs above,
And in bright order made the planets move;
Whence thunders roar, and frightful meteors fly,
And comets roll unbounded through the sky;
Who wing'd the winds, and gave the streams to flow,
And rais'd the rocks, and spread the lawns below;
Whence the gay Spring exults in flowery pride,
And Autumn with the bleeding grape is dy'd;
Whence Summer suns embrown the labouring swains,
And shivering Winter pines in icy chains:
And prais'd the Power Supreme, nor dar'd advance
So vain a theory as that of Chance.
But in this isle she found the nymphs so fair,
She chang'd her hand, and chose a softer air,
And Love and Beauty next became her care.
Greece, her lov'd country, only could afford
A Venus and a Helen to record;

A thousand radiant nymphs she here beheld,
Who match'd the goddess, and the queen excell'd.
T' immortalize their loves she long essay'd,
But still the tongue her generous toil betray'd.
Chaucer had all that beauty could inspire,
And Surrey's numbers glow'd with warm desire:
Both now are priz'd by few, unknown to most,
Because the thoughts are in the language lost.
Even Spenser's pearls in muddy waters lie,
Yet soon their beams attract the diver's eye:
Rich was their imagery, till Time defac'd
The curious works; but Waller came at last.
Waller, the Muse with heavenly verse supplies,
Smooth as the fair, and sparkling as their eyes;
" All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song."
But when this Orpheus sunk, and hoary age
Suppress'd the lover's and the poet's rage,
To Granville his melodious lute she gave,
Granville, whose faithful verse is beauty's slave;
" Accept this gift, my favourite youth!" she cry'd,
" To sound a brighter theme, and sing of Hyde;
Hyde's and thy lovely Myra's praise proclaim,
And match Carlisle's and Sacharissa's fame."
O! would he now forsake the myrtle grove,
And sing of arms, as late he sung of love!
His colours and his hand alone should paint,
In Britain's queen, the warrior and the saint;
In whom conspire, to form her truly great,
Wisdom with power, and piety with state.
Whilst from her throne the streams of justice flow,
Strong and serene, to bless the land below;
O'er distant realms her dreaded thunders roll,
And the wild rage of tyranny control.
Her power to quell, and pity to redress,
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine, confess;
Whence bleeding Iber hopes around his head
To see fresh olive spring, and plenty spread:
And whilst they sound their great deliverer's fame,
The Seine retires, and sickens at her name.
O Granville! all these glorious scenes display,
Instruct succeeding monarchs how to sway;
And make her memory rever'd by all,
When triumphs are forgot, and mouldering arches fall.
Pardon me, friend! I own my Muse too free,
To write so long on such a theme to thee:
To play the critic here—with equal right
Bid her pretend to teach Argyle to fight;
Instruct th' unerring Sun to guide the year,
And Harley by what schemes he ought to steer;
Give Harcourt eloquence t' adorn the seal,
Maxims of state to Leeds, to Beaufort zeal;
Try to correct what Orrery shall write,
And make harmonious St. John more polite;
Teach law to Isla for the crown's support,
And Jersey how to serve and grace a court;
Dictate soft warbling airs to Sheffield's hand,
When Venus and her Loves around him stand;
In sage debates to Rochester impart
A searching head, and ever faithful heart;
Make Talbot's finish'd virtue more complete,
High without pride, and amiably great,
Where Nature all her powers with Fortune join'd,
At once to please and benefit mankind.
When cares were to my blooming youth unknown,
My fancy free, and all my hours my own;
I lov'd along the laurent grove to stray;
The paths were pleasant, and the prospect gay:
But now my genius sinks, and hardly knows
To make a couplet tinkle in the close.
Yet when you next to Medway shall repair,
And quit the town to breathe a purer air;
Retiring from the crowd to steal the sweets
Of easy life in Twysden's calm retreats
(As Terence to his Lælius lov'd to come,
And in Campania scorn'd the pomp of Rome;)
Where Lambard, form'd for business, and to please,
By sharing, will improve your happiness;
In both their souls imperial Reason sways,
In both the patriot and the friend displays;
Belov'd, and prais'd by all, who merit love and praise.
With bright ideas there inspir'd anew,
By them excited, and inform'd by you,
I may with happier skill essay to sing
Sublimer notes, and strike a bolder string.

Languid and dull, when absent from her cave,
No oracles of old the Sibyl gave;
But when beneath her sacred shrine she stood,
Her fury soon confess'd the coming god;
Her breast began to heave, her eyes to roll,
And wondrous visions fill'd her labouring soul.

A LETTER TO THE

KNIGHT OF THE SABLE SHIELD.

——Habet Bibliopola Tryphon.
Mart. Lib. iv.

Sir Knight, who know with equal skill
To make a poem and a pill,
'Twas my misfortune, t'other night,
To be tormented with a spright.
On either side his head the hair
Seem'd bushing out, the top was bare;
His garb antique, but on his face
There reign'd a sweet majestic grace;
Of comely port, and in his hand
He decent wav'd a laurel-wand.
On the left foot (by which I found
His name was on the stage renown'd)
A sock of curious shape he wore,
With myrtle foliage flourish'd o'er;
A purple buskin grac'd the right,
And strong he stepp'd, yet lovely light.
" Thy friendly care," he cry'd, " I crave
To give me quiet in my grave:
Tryphon constrains me from the dead,
A wizard whom I hate and dread;
By him to dangle on a post,
I'm conjur'd up—' Alas, poor ghost!'
A pendulum I there am made,
To move the leaden wheels of trade.
And while each little author struts
In calves-skin gilt, adorn'd with cuts;
I, vouching, pass 'em off as dear
As any staple-classic ware.
Peers, parsons, cits, a motley tribe,
Flock there to purchase, and subscribe;
While Tryphon, as the gudgeons bite,
Chuckles to see them grow polite.

" For ends thus infamously low,
It sure would seem as a-propos,
For Dennis at his door to stand,
With a good broomstick in his hand.
Then, should the chaps find ought amiss,
Or blame the price, the tragic Swiss
Might have his better parts employ'd,
To criticise them back and side.

" Or is there none of all his race,
Whose features would a sign-board grace?
Oft in the wizard's cell I've seen
A sorrel man, of awkward mien,
Prying with busy leer about,
As if he were the devil's scout.
I ne'er was vers'd in modish vice,
But sure those whoreson gloating eyes
Have travell'd much on love affairs,
Between the key-hole and the stairs.
O cheat the gibbet of a sign,
And with his head commute for mine.

" When first I heard his damn'd intent,
To Tryphon's bed by night I went,
Where he lay blest with dreams of gain,
Furs, scarlet, and a golden chain.
I rous'd the wretch, and weeping said,
' O! take my wit, and spare my head,
Urge not the wags to sneer, and jape us,
Just as of old they us'd Priapus.'
But as a whelp starts up with fear,
When a bee's humming at his ear:
With upper lip elate, he grins,
Whilst round the little teazer spins;
But when aloof in air it soars,
He straight forgets th' alarm, and snores:
So did his fellow-creature slight
The fleeting vision of the night.
My prayers were lost, though, while I stay'd,
I smelt they strong impressions made.

" There is a knight, who takes the field
With Saxon pen, and sable shield;
Who doubtless can relieve my ghost,
And disenchant me from the post.
Then I could rest as still as those
Whom he has drugg'd to sure repose,
As if he traded in the whole,
And with the body kill'd the soul.
To him for aid with speed repair—
' But soft! I scent the morning air;'
Be mindful of my piteous plight,
And to my cause engage the knight."

Now, gentle sir, give ear to me,
For I prescribe without a fee;
From Curll's remove the seat of war,
Encamp on t'other side the Bar:
Level your eye at Tryphon's shop,
Another epic at him pop;
What though without report it move,
Like the sure darts of Death or Love?
I know your powder is so strong,
No mortal sign can stand you long.

But if by magic this oppose
The volley of your verse and prose;
I'll be your 'squire, and firm ally,
Write, crimp, and coax him up to buy;
Not all the necromancer's art
Will save it then, beshrew his heart!
What can support a shop, or sign,
When two such perilous wits combine?

THE

ELEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

IN MILTON'S STYLE.

———To th' Orphean lyre,
He sung of Chaos and eternal night;
Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard, and rare.

Paradise Lost, B. iii.

When speeding sea-ward, to the fleet we came
That anchor'd nigh the coast, we launch'd our ship
Into the sacred deep: the mast up-rear'd
Bore every sail expanded; whilst aboard
We stow'd devoted victims, and ascend
The vessel, inly griev'd, and silent showers
Fell from our drooping eyes. A friendly wind
Circe the fair, of human race divine,
Propitious sent; to ply the struggling oar
Small need remain'd, the freshening gale suffic'd
Each bellying canvas. On with speed we fare
Prosperous; and when the Sun, careering prone,
Sunk to the western isles, and dewy shade
Sabled the pole, we, tilting o'er the waves
On Ocean's utmost bound, approach'd the realms
Unbless'd, where the Cimmerians darkling dwell;
(A lamentable race!) of heavenly light
Unvisited, and the Sun's gladsome ray.
Mooring the vessel on that dreary beach,
We take the destin'd sheep, and slow sojourn
Along the marish, till the fated place
We found, which Circe will'd we should explore.
Eurylochus and Perimedes guard
The holy offerings; I meantime unsheath
My falchion, and prepare t' entrench the ground
A cubit square, and there oblations pour
To reconcile the shades; infusing milk
With honey temper'd sweet, and bowls of must
Pure from the mellowest grape, with added store
Of water; and with flower of wheat bestrow
The mix'd ingredients: to the feeble ghosts
Thus vow'd, if Heaven to my dear native land
Should favour my return, a barren cow
Of stateliest growth; and to the oraculous seer[1]
A ram of sable fleece, the leading pride
Of all my flocks. These solemn rites perform'd,
And vows prefer'd, the destin'd sheep I slew:
Forth gush'd the vital purple, and surcharg'd
The hollow'd trench; when, lo! from the dun verge
Of Erebus, the ghosts promiscuous troop
Unnumber'd, youths and maidens immature
Cropt in their spring, who, wandering pensive, wail'd
The shortness of their date: trembling, and hoar
With age, some slowly pace; others, more fierce,
Array'd in arms, ensanguin'd o'er with wounds
Receiv'd in battle, clamorous approach
To drink the reeking gore. Shuddering and pale
I stood astounded, but with quick dispatch
Bade burn the sacrifice, a grateful steam
To Proserpine, who there with Dis divides
The regency of night: sudden I wav'd
My glittering falchion, from the sanguine pool

[1] Tiresias.

Driving th' unbody'd host that round me swarm'd;
Nor deign'd to let them sip, before I saw
Th' oraculous seer. Foremost of all the crowd
Elpenor came, whose unregarded corse
We left behind in Circe's sumptuous dome,
Unwept, unbury'd, eager to pursue
Our voyage: straight to tender pity mov'd,
With words dissolv'd in tears, I cry'd, "Relate,
Elpenor, how these rueful shades you reach'd
Sooner than I full-sail'd." He thus reply'd,
In accents of much dolour: "Me, O king!
The minister of adverse Fate malign'd,
Unweeting of mishap; and wrought my doom,
Drench'd with excess of wine: prone from the top
Of Circe's tower I fell, and, the neck-bones
Disjointing, dy'd. But to your pious care
Suppliant, I beg by those endearing names
Of parent, wife, and son, (though distant, dear
To your remembrance) when you re-ascend
To Circe's blissful isle, to my remains
Discharge funereal rites; nor let me lie
Unwept, unbury'd there, lest Heaven avenge
The dire neglect. While the devouring flames
Consume my earthy, on the flagrant pile
My armour cast complete; then raise a tomb
For my memorial on the foamy strand;
And on it place that oar which erst I ply'd
With my associates." Pensive I rejoin,
"Poor shade! I'll pay the decent rites you crave."
While with the friendly phantom I maintain'd
Such melancholy parley, with brandish'd steel
Guarding the gory pool, I through th' obscure
My mother view'd[1]: her lineage she deriv'd
From Maia's wingy son, and ceas'd to breathe
This vital air, since I my legion led
To war on Ilium. From my pitying eyes
Abundant sorrow stream'd; but though regret
Wither'd my resolution, from the pool
I made the dear maternal form recede,
Till I should learn from the grave Theban seer
The sum of fate. The sage at length advanc'd,
Bearing a golden sceptre, and began:
"Son of Laertes, what misfortunes dire
Compel your progress from th' all-cheering Sun,
And heavenly azure, in this seat of woe
To roam among the dead? But from the pool
Withdraw, and sheath your falchion, while I taste
That bloody beverage, then the Fates' decree
Instant I'll utter." Sudden I withdrew,
Sheathing my falchion, whilst he drank the gore;
Then thus the seer pronounc'd the Fates' decree.
"What means may best befit your wish'd return,
Illustrious Greek! you'd know. The sovereign power,
Whose strong earth-shaking mace the floods revere,
Insidious waits a time to wreak revenge
For Polypheme, his son; whose visual orb
You late eclips'd with ever-during shade.
Howe'er you safe may voyage, and avoid
Disasters various, if your mates refrain
From sacrilegious spoil, when safe they tread
Trinacria's herby soil: for there the flocks
And herds of Phœbus o'er the verdurous lawn
Browze fattening pasture (he, the world's great eye,
Views all below his orient beam, nor aught
Can shun his wakeful ear) with evil hand
If them they seize, unerring I foretel
An hideous wreck. Unequal to the storm,
Your ship, deep in the nether waves ingulft,
Shall perish with her crew: you shall regain
The dry, without surviving friend to cheer
Your pilgrim-steps: however, late and hard,
You shall revisit your lov'd natal shore,
Transported in a vessel not your own.
Much of domestic damage, and misrule,
Will sadden your return; for in your court
Suitors voluptuous swarm; with amorous wiles
Studious to win your consort, and seduce
Her from chaste fealty to joys impure,
In bridal pomp; vain efforts! but they soon
By stratagem, or our puissant arm,
To ruin are fore-doom'd. Then to a race
Remote from ocean, who with savoury salt
Ne'er season their repast, nor vessel view'd
Furrowing the foamy flood with painted prow,
And all her tackle trim, with speed repair,
Carrying a taper oar; way-faring thus,
One journeying obvious will misname that oar
A corn van; fix it there, and victims slay
To Neptune reverent; from the fleecy fold
A ram select; and from the beeves and swine,
The choicest male entire, of either herd.
Thence homeward haste, and hecatombs prepare
For the bright order of the gods, who reign
Spher'd in empyreal splendours. White with years,
The balm of life evaporating slow,
At length, when Neptune points the dart of death[2],
Without a pang you'll die, and leave your land
With fair abundance bless'd. In these fix'd laws
Of Fate repose affiance, and beware."
I thus reply'd: "In this authentic will
Of Fate, O seer! I acquiesce; but lo!
Pensive and silent, by the gory pool,
Abides my mother's shade; nor me vouchsafes
Language or look benign: Oh! tell me how
She here may recognize me." He rejoin'd:
"Whatever ghost, by your permission, sips
That sacred purple, will to all your quest
Without deceit reply: the rest withdraw
At your stern interdict." This said, the seer
To the high capital of Dis retir'd.
Meantime I firm abode, till the dear shade
Had sip'd the sacred purple; then her son
Instant she knew, and, wailing, thus began:
"My son! how reach'd you these Tartarean bounds,
Corporeal? Many a river interfus'd,
And gulphs unvoyageable, from access
Debar each living wight; besides th' expanse
Of ocean wide to sail. Are you from Troy,
With your associate peers, but now return'd,
Erroneous, from your wife and kingdom still?"
I thus: "By strong necessity constrain'd,
Down to these nether realms I have presum'd
An earthly guest, to hear my doom disclos'd
By sage Tiresias; for since I led
Auxiliar bands, with Agamemnon leagu'd
To war on Ilium, traversing the main
Through various perils, I have voyag'd far
Estrang'd from Greece. But say by what disease,
By slow consumption, through the gates of Death
Prone did you pass; or, by Diana's dart
Transfix'd, a sudden fate? My hoary sire!
Survives he? Is my bloomy son possess'd
Of my domain, or groans it now beneath
Usurping powers, who lord it uncontroll'd,

[1] And e a

[2] He was killed with the bone of a sea-turtle.

Thoughtless of my return? My consort dear!'
Abides she with my son, of all his rights
A guardian regent; or, no longer mine,
Hath she been won to plight connubial vows?"
The venerable shade thus answer'd mild:
"Still in your regal dome your spouse abides
Disconsolate, with ever-flowing eyes
Wailing your absence; and your son possess'd
Of principality, with his compeers,
Bounteous of soul, free intercourse maintains
Of social love. Beneath a sylvan lodge,
Far from the cheerful steps of men, your sire
Lives inconsolable; on gorgeous beds,
With rich embroidery spread, and purple palls,
No more indulging sweet repose; but clad
In coarse attire, couch'd with his village hinds,
On the warm hearth he sleeps, when Winter reigns
Inclement, till the circling Months return
New-rob'd in flowering verdure: then, the vines
High interwove a green pavilion form,
Where, pillow'd on the leaves, he mourns for you
Nocturnal; to th' unfriendly damp of age
Adding corrosive anguish and despair.
So perish'd I with slow-consuming pile!
Me nor the silver-shafted goddess slew,
Nor racking malady, but anxious love
Of my Ulysses on my vitals prey'd,
And sunk my age with sorrow to the grave."
She ceas'd: I thrice, with filial fondness, strove
T' embrace the much-lov'd form, and thrice it fled,
Delusive as a dream. Anew with grief
Heart-chill'd, I spake: "Why, mother, will you
Your son's encircling arms? O here permit [fly
My duteous love, and let our sorrows flow
Mingling in one full stream! Or has the queen,
Whose frown the shades revere, to work me woe,
A guileful image form'd?" She thus replies:
"Of all mankind, O most to grief inur'd!
Deem not that aught of guile by phantoms vain
Is here intended, but the essence pure
Of separate souls is of all living touch
Impassive: here no gross material frame
We wear, with flesh encumber'd, nerves, and bone;
They're calcin'd on the pile: but when we cease
To draw the breath of life, the soul on wing
Fleets like a dream, from elemental dross
Disparted and refin'd. Now to the realms
Illumin'd with the Sun's enlivening beam
Hence journeying upward, to your consort dear
Disclose the secrets of our state below."
Thus we alternate, till a beauteous train
Of nobless near advance their steps, enlarg'd
By radiant Proserpine, daughters and wives
To kings and heroes old: the gory pool
The fair assembly thick surround, to sip
The tasteful liquid: I the fates of each
Desirous to hear storied, wave my sword
In airy circles, while they singly sate
Their appetites; then curious ask of each
Her ancestry, which all in order told.
Tyro first audience claim'd, the daughter fair
Of great Salmoneus; she with Cretheus shar'd
Connubial love, but long in virgin bloom
Enamour'd of Enipeus, inly pin'd:
Enipeus, swift from whose reclining urn
Rolls a delicious flood. His lovely form
Neptune assum'd, and the bright nymph beguil'd,
Wandering, love-pensive, near his amber stream:
Then, plunging in the slopy flood, receiv'd
Redounding; and, to screen his amorous theft,
On either side the parted waves up-rear'd
A crystal mound. Potent of rapturous joy,
And sated, thus he spake: "Hail, royal fair!
Thy womb shall teem with twins, (a god's embrace
Is ever fruitful) and those pledges dear
Of our sweet casual bliss nurture and tend
With a fond mother's care: hence homeward speed,
And from all human ken our amorous act
Conceal: so Neptune bids thee now farewell."
He ceas'd, and, diving sudden, was ingulph'd
Deep in the gurgling eddy. Two fair sons
Th' appointed months discharg'd, by supreme Jove
Both sceptr'd. Pelens first; his empire wide
Stretch'd o'er Iölcos, whose irriguous vales
His grazing folds o'erfleece'd: her younger birth,
Neleus, was honour'd through the sandy realm
Of Pylus. She by Cretheus then espous'd,
A fair increase, Æson and Pheres, bore;
And great Amythaon, who with fiery steeds
Oft disarray'd the foes in battle rang'd.
The daughter of Asopus next I view'd,
Antiope, boastful that she, by Jove
Impregnate, had the fam'd Amphion borne,
And Zethus, founder of imperial Thebes,
Stately with seven large gates, and bulwark'd strong
Against invading powers. Alcmena fair,
Amphitryon's consort, then advanc'd to view;
To Heaven's supreme who bore Alcides, bold
And lion-hearted. Next that lovely shade
Stood Megara, of Creon's royal race,
By great Alcides spous'd. To her succeeds
The sheeny form of Epicaste, woo'd
By Oedipus her son, to whom she deign'd
Spousal embraces, thoughtless of misdeed,
He having too (ill-starr'd!) destroy'd his sire,
His lineage with incestuous mixture soil'd,
Blinded by Destiny; but the just gods
Disclos'd th' unnatural scene. In Thebes he
sway'd,
With various ills by Heaven's afflictive rod
Discomfited; but she, through fell despair,
Self-strangled, from the stings of mortal life
Fled to the shades, and her surviving son
With delegated furies fierce pursued.
An amiable image next appear'd;
Bright Chloris, of Amphion's lofty stem
The youngest bud: in sweet attractive pomp,
On her the Graces ever waiting smit
The heart of Neleus, whom the Pylian tribes
Homag'd with fealty: from their wedded love
Sprung Nestor, Chromius, and the boastful powe
Of Periclymenus; besides a nymph,
Pero, of form divine: her virgin vows
By many a prince were sought, but Neleus deign'd
To none her bed, but him whose prowess'd arm
Should force from Phylace a furious herd
Of wild Thessalian beeves, t' avenge the dower
Which Iphiclus detain'd. This bold emprise
A seer accepted; but, in combat foil'd,
In thrall for twelve revolving moons he lay,
Deep in a dungeon close immur'd, till found
Divine of fate, by solving problems quaint
Which Iphiclus propos'd, who straight dismiss'd
The captive; so was Jove's high will complete.
Then Leda, spous'd by Tyndarus, I saw,
Mother of the fam'd twins, Castor expert
To tame the steed, and Pollux far renown'd
On listed fields for conflict; who from Jove
Receiv'd a grateful boon like gods to live,
Mounting alternate to this upper orb

Next Iphimedia glides in view, the wife
Of great Aloeus, who, in love compress'd
By Neptune, bore (so she the fact avow'd)
Otus and Ephialtes, whom the Fates
Cut short in early prime: their infant years,
Nurtur'd by Earth, enormous both attain'd
Gigantic stature, and for manly grace
Were next Orion rank'd; for in the course
Of nine swift circling years, nine cubits broad
Their shoulders measur'd, and nine ells their height.
Improvident of soul, they vainly dar'd
The gods to war; and on Olympus hoar
Rear'd Ossa, and on Ossa Pelion pil'd,
Torn from the base with all its woods; by scale
T' assault Heaven's battlements; and had their date
To manhood been prolong'd, had sure achiev'd
Their ruinous aim: but by the silver dart
Of Phœbus sheer transfix'd, ere springing down
Shaded their rosy youth, they both expir'd.
Ill-fated Phædra then with Procris came,
And Ariadne, who them both surpass'd
In goddess-like demeanour; from her sire
Minos, the rigid arbiter of right,
Theseus of old convey'd her, with intent
At Athens, link'd in love, with her to reign:
But stern Diana, by the guileful plea
Of Bacchus won, dissever'd soon their joys,
And caus'd the lovely nymph to fall forlorn
In Dia, with circumfluous seas in-girt,
Of nuptial rights defrauded. Next advance
Mæra and Clymenè, a beauteous pair;
And Eriphylo, whose once radiant charms
A cloud of sorrow dimm'd; for she, devoid
Of duteous love, for gold betray'd her lord.—
Here let me cease narration, nor relate
What other objects fair, daughters and wives
Of heroes old, I saw; for now the night
In clouded majesty has journey'd far,
Admonishing to rest, which with my mates,
Or here with you, my wearied nature craves;
Meantime affiance'd in the gods and you,
To speed my voyage to my native realm.
He ceas'd: a while th' attentive audience sate
In silent rapture; his persuasive tongue,
Mellifluous, so with eloquence had charm'd
Their still insatiate ears; at length thus spake
The queen Arete, graceful and humane.
"Think ye, Phæacians, that the godlike form,
The port, the wisdom, of this wanderer, claim
Aught of regard? Peculiar him my guest
I style; but since the honour he vouchsafes,
Delighted ye partake, give not too soon
Him signal of departure, but prepare,
With no penurious hand, proportion'd gifts,
Vying in bounteous deeds, since Heaven hath shower'd
Your peerage with abundant favours boon."
Up rose Echeneus then, whose wavy locks,
Silver'd with age, adorn'd his reverend brow,
Fraught with maturest counsel, and began
Addressing his compeers: "Rightful and wise
The queen's proposal is, let none demur
Obedience to her will: Alcinous best,
By fair ensample, may prescribe the rule,"
Alcinous from his bed of state reply'd,
With aspect bland: "While here Olive enthron'd,
Jove's delegate of empire, and this hand
Sways the Phæacian sceptre, will I cheer
Th' erroneous and afflicted, with meet acts
Of regal bounty; but our princely guest
Must, though impatient, for a time defer
His voyage, that with due munificence
Our gifts may be prepar'd: let all accord,
Benevolent, and free to furnish stores,
Worthy acceptance; me you shall confess
The first in bounty, as the first in power."
He ended, and Ulysses answer'd blithe:
"O thou, by kingly virtues justly rais'd
To this imperial eminence! By thee
Were I detain'd, till the revolving Sun
Completes his annual circle, in thy will
I acquiesce obedient, till meet stores
For my return be rais'd: then at my realm,
With royal largesses arriving grac'd,
And gay retinue, straight the wondering Greeks
Will dear respect and prompter homage yield."
To whom Alcinous: "Your distinguish'd worth
Too plain is character'd in all your port,
To doubt you of those vagrant clans, who roam
Fallacious, and with copious legend take
The credulous ear; you, with severest truth,
Rob'd in rich eloquence, instruct and please,
When (like some bard, vers'd in heroic theme
Attemper'd to the lyre) you sweetly tell
Whate'er in Grecian story was of old
Recorded eminent, or when you speak
Your own disastrous fate. But now proceed,
Say, affable, if while you low sojourn'd
In gross Tartarean gloom, the mighty shades
Of those brave warring Greeks appear'd, who fell
By doom of battle; for the lingering night
Hath yet much space to measure, and the hour
Of sleep is far to come: I can attend,
With ravishment, to hear the pleasing tale
Fruitful of wonders, till the roseate morn
Purples the east." Ulysses thus reply'd:
"Due time, O king, for converse and repose,
Is still remaining; nor will I refuse,
With coy denial, what the sacred ear
Of majesty with audience deigns to grace.
Hear next how my associate warriors fell,
O'erwhelm'd with huge afflictions, and oppress'd,
In their own realms, by feminine deceit,
To them more fatal than the prowess'd foe."
When, by imperious Proserpine recall'd,
The lady-train dispers'd, the pensive form
Of Agamemnon came, with those begirt,
Whom, in one common fate involv'd, of life
Ægysthus had bereav'd. Sipping the gore,
He recogniz'd me instant, and outstretch'd
His unsubstantial arms, exhausted now
Of all their vital vigour; with shrill plaints,
Piercing the doleful region far: mine eyes,
Sore wounded with the piteous object dear,
Effus'd a flood of tears, while thus I spake:
"O king of hosts! O ever-honour'd son
Of Atreus! say to what severe decree
Of Destiny you bow'd. By Neptune's wrath
Tempesting th' ocean, did you there expire,
Whelm'd in the watery abyss? Or fell you arm'd,
Making fierce inroad on some hostile coast,
To ravage herds and flocks; or in assault
Of some imperial fortress, thence to win
Rich spoils and beauteous captives, were you slain
Defeated of your seizure?" He replied:
"I perish'd not, my friend, by Neptune's wrath
Whelm'd in the ocean wave; nor fy'd in arms,
Heroic deeds attempting: but receiv'd
From base Ægysthus, and my baser queen,

Irreparable doom, whilst I partook
Refreshment, and at supper jovial sate,
Slain like an ox that's butcher'd at the crib,
A death most lamentable! Round me lay
An hideous carnage of my breathless friends,
Like beasts new slaughter'd for the bridal board
Of some luxurious noble, or devote
To solemn festival. On well-fought fields
You various scenes of slaughter have survey'd,
And in fierce tournament: yet had it quell'd
Your best of man to view us on the floor
Rolling in death, with viands round us spread,
And ponderous vases bruis'd, while human gore
Flooded the pavement wide. With shrilling cries
Cassandra pierc'd my ear, whom at my side
False Clytemnestra slew: 't' avenge her wrong,
I with a dying grasp my sabre seiz'd,
But the curs'd assassin withdrew, nor clos'd
My lips and eyes. O woman! woman! none
Of Nature's savage train have less remorse
In perpetrating crimes; to kill her mate,
What beast was e'er accomplice? I return'd,
Hopeful in affluence of domestic joy
To reign, encircled with my offspring dear,
And court-retinue; but my traitress wife
On female honour hath diffus'd a stain
Indelible; and her pernicious arts,
Recorded for reproach on all the sex,
Shall wound soft innocence with touch of blame."
I answer'd, "O ye powers! by women's viles
Jove works sure bane to all th' imperial race
Of Atreus still: for Helen's vagrant lust
Greece mourns her states dispeopled; and you fell
By your adultress!" Plaintive he reply'd:
"By my disasters warn'd, to woman's faith
Unbosom nought momentous; though she peal
Your ear, (by nature importune to know)
Unlock not all your secrets. But your wife,
Of prudent meek deport, no train of ills
Will meditate for you by force or guile:
Her, when we led th' embattled Greeks to Troy,
We left in blooming beauty fresh; your son
Then hanging on her breast; who now to man
Full grown, with men associates; your approach
With rapture he will meet, and glad his sire
With filial duty dear! a bliss to me
Not deign'd! my son I saw not ere I fell
A victim to my wife: then, timely warn'd,
Trust not to woman's ken the time prefix'd
For your return to Greece. But say sincere,
Aught have you heard where my Orestes bides,
In rich Orchomenus, or sandy Pyle;
Or with my brother lives he more secure
In spacious Sparta? for of this dark realm
He's not inhabitant." I thus rejoin'd:
"Vain is your quest, Atrides; whether Fate
Permits your son to draw the breath of Heaven,
Friendly to life; or whether in these shades
He roams a ghost, I know not; nor with speech,
False or ambiguous, will beguile your ear."
While mournful thus we talk'd, suffus'd with tears
Of tender sympathy, young Peleus came,
With his associates most in life belov'd,
Faithful Patroclus, and th' egregious[1] son
Of Nestor, great in arms; with them (conjoin'd
In amicable converse, e'en by death
Uncancel'd) walk'd the tall illustrious shade
Of Ajax, with attractive grace adorn'd,

[1] Antilochus.

And prowess; paragon'd for both to none
But great Achilles: me the goddess-born
Ey'd curious, and at length thus sad began:
"What cause, Ulysses, moves thy mind, expert
Of warlike machinations; what emprise
Hath aught of such importance, as to tempt
This dire descent, where we in dolorous night,
Frail incorporeal forms, are doom'd abode?"
"O peerless chief," I cried, "of all the Greeks
The foremost name! I hither am constrain'd,
From the wise Theban oracle, to hear
Best means reveal'd how to revisit safe
My native realm; by rigid Fate repell'd,
I'm exil'd yet, with troops of various ills
Surrounded. But the gods, to your high worth
Ever propitious, crown their favourite chief
With choicer blessings than the eye of Time
Yet saw conferr'd, or future shall behold;
On Earth you equal honours with the gods
From us receiv'd; nor by the stroke of Fate
Sink with diminish'd lustre, but supreme
Reign o'er the shades." He solemn sad replied:
"Reign here supreme! deem not thy eloquence
Can aught console my doom: rather on Earth
A village slave I'd be, than titled here
Imperial and august. But say me true,
Or did my son illustrate his descent
First in the files of war; or fled he pale
A recreant from the fight? Do all our tribes
In Phthia still revere my father's throne;
Or lives he now of regal power despoil'd,
A weak contemn'd old man, wanting my arm
To hold his sceptre firm? that arm! which erst,
Warring for Greece, bestrew'd the Phrygian plains
With many a prowess'd knight! Would Heaven
The same puissant form, I'd soon avenge [restore
His injur'd age, and re-assert his claim."
He ceasing, I reply'd: "Of Peleus' state
Fame hath to me been silent; but attend,
While I th' achievements of thy glorious son
Blazon, as truth shall dictate. Him to Troy,
From Scyros o'er th' Ægean, safe I bore,
To join th' embattled Greeks: whene'er we sate
In council, to mature some high design,
First of the peerage with persuasive speech
His sentence he disclos'd, by all confess'd
The third from Nestor. But whene'er we mov'd
In battalious array, and the shrill clang
Of onset sounded, he, with haughty strides
Advancing in the van, the foremost chief,
Pierc'd through the adverse legions, nor was deem'd
Not equal to the best. Each hardy deed,
Which in his country's cause the youth achiev'd,
Were long to tell; but by his javelin dy'd
Eurypylus, of all th' auxiliary bands
Fam'd after Memnon first; with many a peer
Of Pergamenian race, around him strown.
"When in the wooden horse, by Epeus form'd,
Selected heroes lay, aghast and pale
The rest, shuddering with fear, let round big drops
Roll from their drooping eyes, he sole abode
Undaunted, undismay'd; no chilling doubt
Frosted his damask cheek, nor silent tear
Cours'd from its crystal sluice, but, grasping fierce
His spear and falchion, for the combat grew
Impatient, menacing decisive route
To Troy's opponent powers; and when the height
Of Ilion had receiv'd the final stroke
From Grecian valour, with barbaric spoil,
To his high fame proportion'd, he return'd,

Unmark'd with hostile wound, though round him Mars
With tenfold rage oft made the battle burn."
I ended: joy ineffable possess'd
The great paternal shade; his steps he rais'd
With more majestic portance o'er the mead,
Verdant with asphodel, elate to hear
His son's exploits emblazon'd fair by Fame.
The rest, a pensive circle, round await,
Reciting various dooms, to mortal ear
Calamitous and sad! From these apart
The Telamonian hero, whom I foil'd
In contest for Achilles' arms, abode
Sullen with treasur'd wrath; the fatal strife
By Thetis was propos'd, and every judge
Instinct by Pallas, to my claim declar'd
The prize of right. O! why was I constrain'd
By honour to prevail, and cause to die
Ajax, the chief with manly grace adorn'd,
And prowess; paragon'd for both to none
But the great son of Peleus! Him with speech,
Lenient of wrath, I thus accosted mild:
"Ajax, let this oblivious gloom deface
The memory of those arms, which Heaven decreed
Pernicious to the Greeks, who lost in thee
Their power of strong defence: to mourn thy fall
The voice of Grief along the tented shore
Was heard, as loud as when the flower of war,
Divine Achilles, dy'd: nor deem that aught
Of human interpos'd to urge thy doom,
But ireful Jove, to punish all our host,
Cut off its darling hope. O royal shade!
Approach, and affable to me vouchsafe
Mild audience, calming thy tempestuous rage."
Vain was my suit! for with th' unbody'd troop
Of spectres, fleeting to th' interior shade
Of Erebus, he to my friendly speech
Disdain'd reply; yet to that dark recess
Had I pursu'd his flight, he must have borne
Unwilling correspondence, forc'd by Fate,
Impassion'd as he was; but I refrain'd,
For other visions drew my curious eye.
Intent I saw, with golden sceptre grave,
Minos, the son of Jove, to the pale ghosts
Dispensing equity; with faded looks
They through the wide Plutonian hall appear'd
Frequent and full, and argued each his cause
At that tribunal, trembling whilst he weigh'd
Their pleaded reason. Of portentous size
Orion next I view'd; a brazen mace
Invincible he bore, in fierce pursuit
Of those huge mountain savages he slew,
While habitant of Earth, whose grisly forms
He urg'd in chace the flowery mead along.
Nor unobserv'd lay stretch'd upon the marle
Tityus, Earth-born, whose body, long and large,
Cover'd nine acres: there two vultures sat,
Of appetite insatiate, and with beaks
For ravine beut, unintermitting goar'd
His liver, powerless he to put to flight
The fierce devourers! to this penance judg'd
For rape intended on Latona fair,
The paramour of Jove, as she sojourn'd
To Pytho o'er the Panopeian lawns;
Delicious landscape!—In a limpid lake
Next Tantalus a doleful lot abides:
Chin-deep he stands, yet with afflictive drought
Incessant pines, while ever as he bows
To sip refreshment, from his parching thirst
The guilt ful water glides. Around the pool
Fruit-trees of various kinds umbrageous spread
Their pamper'd boughs: the racy olive green,
The ripe pomegranate, big with vinous pulp,
The luscious fig sky-dy'd, the tasteful pear
Vermilion'd half, and apples mellowing sweet
In burnish'd gold, luxuriant o'er him wave,
Exciting hunger, and fallacious hope
Of food ambrosial—when he tries to seize
The copious fruitage fair, a sudden gust
Whirls it aloof amid th' incumbent gloom.
Then Sisyphus, the nearest mate in woe,
Drew my regard; he, with distended nerves,
A ponderous stone rolls up a rugged rock;
Urg'd up the steep cliff, slow with hand and foot
It mounts, but bordering on the cloudy peak,
Precipitous adown the slopy side
The rapid orb devolving back, renews
Eternal toil, which he, with dust besmear'd,
And dew'd with smoaking sweat, incessant plies.
I last the visionary semblance view'd
Of Hercules, a shadowy form; for he,
The real son of Jove, in Heaven's high court
Abides, associate with the gods, and shares
Celestial banquets; where, with soft disport
Of love, bright Hebe in her radiant dome
Treats him nocturnal. With terrific clang
Surrounding ghosts, like fowl, the region wing
Vexatious, while the threatening image stands,
Gloomy as night, from his bent battle-bow
In act to let th' aerial arrow fly.
Athwart his breast a military zone
Dreadful he wore, where grinn'd in fretted gold
Grim woodland savages, with various scenes
Of war, fierce-jousting knights, and havoc dire,
With matchless art pourtray'd: me straight he knew,
And, piteous of my state, address'd me thus:
"O exercis'd in grief, illustrious son
Of good Laertes, fam'd for warlike wiles!
Fated thou art (like me, what time I breath'd
Ethereal draught) beneath unnumber'd toils
To groan oppress'd: ev'n I, the seed of Jove,
Combated various ills, and was adjudg'd
By an inferior wretch (what could be more?)
To drag to light the triple-crested dog
That guards Hell's massy portal: I achiev'd
The task injoin'd, through the propitious aid
Of Mercury and Pallas, who vouchsaf'd
Their friendly guidance." Then, without reply,
To Pluto's court majestic he retir'd.
Meantime for others of heroic note
I waited in the lists of ancient Fame
Enroll'd illustrious; and had haply seen
Great Theseus, and Pirithous his compeer,
The race of gods; but at the hideous scream
Of spectres issuing from the dark profound
I wax'd infirm of purpose, sore dismay'd,
Lest Proserpine should send Medusa, curl'd
With snaky locks, to fix me in her realm
Stiff with Gorgonian horrour: to the ship
Retreating speedy thence, I bade my mates
To shove from shore: joyous they straight began
To stem the tide, and brush'd the whitening seas,
Till the fresh gales reliev'd the labouring oar.

THE WIDOW'S WILE,

A TALE.

HAVE you not seen (to state the case)
Two wasps lie struggling in a glass?

With the rich flavour of Tokay.
Allur'd, about the brim they play;
They light, they murmur, then begin
To lick, and so at length slip in;
Embracing close the couple lies,
Together dip, together rise;
You'd swear they love, and yet they strive
Which shall be sunk, and which survive.
Such feign'd amours, and real hate,
Attend the matrimonial state;
When sacred vows are bought and sold,
And hearts are ty'd with threads of gold.
A nymph there was, who ('tis averr'd
By Fame) was born without a beard:
A certain sign, the learn'd declare,
That (guarded with uncommon care)
Her virtue might remain at ten
Impregnable to boys or men.
But from that era we'll proceed,
To find her in a widow's weed;
Which, all Love's chronicles agree,
She wore just turn'd of twenty-three;
For an old sot she call'd her mate,
For jewels, pin-money, and plate.
The dame, possess'd of wealth and ease,
Had no more appetites to please;
That which provokes wild girls to wed,
Fie!—It ne'er enter'd in her head.
Yet some prolific planet smil'd,
And gave the pair a chopping child;
Entitled by the law to claim
Her husband's chattels, and his name:
But was so like his mother! She
The queen of love, her Cupid he.
This matron fair, for spouse deceas'd,
Had sorrow'd sore, a week at least;
And seem'd to grudge the worms that prey,
Which had lain dead full many a day.
From plays and balls she now refrain'd,
To a dark room by custom chain'd;
And not a male, for love or gold,
But the dear hopes of two years old.
The maids, so long in prison pent,
Ask leave to air; she gives consent
(For health is riches to the poor):
But Tom must stay to guard the door.
In reading Sherlock she'd employ
Her solitude, and tend the boy.
When madam sees the coast is clear,
Her spirits mantle and career,
Diffusing ardour through her mien;
Pity they should condense to spleen!
But now by honour she's confin'd,
Who flutter'd once as free as wind:
And on a masquerading morn
By six securely could return;
Having, to seal him safe till nine,
With opium drugg'd her spouse's wine.
This the gay world no worse would hold,
Than had she only chang'd his gold:
The species answer'd all demands,
And only pass'd through other hands.
But Honour now prescribes the law,
The tyrant keeps her will in awe;
For charity forbid to roam,
And not a chitterling at home.
What! a large stomach, and no meat!
In pity, Love, provide a treat;
Can widows feed on dreams and wishes,
Like hags on visionary dishes?
Impossible! Through walls of stone
Hunger will break, to suck a bone.
Want, oft in times of old, we read,
Made mothers on their infants feed;
And now constrain'd this matron mild
To grow hard-hearted to her child.
Her darling child she pinch'd; he squall'd;
In haste the favourite footman's call'd,
To pacify the peevish chit;
For who but he could do the feat?
He, smarting sore, refus'd to play;
But bade man Thomas beat mamma.
She, laughing, soon avow'd her flame
By various signs that want a name.
The lacquey saw, with trembling joy,
Gay humour dancing in her eye;
And straight, with equal fury fir'd,
Began th' attack; the dame retir'd;
And haply falling as she fled,
He beat her till she lay for dead;
But (with new vigour for the strife)
Soon with a sigh return'd to life.
Think ye she'd e'er forgive her son,
For what the naughty man had done?
She did; yet, spited with his pain,
He sounds th' alarm to charge again.
But, 'squire, consult your potent ally,
Whether he's yet prepar'd to rally—
Yes; blood is hot on either side;
Another combat must be try'd.
She knew the foe could do no more,
Than at the first attack she bore;
So at his little malice smil'd,
And cry'd, "Come on!—to please the child."

A-LA-MODE.

"My better self, my heaven, my joy!
While thus imparadis'd I lie,
Transported in thy circling arms
With fresh variety of charms;
From Fate I scarce can think to crave
A bliss, but what in thee I have.
Twelve months, my dear, have past, since thou
Didst plight to me thy virgin vow;
Twelve months in rapture spent! for they
Seem shorter than St. Lucy's day;
A bright example we shall prove
Of lasting matrimonial love.
"Meanwhile, I beg the gods to grant,
(The only favour that I want)
That I may not survive, to see
My happiness expire with thee.
O! should I lose my dearest dear,
By thee, and all that's good, I swear,
I'd give myself the fatal blow,
And wait thee to the world below."
When Wheedle thus to spouse in bed
Spoke the best things he e'er had read;
Madam, surpris'd, (you must suppose it)
Had lock'd a Templar in the closet;
A youth of pregnant parts, and worth,
To play at piquet, and so forth—
This wag, when he had heard the whole,
Demurely to the curtain stole,
And, peeping in, with solemn tone
Cry'd out, "O man! thy days are done:

The gods are fearful of the worst,
And send me, Death, to fetch thee first;
To save their favourite from self-murder,
Lo! thus I execute their order."
"Hold, sir! for second thoughts are best,"
The husband cry'd: "'Tis my request,
With pleasure to prolong my life."—
"*Your meaning?*"—"*Pray, sir, take my wife.*"

SAPPHO TO PHAON,

A LOVE EPISTLE.

TRANSLATED FROM OVID.

WHAT, after all my art, will you demand,
Before the whole is read, the writer's hand?
And could you guess from whom this letter came?
Before you saw it sign'd with Sappho's name?
Don't wonder, since I'm form'd for lyrics, why
The strain is turn'd to plaintive elegy;
I mourn my slighted love; alas! my lute,
And sprightly odes, would ill with sorrow suit.
I'm scorch'd, I burn, like fields of corn on fire,
When winds to fan the furious blaze conspire.
To flaming Ætna Phaon's pleas'd to roam,
But Sappho feels a fiercer flame at home.
No more my thoughts in even numbers flow,
Verse best befits a mind devoid of woe.
No more I court the nymphs I once carest,
But Phaon rules unrival'd in my breast.
Fair is thy face, thy youth is fit for joy;
A fatal face to me, too cruel boy!
Enslav'd to those enchanting looks, that wear
The blush of Bacchus and Apollo's air;
Assume the garb of either god, in thee
We every grace of either god may see;
Yet they confess'd the power of female charms,
In Daphne's flight and Ariadne's arms;
Tho' neither nymph was fam'd for wit, to move,
With melting airs, the rigid soul to love.
To me the Muse vouchsafes celestial fire,
And my soft numbers glow with warm desire;
Alcæus and myself alike she crown'd,
For softness I, and he for strength, renown'd.
Beauty, 'tis true, penurious Fate denies,
But wit my want of beauty well supplies:
My shape, I own, is short, but yet my name
Is far diffus'd, and fills the voice of Fame.
If I'm not fair, young Perseus did adore
The swarthy graces of the royal Moor[1]:
The milk-white doves with mottled mates are join'd,
And the gay parrot to the turtle's kind:
But if you'll fly from Love's connubial rites,
Till one as charming as yourself invites,
None of our sex can ever bless your bed;
Ne'er think of wooing, for you ne'er can wed.
Yet, when you read my verse, you lik'd each line,
And swore no numbers were so sweet as mine;
I sang (that pleasing image still is plain,
Such tender things we lovers long retain!)
And ever when the warbling notes I rais'd,
You with fierce kisses stifled what you prais'd.
Some winning grace in every act you found,
But in full tides of ecstasy were drown'd;
When murmuring in the melting joys of love,
Round yours my curling limbs began to move:
But now the bright Sicilian maids adore
The youth, who seem'd so fond of me before:
Send back, send back my fugitive! for he
Will vow to you the vows he made to me:
That smooth deceiving tongue of his can charm
The coyest ear, the roughest pride disarm.
O, aid thy poetess, great queen of love,
Auspicious to my growing passion prove!
Fortune was cruel to my tender age,
And still pursues with unrelenting rage.
Of parents, whilst a child, I was bereft,
To the wide world an helpless orphan left:
My brother, in a strumpet's vile embrace,
Lavish'd a large estate to buy disgrace,
And, doom'd to traffic, on the main is tost,
Winning, with danger, what with shame he lost;
And vows revenge on me, who dar'd to blame
His conduct, and was careful of his fame:
And then (as if the woes I bore beside
Were yet too light) my little daughter dy'd.
But after all these pangs of sorrow past,
A worse came on, for Phaon came at last!
No gems, nor rich embroider'd silks, I wear;
No more in artful curls I comb my hair;
No golden threads the wavy locks enwreath,
Nor Syrian oils diffusive odours breathe:
Why should I put such gay allurements on,
Now he, the darling of my soul, is gone?
Soft is my breast, and keen the killing dart,
And he who gave the wound deserves my heart:
My fate is fix'd, for sure the Fates decreed
That he should wound, and Sappho's bosom bleed.
By the smooth blandishments of verse betray'd,
In vain I call my reason to my aid;
The Muse is faithless to the fair at best,
But fatal in a love-sick lady's breast.
Yet is it strange so sweet a youth should dart
Flames so resistless to a woman's heart?
Him had Aurora seen, he soon had seiz'd
Her soul, and Cephalus no more had pleas'd:
Chaste Cynthia, did she once behold his charms,
For Phaon's would forsake Endymion's arms;
Venus would bear him to her bower above,
But there she dreads a rival in his love.
O fair perfection thou, nor youth, nor boy,
Fix'd in the bright meridian point for joy!
Come, on my panting breast thy head recline,
Thy love I ask not, only suffer mine:
While this I ask, (but ask, I fear, in vain)
See how my falling tears the letter stain.
At least, why would you not vouchsafe to show
A kind regret, and say, "My dear, adieu!"
Nor parting kiss I gave, nor tender tear,
My ruin flew on swifter wings than fear:
My wrongs, too safely treasur'd in my mind,
Are all the pledges Phaon left behind;
Nor could I make my last desire to thee,
Sometimes to cast a pitying thought on me.
But, gods! when first the killing news I heard,
What pale amazement in my looks appear'd!
Awhile o'erwhelm'd with unexpected woe,
My tongue forbore to speak, my eyes to flow.
But when my sense was waken'd to despair,
I beat my tender breast, and tore my hair:
As a distracted mother weeps forlorn,
When to the grave her fondling babe is borne,
Meanwhile my cruel brother, for relief,
With scorn insults me, and derides my grief:

[1] Andromeda.

"Poor soul!" he cries, "I doubt she grows sincere;
Her daughter is return'd to life, I fear."
Mindless of fame, I to the world reveal
The love so long I labour'd to conceal.
Thou, thou art fame, and all the world, to me;
All day I dote, and dream all night of thee:
Though Phaon fly to regions far remote,
By sleep his image to my bed is brought:
Around my neck thy fond embraces twine,
Anon I think my arms encircle thine:
Then the warm wishes of my soul I speak,
Which from my tongue in dying murmurs break:
Heavens! with thy balmy lips my lips are prest:
And then! ah then!—I blush to write the rest.
Thus in my dreams the bright ideas play,
And gild the glowing scenes of fancy gay:
With life alone my lingering love must end,
On thee my love, my life, my all, depend.

But at the dawning day my pleasures fleet,
And I (too soon!) perceive the dear deceit:
In caves and groves I seek to calm my grief;
The caves and groves afford me no relief.
Frantic I rove, disorder'd with despair,
And to the winds unbind my scatter'd hair:
I find the shades, which to our joys were kind,
But my false Phaon there no more I find:
With him the caves were cool, the grove was green,
But now his absence withers all the scene:
There weeping, I the grassy couch survey,
Where side by side we once together lay:
I fall where thy forsaken print appears,
And the kind turf imbibes my flowing tears.
The birds and trees to grief assistance bring,
These drop their leaves, and they forbear to sing:
Poor Philomel, of all the quire, alone
For mangled Itys warbles out her moan;
Her moan for him trills sweetly through the grove,
While Sappho sings of ill-requited love.

To this dear solitude the Naïads bring
Their fruitful urns, to form a silver spring:
The trees, that on the shady margin grow,
Are green above, the banks are green below:
Here, while by sorrow lull'd asleep I lay,
Thus said the guardian nymph, or seem'd to say:
"Fly, Sappho, fly! to cure this deep despair,
To the Leucadian rock in haste repair;
High on whose hoary top an awful fane,
To Phœbus rear'd, surveys the subject main.
This desperate cure, of old, Deucalion try'd,
For love to fury wrought by Pyrrha's pride;
Into the waves, as holy rites require,
Headlong he leap'd, and quench'd his hopeless fire:
Her frozen breast a sudden flame subdued,
And she who fled the youth, the youth pursued.
Like him, to give thy raging passion ease,
Precipitate thyself into the seas."

This said, she disappear'd. I, deadly wan,
Rose up, and gushing tears unbounded ran:
"I fly, ye nymphs, I fly! though fear assail
The woman, yet the lover must prevail.
In death what terrours can deserve my care?
The pangs of death are gentler than despair.
Ye winds, and, Cupid, thou, to meet my fall,
Your downy pinions spread! my weight is small."
Thus rescued, to the god of verse I'll bow,
Hang up my lute, and thus inscribe my vow:
"To Phœbus grateful Sappho gave this lute;
The gift did both the god and giver suit."

But, Phaon, why should I this toil endure,
When thy return would soon complete the cure?
Thy beauty, and its balmy power, would be
A Phœbus and Leucadian rock to me.
O harder than the rock to which I go,
And deafer than the waves that war below!
Think yet, oh think! shall future ages tell
That I to Phaon's scorn a victim fell!
Or hadst thou rather see this tender breast
Bruis'd on the cliff, than close to Phaon's prest?
This breast, which, fill'd with bright poetic fire,
You made me once believe you did admire?
O could it now supply me with address
To plead my cause, and court thee with success!
But mighty woes my genius quite control,
And damp the rising vigour of my soul:
No more, ye Lesbian nymphs, desire a song,
Mute is my voice, my lute is all unstrung.
My Phaon's fled, who made my fancy shine,
(Ah! yet I scarce forbear to call him—mine.)
Phaon is fled! but bring the youth again,
Inspiring ardours will revive my vein.
But why, alas! this unavailing prayer?
Vain are my vows, and fleet with common air:
My vows the winds disperse, and make their sport,
But ne'er will waft him to the Lesbian port.

Yet if you purpose to return, 'tis wrong
To let your mistress languish here so long:
Venus for your fair voyage will compose
The sea, for from the sea the goddess rose:
Cupid, assisted with propitious gales,
Will hand the rudder, and direct the sails.
But, if relentless to my prayer you prove,
If still, unkind without a cause, you'll rove,
And ne'er to Sappho's longing eyes restore
That object, which her hourly vows implore;
'Twill be compassion now t' avow your hate;
Write, and confirm the rigour of my fate!
Then, steel'd with resolution by despair,
For cure I'll to the kinder seas repair:
That last relief for love-sick minds I'll try;
Phœbus may grant what Phaon could deny.

PHAON TO SAPPHO.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ancients have left us little farther account of Phaon, than that he was an old mariner, whom Venus transformed into a very beautiful youth, whom Sappho, and several other Lesbian ladies, fell passionately in love with; and therefore I thought it might be pardonable to vary the circumstances of his story, and to add what I thought proper in the following epistle.

I soon perceiv'd from whence your letter came,
Before I saw it sign'd with Sappho's name:
Such tender thoughts, in such a flowing verse,
Did Phœbus to the flying nymph rehearse;
Yet Fate was deaf to all his powerful charms,
And tore the beauteous Daphne from his arms!

With such concern your passion I survey,
As when I view a vessel toss'd at sea;
I beg each friendly power the storm may cease,
And every warring wave be lull'd in peace.

What can I more than wish? for who can free
The wretched from the woe the gods decree?
With generous pity I'll repay your flame;
Pity! 'tis what deserves a softer name:
Which yet, I fear, of equal use would prove
To soothe a tempest, as abate your love.
How can my art your fierce disease subdue?
I want, alas! a greater cure than you:
Benumb'd in death the cold physician lies,
While for his help the feverish patient cries:
Call me not cruel, but reproach my fate,
And, listening while my woes I here relate,
Let your soft bosom heave with tender sighs,
Let melting sorrow languish in your eyes;
Piteous deplore a wretch constrain'd to rove,
Whose crime and punishment is slighted love;
Fix'd for his guilt, to every coming age,
A monument of Cytherea's rage.
At Malea born, my race unknown to fame,
With oars I ply'd; Colymbus was my name;
A name that from the diving birds I bore,
Which seek their fishy food along the shore.
One summer eve in port I left my sail,
And with my partners sought a neighbouring vale;
What time the rural nymphs repair'd to pay
Their floral honours to the queen of May.
At first their various charms my choice confuse,
For what is choice where each is fit to choose?
But Love or Fate at length my bosom fir'd
With a bright maid in myrtle-green attir'd;
A shepherdess she was, and on the lawn
Sate to the setting Sun from dewy dawn;
Yet fairer than the nymphs who guard the streams
In pearly caves, and shun the burning beams.
I whisper love; she flies; I still pursue,
To press her to the joy she never knew:
And while I speak the virgin blushes spread
Her damask beauty with a warmer red.
I vow'd unshaken faith, invoking loud
Venus, t' attest the solemn faith I vow'd;
Invoking all the radiant lights above,
(But most the lamp, that lights the realm of love)
No more to guide me with their friendly rays,
But leave my ship to perish on the seas,
If the dear charmer ever chanc'd to find
My heart disloyal, or my look unkind.
A maid will listen when her lover swears,
And think his faith more real than her fears.
The careful shepherdess secur'd her flocks
From the devouring wolf, and wily fox,
Yet fell herself an undefended prey
To one more cruel and more false than they.
The nuptial joys we there consummate soon,
Safe in the friendly silence of the Moon;
And till the birds proclaim'd the dawning day,
Beneath a shade of flowers, in transport lay:
I rose, and, softly sighing, view'd her o'er;
How chang'd, I thought, from what she was before!
Yet still repeated (eager to be gone)
My former pledges, with a fainter tone,
And promis'd quick return: the pensive fair
Went with reluctance to her fleecy care;
While I resolv'd to quit my native shore,
Never to see the late lov'd Malea more.
Fresh on the waves the morning breezes play,
To bear my vessel and my vows away;
With prosperous speed I fly before the wind,
And leave the length of Leshos all behind:
Far distant from my Malean love at last,
(Secure with twenty leagues between us cast)
I furl my sails, and on the Sigrian shore,
Adopting that my seat, the vessel moor.
Sigrium, from whose aerial height I spy
The distant fields that bore imperial Troy:
Which, still accurs'd for Helen's broken vow,
Procure thin crops, ungrateful to the plough.
I gaze, revolving in my guilty mind,
What future vengeance will my falsehood find,
When kings and empires no forgiveness gain'd
For violated rites, and faith prophan'd?
Sea-faring on that coast I led my life,
A commoner of love, without a wife,
Content with casual joys; and vainly thought
Venus forgave the perjur'd, or forgot.
And now my sixtieth year began to shed
An undistinguish'd winter o'er my head;
When, bent for Tenedos, a country dame
(I thought her such) for speedy passage came.
A palsy shook her limbs; a shrivel'd skin
But ill conceal'd the skeleton within;
A monument of time: with equal grace
Her garb had poverty to suit her face.
Extorting first my price, I spread my sail,
And steer my course before a merry gale;
Which haply turn'd her tatter'd veil aside,
When in her lap a golden vase I spy'd;
Around so rich with orient gems enchas'd,
A flamy lustre o'er the gold they cast.
With eager eyes I view the tempting bane,
And sailing now secure amid the main,
With felon force I seiz'd the seeming crone,
To plunge her in, and make the prize my own.
To Venus straight she chang'd divine to view!
The laughing Loves around their mother flew:
Who, circled with a pomp of Graces, stood,
Such as she first ascended from the flood.
I bow'd, ador'd.—With terrour in her voice,
"Thy violence," (she cry'd,) "shall win the prize?
Renew thy wrinkled form, be young and fair;
But soon thy heart shall own the purchase dear.
Nor is revenge forgot, though long delay'd,
For vows attested in the Malean shade."—
Wrapt in a purple cloud, she cut the skies,
And, looking down, still threaten'd with her eyes.
My fear at length dispell'd, (the sight of gold
Can make an avaricious coward bold)
I seiz'd the glittering spoil, in hope to find
A case so rich with richer treasures lin'd.
The lid remov'd, the vacant space enclos'd
An essence, with celestial art compos'd;
Which cures old age, and makes the shrivel'd cheek
Blushy as Bacchus, and as Hebe sleek:
Strength to the nerves the nectar'd sweets supply,
And eagle-radiance to the faded eye.
Nor sharp disease, nor want, nor age, have power
T' invade that vigour, and that bloom deflower.
Th' effect I found, for, when return'd to land,
Some drops I sprinkled on my sun-burnt hand;
Where'er they fell, surprising to the sight,
The freckled brown imbib'd a milky white;
So look the panther's varied sides; and so
The pheasant's wing, bedropt with flakes of snow.
I wet the whole, the same celestial hue
Tinctur'd the whole meander'd o'er with blue.
Struck with amazement here, I pause a space;
Next with the liquid sweets anoint my face:
My neck and hoary locks I then bedew,
And in the waves my changing visage view.
Straight with my charms the watry mirror glows
Those fatal charms that ruin'd your repose!

Still doubting, up I start, and fear to find
Some young Adonis gazing o'er behind.
My waist, and all my limbs, I last besmear'd,
And soon a glossy youth all o'er appear'd.
Long wrapt in silent wonder, on the strand,
I like a statue of Apollo stand:
Like his, with oval grace my front is spread;
Like his, my lips and cheeks are rosy red;
Like his, my limbs are shap'd; in every part
So just, they mock the sculptor's mimic art:
And golden curls adown my shoulders flow;
Nor wants there aught, except the lyre and bow.
Restor'd to youth, triumphant I repair
To court; to captivate th' admiring fair:
My faultless form the Lesbian nymphs adore,
Avow their flames, weep, sigh, protest, implore.
There feel I first the penance of my sin;
All spring without, and winter all within!
From me the sense of gay desire is fled,
And all their charms are cordial to the dead,
Or, if within my breast there chance to rise
The sweet remembrance of the genial joys;
Sudden it leaves me, like a transient gleam,
That gilds the surface of a freezing stream.
Meantime with various pangs my heart is torn,
Hate strives with Pity, Shame contends with Scorn:
Confus'd with grief, I quit the court, to range
In savage wilds; and curse my penal change.
The phenix so restor'd with rich perfumes,
Displays the florid pride of all his plumes;
Then flies to live amid th' Arabian grove,
In barren solitude, a foe to love.
But in the calm recess of woods and plains,
The viper Envy revell'd in my veins;
And ever, when the male caress'd his bride,
Sighing with rage, I turn'd my eyes aside.
In river, mead, and grove, such objects rose,
T' avenge the goddess, and awake my woes:
Fish, beast, and bird, in river, mead, and grove,
Bless'd and rever'd the blissful powers of Love.
"What can I do for ease? O, whither fly?
Resume my fatal form, ye gods," I cry:
"Wither this beauteous bloom, so tempting gay;
And let me live transform'd to weak, and gray!"
By change of clime, my sorrows to beguile,
I leave, for Sicily, my native isle;
Vain hope! for who can leave himself behind,
And live a thoughtless exile from the mind?
Arriving there, amidst a flowery plain
That join'd the shore, I view'd a virgin-train.
Who in soft ditties sung of Acis' flame,
And strew'd with annual wreaths his amber stream.
Me soon they saw, and, fir'd with pious joy,
"He comes, the godlike Acis comes," they cry:
"Fair pride of Neptune's court! indulge our prayer;
Approach, you've now no Polypheme to fear.
Accept our rites: to bind thy brow, we bring
These earliest honours of the rosy Spring:
So may thy Galatea still be kind,
As we thy smiling power propitious find!
But if"—(they read their errour in my blush;
For shame, and rage, and scorn, alternate flush.)
"But if of earthy race, yet kinder prove;
Refuse all other rites but those of love."
That hated word new-stabs my rankling wound;
Like a stuck deer I startle at the sound:
Thence to the woods with furious speed repair,
And leave them all abandon'd to despair.

So, frighted by the swains, to reach the brake,
Glides from a sunny bank the glittering snake;
And whilst, reviv'd in youth, his wavy train
Floats in large spires, and burns along the plain;
He darts malignance from his scornful eye,
And the young flowers with livid hisses die.
Let my sad fate your soft compassion move,
Convinc'd that Phaon would, but cannot, love:
To torture and distract my soul, are join'd
Unfading youth, and impotence of mind.
The white and red that flatter on my skin,
Hide hell; the grinning furies howl within;
Pride, Envy, Rage, and Hate, inhabit there,
And the black child of Guilt, extreme Despair:
Nor of less terrour to the perjur'd prove
The frowns of Venus, than the bolts of Jove.
When Orpheus in the woods began to play,
Sooth'd with his airs, the leopards round him lay;
Their glaring eyes with lessen'd fury burn'd;
But when the lyre was mute, their rage return'd:
So would thy Muse and lute a while control
My woes, and tune the discord of my soul:
In sweet suspence each savage thought restrain'd;
And then, the love I never felt I feign'd.
O Sappho, now that Muse and lute employ;
Invoke the golden goddess from the sky:
From the Leucadian rock ne'er hope redress,
In love, Apollo boasts no sure success:
Let him preside o'er oracles and arts;
Venus alone hath balm for bleeding hearts.
O, let the warbled hymn[1] delight her ear;
Can she, when Sappho sings, refuse to hear?
Thrice let the warbled hymn repeat thy pain,
While flowers and burning gums perfume her fane.
And when, descending to the plaintive sound,
She comes confess'd with all her Graces round,
O, plead my cause! in that auspicious hour,
Propitiate with thy vows the vengeful power.
Nor cease thy suit, till with a smiling air
She cries "I give my Phaon to thy prayer;
And, from his crime absolv'd, with all his charms
He long shall live, and die in Sappho's arms."
Then swift, and gentle as her gentlest dove,
I'll seek thy breast, and equal all thy love:
Hymen shall clap his purple wings, and spread
Incessant raptures o'er the nuptial bed.
And while in pomp at Cytherea's shrine,
With choral song and dance, our vows we join;
Her flaming altar with religious fear
I'll touch, and, prostrate on the marble, swear
That zeal and love for ever shall divide
My heart, between the goddess and the bride.

A TALE,

DEVISED IN THE PLEASAUNT MANERE OF GENTIL MAISTER JEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Whylom in Kent there dwelt a clerke,
Who wyth grete cheer, and litil werke,
Upswalen was with venere:
For meagre Lent ne recked he,
Ne saincts daies had in remembraunce,
Mo will had he to daliaunce.
To serchen out a bellamie,
He had a sharp and licorous eie;
But it wold bett abide a leke,
Or onion, than the sight of Greke;

[1] Alluding to her ode to Venus.

Wherefore, God yeve him shame, Boccace
Serv'd him for Basil and Ignace,
His vermeil cheke that shon wyth mirth,
Spake him the blithest priest on yearth;
At chyrch, to show his lillied hond,
Full fetously he prank'd his bond;
Sleke weren his flaxen locks ykempt,
And Isaac Wever was he nempt.
Thilke clerke, echaufed in the groyne,
For a young damosell did pyne,
Born in East-Cheap; who, by my fay,
Ypert was as a popinjay:
Ne wit ne wordes did she waunt,
Wele cond she many a romaunt;
Ore muscadine, or spiced ale,
She carrold soote as nightingale:
And for the nonce couth rowle her eyne,
Withouten speche; a speciall signe
She lack'd somdele of what ech dame
Holds dere as life, yet dredes to name:
So was eftsoons by Isaac won,
To blissful consummation.
Here mought I now tellen the festes,
Who yave the bryde, how bibb'd the ghestes;
But withouten such gawdes, I trow
Myne legend is prolix ynow.
Ryghte wele arceds Dan Prior's song,
A tale shold never be too long;
And sikerly in fayre Englond
None bett doeth taling understond.
She now, algates full sad to chaunge
The citee for her husbond's graunge,
To Kent mote; for she wele did knowe
'Twas vaine ayenst the streme to rowe.
So wend they on one steed yfere,
Each cleping toder life and dere;
Heven shilde hem fro myne Bromley host,
Or many a groat theyr meel woll cost.
Deem next ye maistress Wever sene
Yclad in sable bombasine;
The frankeleins wyves accost her blythe,
Curteis to guilen hem of tythe;
And yeve honour parochiall
In pew, and eke at festivall.
Worschip and wealth her husbond hath;
Ne poor in aught, save werks and faith:
Keeps bull, bore, stallion, to dispense
Large pennorths of benevolence.
His berne ycrammed was, and store
Of poultrie cackled at the dore;
His wyfe grete joie to fede hem toke,
And was astonied at the cocke;
That, in his portance debonair,
On everich henn bestow'd a share
Of pleasaunce, yet no genitours
She saw, to thrill his paramours:
Oftsithes she mokel mus'd theron,
Yet nist she howgates it was don.
One night, ere they to sleepen went,
Her Isaac in her arms she hent,
As was her usage; and did saie,
"Of charite I mote thee praie,
To teachen myne unconnyng wit
One thing it comprehendeth niet:
And maie the foul fiend harrow thee,
If in myne quest thou falsen me.
"Our Chaunticlere loves everich hen,
Ne fewer kepes our yerd than ten;
Yet romps he ore beth grete and small,
No ken I what he swinks wythall.
But on ech leg a wepon is,
Ypersent, and full starke I wys;
Doth he with hem at Pertelote play?
In sooth theres werk inough for tway."
Qd. Isaac, "Certes by Sainct Poule,
Myne lief thou art a simple soule;
Foules fro the egle to the wren,
Bin harness'd othergise than men:
For the males engins of delite
Ferre in theyr eutrails are empight;
Wis, par mischaunce, theyr merriment
Emong the breers mought sore be shent,
Thus woxen hote, they much avaunce
Love of venereal jouissaunce:
And in one month, the trouth to sayne,
Swink mo than manhode in yeres twaine."
"O Benedicite!" qd. she,
"If kepyng hote so kindlych be,
Hie in thyne boweles truss thyne gere,
And eke the skrippe that daungleth here."
"Ne dame," he answer'd, "mote that bene;
For as I hope to be a dene,
Thilke Falstaffe-bellie rownd and big,
Was built for corny ale and pig:
Ne in it is a chink for these,
Ne for a wheat-straw, and tway pease."
"Pardie," qd. she, "syth theres nat room,
Swete Nykin! chafe hem in myne woom."

TO MR. POPE.

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK EPIGRAM IN HOMER.

IN WHICH THE POET SUPPOSETH APOLLO TO HAVE GIVEN THIS ANSWER TO ONE WHO INQUIRED WHO WAS THE AUTHOR OF THE ILIAD.

Ἤιδον μὲν Ἐγὼν, ἐχάραξαι δὲ θεῖος Ὅμηρος.

Hæc modulabar ego, scripsit divinus Homerus.

When Phœbus, and the nine harmonious Maids,
Of old assembled in the Thespian shades,
"What theme," they cry'd, "what high immortal air,
Befits these harps to sound, and thee to hear?"
Reply'd the god, "Your loftiest notes employ
To sing young Peleus, and the fall of Troy."
The wondrous song with rapture they rehearse,
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse.
He answer'd with a frown: "I now reveal
A truth that Envy bids me not conceal.
Retiring frequent to his laureat vale,
I warbled to the lyre that favourite tale,
Which, unobserv'd, a wandering Greek and blind,
Heard me repeat, and treasur'd in his mind;
And, fir'd with thirst of more than mortal praise,
From me the god of wit usurp'd the bays.
"But let vain Greece indulge her growing fame,
Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;
Yet when my arts shall triumph in the west,
And the White Isle with female power is blest,
Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there,
And the translator's palm to me transfer;
With less regret my claim I now decline,
The world will think this English Iliad mine."

THE PLATONIC SPELL[1].

"WHENE'ER I wed," young Strephon cry'd,
"Ye powers that o'er the noose preside,
Wit, beauty, wealth, good-humour give,
Or let me still a rover live:
But if all these no nymph can share,
Let mine, ye powers! be doubly fair."
Thus pray'd the swain in heat of blood,
Whilst nigh celestial Cupid stood;
And, tapping him, said, "Youth, be wise,
And let a child for once advise.
A faultless make, a manag'd wit,
Humour and riches, rarely meet:
But if a beauty you 'd obtain,
Court some bright Phillis of the brain;
The dear idea long enjoy,
Clean is the bliss, and ne'er will cloy.
"But trust me, youth, for I'm sincere,
And know the ladies to a hair;
Howe'er small poets whine upon it,
In madrigal, in song, and sonnet,
Their beauty's but a spell, to bring
A lover to th' enchanted ring.
Ere the sack-posset is digested,
Or half of Hymen's taper wasted,
The winning air, the wanton trip,
The radiant eye, the velvet lip,
From which you fragrant kisses stole,
And seem'd to suck her springing soul;
These, and the rest you doated on,
Are nauseous, or insipid grown;
The spell dissolves, the cloud is gone,
And Sacharissa turns to Joan."

MARULLUS TO NEÆRA.

IMITATED.

ROB'D like Diana, ready for the chase,
Her mind as spotless, and as fair her face,
Young Sylvia stray'd beneath the dewy dawn,
To course th' imperial stag o'er Windsor lawn.
There Cupid view'd her spreading o'er the plain,
The first and fairest of the rural train:
And, by a small mistake, the power of love,
Thought her the virgin-goddess of the grove:
Soon aw'd with innocence, t' evade her sight,
He fled, and dropp'd his quiver in the flight:
Tho' pleas'd, she blush'd, and, with a glowing smile,
Pursu'd the god, and seiz'd the golden spoil.
The nymph, resistless in her native charms,
Now reigns, possess'd of Cupid's dreaded arms;
And, wing'd with lightning from her radiant eyes,
Unerring in its speed each arrow flies.
No more his deity is held divine,
No more we kneel at Cythera's shrine;
Their various powers, complete in Sylvia, prove
Her title to command the realms of Love.

KISSES.

TRANSLATED FROM SECUNDUS.

BASIUM I.

WHEN Venus, in th' sweet Idalian shade,
A violet couch for young Ascanius made,
Their opening gems th' obedient roses bow'd,
And veil'd his beauties with a damask cloud:
While the bright goddess, with a gentle shower
Of nectar'd dews, perfum'd the blissful bower.
Of sight insatiate, she devours his charms,
Till her soft breast rekindling ardour warms;
New joys tumultuous in her bosom roll,
And all Adonis rusheth on her soul:
Transported with each dear resembling grace,
She cries, "Adonis! —sure I see thy face!"
Then stoops to clasp the beauteous form, but fears
He'd wake too soon, and with a sigh forbears;
Yet, fix'd in silent rapture, stands to gaze,
Kissing each flowering bud that round her plays:
Swell'd with her touch, each animated rose
Expands, and straight with warmer purple glows;
Where infant kisses bloom, a balmy store!
Redoubling all the bliss she felt before.
Sudden her swans career along the skies,
And o'er the globe the fair celestial flies;
Then, as where Ceres past, the teeming plain
Yellow'd with wavy crops of golden grain,
So fruitful kisses fell where Venus flew,
And by the power of genial magic grew;
A plenteous harvest! which she deign'd t' impart,
To soothe an agonizing love-sick heart.
All hail, ye roseate Kisses! who remove
Our cares, and cool the calentures of love.
Lo! I your poet, in melodious lays,
Bless your kind power, enamour'd of your praise;
Lays! form'd to last, till barbarous Time invades
The Muses' hill, and withers all their shades.
Sprung from the guardian of the Roman name[1],
In Roman numbers live, secure of fame.

BASIUM II.

As the young enamour'd Vine
Round her Elm delights to twine,
As the clasping Ivy throws
Round her Oak her wanton boughs,
So close, expanding all thy charms,
Fold me, my Chloris, in thy arms!
Closer, my Chloris, could it be,
Would my fond arms encircle thee.
The jovial friend shall tempt, in vain,
With humour, wit, and brisk champaigne;
In vain shall Nature call for sleep,
We'll Love's eternal vigils keep:
Thus, thus for ever let us lie,
Dissolving in excess of joy,
Till Fate shall with a single dart
Transfix the pair it cannot part.
Thus join'd, we'll fleet like Venus' doves,
And seek the blest Elysian groves;
Where Spring in rosy triumph reigns
Perpetual o'er the joyous plains:
There, lovers of heroic name
Revive their long-extinguish'd flame,
And o'er the fragrant vale advance,
In shining pomp, to form the dance,
Or sing of love and gay desire,
Responsive to the warbling lyre;
Reclining soft in blissful bowers,
Purpled sweet with springing flowers;
And cover'd with a silken shade,
Of laurel mix'd with myrtle made:

[1] This poem, with some variations, may be found in Stepney, vol. viii, under the title of The Spell.

[1] Venus.

Where, flaunting in immortal bloom,
The musk-rose scents the verdant gloom;
Through which the whispering Zephyrs fly,
Softer than a virgin's sigh.
When we approach those blest retreats,
Th' assembly straight will leave their seats,
Admiring much the matchless pair,
So fond the youth, the nymph so fair!
Daughters and mistresses to Jove,
By Homer fam'd of old for love,
In homage to the British Grace,
Will give pre-eminence of place.
Helen herself will soon agree
To rise, and yield her rank to thee.

AN EPISTLE TO

THOMAS LAMBARD, ESQ.

Omnia me tua delectant; sed maximè, maxima cùm fides in amicitiâ, consilium, gravitas, constantia; tum lepos, humanitas, literæ.

Cicero, Ep. xxvii. Lib. xi.

Slow though I am to wake the sleeping lyre,
Yet should the Muse some happy song inspire,
Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
That favourite verse to Lambard I decree:
Such may the Muse inspire, and make it prove
A pledge and monument of lasting love!
Meantime intent the fairest plan to find,
To form the manners, and improve the mind;
Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens please,
By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in ease;
Whom all the rival Muses strive to grace
With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.
Now Truth's bright charms employ my serious thought,
In flowing eloquence by Tully taught;
Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove,
And studious wander in the Grecian grove;
While wonder and delight the soul engage
To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page;
Where Science in attractive fable lies,
And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.
Transported thence, the flowery heights I gain
Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,
Whose wings the Muse in better ages prun'd,
And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid;
As weary'd hinds accuse the lingering Sun,
And heirs impatient wish for twenty-one:
So dull to Horace did the moments glide[1],
Till his free Muse her sprightly force employ'd
To combat vice, and follies to expose,
In easy numbers near ally'd to prose:
Guilt blush'd and trembled when she heard him sing,
He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sting.
With such a graceful negligence exprest,
Wit, thus apply'd, will ever stand the test:
But he, who blindly led by whimsy strays,
And from gross images would merit praise,
When Nature sets the noblest stores in view,
Affects to polish copper in Peru:
So while the seas on barren sands are cast,
The saltness of their waves offend the taste;
But when to Heaven exhal'd, in fruitful rain,
In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the swain,
Revive the fainting flowers, and swell the meagre grain.

Be this their care, who, studious of renown,
Toil up th' Aonian steep to reach the crown;
Suffice it me, that (having spent my prime
In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)
To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose,
And prize ideas clad in honest prose.
Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,
Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays;
And Death, perhaps, to spoil poetic sport,
Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short:
His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,
For the smooth cadence of a golden line:
Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the man
To run the trifling race the boy began,
Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see
My circle end in second infancy.
I might ere long an awkward humour have,
To wear my bells and coral to the grave,
Or round my room alternate take a course,
Now mount my hobby, then the Muse's horse:
Let others wither gay, but I'd appear
With sage decorum in my easy chair;
Grave as Libanius, slumbering o'er the laws,
Whilst gold and party zeal decide the cause.

A nobler task our riper age affords
Than scanning syllables, and weighing words.
To make his hours in even measures flow,
Nor think some fleet too fast, and some too slow;
Still equal in himself, and free to taste
The Now, without repining at the Past;
Nor the vain prescience of the spleen t' employ,
To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy;
To live tenacious of the golden mean,
In all events of various fate serene;
With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey
Age, death, disease, or want, without dismay:
These arts, my Lambard! useful in their end,
Make man to others and himself a friend.

Happiest of mortals he, who, timely wise,
In the calm walks of Truth his bloom enjoys;
With books and patrimonial plenty blest,
Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast!
Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
Nor the gay servitude of courts enthrals,
Unknowing how to mask concerted guile
With a false cringe, or undermining smile;
His manners pure, from affectation free,
And prudence shines through clear simplicity.
Though no rich labours of the Persian loom,
Nor the nice sculptor's art, adorn his room,
Sleep, unprovok'd, will softly seal his eyes,
And innocence the want of down supplies;
Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
Himself unseen, he sees the labouring crowd,
Where all industrious to their ruin run,
Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.
Some, by the sordid thirst of gain controll'd,
Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for gold,
Preserve the precious bane with anxious care,
In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir:

[1] Epist. 1. Lib. 1.

Others devour Ambition's glittering bait,
To sweat in purple, and repine in state;
Devote their powers to every wild extreme,
For the short pageant of a pompous dream:
Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
The fruits it early promis'd in the spring,
But in a public sphere those virtues fade,
Which open'd fair, and flourish'd in the shade:
So while the Night her ebon sceptre sways,
Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant displays[1];
But the full day the short-liv'd beauties shun,
Elude our hopes, and sicken at the Sun.
Fantastic joys in distant views appear,
And tempt the man to make the rash career.
Fame, power, and wealth, which glitter at the goal,
Allure his eye, and fi . his eager soul;
For these are ease and innocence resign'd,
For these he strips; farewell the tranquil mind!
Headstrong he urges on till vigour fails,
And gray experience (but too late!) prevails:
But, in his evening, view the hoary fool,
When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool;
When joy and blushy youth forsake his face,
Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace;
No flavour then the sparkling cups retain,
Music is harsh, the Syren sings in vain;
To him what healing balm can art apply,
Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die?
In that last scene, by Fate in sables drest,
Thy power, triumphant Virtue, is confest;
Thy vestal flames diffuse celestial light
Thro' Death's dark vale, and vanquish total night;
Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail,
When the gay toys of flattering Fortune fail.
Such, happy Twisden! (ever be thy name
Mourn'd by the Muse, and fair in deathless Fame!)
While the bright effluence of her glory shone,
Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own:
So Cassia, bruis'd, exhales her rich perfumes,
And incense in a fragrant cloud consumes.
Most spoil the boon that Nature's pleas'd t' impart,
By too much varnish, or by want of art;
By solid science all her gifts are grac'd,
Like gems new polish'd, and with gold enchas'd.
Votes to th' unletter'd 'squire the laws allow,
As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plough:
But arts, address, and force of genius, join
To make a Hammer in the senate shine.
Yet one presiding power in every breast
Receives a stronger sanction than the rest;
And they who study and discern it well,
Act unrestrain'd, without design excel,
But court contempt, and err without redress,
Missing the master-talent they possess.
Whiston, perhaps, in Euclid may succeed,
But shall I trust him to reform my creed?
In sweet assemblage every blooming grace
Fix Love's bright throne in Teraminta's face,
With which her faultless shape and air agree,
But, wanting wit, she strives to repartee;
And, ever prone her matchless form to wrong,
Lest Envy should be dumb, she lends her tongue.
By long experience D—y may, no doubt,
Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
Yet Dryden once exclaim'd (in partial spite!)
"He fish!"—because the man attempts to write.
Oh, if the water-nymphs were kind to none
But those the Muses bathe in Helicon:

In what far distant age would Belgia raise
One happy wit to net the British seas!
Nature permits her various gifts to fall
On various climes, nor smiles alike on all:
The Latian vales eternal verdure wear,
And flowers spontaneous crown the smiling year;
But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
To raise the jasmine, or the coy jonquil?
Who finds the peach among the savage sloes,
Or in bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose?
Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
And there the Vine her racy purple yields.
High on the cliffs the British Oak ascends,
Proud to survey the seas her power defends;
Her sovereign title to the flag she proves,
Scornful of softer India's spicy groves.
These instances, which true in fact we find,
Apply we to the culture of the mind.
This soil, in early youth improv'd with care,
The seeds of gentle science best will bear;
That with more particles of flame inspir'd,
With glittering arms and thirst of fame is fir'd;
Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,
But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.
If these from Nature's genial bent depart,
In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part;
Should the sage dress, and flutter in the Mall,
Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball;
Should the rough homicide unsheath his pen,
And in heroics only murder men;
Should the soft fop forsake the lady's charms,
To face the foe with inoffensive arms;
Each would variety of acts afford,
Fit for some new Cervantes to record.
"Whither," you cry, "tends all this dry discourse?
To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse.
I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay
To frisk my fancy with; but, sooth to say!
From her Apollo now the Muse elopes,
And trades in syllogisms more than tropes."—
"Faith, sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear;
When a friend reads, in honour you must hear?
For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,
Indulge a volubility of tongue:
Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm,
And, council-proof, will never baulk a theme.
So Burgess on his tripod rav'd the more,
When round him half the saints began to snore."
To lead us safe through Errour's thorny maze,
Reason exerts her pure ethereal rays;
But that bright daughter of eternal day
Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.
Though no lethargic fumes the brain invest,
And opiate all her active powers to rest;
Though on that magazine no fevers seize,
To calcine all her beauteous images:
Yet banish'd from the realms by right her own,
Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne:
Or, to known good preferring specious ill,
Reason becomes a cully to the Will:
Thus man, perversely fond to roam astray,
Hoodwinks the guide assign'd to show the way;
And in life's voyage like the pilot fares,
Who breaks the compass, and contemns the stars,
To steer by meteors, which at random fly,
Preluding to a tempest in the sky.
Vain of his skill, and led by various views,
Each to his end a different path pursues;
And seldom is one wretch so humble known,
To think his friend's a better than his own:

[1] The nure-tree.

The boldest they, who least partake the light,
As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.
Nor shame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,
But what became our choice we call our fate.
"Villain," said Zeno to his pilfering slave,
"What frugal Nature needs, I freely gave;
With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,
What could provoke thee now to prove unjust?"
"Sir, blame the stars," felonious culprit cry'd:
"We'll by the statute of the stars be try'd.
If their strong influence all our actions urge,
Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to scourge:
The beadle must obey the Fates decree,
As powerful Destiny prevail'd with thee."

This heathen logic seems to bear too hard
On me, and many a harmless modern bard:
The critics hence may think themselves decreed
To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read;
Foes to the tribe from which they trace their clan,
As monkeys draw their pedigree from man;
To which (tho' by the breed our kind's disgrac'd)
We grant superior elegance of taste:
But in their own defence the wits observe,
That, by impulse from Heaven, they write and starve;
Their patron-planet, with resistless power,
Irradiates every poet's natal hour;
Engendering in his head a solar heat,
For which the college has no sure receipt,
Else from their garrets would they soon withdraw,
And leave the rats to revel in the straw.

Nothing so much intoxicates the brain
As Flattery's smooth insinuating bane:
She on th' unguarded ear employs her art,
While vain Self-love unlocks the yielding heart;
And Reason oft submits when both invade,
Without assaulted, and within betray'd.
When Flattery's magic mists suffuse the sight,
The don is active, and the boor polite;
Her mirror shows perfection through the whole,
And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole;
Each character in gay confusion lies,
And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wise:
Nor fail her fulsome arts to soothe our pride,
Though praise to venom turns, if wrong apply'd.
Me thus she whispers, while I write to you:
"Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review!
Then every Muse invoke thy voice to raise,
Arms and the man to sing in lofty lays:
Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,
Such as the son of Thetis sung at Troy[1];
When his high-sounding lyre his valour rais'd,
To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.
Like him the Briton, warm at Honour's call,
At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul;
By France the genius of the fight confest,
For which our patron saint adorns his breast."

Is this my friend, who sits in full content,
Jovial, and joking with his men of Kent,
And never any scene of slaughter saw,
But those who fell by physic or the law?
Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels crown'd?
O often prov'd, and ever found sincere!
Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,
On these encomiums to vouchsafe a smile,
Which only can belong to great Argyll.

But most among the brethren of the bays,
The dear enchantress all her charms displays,
In the sly commerce of alternate praise.
If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,
Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,
And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,
Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior, would explode;
Though every stanza glitters thick with stars,
And goddesses descend in ivory cars:
Is it for me to prove, in every part,
The piece irregular by laws of art?
His genius looks but awkward, yet his fate
May raise him to be premier bard of state;
I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,
Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame;
Then cry, in seeming transport, while I speak,
"'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek!"
He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,
And, courteous, with increase the debt repays:
Boileau's a mushroom, if compar'd to me,
And, Horace, I dispute the palm with thee!
Both, ravish'd, sing Te Phœbum for success;
Rise swift, ye laurels!—boy! bespeak the press.
Thus on imaginary praise we feed;
Each writes till all refuse to print or read:
From the records of Fame condemn'd to pass
To Brisquet's calendar[1], a rubric ass.

Few, wondrous few! are eagle-ey'd to find
A plain disease, or blemish in the mind:
Few can, tho' wisdom should their health insure,
Dispassionate and cool attend a cure.
In youth disus'd t' obey the needful rein,
Well pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,
We sate the kind desire of every sense,
And lull our age in thoughtless indolence:
Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,
Though, to supply the vacancy of wit,
Folly and Pride, impatient of control,
The sister-twins of Sloth, possess the soul.
By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,
Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn,
I scarcely think his picture would have power
To make him fight the champions of the tower;
Though lions there are tolerably tame,
And civil as the court from which they came.
But yet, without experience, sense, or arts,
Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts;
Imagines he alone is amply fit
To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit:
Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,
And in his rosy progress hail'd the Spring,
Th' aërial songsters, listening to the lays,
By silent ecstasy confest her praise,
At length, to rival her enchanting note,
The peacock strains the discord of his throat,
In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful prove;
But the nice audience hoot him through the grove.
Conscious of wanted worth, and just disdain,
Lowering his crest, he creeps to Juno's fane:
To his protectress there reveals the case;
And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.

Then thus reply'd the radiant goddess, known
By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone:
"My favourite bird! of all the feather'd kind,
Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd:

[1] Iliad ix.

[1] Brisquet, jester to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of fools.

The towering eagles to the realms of light
By their strong pounces claim a regal right;
The swan contented with an humbler fate,
Low on the fishy river rows in state:
Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck;
But the poor nightingale in mean attire,
Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir.
These various bounties were dispos'd above,
And ratify'd th' unchanging will of Jove:
Discern thy talent, and his laws adore;
Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more."

TO THE QUEEN,

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTH-DAY.

From this auspicious day three kingdoms date
The fairest favours of indulgent Fate;
From this the months in radiant circles run,
As stars receive their lustre from the Sun.
To you the sceptres of all Europe bend,
The victor those revere, and these the friend;
Your silken reins the willing nations crave,
For 'tis your lov'd prerogative to save.
Mild amidst triumphs, victory bestows
On you renown, and freedom on your foes;
Observant of your will, the goddess brings
Palms in her hand, and healing in her wings.
But, as the brightest beams and gentlest showers
Were once reserv'd for Eden's opening flowers;
So, though remoter realms your influence share,
Britannia boasts to be your darling care.
By your great wisdom and resistless might,
Abroad we conquer, and at home unite:
Nature had join'd the lands; but you alone
Make their affections and their councils one;
You speak—the jarring principles remove,
And, close combin'd, the sister-nations prove
Rivals alone in loyalty and love.
What power would now forbid the warrior-queen
To wave the red-cross banners o'er the Seine?
Others for titles urge the soldier's toil,
Or meanly seek the foe, to seize the spoil:
But you for right your pious arms employ,
And conquer to restore, and not destroy;
Vouchsafing audience to your suppliant foes,
You long to give the labouring world repose;
Concurring Justice waits from you the word,
Pleas'd, when you fix the scales, to sheath the sword.
From this propitious omen we presage
Unnumber'd blessings to the coming age;
Establish'd Faith, the daughter of the skies,
Shall see new temples by your bounty rise;
Commerce beneath the southern stars shall thrive,
Intestine feuds expire, and arts revive;
Safe in their shades the Muses shall remain,
And sing the milder glories of your reign.
So, whilst offended Heaven exerts its power,
Swift fly the lightnings, loud the thunders roar,
But when our incense reconciles the skies,
Again the radiant beams begin to rise;
Soft Zephyrs gently waft the clouds away,
And fragrant flowers perfume the dawning day;
The groves around rejoice with echoing strains,
And golden Plenty covers all the plains.

AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HON.

JOHN LORD GOWER.

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING, 1716.

O'er Winter's long inclement sway,
At length the lusty Spring prevails;
And swift to meet the smiling May,
Is wafted by the western gales.
Around him dance the rosy Hours,
And damasking the ground with flowers,
With ambient sweets perfume the morn:
With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
A sudden youth the groves enjoy;
Where Philomel laments forlorn.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
To hail the coming god prepares;
And tempts me to resume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
Yet once more, O ye Muses! deign,
For me, the meanest of your train,
Unblam'd t' approach your blest retreat;
Where Horace wantons at your spring,
And Pindar sweeps a bolder string,
Whose notes th' Aonian hills repeat.

Or if invok'd, where Thames's fruitful tides
Slow through the vale in silver volumes play;
Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,
Gives Love the night, and doubly gilds the day:
Thither, indulgent to my prayer,
Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,
To swell the notes I feebly raise:
So with inspiring ardours warm'd,
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
To listen to my lays.

Beneath the pole on hills of snow,
Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede
To dint of sword defies the foe;
In fight unknowing to recede:
From Volga's banks, th' imperious Czar
Leads forth his furry troops to war;
Fond of the softer southern sky:
The Soldan galls th' Illyrian coast;
But soon the miscreant moony host
Before the victor cross shall fly.

But here no clarion's shrilling note
The Muse's green retreat can pierce;
The grove, from noisy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verse:
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the soft hours that o'er me fly
Drop freedom, health, and gay desires:
While the bright Seine, t' exalt the soul,
With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
And wit and social mirth inspires.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,
(The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain:
There secret in her sapphire cell
He with the Nais wont to dwell;

Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove:
And where her mazy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine, to grow
A trophy to his love.

Shall man from Nature's sanction stray,
With blind Opinion for his guide;
And, rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd?
Fool! Time no change of motion knows;
With equal speed the torrent flows,
To sweep Fame, Power, and Wealth away:
The past is all by Death possess'd;
And frugal Fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids him live to-day.

O Gower! through all that destin'd space
What breath the powers allot to me
Shall sing the virtues of thy race
United, and complete in thee.
O flower of ancient English faith,
Pursue th' unbeaten patriot-path,
In which confirm'd thy father shone:
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A lustre equal to its own.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume;
Loud pæans echoing round the roof are heard,
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel Hyde,
With Falkland seated near his side,
Fix'd by the Muse the temple grace:
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She, to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter space.

THE DREAM.

IMITATED FROM PROPERTIUS, BOOK III. ELEGY III.

To green retreats, that shade the Muses' stream,
My fancy lately bore me in a dream;
Fir'd with ambitious zeal, my harp I strung,
And Blenheim's field, and fam'd Ramillia sung:
Past by that spring, where Spenser sat of old,
And great exploits in lofty numbers told.
Phœbus in his Castalian grotto laid,
O'er which a laurel cast her silken shade,
Spy'd me, and hastily, when first he spy'd,
Thus leaning on his golden lyre, he cry'd:
"What strange ambition has misplac'd thee here?
Forbear to sing of arms, alas, forbear!
Form'd in a gentle mould, henceforth employ
Thy pen to paint the softer scenes of joy.
Thy works may thus the myrtle garland wear,
Prefer'd to grace the toilets of the fair:
When their lov'd youths at night too long delay,
In reading thee they'll pass the hours away:
And, when they'd make their melting wishes known
Repeat thy passion to reveal their own.
Then haste, the safer shallows to regain,
Nor dare the stormy dangers of the main."
Ceasing with this reproof, the friendly god
A mossy path, but lightly beaten, show'd:
A cave there was, which Nature's hand alone
Had arch'd with greens of various kinds o'ergrown;
With tymbrels all the vaulted roofs were grac'd,
And earthen gods on either side were plac'd.
Silenus, and the Muses' virgin-train,
Stood here, with Pan, the poet of the plain:
Elsewhere the doves of Cytherea's team
Were seen to sip the sweet Castalian stream.
Nine lovely nymphs a several task pursu'd,
For ivy one was sent to search the wood;
This to soft numbers join'd harmonious airs,
And fragrant rosy wreaths a third prepares.
Me thus the bright Calliope address'd
(Her name the brightness of her form confess'd):
"The silver swans of Venus wait to bear
Thee safe in pomp along the liquid air.
Pleas'd with thy peaceful province, straight recall
Thy rash design to sing the wounded Gaul.
Harsh sounds the trumpet in the Muses' grove,
But sweet the lute, the lute is fit for love.
No more rehearse the Danube's purple stream,
Let love for ever be the tender theme,
And in thy verse reveal the moving art,
To melt an haughty nymph's relentless heart."
The goddess ceasing, to confirm me more,
My face with hallow'd drops she sprinkled o'er,
Fetch'd from the fountain, by whose flowery side
Soft Waller sung of Sacharissa's pride.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY

MARGARET CAVENDISH HARLEY.

WITH THE POEMS OF MR. WALLER.

Let others boast the nine Aonian maids,
Inspiring streams, and sweet resounding shades;
Where Phœbus hears the rival bards rehearse,
And bade the laurels learn the lofty verse.
In vain! Nor Phœbus, nor the boasted Nine,
Inflame the raptur'd soul with rays divine:
None but the fair infuse the sacred fire,
And Love, with vocal art, informs the lyre.
When Waller, kindling with celestial rage,
View'd the bright Harley of that wondering age,
His pleasing pain he taught the lute to breathe;
The Graces sung, and wove his myrtle wreath.
In youth, of patrimonial wealth possest,
The praise of science faintly warm'd his breast:
But, fir'd to fame by Sidney's rosy smile,
Swift o'er the laureat realms he urg'd his toil.
His Muse, by Nature form'd to please the fair,
Or sing of heroes with majestic air,
To melting strains attun'd her voice, and strove
To waken all the tender powers of love:
More sweetly soft her awful beauty shone,
Than Juno grac'd with Cytherea's zone.
As angels love, congenial souls unite
Their radiance, and refine each other's light:
The florid and sublime, the grave and gay,
From Waller's beams imbibe a purer ray:
Illumin'd thence in equal lays to bound
Their copious sense, and harmonize the sound;
With varied notes the curious ear to please,
And turn a nervous thought with artful ease.
Maker, and model, of melodious verse!
Accept these votive honours at thy hearse.
While I with filial awe attempt thy praise,
Infuse thy genius, and my fancy raise!

So, warbling o'er his urn, the woodland choirs
To Orpheus pay the song his shade inspires.
In Waller's fame, O fairest Harley! view.
What verdant palms shall owe their birth to you
To you what deathless charms are thence decreed,
In Sacharissa's fate vouchsafe to read.
Secure beneath the wing of withering Time,
Her beauties flourish in ambrosial prime;
Still kindling rapture, see! she moves in state;
Gods, nymphs and heroes, on her triumph wait.
Nor think the lover's praise of love's delight
In purest minds may stain the virgin-white;
How bright, and chaste, the poet and his theme;
So Cynthia shines on Arethusa's stream.
A sainted virtue to the spheres may sing
Those strains, that ravish'd here the martyr-king,
Plenteous of native wit, in letter'd ease
Politely form'd, to profit and to please,
To Fame whate'er was due he gave to Fame;
And, what he could not praise, forgot to name:
Thus Eden's rose, without a thorn, display'd
Her bloom, and in a fragrant blush decay'd.
Such soul-attracting airs were sung of old,
When blissful years in golden circles roll'd;
Pure from deceit, devoid of fear and strife,
While love was all the pensive care of life,
The swains in green retreats, with flowrets crown'd,
Taught the young groves their passion to resound:
Fancy pursu'd the paths where Beauty led,
To please the living, or deplore the dead.
While to their warbled woe the rocks reply'd,
The rills remurmur'd, and the Zephyrs sigh'd;
From death redeem'd by verse, the vanish'd fair
Breath'd in a flower, or sparkled in a star.
Bright as the stars, and fragrant as the flowers
Where spring resides in soft Elysian bowers;
While these the bowers adorn, and they the sphere,
Will Sacharissa's charms in song appear.
Yet, in the present age, her radiant name
Must take a dimmer interval of fame;
When you to full meridian lustre rise,
With Morton's shape, and Gloriana's eyes;
With Carlisle's wit, her gesture, and her mien;
And, like seraphic Rich, with zeal serene:
In sweet assemblage all their graces join'd,
To language, mode, and manners, more refin'd!
That angel-frame, with chaste attraction gay,
Mild as the dove-ey'd Morn awakes the May,
Of noblest youths will reign the public care,
Their joy, their wish, their wonder, and despair.
Far-beaming thence what bright ideas flow!
The sister-arts with sudden rapture glow:
Her Titian tints the painter-nymph resumes;
The canvas warm with roseate beauty blooms:
Inspir'd with life by Sculpture's happy toil,
The marble breathes, and softens with your smile;
Proud to receive the form, by Fate design'd
The fairest model of the fairer kind.
But hear, O hear, the Muse's heavenly voice!
The waving woods and echoing vales rejoice:
Attend, ye gales! to Margaretta's praise,
And, all ye listening Loves, record the lays!
So Philomela charms th' Idalian grove,
When Venus, in the glowing orb of love,
O'er ocean, earth, and air, extends her reign;
The first, the brightest of the starry train.
What favourite youth assign the Fates to rise,
In bridal pomp to lead the blooming prize?
Whether his father's garter'd shield sustains
Trophies, achiev'd on Gallia's viny plains;
Or smiling Peace a mingled wreath displays,
The patriot's olive, and the poet's bays:
Adorn, ye Fates! the favourite youth assign'd,
With each ennobling grace of form, and mind:
In merit make him great, as great in blood;
Great without pride, and amiably good;
His breast the guardian ark of heaven-born law,
To strike a faithless age with conscious awe.
In choice of friends by manly reason sway'd:
Not fear'd, but honour'd, and with love obey'd.
In courts, and camps in council, and retreat,
Wise, brave, and studious to support the state.
With candour firm; without ambition bold;
No deed discolour'd with the guilt of gold.
That Heaven may judge the choicest blessings due,
And give the various good compris'd in you.

PROLOGUE

TO SOUTHERNE'S SPARTAN DAME.

When realms are ravag'd with invasive foes,
Each bosom with heroic ardour glows;
Old chiefs, reflecting on their former deeds,
Disdain to rust with batter'd invalids;
But active in the foremost ranks appear,
And leave young smock-fac'd beaux to guard the rear.
So, to repel the Vandals of the stage,
Our veteran bard resumes his tragic rage:
He throws the gauntlet Otway us'd to wield,
And calls for Englishmen to judge the field:
Thus arm'd, to rescue Nature from disgrace,
Messieurs! lay down your minstrels and grimace:
The brawniest youths of Troy the combat fear'd,
When old Etellus in the lists appear'd.
Yet what avails the champion's giant size,
When pigmies are made umpires of the prize?
Your fathers (men of sense, and honest bowlers)
Disdain'd the mummery of foreign strollers:
By their examples would you form your taste,
The present age might emulate the past.
We hop'd that art and genius had secur'd you;
But soon facetious Harlequin allur'd you:
The Muses blush'd, to see their friends exalting
Those elegant delights of jig and vaulting:
So charm'd you were, you ceas'd awhile to dote
On nonsense, gargled in an eunuch's throat:
All pleas'd to hear the chattering monsters speak,
As old wives wonder at the parson's Greek.
Such light ragoûts and mushrooms may be good,
To whet your appetites for wholesome food:
But the bold Briton ne'er in earnest dines
Without substantial haunches and surloins.
In wit, as well as war, they give us vigour;
Cressy was lost by kickshaws and soup-meagre.
Instead of light desserts and luscious froth,
Our poet treats to night with Spartan broth;
To which, as well as all his former feasts,
The ladies are the chief-invited guests.
Crown'd with a kind of Glastonbury bays,
That bloom amid the winter of his days,
He comes, ambitious in his green decline,
To consecrate his wreath at Beauty's shrine.
His Oroonoko never fail'd t' engage
The radiant circles of the former age:
Each bosom heav'd, all eyes were seen to flow,
And sympathize with Isabella's woe:
But Fate reserv'd, to crown his elder fame,
The brightest audience for the Spartan dame.

ON THE FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT. [1]

Welcome, thou friendly earnest of fourscore,
Promise of wealth, that hast alone the power
T' attend the rich, unenvy'd by the poor.
Thou that dost Æsculapius deride,
And o'er his gally-pots in triumph ride;
Thou that art us'd t' attend the royal throne,
And under-prop the head that bears the crown;
Thou that dost oft in privy council wait,
And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of State;
Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
And warn'st the judges how they tread awry;
Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
Emphatically urge the pains below;
Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace;
Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies knee,
To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea;
Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free;
Whence comes this unsought honour unto me?
Whence does this mighty condescension flow?
To visit my poor tabernacle, O—!
As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis said,
At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed;
Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,
Jove bid him ask, and granted his request;
So do thou grant (for thou 'rt of race divine,
Begot on Venus by the god of wine)
My humble suit!—And either give me store
To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE IX.

IMITATED.

FROM THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE VERSES [2].

Since the hills all around us do penance in snow,
And Winter's cold blasts have benumb'd us below;

[1] The compilers having omitted some pretty verses, I have put them in here. DR. JOHNSON.

[2] Which were thus dedicated, by Mr. Fenton, to Lionel earl of Dorset and Middlesex:

"My lord, I hope, on your return from having been admired in foreign courts to adorn our own, you will not be surprised with a privilege the poets assume, of being troublesome to persons of your rank. But they have more particularly applied themselves to your lordship's family, in which a continued race of genius has both advanced their art, and encouraged its professors. We owe the rise of our English tragedy to one of your lordship's ancestors, who fixed us second to the Greek stage before Shakespeare wrote. And, my lord, your father came the nearest of all the moderns to Horace, in the sweetness and gallantry of his lyrics, and equalled him in satire. Thus the stream flows pure in its descent, to receive a farther increase from your lordship. We read of a Scipio and a Mæcenas, who used to soften the troublesome honours of state by conversing with the Muses; and cherished those arts of which they themselves were masters: yet, as single instances of this kind are not frequent, so the vein is very seldom found to have continued a second generation. But, in your lordship's line, Nature seems industrious to preserve the genius of poetry, by successively uniting delicacy of taste, and brightness of wit, with the greatest abilities for council and action. Thus she reconciles the seasons in her most generous productions, by allowing them to bear fruit and blossoms together, and both in perfection. These shining qualities made your father the delight and wonder of his age; and had he not survived himself in your lordship, he had been the envy of ours. The praises which he received from the most refined wits of our nation have proved real prophecies of you; and it is with pleasure we foresee, that posterity, to deserve the highest characters, will form themselves on the model of your family, and copy from my lords of Dorset as the finest originals. But, my lord, I am afraid I shall forfeit all hopes of your patronage, by violating your modesty; and therefore I only beg leave to add, that as the cabinet and the field have been happily supplied, to render her majesty's reign, at least, a rival to her virgin predecessor's; so, to complete the parallel, it was necessary that you, my lord, like another Sidney, should arise, to receive the softer arts into your protection; to excite the young writers of this age to attempt those actions in verse, which will shine so fairly distinguished in our British story. My lord, I am your lordship's most humble, and most obedient servant,

E. FENTON."

Since the rivers, chain'd up, flow with the same speed [read,
As criminals move tow'rds the psalm they can't
Throw whole oaks at a time, nay, whole groves, on the fire,
To keep out the cold, and new vigour inspire;
Ne'er waste the dull time in impertinent thinking,
But urge and pursue the grand business of drinking.
Come, pierce your old hogsheads, ne'er stint us in sherry,
For this is the season to drink and be merry;
That, reviv'd by good liquor and billets together,
We may brave the loud storms, and defy the cold weather.
We'll have no more of business; but, friend, as you love us,
Leave it all to the care of the good folks above us.
Whilst your appetite's strong, and good-humour remains,
And active brisk blood does enliven your veins,
Improve the sweet minutes in scenes of delight,
Let your friend have the day, and your mistress the night;
In the dark you may try whether Phyllis is kind,
The night for intriguing was ever design'd;
Though she runs from your arms, and retires to a shade,
Some friendly kind sign will betray the coy maid:
All trembling you'll find then the poor bashful [sinner,
Such a trespass is venial in any beginner; but remember this counsel, when once you have met her, [better!"
"Get a ring from the fair-one, or something's that

CATULLUS, EPIG. V.

TRANSLATED.

Let's live, my dear, like lovers too,
Nor heed what old men say or do.

The falling Sun will surely rise,
And dart new glories through the skies.
But when we fall, alas! our light
Will set in everlasting night.
Come, then, let mirth and amorous play
Be all the business of the day.
Give me this kiss—and this—and this!
A hundred thousand more.—Let's kiss
Till we ourselves cannot express,
Nor any lurking spy confess,
The boundless measure of our happiness.

CLAUDIAN'S OLD MAN OF VERONA.

Happy the man, who all his days does pass
In the paternal cottage of his race;
Where first his trembling infant steps he try'd,
Which now supports his age, and once his youth employ'd.
This was the cottage his forefathers knew,
It saw his birth, shall see his burial too;
Unequal fortunes and ambition's fate
Are things experience never taught him yet.
Him to strange lands no rambling humour bore,
Nor breath'd he ever any air but of his native shore.
Free from all anxious interests of trade,
No storms at sea have e'er disturb'd his head:
He never battle's wild confusions saw,
Nor heard the worse confusions of the law.
A stranger to the town and town-employs,
Their dark and crowded streets, their stink and noise;
He a more calm and brighter sky enjoys,
Nor does the year by change of consuls know,
The year his fruit's returning seasons show;
Quarters and months in Nature's face he sees,
In flowers the Spring, and Autumn on his trees.
The whole day's shadows, in his homestead drawn,
Point out the hourly courses of the Sun.
Grown old with him, a grove adorns his field,
Whose tender setts his infancy beheld.
Of distant India, Erythrean shores,
Benacus' lake, Verona's neighbouring towers,
(Alike unseen) from common fame has heard,
Alike believes them, and with like regard.
Yet, firm and strong, his grandchildren admire
The health and vigour of their brawny sire.
The spacious globe let those that will survey,
This good old man, content at home to stay,
More happy years shall know, more leagues and countries they.

MARTIAL,

LIB. X. EPIG. XLVII.

Would you, my friend, in little room express
The just description of true happiness;
First set me down a competent estate,
But rais'd and left me by a parent's sweat;
('Tis pleasure to improve, but toil to get:)
Not large, but always large enough to yield
A cheerful fire, and no ungrateful field.
Averse to law-suits, let me peace enjoy,
And rarely pester'd with a town-employ.
Smooth be my thoughts, my mind serene and clear,
A healthful body with such limbs I'd bear
As should be graceful, well-proportion'd, just,
And neither weak, nor boorishly robust.
Nor fool, nor knave, but innocently wise;
Some friends indulge me, let a few suffice:
But suited to my humour and degree,
Not nice, but easily pleas'd, and fit for *me*;
So let my board and entertainments be.
With wholesome homely food, not serv'd in state,
What tastes as well in pewter as in plate.
Mirth and a glass my cheerful evenings share,
At equal distance from debauch and care.
To bed retiring, let me find it blest
With a kind modest spouse and downy rest:
Pleas'd always with the lot my Fates assign,
Let me no change desire, no change decline;
With every turn of Providence comply,
Nor tir'd with life, nor yet afraid to die.

HORACE,

BOOK III. ODE III.

An honest mind, to Virtue's precepts true,
Contemns the fury of a lawless crew:
Firm as a rock he to his purpose stands,
And thinks a tyrant's frowns as weak as his commands.
Him loudest storms can't from his centre move,
He braves th' almighty thunder ev'n of Jove.
If all the heavenly orbs, *confus'dly hurl'd*,
Should dash in pieces, and should crush the world;
Undaunted he the mighty crush would hear,
Nor in his breast admit a thought of fear.
Pollux and wandering Hercules of old
Were by such acts among the gods enroll'd.
Augustus thus the shining powers possess'd,
By all th' immortal deities caress'd;
He shares with them in their ethereal feasts,
And quaffs bright nectar with the heavenly guests.
This was the path the frisking tigers trod,
Dragging the car that bore their jolly god,
Who fix'd in Heaven his crown and his abode.
Romulus by Mars through this blest path was
And 'scap'd the woes of gloomy Acheron. [shown,
In Virtue's rugged road he took his way,
And gain'd the mansions of eternal day;
For him ev'n Juno's self pronounc'd a word,
Grateful to all th' ethereal council-board.
"O Ilion! Ilion! I with transport view
The fall of all thy wicked perjur'd crew;
Pallas and I have borne the rankling grudge
To that curst shepherd, that incestuous judge;
Nay, ev'n Laomedon his gods betray'd,
And basely broke the solemn oath he made.
But now the painted strumpet and her guest
No more are in their pomp and jewels drest;
No more is Hector licens'd to destroy,
To slay the Greeks, and save his perjur'd Troy.
Priam is now become an empty ghost,
Doom'd with his house to tread the burning coast.
The god of battle now has ceas'd to roar,
And I, the queen of Heaven, pursue my hate no more.
I now the Trojan priestess' son will give [more.
Back to his warlike sire, and let him live
In lucid bowers, and give him leave to use
Ambrosia, and the nectar's heavenly juice;
To be enroll'd in these serene abodes,
And wear the easy order of the gods.
In this blest state I grant him to remain,
While Troy from Rome's divided by the main;

While savage beasts insult the Trojan tombs,
And in their caves unlade their pregnant wombs.
Let th' exil'd Trojans reign in every land,
And let the Capitol triumphant stand,
And all the tributary world command.
Let awful Rome, with seven refulgent heads,
Still keep her conquest o'er the vanquish'd Medes.
With conquering terrour let her arms extend
Her mighty name to shores without an end;
Where mid-land seas divide the fruitful soil
From Europe to the swelling waves of Nile.
Let them be greater by despising gold,
Than digging it from forth its native mould.
To be the wicked instrument of ill,
Let sword and ruin every country fill,
That strives to stop the progress of her arms;
Not only those that sultry Sirius warms;
But where the fields in endless winter lie,
Whose frosts and snows the Sun's bright rays
defy.
But yet, on this condition, I decree
The warlike Romans happy destiny:
That, when they universal rule enjoy,
They not presume to raise their ancient Troy:
For then all ugly omens shall return,
And Troy be built but once again to burn;
Ev'n I myself a second war will move,
Ev'n I, the sister and the wife of Jove.
If Phœbus' harp should thrice erect a wall,
And all of brass, yet thrice the work should fall,
Sack'd by my favourite Greeks; and thrice again
The Trojan wives should drag a captive chain,
And mourn their children and their husbands
slain."

But whither would'st thou, soaring Muse, aspire,
To tell the counsels of the heavenly choir?
Alas! thou canst not strain thy weakly strings,
To sing, in humble notes, such mighty things:
No more the secrets of the gods relate,
Thy tongue's too feeble for a task so great.

THE ROSE.

See, Sylvia, see, this new-blown rose,
The image of thy blush,
Mark how it smiles upon the bush,
And triumphs as it grows!
"Oh, pluck it not! we'll come anon,"
Thou say'st. Alas! 'twill then be gone.

Now its purple beauty's spread,
Soon it will droop and fall,
And soon it will not be at all;
No fine things draw a length of thread.
Then tell me, seems it not to say,
"Come on, and crop me whilst you may?"

EPIGRAM,

OUT OF MARTIAL

Milo's from home; and, Milo being gone,
His lands bore nothing, but his wife a son:
Why she so fruitful, and so bare the field?
The lands lay fallow, but the wife was till'd.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH FENTON'S MISCELLANIES.

BY WALTER HARTE, M. A.

These various strains, where every talent charms,
Where humour pleases, or where passion warms;
(Strains, where the tender and sublime conspire,
A Sappho's sweetness, and a Homer's fire)
Attend their doom, and wait, with glad surprise,
Th' impartial justice of Cleora's eyes.
'Tis hard to say, what mysteries of Fate,
What turns of Fortune, on good writers wait.
The party slave will wound them as he can,
And damns the merit, if he hates the man.
Nay, ev'n the bards with wit and laurels crown'd,
Bless'd in each strain, in every art renown'd;
Misled by pride, and taught to sin by power,
Still search around for those they may devour;
Like savage monarchs on a guilty throne,
Who crush all might that can invade their own.
Others who hate, yet want the soul to dare,
So ruin bards—as beaux deceive the fair:
On the pleas'd ear their soft deceits employ;
Smiling they wound and praise but to destroy.
These are th' unhappy crimes of modern days,
And can the best of poets hope for praise?
How small a part of human blessings share
The wise, the good, the noble, and the fair!
Short is the date unhappy Wit can boast,
A blaze of glory in a moment lost!
Fortune, still envious of the great man's praise,
Curses the coxcomb with a length of days.
So (Hector dead) amid the female choir,
Unmanly Paris tun'd the silver lyre.
Attend, ye Britons, in so just a cause.
'Tis sure a scandal to withhold applause;
Nor let posterity, reviling, say,
"Thus unregarded Fenton pass'd away!"
Yet if the Muse may faith and merit claim,
(A Muse too just to bribe with venal fame)
Soon shalt thou shine "in majesty avow'd,
As thy own goddess breaking through a cloud[1]."
Fame, like a nation-debt, though long delay'd,
With mighty interest must at last be paid.
Like Vinci's[2] strokes, thy verses we behold,
Correctly graceful, and with labour bold.
At Sappho's woes we breathe a tender sigh,
And the soft sorrow steals from every eye.
Here Spenser's thoughts in solemn numbers roll,
Here lofty Milton seems to lift the soul.
There sprightly Chaucer charms our hours away
With stories quaint, and gentle roundelay.
Muse! at that name each thought of pride recall,
Ah, think how soon the wise and glorious fall!
What though the Sisters every grace impart,
To smooth thy verse, and captivate the heart:
What though your charms, my fair Cleora, shine
Bright as your eyes, and as your sex divine:
Yet shall the verses and the charms decay,
The boast of youth, the blessing of a day!
Not Chaucer's beauties could survive the rage
Of wasting Envy, and devouring Age:
One mingled heap of ruin now we see;
Thus Chaucer is[3]; and Fenton thus shall be!

[1] Fenton's epistle to Southerne. *H.*
[2] Leonardo da Vinci. *N.*
[3] Evidently borrowed from Pope's Essay on Criticism, 485.
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN GAY.

THE

LIFE OF GAY,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

JOHN GAY, descended from an old family that had been long in possession of the manor of Goldworthy[1] in Devonshire, was born in 1688, at or near Barnstaple, where he was educated by Mr. Luck, who taught the school of that town with good reputation, and, a little before he retired from it, published a volume of Latin and English verses. Under such a master he was likely to form a taste for poetry. Being born without prospect of hereditary riches, he was sent to London in his youth, and placed apprentice with a silk-mercer.

How long he continued behind the counter, or with what degree of softness and dexterity he received and accommodated the ladies, as he probably took no delight in telling it, is not known. The report is, that he was soon weary of either the restraint or servility of his occupation and easily persuaded his master to discharge him.

The dutchess of Monmouth, remarkable for inflexible perseverance in her demand to be treated as a princess, in 1712 took Gay into her service as secretary. By quitting a shop for such service he might gain leisure, but he certainly advanced little in the boast of independence. Of his leisure he made so good use, that he published next year a poem on Rural Sports, and inscribed it to Mr. Pope, who was then rising fast into reputation. Pope was pleased with the honour; and, when he became acquainted with Gay, found such attractions in his manners and conversation, that he seems to have received him into his inmost confidence; and a friendship was formed between them which lasted to their separation by death, without any known abatement on either part. Gay was the general favourite of the whole association of wits; but they regarded him as a play-fellow rather than a partner, and treated him with more fondness than respect.

Next year he published The Shepherd's Week, six English pastorals, in which the images are drawn from real life, such as it appears among the rustics in parts of

[1] Goldworthy does not appear in the Villare. Dr. J. Holdsworthy is probably meant. *C.*

England remote from London. Steele, in some papers of The Guardian, had praised Ambrose Philips, as the pastoral writer that yielded only to Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser. Pope, who had also published pastorals, not pleased to be overlooked, drew up a comparison of his own compositions with those of Philips, in which he covertly gave himself the preference, while he seemed to disown it. Not content with this, he is supposed to have incited Gay to write The Shepherd's Week, to show, that if it be necessary to copy nature with minuteness, rural life must be exhibited such as grossness and ignorance have made it. So far the plan was reasonable; but the pastorals are introduced by a Proeme, written with such imitation as they could obtain of obsolete language, and by consequence in a style that was never spoken nor written in any age or in any place.

But the effect of reality and truth became conspicuous, even when the intention was to show them groveling and degraded. These pastorals became popular, and were read with delight, as just representations of rural manners and occupations, by those who had no interest in the rivalry of the poets, nor knowledge of the critical dispute.

In 1713 he brought a comedy called The Wife of Bath upon the stage, but it received no applause; he printed it, however, and seventeen years after, having altered it, and, as he thought, adapted it more to the public taste, he offered it again to the town; but, though he was flushed with the success of the Beggar's Opera, had the mortification to see it again rejected.

In the last year of queen Anne's life, Gay was made secretary to the earl of Clarendon, ambassador to the court of Hanover. This was a station that naturally gave him hopes of kindness from every party; but the queen's death put an end to her favours, and he had dedicated his Shepherd's Week to Bolingbroke, which Swift considered as the crime that obstructed all kindness from the house of Hanover.

He did not, however, omit to improve the right which his office had given him to the notice of the royal family. On the arrival of the princess of Wales, he wrote a poem, and obtained so much favour, that both the prince and princess went to see his What d' ye call it, a kind of mock-tragedy, in which the images were comic, and the action grave; so that, as Pope relates, Mr. Cromwell, who could not hear what was said, was at a loss how to reconcile the laughter of the audience with the solemnity of the scene.

Of this performance the value certainly is but little; but it was one of the lucky trifles that give pleasure by novelty, and was so much favoured by the audience, that envy appeared against it in the form of criticism; and Griffin, a player, in conjunction with Mr. Theobald, a man afterwards more remarkable, produced a pamphlet called The Key to the What d' ye call it; which, says Gay, "calls me a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave."

But Fortune has always been inconstant. Not long afterwards (1717) he endeavoured to entertain the town with Three Hours after Marriage; a comedy written, as there is sufficient reason for believing, by the joint assistance of Pope and Arbuthnot. One purpose of it was to bring into contempt Dr. Woodward the fossilist, a man not really or justly contemptible. It had the fate which such outrages deserve: the scene in which Woodward was directly and apparently ridiculed, by the intro-

duction of a mummy and a crocodile, disgusted the audience, and the performance was driven off the stage with general condemnation.

Gay is represented as a man easily incited to hope, and deeply depressed when his hopes were disappointed. This is not the character of a hero; but it may naturally imply something more generally welcome, a soft and civil companion. Whoever is apt to hope good from others is diligent to please them; but he that believes his powers strong enough to force their own way, commonly tries only to please himself.

He had been simple enough to imagine that those who laughed at the What'd' ye call it, would raise the fortune of its author; and, finding nothing done, sunk into dejection. His friends endeavoured to divert him. The earl of Burlington sent him (1716) into Devonshire; the year after, Mr. Pulteney took him to Aix; and in the following year lord Harcourt invited him to his seat, where, during his visit, the two rural lovers were killed with lightning, as is particularly told in Pope's Letters.

Being now generally known, he published (1720) his poems by subscription with such success, that he raised a thousand pounds; and called his friends to a consultation, what use might be best made of it. Lewis, the steward of lord Oxford, advised him to intrust it to the funds, and live upon the interest; Arbuthnot bade him to intrust it to Providence, and live upon the principal; Pope directed him, and was seconded by Swift, to purchase an annuity.

Gay in that disastrous year[2] had a present from young Craggs of some South-sea stock, and once supposed himself to be master of twenty thousand pounds. His friends persuaded him to sell his share; but he dreamed of dignity and splendour, and could not bear to obstruct his own fortune. He was then importuned to sell as much as would purchase an hundred a year for life, "which," says Fenton, will make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day." This counsel was rejected: the profit and principal were lost, and Gay sunk under the calamity so low that his life became in danger.

By the care of his friends, among whom Pope appears to have shown particular tenderness, his health was restored; and, returning to his studies, he wrote a tragedy, called The Captives, which he was invited to read before the princess of Wales. When the hour came, he saw the princess and her ladies all in expectation; and advancing with reverence, too great for any other attention, stumbled at a stool, and falling forwards, threw down a weighty japan screen. The princess started, the ladies screamed, and poor Gay, after all the disturbance, was still to read his play.

The fate of The Captives, which was acted at Drury-Lane in 1723-4, I know not[3]; but he now thought himself in favour, and undertook (1726) to write a volume of Fables for the improvement of the young duke of Cumberland. For this he is said to have been promised a reward, which he had doubtless magnified with all the wild expectations of indigence and vanity.

Next year the prince and princess became king and queen, and Gay was to be great and happy; but, upon the settlement of the household, he found himself ap-

[2] Spence.

[3] It was acted seven nights. The author's third night was by command of their royal highnesses. R.

pointed gentleman usher to the princess Louisa. By this offer he thought himself insulted, and sent a message to the queen, that he was too old for the place. There seem to have been many machinations employed afterwards in his favour; and diligent court was paid to Mrs. Howard, afterwards countess of Suffolk, who was much beloved by the king and queen, to engage her interest for his promotion; but solicitations, verses, and flatteries, were thrown away; the lady heard them, and did nothing.

All the pain which he suffered from the neglect, or, as he perhaps termed it, the ingratitude of the court, may be supposed to have been driven away by the unexampled success of the Beggar's Opera. This play, written in ridicule of the musical Italian drama, was first offered to Cibber and his brethren at Drury-Lane, and rejected; it being then carried to Rich, had the effect, as was ludicrously said, of *making* Gay *rich*, and Rich *gay*.

Of this lucky piece, as the reader cannot but wish to know the original and progress, I have inserted the relation which Spence has given in Pope's words.

" Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay, what an odd pretty sort of a thing a Newgate pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time; but afterwards thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the Beggar's Opera. He began on it; and when first he mentioned it to Swift, the doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us, and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly of his own writing.—When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve; who, after reading it over, said, it would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly.—We were all, at the first night of it, in great uncertainty of the event; till we were very much encouraged by overhearing the duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, 'It will do—it must do! I see it in the eyes of them.' This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for that duke (besides his own good taste) has a particular knack, as any one now living, in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this, as usual; the good-nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamour of applause."

Its reception is thus recorded in the notes to the Dunciad:

" This piece was received with greater applause than was ever known. Besides being acted in London sixty-three days without interruption, and renewed the next season with equal applause, it spread into all the great towns of England; was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time; at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days successively. The ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens. The fame of it was not confined to the author only. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town; her pictures were engraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests. Furthermore, it drove out of England (for that season) the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years."

Of this performance; when it was printed, the reception was different, according to the different opinions of its readers. Swift commended it for the excellence of its morality, as a piece that "placed all kinds of vice in the strongest and most odious light;" but others, and among them Dr. Herring, afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, censured it as giving encouragement not only to vice, but to crimes, by making a highwayman the hero, and dismissing him at last unpunished. It has been even said, that after the exhibition of the Beggar's Opera, the gangs of robbers were evidently multiplied.

Both these decisions are surely exaggerated. The play, like many others, was plainly written only to divert, without any moral purpose, and is therefore not likely to do good; nor can it be conceived, without more speculation than life requires or admits, to be productive of much evil. Highwaymen and house-breakers seldom frequent the play-house, or mingle in any elegant diversion; nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety, because he sees Macheath reprieved upon the stage.

This objection, however, or some other, rather political than moral, obtained such prevalence, that when Gay produced a second part under the name of Polly it was prohibited by the lord chamberlain; and he was forced to recompense his repulse by a subscription, which is said to have been so liberally bestowed, that what he called oppression ended in profit. The publication was so much favoured, that though the first part gained him four hundred pounds, near thrice as much was the profit of the second[4].

He received yet another recompense for this supposed hardship in the affectionate attention of the duke and dutchess of Queensberry, into whose house he was taken, and with whom he passed the remaining part of his life. The duke, considering his want of economy, undertook the management of his money, and gave it to him as he wanted it[5]. But it is supposed, that the discountenance of the court sunk deep into his heart, and gave him more discontent than the applauses or tenderness of his friends could overpower. He soon fell into his old distemper, an habitual colic, and languished, though with many intervals of ease and cheerfulness, till a violent fit at last seized him, and hurried him to the grave, as Arbuthnot reported, with more precipitance than he had ever known. He died on the fourth of December, 1732, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The letter, which brought an account of his death to Swift, was laid by for some days unopened, because, when he received it, he was imprest with the preconception of some misfortune.

After his death, was published a second volume of Fables, more political than the former. His opera of Achilles was acted, and the profits were given to two widow sisters, who inherited what he left, as his lawful heirs; for he died without a will, though he had gathered three thousand pounds[6]. There have appeared likewise, under his name, a comedy, called The Distrest Wife, and The Rehearsal at Gotham, a piece of humour.

The character given him by Pope is this, that "he was a natural man, without design, who spoke what he thought, and just as he thought it;" and that "he was of a timid temper, and fearful of giving offence to the great[7];" which caution, however, says Pope, was of no avail.

[4] Spence. [5] Ibid. [6] Ibid. [7] Ibid.

As a poet, he cannot be rated very high. He was, as I once heard a female critic remark, "of a lower order." He had not, in any great degree, the *mens divinior*, the dignity of genius. Much, however, must be allowed to the author of a new species of composition, though it be not of the highest kind. We owe to Gay the ballad opera; a mode of comedy which at first was supposed to delight only by its novelty, but has now, by the experience of half a century, been found so well accommodated to the disposition of a popular audience, that it is likely to keep long possession of the stage. Whether this new drama was the product of judgment or of luck, the praise of it must be given to the inventor; and there are many writers read with more reverence, to whom such merit of originality cannot be attributed.

His first performance, The Rural Sports, is such as was easily planned and executed; it is never contemptible, nor ever excellent. The Fan is one of those mythological fictions which antiquity delivers ready to the hand, but which, like other things that lie open to every one's use, are of little value. The attention naturally retires from a new tale of Venus, Diana, and Minerva.

His Fables seem to have been a favourite work; for, having published one volume, he left another behind him. Of this kind of fables, the authors do not appear to have formed any distinct or settled notion. Phædrus evidently confounds them with tales; and Gay both with tales and allegorical prosopopœias. A fable, or apologue, such as is now under consideration, seems to be, in its genuine state, a narrative, in which beings irrational, and sometimes inanimate, *arbores loquuntur, non tantum feræ*, are, for the purpose of moral instruction, feigned to act and speak with human interests and passions. To this description the compositions of Gay do not always conform. For a fable he gives now and then a tale, or an abstracted allegory; and from some, by whatever name they may be called, it will be difficult to extract any moral principle. They are, however, told with liveliness; the versification is smooth; and the diction, though now and then a little constrained by the measure or the rhyme, is generally happy.

To Trivia may be allowed all that it claims; it is sprightly, various, and pleasant. The subject is of that kind which Gay was by nature qualified to adorn; yet some of his decorations may be justly wished away. An honest blacksmith might have done for Patty what is performed by Vulcan. The appearance of Cloacina is nauseous and superfluous; a shoe-boy could have been produced by the casual cohabitation of mere mortals. Horace's rule is broken in both cases; there is no *dignus vindice nodus*, no difficulty that required any supernatural interposition. A patten may be made by the hammer of a mortal; and a bastard may be dropped by a human strumpet. On great occasions, and on small, the mind is repelled by useless and apparent falsehood.

Of his little poems the public judgment seems to be right; they are neither much esteemed, nor totally despised. The story of the Apparition is borrowed from one of the tales of Poggio. Those that please least are the pieces to which Gulliver gave occasion; for who can much delight in the echo of unnatural fiction?

Dione is a counterpart to Amynta, and Pastor Fido, and other trifles of the same kind, easily imitated, and unworthy of imitation. What the Italians call comedies from a happy conclusion, Gay calls a tragedy from a mournful event; but the style

of the Italians and of Gay is equally tragical. There is something in the poetical Arcadia so remote from known reality and speculative possibility, that we can never support its representation through a long work. A pastoral of an hundred lines may be endured; but who will hear of sheep and goats, and myrtle bowers and purling rivulets, through five acts? Such scenes please Barbarians in the dawn of literature, and children in the dawn of life; but will be for the most part thrown away, as men grow wise, and nations grow learned.

POEMS

OF

JOHN GAY.

RURAL SPORTS.

A GEORGIC.

INSCRIBED TO MR. POPE, 1713[1].

—Securi prælia ruris
Pandimus. Nemesian.

CANTO I.

You, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.
Thames listens to thy strains and silent flows,
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows;
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

But I, who ne'er was blest by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th' uneasy mind:
Faction embroils the world; and every tongue
Is mov'd by flattery, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to interest's dearer ties:
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And honesty forsakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party's thrown,
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet repose,
Where fields and shades, and the refreshing clime,
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove thro' flowery meads and plains,
And deck with rural sports her native strains;
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan swain and you.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th' industrious swain.

Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The labourer with a bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
While with the mounting Sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws:
But, if some sign portend a lasting shower,
Th' experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour;
His sun-burnt hands the scattering fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of Heaven bright Phœbus gains,
And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle path-way basks the snake;
O lead me, guard me, from the sultry hours,
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bowers,
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beach a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murmuring brook, inviting dreams,
Where bordering hazle overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current, winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the woods resound;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And e'en at noon the sweets of evening taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;
In every page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes;
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn,
That spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:
Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row:
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground:
The dewlap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in every vein;

[1] This poem received many material corrections from the author, after it was first published.

His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flowers exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey through the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend,
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend;
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.

Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And, trudging homeward, whistles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the stroakings of the damsel's hand;
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,
To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire:
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
Far in the deep the Sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides:
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And, edg'd with flame, rolls every wave below:
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestrow th' uncloudy skies;
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glittering path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circles steer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of Providence.
O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse
The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their rounds;
My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays!

As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial Spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake,
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with every watery snare;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-tye.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain;
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
Then soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
And drive the liquid burthen through the skies,
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,
Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds:
Upon a rising border of the brook
He sits him down, and ties the treacherous hook;
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught,
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,
Which down the murmuring current gently flows;
When, if or chance or hunger's powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat;
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not every worm promiscuous use,
Judgment will tell the proper bait to choose:
The worm that draws a long immoderate size,
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
And, if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss;
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the Sun displays his glorious beams,
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
Bask in the sun, and look into the day:
You now a more delusive art must try,
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
Let Nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly require;
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect proper wings:
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
And every fur promote the fisher's art.
So the gay lady, with excessive care,
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air:
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing dis-
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays. [plays,

Mark well the various seasons of the year,
How the succeeding insect race appear;
In this revolving Moon one colour reigns,
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
Oft have I seen the skilful angler try
The various colours of the treacherous fly;
When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook,
And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,
He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;
When, if an insect fall, (his certain guide)
He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
Examines well his form with curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size,
Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled feather binds;
So just the colours shine through every part,
That Nature seems again to live in Art.
Let not thy wary step advance too near,
While all thy hopes hang on a single hair;
The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
Upon the curling surface let it glide,
With natural motion from thy hand supply'd,
Against the stream now gently let it play,
Now in the rapid eddy roll away,
The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;
But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
And all the watery plain in wrinkles flows,
Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
If an enormous salmon chance to spy
The wanton errours of the floating fly,
He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with the fraudful prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil away:
Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and wreathes his shining body round;
Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,
The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;
Each motion humours with his steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands;
Till, tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
And lifts his nostrils in the sickening air:
Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a numerous finny race;
Let your fierce dogs the ravenous otter chase
(Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
Darts through the waves, and every haunt ex-
Or let the gin his roving steps betray, [plores):
And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bordering reeds
O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
Perplex the fisher; I nor choose to bear
The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;
Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake;
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line.
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook
With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

RURAL SPORTS.

CANTO II.

Now, sporting Muse, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams awhile for sunny plains.
Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch enclose the sea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the soal and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the watery song.

Let the keen hunter from the chase refrain,
Nor render all the ploughman's labour vain,
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.

Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair,
Haste! save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend through all the field.

Yet, if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns, he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with gory mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!
What unbought dainties heap the wholesome board!

Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray,
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey,
Soon as the labouring horse, with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th' unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
Wandering in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slavery of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (lest some sentry-fowl the fraud descry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the fluttering covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,
His early flight th' ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes,
Or, when the Sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground;
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But numerous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian Sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains;
In vain his toils th' unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.

Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear,
But what's the fowler's be the Muses' care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs the prey;
The fluttering coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
The scattering lead pursues the certain sight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch, and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.
The woodcock flutters: how he wavering flies!
The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The towering hawk let future poets sing,
Who terrour bears upon his soaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
And lofty numbers point their airy fray.

Nor shall the mounting lark the Muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain;
When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass betrays,
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the Sun the transient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light-enamour'd bird deluded dies.
But still the chase, a pleasing task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled morn;
The jocund thunder wakes th' enliven'd hounds,
They rouze from sleep, and answer sounds for sounds;
Wide through the furzy field their rout they take,
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace,
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling ears;
The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd train.
Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
Now stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns, and now at large she flies;
Till, spent at last, she pants, and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.
But stay, adventurous Muse! hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy seat unmov'd, hast thou the skill,
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Canst thou the stag's laborious chase direct,
Or the strong fox through all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay.
O happy plains, remote from wars alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war:
No trumpet's clangour wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair,
What happiness the rural maid attends,
In cheerful labour while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heaven has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content.
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame):
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears,
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain;
No homebred jars her quiet state control,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the lengthening wool:
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.
Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love;
Ye murmuring streams that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul!
Farewell!—The city calls me from your bowers:
Farewell, amusing thoughts, and peaceful hours!

THE FAN.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

—Τίφθα δέ οἱ θιλκτήρια πάντα τέτυκτο.
Ἔνθ' ἦν μὲν φιλότης, ἐν δ' ἵμερος, ἐν δ' ὀαριστὺς,
Πάρφασις, ἥ σ' ἔκλεψε νόον πύκα περ φρονέοντων
Τὸν ῥά οἱ ἵμβαλε χερσίν.

Hom. Iliad. xiv. 215.

BOOK I.

I SING that graceful toy, whose waving play
With gentle gales relieves the sultry day:
Not the wide fan by Persian dames display'd,
Which o'er their beauty casts a grateful shade;
Nor that long known in China's artful land,
Which, while it cools the face, fatigues the hand:
Nor shall the Muse in Asian climates rove,
To seek in Indostan some spicy grove,
Where, stretch'd at ease, the panting lady lies,
To shun the fervour of meridian skies,
While sweating slaves catch every breeze of air,
And with wide-spreading fans refresh the fair;
No busy gnats her pleasing dreams molest,
Inflame her cheek, or ravage o'er her breast;
But artificial zephyrs round her fly,
And mitigate the fever of the sky.
Nor shall Bermudas long the Muse detain,
Whose fragrant forests bloom in Waller's strain,
Where breathing sweets from every field ascend,
And the wild woods with golden apples bend.
Yet let me in some odorous shade repose,
Whilst in my verse the fair palmetto grows:
Like the tall pine it shoots its stately head;
From the broad top depending branches spread;
No knotty limbs the taper body wears;
Hung on each bough a single leaf appears,
Which, shrivell'd in its infancy, remains
Like a clos'd fan, nor stretches wide its veins,
But, as the seasons in their circle run,
Opes its ribb'd surface to the nearer Sun:
Beneath this shade the weary peasant lies,
Plucks the broad leaf, and bids the breezes rise.

Stay, wandering Muse! nor rove in foreign climes;
To thy own native shore confine thy rhymes.
Assist, ye Nine, your loftiest notes employ;
Say, what celestial skill contriv'd the toy,
Say, how this instrument of Love began,
And in immortal strains display the Fan.

Strephon had long confess'd his amorous pain,
Which gay Corinna rallied with disdain:
Sometimes in broken words he sigh'd his care,
Look'd pale, and trembled when he view'd the fair;
With bolder freedoms now the youth advanc'd,
He dress'd, he laugh'd, he sung, he rhym'd, he danc'd;
Now call'd more powerful presents to his aid,
And, to seduce the mistress, brib'd the maid;
Smooth flattery in her softer hours apply'd,
The surest charm to bend the force of pride;
But still unmov'd remains the scornful dame,
Insults her captive, and derides his flame,
When Strephon saw his vows dispers'd in air,
He sought in solitude to lose his care;
Relief in solitude he sought in vain,
It serv'd, like music, but to feed his pain.
To Venus now the slighted boy complains,
And calls the goddess in these tender strains:

"O potent queen! from Neptune's empire sprung,
Whose glorious birth admiring Nereids sung,
Who 'midst the fragrant plains of Cyprus rove,
Whose radiant presence gilds the Paphian grove,
Where to thy name a thousand altars rise,
And curling clouds of incense hide the skies:
O beauteous goddess! teach me how to move,
Inspire my tongue with eloquence of love!
If lost Adonis e'er thy bosom warm'd,
If e'er his eyes or godlike figure charm'd,
Think on those hours when first you felt the dart,
Think on the restless fever of thy heart;
Think how you pine in absence of the swain:
By those uneasy minutes know my pain
Ev'n while Cydippe to Diana bows,
And at her shrine renews her virgin vows,
The lover, taught by thee, her pride o'ercame;
She reads his oaths, and feels an equal flame.
Oh, may my flame, like thine, Acontius, prove!
May Venus dictate, and reward my love!
When crowds of suitors Atalanta try'd,
She wealth and beauty, wit and fame, defy'd;
Each daring lover, with adventurous pace,
Pursued his wishes in the dangerous race;
Like the swift hind, the bounding damsel flies,
Strains to the goal, the distanc'd lover dies.
Hippomenes, O Venus! was thy care,
You taught the swain to stay the flying fair;
Thy golden present caught the virgin eyes;
She stoops; he rushes on, and gains the prize.
Say, Cyprian deity, what gift, what art,
Shall humble into love Corinna's heart?
If only some bright toy can charm her sight,
Teach me what present may suspend her flight."
Thus the desponding youth his flame declares:
The goddess with a nod his passion hears.

Far in Cythera stands a spacious grove,
Sacred to Venus and the god of Love:
Here the luxuriant myrtle rears her head,
Like the tall oak the fragrant branches spread;
Here Nature all her sweets profusely pours,
And paints th' enamell'd ground with various flowers;
Deep in the gloomy glade a grotto bends,
Wide through the craggy rock an arch extends,
The rugged stone is cloth'd with mantling vines,
And round the cave the creeping woodbine twines.

Here busy Cupids, with pernicious art,
Form the stiff bow, and forge the fatal dart;
All share the toil; while some the bellows ply,
Others with feathers teach the shafts to fly:
Some with joint force whirl round the stony wheel,
Where streams the sparkling fire from temper'd steel;
Some point their arrows with the nicest skill,
And with the warlike store their quivers fill.

A different toil another forge employs:
Here the loud hammer fashions female toys;
Hence is the fair with ornament supply'd;
Hence spring the glittering implements of pride;
Each trinket that adorns the modern dame
First to these little artists ow'd its frame:
Here an unfinish'd diamond crosslet lay,
To which soft lovers adoration pay;
There was the polish'd crystal bottle seen,
That with quick scents revives the modish spleen;
Here the yet rude unjointed snuff-box lies,
Which serves the rallied fop for smart replies;
There piles of paper rose in gilded reams,
The future records of the lover's flames;
Here clouded canes 'midst heaps of toys are found,
And inlaid tweezer-cases strow the ground;
There stands the toilette, nursery of charms,
Completely furnish'd with bright Beauty's arms;
The patch, the powder-box, pulville, perfumes,
Pins, paint, a flattering glass, and black-lead combs.

The toilsome hours in different labour slide,
Some work the file, and some the graver guide;
From the loud anvil the quick blow rebounds,
And their rais'd arms descend in tuneful sounds.
Thus when Semiramis, in ancient days,
Bade Babylon her mighty bulwarks raise,
A swarm of labourers different tasks attend:
Here pullies make the ponderous oak ascend;
With echoing strokes the craggy quarry groans,
While there the chissel forms the shapeless stones;
The weighty mallet deals resounding blows,
Till the proud battlements her towers enclose.

Now Venus mounts her car, she shakes the reins,
And steers her turtles to Cythera's plains;
Straight to the grot with graceful step she goes,
Her loose ambrosial hair behind her flows:
The swelling bellows heave for breath no more;
All drop their silent hammers on the floor;
In deep suspense the mighty labour stands;
While thus the goddess spoke her mild commands:

"Industrious Loves! your present toils forbear;
A more important task demands your care:
Long has the scheme employ'd my thoughtful mind,
By judgment ripen'd, and by time refin'd.
That glorious bird have ye not often seen,
Who draws the car of the celestial queen?
Have ye not oft survey'd his varying dyes,
His tail all gilded o'er with Argus' eyes?
Have ye not seen him in a sunny day
Unfurl his plumes, and all his pride display;
Then suddenly contract his dazzling train,
And with long-trailing feathers sweep the plain?
Learn from this hint, let this instruct your art;
Thin taper sticks must from one centre part:
Let these into the quadrant's form divide,
The spreading ribs with snowy paper hide;

Here shall the pencil bid its colours flow,
And make a miniature creation grow.
Let the machine in equal foldings close,
And now its plaited surface wide dispose.
So shall the fair her idle hand employ,
And grace each motion with the restless toy;
With various play bid grateful zephyrs rise,
While Love in every grateful zephyr flies."
The master Cupid traces out the lines,
And with judicious hand the draught designs:
Th' expecting Loves with joy the model view,
And the joint labour eagerly pursue.
Some slit their arrows with the nicest art,
And into sticks convert the shiver'd dart;
The breathing bellows wake the sleeping fire,
Blow off the cinders, and the sparks aspire;
Their arrow's point they soften in the flame,
And sounding hammers break its barbed frame:
Of this the little pin they neatly mold,
From whence their arms the spreading sticks unfold;
In equal plaits they now the paper bend;
And at just distance the wide ribs extend;
Then on the frame they mount the limber skreen,
And finish instantly the new machine.
The goddess, pleas'd, the curious work receives,
Remounts her chariot, and the grotto leaves;
With the light Fan she moves the yielding air,
And gales, till then unknown, play round the fair.
Unhappy lovers, how will ye withstand,
When these new arms shall grace your charmer's hand?
In ancient times, when maids in thought were pure,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure;
When the wide ruff the well-turn'd neck enclos'd,
And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd;
When the close hood conceal'd the modest ear,
Ere black-lead combs disown'd the virgin's hair:
Then in the muff unactive fingers lay,
Nor taught the Fan in fickle forms to play.
How are the sex improv'd in amorous arts!
What new-found snares they bait for human hearts!
When kindling war the ravag'd globe ran o'er,
And fatten'd thirsty plains with human gore,
At first, the brandish'd arm the javelin threw,
Or sent wing'd arrows from the twanging yew;
In the bright air the dreadful falchion shone,
Or whistling slings dismiss'd th' uncertain stone.
Now men those less destructive arms despise;
Wide-wasteful death from thundering cannon flies:
One hour with more battalions strows the plain,
Than were of yore in weekly battles slain.
So Love with fatal airs the nymph supplies,
Her dress disposes, and directs her eyes.
The bosom now its panting beauties shows;
Th' experienc'd eye resistless glances throws;
Now vary'd patches wander o'er the face,
And strike each gazer with a borrow'd grace;
The fickle head-dress sinks, and now aspires
A towery front of lace on branching wires;
The curling hair in tortur'd ringlets flows,
Or round the face in labour'd order grows.
How shall I soar, and on unweary wing
Trace varying habits upward to their spring!
What force of thought, what numbers, can express
Th' inconstant equipage of female dress!
How the strait stays the slender waist constrain,
How to adjust the manteau's sweeping train!
What fancy can the petticoat surround,
With the capacious hoop of whale-bone bound!
But stay, presumptuous Muse! nor boldly dare
The toilette's sacred mysteries declare.
Let a just distance be to beauty paid;
None here must enter but the trusty maid.
Should you the wardrobe's magazine rehearse,
And glossy manteau's rustle in thy verse;
Should you the rich brocaded suit unfold,
Where rising flowers grow stiff with frosted gold;
The dazzled Muse would from her subject stray,
And in a maze of fashions lose her way.

THE FAN.

BOOK II.

Olympus' gates unfold; in Heaven's high tower
Appear in council all th' immortal powers.
Great Jove above the rest exalted sate,
And in his mind revolv'd succeeding fate;
His awful eye with ray superior shone;
The thunder-grasping eagle guards his throne;
On silver clouds the great assembly laid,
The whole creation at one view survey'd.
But see! fair Venus comes in all her state;
The wanton Loves and Graces round her wait;
With her loose robe officious Zephyrs play,
And strew with odoriferous flowers the way;
In her bright hand she waves the fluttering Fan;
And thus, in melting sounds, her speech began:
"Assembled powers! who fickle mortals guide,
Who o'er the sea, the skies, and earth, preside;
Ye fountains! whence all human blessings flow,
Who pour your bounties on the world below;
Bacchus first rais'd and prun'd the climbing vine,
And taught the grape to stream with generous wine;
Industrious Ceres tam'd the savage ground,
And pregnant fields with golden harvests crown'd;
Flora with bloomy sweets enrich'd the year;
And fruitful Autumn is Pomona's care.
I first taught woman to subdue mankind,
And all her native charms with dress refin'd;
Celestial synod! this machine survey,
That shades the face, or bids cool Zephyrs play;
If conscious blushes on her cheek arise,
With this she veils them from her lover's eyes;
No levell'd glance betrays her amorous heart,
From the Fan's ambush she directs the dart.
The royal sceptre shines in Juno's hand,
And twisted thunder speaks great Jove's command;
On Pallas' arm the Gorgon shield appears,
And Neptune's mighty grasp the trident bears;
Ceres is with the bending sickle seen,
And the strong bow points out the Cynthian queen;
Henceforth the waving Fan my hands shall grace,
The waving Fan supply the sceptre's place.
Who shall, ye powers! the forming pencil hold?
What story shall the wide machine unfold?
Let Loves and Graces lead the dance around,
With myrtle-wreaths and flowery chaplets crown'd;
Let Cupid's arrow strow the smiling plains
With unresisting nymphs and amorous swains:
May glowing *pictures* o'er the surface shine,
To melt slow virgins with a warm design!"
Diana rose, with silver crescent crown'd,
And fix'd her modest eyes upon the ground;
Then with becoming mien she rais'd her head,
And thus, with graceful voice, the virgin said:
"Has woman then forgot all former wiles,
The watchful ogle, and delusive smiles?

Does man against her charms too powerful prove?
Or are the sex grown novices in love?
Why then these arms? or why should artful eyes,
From this slight ambush, conquer by surprise?
No guilty thought the spotless virgin knows,
And o'er her cheek no conscious crimson glows.
Since blushes then from shame alone arise,
Why should we veil them from her lover's eyes?
Let Cupid rather give up his command,
And trust his arrows in a female hand.
Have not the gods already cherish'd pride,
And woman with destructive arms supply'd?
Neptune on her bestows his choicest stores,
For her the chambers of the deep explores;
The gaping shell its pearly charge resigns,
And round her neck the lucid bracelet twines:
Plutus for her bids earth its wealth unfold,
Where the warm ore is ripen'd into gold;
Or where the ruby reddens in the soil,
Where the green emerald pays the searcher's toil.
Does not the diamond sparkle in her ear,
Glow on her hand, and tremble in her hair?
From the gay nymph the glancing lustre flies,
And imitates the lightning of her eyes.
But yet, if Venus' wishes must succeed,
And this fantastic engine be decreed,
May some chaste story from the pencil flow,
To speak the virgin's joy, and Hymen's woe!
" Here let the wretched Ariadne stand,
Seduc'd by Theseus to some desert land,
Her locks dishevell'd waving in the wind,
The crystal tears confess her tortur'd mind,
The perjur'd youth unfurls his treacherous sails,
And their white bosoms catch the swelling gales.
' Be still! ye winds,' she cries; ' stay, Theseus, stay!'
But faithless Theseus hears no more than they.
All desperate, to some craggy cliff she flies,
And spreads a well-known signal in the skies;
His lessening vessel plows the foamy main;
She sighs, she calls, she waves the sign in vain.
" Paint *Dido* there amidst her last distress,
Pale cheeks and blood-shot eyes her grief express:
Deep in her breast the reeking sword is drown'd;
And gushing blood streams purple from the wound;
Her sister Anna hovering o'er her stands,
Accuses Heaven with lifted eyes and hands,
Upbraids the Trojan with repeated cries,
And mixes curses with her broken sighs.
View this, ye maids; and then each swain believe:
They're Trojans all, and vow but to deceive.
" Here draw Œnone in the lonely grove,
Where Paris first betray'd her into love:
Let wither'd garlands hang on every bough,
Which the false youth wove for Œnone's brow;
The garlands lose their sweets, their pride is shed,
And, like their odours, all his vows are fled.
On her fair arm her pensive head she lays,
And Xanthus' waves with mournful look surveys;
That flood which witness'd his inconstant flame,
When thus he swore, and won the yielding dame:
' These streams shall sooner to their fountain move,
Than I forget my dear Œnone's love.'
Roll back, ye streams! back to your fountain run!
Paris is false; Œnone is undone.
Ah, wretched maid! think how the moments flew,
Ere you the pangs of this curst passion knew,
When groves could please, and when you lov'd the plain,
Without the presence of your perjur'd swain.
" Thus may the nymph, whene'er she spreads
In his true colours view perfidious man; [the Fan,
Pleas'd with her virgin state, in forests rove,
And never trust the dangerous hopes of Love."
The goddess ended! merry *Momus* rose,
With smiles and grins he waggish glances throws;
Then with a noisy laugh forestalls his joke,
Mirth flashes from his eyes while thus he spoke:
" Rather let heavenly deeds be painted there,
And by your own examples teach the fair.
Let chaste Diana on the piece be seen,
And the bright crescent own the Cynthian queen.
On Latmos' top see young Endymion lies,
Feign'd sleep has clos'd the bloomy lover's eyes:
See, to his soft embraces how she steals,
And on his lips her warm caresses seals;
No more her hand the glittering javelin holds,
But round his neck her eager arms she folds.
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.
Here let her on some flowery bank be laid,
Where meeting beeches weave a graceful shade;
Her naked bosom wanton tresses grace,
And glowing expectation paints her face;
O'er her fair limbs a thin loose veil is spread,
(Stand off! ye shepherds; fear Actæon's head!)
Let vigorous Pan th' unguarded minute seize,
And in a shaggy goat the virgin please.
Why are our secrets by our blushes shown?
Virgins are virgins still—while 'tis unknown.
" There with just warmth Aurora's passion trace,
Let spreading crimson stain her virgin face.
See Cephalus her wanton airs despise,
While she provokes him with desiring eyes;
To raise his passions, she displays her charms,
His modest hand upon her bosom warms:
Nor looks, nor prayers, nor force, his heart persuade;
But with disdain he quits the rosy maid.
" Here let dissolving Leda grace the toy,
Warm cheeks and heaving breasts reveal her joy;
Beneath the pressing swan she pants for air,
While with his fluttering wings he fans the fair.
There let all-conquering gold exert its power,
And soften Danaë in a glittering shower.
" Would you warn Beauty not to cherish pride,
Nor vainly in the treacherous bloom confide,
On the machine the sage Minerva place,
With lineaments of wisdom mark her face.
See, where she lies near some transparent flood,
And with her pipe cheers the resounding wood:
Her image in the floating glass she spies,
Her bloated cheeks, worn lips, and shrivell'd eyes;
She breaks the guiltless pipe, and with disdain
Its shatter'd ruins flings upon the plain;
With the loud reed no more her cheek shall swell,
What! spoil her face! No. Warbling strains, farewell.
Shall arts, shall sciences, employ the fair?
Those trifles are beneath Minerva's care.
From Venus let her learn the married life,
And all the virtuous duties of a wife.
Here on a couch extend the Cyprian dame,
Let her eye sparkle with the glowing flame;
The god of War within her clinging arms
Sinks on her lips, and kindles all her charms.
Paint limping Vulcan with a husband's care,
And let his brow the cuckold's honours wear;
Beneath the net the captive lovers place,
Their limbs entangled in a close embrace.

Let these amours adorn the new machine,
And female Nature on the piece be seen;
So shall the fair, as long as Fans shall last,
Learn from your bright examples to be chaste."

THE FAN.

BOOK III.

Thus Momus spoke. When sage Minerva rose;
From her sweet lips smooth elocution flows;
Her skilful hand an ivory pallet grac'd,
Where shining colours were in order plac'd.
As gods are bless'd with a superior skill,
And, swift as mortal thought, perform their will;
Straight she proposes, by her art divine,
To bid the paint express her great design.
Th' assembled powers consent. She now began,
And her creating pencil stain'd the Fan.
O'er the fair field trees spread, and rivers flow,
Towers rear their heads, and distant mountains grow;
Life seems to move within the glowing veins,
And in each face some lively passion reigns.
Thus have I seen woods, hills, and dales appear,
Flocks graze the plains, birds wing the silent air,
In darken'd rooms, where light can only pass
Through the small circle of a convex glass;
On the white sheet the moving figures rise,
The forest waves, clouds float along the skies.
She various fables on the piece design'd,
That spoke the follies of the female kind.
The fate of pride in Niobe she drew
(Be wise, ye nymphs, that scornful vice subdue).
In a wide plain th' imperious mother stood,
Whose distant bounds rose in a winding wood;
Upon her shoulder flows her mantling hair,
Pride marks her brow, and elevates her air;
A purple robe behind her sweeps the ground,
Whose spacious border golden flowers surround;
She made Latona's altars cease to flame,
And of due honours robb'd her sacred name;
To her own charms she bade fresh incense rise,
And adoration own her brighter eyes.
Seven daughters from her fruitful loins were born,
Seven graceful sons her nuptial bed adorn,
Who, for a mother's arrogant disdain,
Were by Latona's double offspring slain.
Here Phœbus his unerring arrow drew,
And from his rising steed her first-born threw;
His opening fingers drop the slacken'd rein,
And the pale corse falls headlong to the plain.
Beneath her pencil here two wrestlers bend,
See, to the grasp their swelling nerves distend;
Diana's arrow joins them face to face,
And death unites them in a strict embrace.
Another here flies trembling o'er the plain
(When Heaven pursues, we shun the stroke in vain):
This lifts his supplicating hands and eyes,
And 'midst his humble adoration dies.
As from his thigh this tears the barbed dart,
A surer weapon strikes his throbbing heart:
While that to raise his wounded brother tries,
Death blasts his bloom, and locks his frozen eyes.
The tender sisters, bath'd in grief, appear
With sable garments and dishevell'd hair,
And o'er their gasping brothers weeping stood;
Some with their tresses stopt the gushing blood;
They strive to stay the fleeting life too late,
And in the pious action share their fate.
Now the proud dame, o'ercome by trembling fear,
With her wide robe protects her only care;
To save her only care in vain she tries,
Close at her feet the latest victim dies.
Down her fair cheek the trickling sorrow flows,
Like dewy spangles on the blushing rose;
Fixt in astonishment she weeping stood,
The plain all purple with her children's blood;
She stiffens with her woes; no more her hair
In easy ringlets wantons in the air;
Motion forsakes her eyes; her veins are dry'd,
And beat no longer with the sanguine tide:
All life is fled; firm marble now she grows,
Which still in tears the mother's anguish shows.
Ye haughty fair, your painted Fans display,
And the just fate of lofty pride survey.
Though lovers oft extol your beauty's power,
And in celestial similies adore;
Though from your features Cupid borrows arms,
And goddesses confess inferior charms;
Do not, vain maid, the flattering tale believe,
Alike thy lovers and thy glass deceive.
Here lively colours Procris' passion tell,
Who to her jealous fears a victim fell.
Here kneels the trembling hunter o'er his wife,
Who rolls her sickening eyes, and gasps for life;
Her drooping head upon her shoulder lies,
And purple gore her snowy bosom dyes.
What guilt, what horrour, on his face appears!
See, his red eye-lid seems to swell with tears;
With agony his wringing hands he strains,
And strong convulsions stretch his branching veins.
Learn hence, ye wives! bid vain suspicion cease,
Lose not, in sullen discontent, your peace:
For, when fierce love to jealousy ferments,
A thousand doubts and fears the soul invents;
No more the days in pleasing converse flow,
And nights no more their soft endearments know.
There on the piece the Volscian queen expir'd,
The love of spoils her female bosom fir'd.
Gay Chloreus' arms attract her longing eyes,
And for the painted plume and helm she sighs;
Fearless she follows, bent on gaudy prey,
Till an ill-fated dart obstructs her way;
Down drops the martial maid; the bloody ground
Floats with a torrent from the purple wound;
The mournful nymphs her drooping head sustain,
And try to stop the gushing life in vain.
Thus the raw maid some tawdry coat surveys,
Where the fop's fancy in embroidery plays;
His snowy feather, edg'd with crimson dyes,
And his bright sword-knot, lure her wandering eyes;
Fring'd gloves and gold brocade conspire to move,
Till the nymph falls a sacrifice to love.
Here young Narcissus o'er the fountain stood,
And view'd his image in the crystal flood;
The crystal flood reflects his lovely charms,
And the pleas'd image strives to meet his arms.
No nymph his unexperienc'd breast subdued,
Echo in vain the flying boy pursued,
Himself alone the foolish youth admires,
And with fond look the smiling shade desires:
O'er the smooth lake with fruitless tears he grieves,
His spreading fingers shoot in verdant leaves,
Through his pale veins green sap now gently flows,
And in a short-liv'd flower his beauty blows.
Let vain Narcissus warn each female breast,
That beauty's but a transient good at best.

Like flowers it withers with th' advancing year;
And age, like Winter, robs the blooming fair.
Oh, Araminta! cease thy wonted pride,
Nor longer in thy faithless charms confide!
Ev'n while the glass reflects thy sparkling eyes,
Their lustre and thy rosy colour flies!
Thus on the Fan the breathing figures shine,
And all the powers applaud the wise design.
The Cyprian queen the painted gift receives,
And with a grateful bow the synod leaves.
To the low world she bends her steepy way,
Where Strephon pass'd the solitary day.
She found him in a melancholy grove,
His down-cast eyes betray'd desponding love;
The wounded bark confess'd his slighted flame,
And every tree bore false Corinna's name:
In a cool shade he lay with folded arms,
Curses his fortune, and upbraids her charms;
When Venus to his wondering eyes appears,
And with these words relieves his amorous cares:
"Rise! happy youth; this bright machine sur-
Whose rattling sticks my busy fingers sway; [vey,
This present shall thy cruel charmer move,
And in her fickle bosom kindle love.
"The Fan shall flutter in all female hands,
And various fashions learn from various lands.
For this shall elephants their ivory shed;
And polish'd sticks the waving engine spread:
His clouded mail the tortoise shall resign,
And round the rivet pearly circles shine.
On this shall Indians all their art employ,
And with bright colours stain the gaudy toy;
Their paint shall here in wildest fancies flow,
Their dress, their customs, their religion, show:
So shall the British fair their minds improve,
And on the Fan to distant climates rove.
Here China's ladies shall their pride display,
And silver figures gild their loose array;
This boasts her little feet and winking eyes;
That tunes the fife, or tinkling cymbal plies:
Here cross-legg'd nobles in rich state shall dine;
There in bright mail distorted heroes shine.
The peeping Fan in modern times shall rise,
Through which unseen the female ogle flies;
This shall in temples the sly maid conceal,
And shelter Love beneath Devotion's veil.
Gay France shall make the Fan her artist's care,
And with the costly trinket arm the fair.
As learned orators, that touch the heart,
With various action raise their soothing art,
Both head and hand affect the listening throng,
And humour each expression of the tongue;
So shall each passion by the Fan be seen,
From noisy anger to the sullen spleen."
While Venus spoke, joy shone in Strephon's eyes;
Proud of the gift, he to Corinna flies:
But Cupid (who delights in amorous ill,
Wounds hearts, and leaves them to a woman's will)
With certain aim a golden arrow drew,
Which to Leander's panting bosom flew.
Leander lov'd, and to the sprightly dame
In gentle sighs reveal'd his growing flame:
Sweet smiles Corinna to his sighs returns,
And for the fop in equal passion burns.
Lo, Strephon comes! and, with a suppliant bow,
Offers the present, and renews his vow.
When she the fate of Niobe beheld,
"Why has my pride against my heart rebell'd?"
She sighing cry'd. Disdain forsook her breast,
And Strephon now was thought a worthy guest.
In Procris' bosom when she saw the dart,
She justly blames her own suspicious heart;
Imputes her discontent to jealous fear,
And knows her Strephon's constancy sincere.
When on Camilla's fate her eye she turns,
No more for show and equipage she burns:
She learnt Leander's passion to despise,
And looks on merit with discerning eyes.
Narcissus' change to the vain virgin shows,
Who trusts to beauty, trusts the fading rose.
Youth flies apace, with youth your beauty flies;
Love then, ye virgins, ere the blossom dies.
Thus Pallas taught her. Strephon weds the dame;
And Hymen's torch diffus'd the brightest flame.

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK,

IN SIX PASTORALS.

1714.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S NOTES.

—Libeat mihi sordida rura,
Atque humiles habitare casas.— Virg.

THE PROEME TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

GREAT marvel hath it been (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of poesy highly flourishing, no poet (though otherwise of notable cunning in roundelays) hath hit on the right simple eclogue after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other poet travailing in this plain highway of pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoved a pastoral to be, as Nature in the country affordeth; and the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious ploughmen, in no wise sure more unworthy a British poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimawfry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, golden age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine pastoral. Whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instiled golden, as this of our sovereign lady queen Anne.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and school-boys) unto 'that ancient Doric shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity:

Ὦτόλος ὄκκ' ἰσορῇ τὰς μηκάδας, οἷα βατεῦνται,
Τάκιται ὀφθαλμῶς, ὅτι οὐ τράγος αὐτὸς ἰγίνετο
Theoc. Id. i. 87.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred taste, from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture,

wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers, (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folk, such as be now tenants to the burgesses of this realm.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before thee, as it were a picture, or rather lively landschape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didest thou take a walk into the fields at the proper season: even as maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same:

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain or tedded grass or kine
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or, if the hogs are astray, driving them to the styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as maister Spenser well observeth:

Well is known that since the Saxon king
Never was wolf seen, many or some
Nor in all Kent nor in Christendom.

For as much as I have mentioned maister Spenser, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherd's boy at some times raised his rustic reed to rhymes more rumbling than rural. Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter, and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerks only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his eclogues, the Shepherd's Calendar, and divided the same into twelve months, I have chosen (peradventure not over-rashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be Christian shepherds, and to be then at church-worship. Yet further of many of maister Spenser's eclogues it may be observed; though months they be called, of the said months therein nothing is specified; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advertised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is, soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden or the courtly dame; nay, not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future: it having too much of the country to be fit for the court, too much of the court to be fit for the country; too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present, too much of the present to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language I seem unto myself as a London mason, who calculated his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent that is not his own, which soon turns to rubbish and ruins. For this point, no reason can I allege, only deep-learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But here again much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words, in the course of transitory things, shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time, that some lover of simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine eclogues into such modern dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thyself with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

thy loving countryman,
JOHN GAY.

PROLOGUE TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LORD VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

Lo, I who erst beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee,
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white,
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good lord of Bolingbroke.

As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen hautboy sound,
Our *clerk* came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the *queen*;
"That *queen*," he said, "to whom we owe
Sweet *peace*, *that maketh riches flow*;
That *queen*, who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state."

At this, in tears was Cicely seen,
Buxoma tore her pinners clean,
In doleful dumps stood every clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that Death
Had snatch'd queen Anne to Elizabeth,
I broke my reed, and, sighing, swore,
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our liege was passing well,
A skilful leach (so God him speed)
They said, had wrought this blessed deed.
This leach Arbuthnot was yclept,
Who many a night not once had slept;
But watch'd our gracious sovereign still;
For who could rest when she was ill?
Oh, may'st thou henceforth sweetly sleep!
Sheer, swains, oh! sheer your softest sheep,
To swell his couch; for, well I ween,
He sav'd the realm, who sav'd the queen.

Quoth I, "Please God, I'll hye with glee
To court, this Arbuthnot to see."
I sold my sheep, and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue;

My boxen-hautboy; sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot, and my scrip, I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dreed;
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of grenadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row,
Before their queen in seemly show.
No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
Like Goldfinch in her Sunday gown;
Nor Clumsilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight.
But Lansdowne, fresh as flower of May,
And Berkeley, lady blithe and gay;
And Anglesea, whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare;
And Montague beyond compare:
Such ladies fair would I depaint,
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen,
In ribbon blue and ribbon green:
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our Bibles fair;
Who for our traffic forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care;
Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare;
Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad-cloths and serges grow;
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings lewd affright the swain.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
Full stedfast both to church and queen;
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain;
St. John, right courteous to the swain.

For thus he told me on a day,
"Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay;
And, certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well ye-bound."
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did ev'n as my lord had said.

Lo, here thou hast mine eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of states and kings
Wait, while our Bouzybeus sings.
Rather than verse of simple swain
Should stay the trade of France or Spain;
Or, for the plaint of parson's maid,
Yon emperor's packets be delay'd;
In sooth, I swear by holy Paul,
I'll burn book, preface, notes, and all.

MONDAY; OR, THE SQUABBLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT, CUDDY, CLODDIPOLE.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Thy younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear:
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

CUDDY.

Ah Lobbin Clout! I ween, my plight is guest,
For *he that leaves, a stranger is to rest:*
If swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree;
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Ah, Blouzelind! I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf;
Woe worth the tongue! may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma Blouzelind withal.

CUDDY.

Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain!
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that showers would straight ensue:
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain.
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse.
I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco-pouch, that's lin'd with hair,
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer.
This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

CUDDY.

Begin thy carols then, thou vaunting slouch!
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisie that beside her grows;

Ver. 3. *Welkin*, the same as *welken*, an old Saxon word, signifying *a cloud*; by poetical licence it is frequently taken for *the element*, or *sky*, as may appear by this verse in the Dream of Chaucer—

Ne in all the welkin was no cloud.

—*Sheen*, or *shine*, an old word for *shining*, or *bright*.

Ver. 5. *Scant*, used in the ancient British authors for *scarce*.

Ver. 6. *Rear*, an expression in several counties of England, for *early in the morning*

Ver. 7. *To ween*, derived from the Saxon, to *think*, or *conceive*.

Ver. 25. *Erst*, a contraction of *ere this*; it signifies *sometime ago*, or *formerly*.

Fair is the gilliflower, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marygold, for pottage meet:
But Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daisie, marygold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY.

My brown Buxoma is the featest maid,
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd.
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;
But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near;
Of her bereft, 'tis winter all the year.
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

CUDDY.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As Blouzelinda, in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss;
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

CUDDY.

As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I queintly stole a kiss, at first, 'tis true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potatoe is the chear;
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind.

Ver. 56. *Deft*, an old word, signifying *brisk*, or *nimble*.

Ver. 69. *Eftsoons*, from *eft*, an ancient British word, signifying *soon*. So that *eftsoons* is a doubling of the word *soon*: which is, as it were, to say *twice soon*, or *very soon*.

Ver. 79. *Queint* has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his *Miller's Tale*. "As clerkes being full subtle and queint," (by which he means *arch*, or *waggish*); and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

Ver. 85.

Populus Alcidæ gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
Formosa myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phœbo,
Phillis amat corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
Nec myrtus vincet corylos nec laurea Phœbi. &c.
Virg.

While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
Nor leaks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe, prize.

CUDDY.

In good roast-beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife,
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

As once I play'd at *blindman's buff*, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
True speaks that ancient proverb, "Love is blind."

CUDDY.

As at *hot-cockles* once I laid *me* down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown;
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung,
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg, and scarlet hose.

CUDDY.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tottering maid.
High leap'd the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I spy'd—but faithful sweethearts never tell.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain.
"What flower is that which bears the *virgin's* name,
"The richest metal joined with the same?"

CUDDY.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight.
"What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the *virgin*, and 'tis strown on graves?"

CLODDIPOLE.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains!
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.
But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodge's barn.
Your herds for want of water stand a-dry,
They're weary of your songs—and so am I.

TUESDAY; OR, THE DITTY.

MARIAN.

Young Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In every wood his carols sweet were known,
At every wake his nimble feats were shown.

Ver. 103—110 were not in the early editions.
Ver. 113. Marygold.
Ver. 117. Rosemary.
Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores. Virg.
Ver. 120. Et vitula tu dignus & hic. Virg.

When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of every maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain;
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow;
Marbled with sage the hardening cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter, nor sage-cheese, prepares;
For yearning love the witless maid employs,
And "Love" say swains, "all busy heed destroys."
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart;
A lass that Cicely hight had won his heart,
Cicely, the western lass, that tends the kee,
The rival of the parson's maid was she.
In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And, mixt with sighs, thus wails in plaining song:
"Ah, woeful day! ah, woeful noon and morn!
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn;
Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart,
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart.
"Ah, Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true?
What I have done for thee, will Cicely do?
Will she thy linen wash, or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat?
And every Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait,
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cicely's eyes aside?
"Where'er I gad, I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features, that I'm hardly known.
Our neighbours tell me oft, in joking talk,
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.
"Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In misling days, when I my thresher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail:
In harvest, when the Sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy draught supply;
Whene'er you mow'd, I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake:
When in the welkin gathering showers were seen,
I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy car,
Awaiting heard the jingling bells from far,
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
When hungry thou stood'st *staring, like an oaf*,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barley-loaf;
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less!
"Last Friday's eve, when as the Sun was set,
I, near yon stile, three sallow gypsies met.
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook:
They said, that many crosses I must prove;
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a smock;
I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypsies; bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.
"Have I not sat with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When every creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.
"Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake
I bought the costly present for thy sake;
Could'st thou spell o'er the posy on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet:
'As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
So is thy image on this heart of mine.'
But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
For *knives*, they tell me, *always sever love*."
Thus Marian wail'd, her eyes with tears brimful,
When Goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
With apron blue to dry her tears she sought,
Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.

Ver. 21. *Kee*, a west-country word for *kine*, or cows.

WEDNESDAY; OR, THE DUMPS[1].

SPARABELLA.

The wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chants so sweet a note.
No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

[1] *Dumps*, or *dumbs*, made use of to express a fit of the *sullens*. Some have pretended that it is derived from *Dumops*, a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid, and died of melancholy. So *mopes*, after the same manner, is thought to have come from *Merops*, another Egyptian king, that died of the same distemper. But our English antiquaries have conjectured that *dumps*, which is a *grievous heaviness of spirits*, comes from the word *dumplin*, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Ver. 5.

Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
Certantes, quorum stupefactæ carmine lynces,
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.

Virg.

A while, O D'Urfey! lend an ear or twain,
Nor, tho' in homely guise, my verse disdain;
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the Sun,
Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,
Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where D'Urfey's lyrics swell in every voice;
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wondrous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the Sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen, laid at rest, forgot the goad,
The clown, fatigued, trudg'd homeward with his spade,
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
Did this sad plaint in mournful notes devise:

"Come Night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
The ribbon that his valorous cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on.
Sure if he'd eyes, (*but Love, they say, has none*)
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah, well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

"Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare?
View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne!
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would straight go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's power;
No huswifery the dowdy creature knew;
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

"I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make:
Though Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.

Her wan complexion 's like the wither'd leek,
While Katharine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite;
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose;
For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

"Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mackrel graze the meadows fair;
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels, play;
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove;
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

"Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the squire in yonder wood!
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from his purse of silk a guinea took,
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick, in livery strip'd with lace,
Should wed me soon, to keep me from disgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd, nor golden fee;
For what is lace or gold, compar'd to thee?

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

"Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun;
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,
Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain
Erst taught him mischief, and to sport with pain.
The father only silly sheep annoys,
The son the sillier shepherdess destroys.
Does son or father greater mischief do?
The sire is cruel, so the son is too.

"My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.'

"Farewell, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that flow;
A sudden death shall rid me of my woe.

Ver. 9.
Tu mihi, seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris— Virg.

Ver. 11. An opera written by this author, called The World in the Sun, or the Kingdom of Birds; he is also famous for his song on the Newmarket horse-race, and several others that are sung by the British swains.

Ver. 17. *Meed*, an old word for *fame*, or *renown*.

Ver. 18. —Hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices hederam tibi serpere lauros.
Ver. 25. Virg.
Incumbens tereti Damon sic cœpit olivæ. Virg.

Ver. 33. *Shent*, an old word, signifying *hurt*, or *harmed*.

Ver. 37.
Mopso Nisa datur, quid non speremus amantes?
Ver. 49. Virg.
Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in littore vidi.
Ver. 53. Virg.
Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinis nigra leguntur. Virg.

Ver. 59.
Jungentur jam gryphes equis; ævoque sequenti
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ.
Ver. 67. Virg.
Ante leves ergo pascentur in æthere cervi,
Et freta destituent nudos in littore pisces—
Quàm nostro illius labatur pectore vultus. Virg.

Ver. 89. *To ken*. Scire. Chaucer, *to ken*, and *kende*; notus A. S. *cunnan*. Goth. *kunnan*. Germanis *kennen*. Danis *kiende*. Islandis *kunna*. Belgis *kennen*. This word is of general use, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. *Ken*, for *prospicere*, is well known, and used *to discover by the eye*.' *Ray*, F. R. S.

Nunc scio quid sit amor, &c.
Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.
Virg.

Ver. 99. —vivite sylvæ:
Præceps aërii speculâ de montis in undas
Deferar. Virg.

This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.
What! shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd?
No—To some tree this carcase I'll suspend.
But worrying curs find such untimely end!
I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stool, the dread of every scolding quean;
Yet, sure a lover should not die so mean!
There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
Though all the parish say I've lost my wits;
And thence, if courage holds, myself I'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.
"Ye lasses, cease your burthen, cease to moan,
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own."
The Sun was set; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place;
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woeful dirges sings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to morrow comes defers her fate.

THURSDAY; OR, THE SPELL.

HOBNELIA.

Hobnelia, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale;
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining Echo answers groan for groan.
"I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woeful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear;
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'
"When first the year I heard the cuckow sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a-running with such haste,
Deborah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'
"At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought;
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,
'This hemp seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.'
I straight look'd back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'
"Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
I rearly rose, just at the break of day,
Before the Sun had chas'd the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do);
Thee first I spy'd; and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune, shall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take;
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'
"Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal.
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
(For always snails near sweetest fruit abound).
I seiz'd the vermine, whom I quickly sped,
And on the earth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and, if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L;
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'
"Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.
As blaz'd the nut, so may thy passion grow;
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'
"As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which, when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when, who should first come in,
But, in his proper person—Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see;
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted slight:
So may again his love with mine unite!
'With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'
"This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass,
'Fly, lady-bird, North, South, or East, or West,
Fly where the man is found that I love best.'
He leaves my hand; see, to the West he's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.

Ver. 8. *Dight*, or *bedight*, from the Saxon word *dightan*, which signifies *to set in order*.

Ver. 21. *Doff* and *don*, contracted from the words *do off* and *do on*.

Ver. 64.——ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Λέλφιδι δάφναν
Αἴθω. χ' ὡς αὐτὰ λακέει, μέγα καππυρίσασα.

Ver. 66. Theoc.
Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.
Virg.

' With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

" I pare this pippin round and round again,
My shepherd's name to flourish on the plain,
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect L is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen
Than what the paring makes upon the green.
' With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

" This pippin shall another trial make,
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn;
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne.
But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound;
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
Oh, were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!
' With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

" As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee.
He wist not when the hempen string I drew.
Now mine I quickly doff, of inkle blue.
Together fast I tye the garters twain;
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain:
' Three times a true-love's knot I tye secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!'
' With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

" As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay.
I made my market long before 'twas night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent.
Behap what will, next Sunday, after prayers,
When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
These *golden flies* into his mug I'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
' With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.'

". But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown:
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!"

Ver. 93. Transque caput jace; ne respexeris.
Ver. 109. Virg.
Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
Necte, Amarylli, modo; & Veneris dic vincula necto. Virg.

Ver. 123.
Has herbas; atque hæc Ponto mihi lecta venena
Ipse dedit Mœris. Virg.

Ver. 127.——Ποτὸν καλὸν αὖριον ἐσσῶ. Theoc.

Ver. 131.
Nescio quid certe est; & Hylax in limine latrat. Virg.

FRIDAY; OR, THE DIRGE[1].

BUMKINET, GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

Why, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'Tis true yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.
Yet ev'n this season pleasance blithe affords,
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
Let cyder new " wash sorrow from thy soul."

GRUBBINOL.

Ah, Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief, 'twould spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

" Hang sorrow!" Let's to yonder hut repair,
And with trim sonnets " cast away our care."
" Gillian of Croydon" well thy pipe can play:
Thou sing'st most sweet, " O'er hills and far away."
Of " Patient Grissel" I devise to sing,
And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring.
Come, Grubbinol, beneath this shelter, come;
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithsome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
But with my woe shall distant vallies ring.
The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
For, woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead!

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
As the wood-pigeon coos without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.
Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And evening tears upon the grass be spread;
The rolling streams with watery grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as Autumn shall return,
The drooping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;
The season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in Autumn Blouzelinda dy'd.
Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew,
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.

[1] *Dirge*, or *dyrge*, a mournful ditty, or song of lamentation, over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *dirige* in the popish hymn, *dirige gressus meos*, as some pretend; but from the Teutonic *dyrke*, *laudare*, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their *dyrke*, and our *dirge*, was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead. Cowell's Interpreter.

Ver. 15.
Incipe, Mopse, prior, si quos aut Phyllidis ignes
Aut Alconis habes laudes, aut jurgia Codri. Virg.

Ver. 27. *Glee*, joy; from the Dutch *gloren*, to *recreate*.

Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel-boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay;
Th' untoward creatures to the stye I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.
If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy;
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spungy curds the milky stream:
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door;
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine, in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.
When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly;
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand.
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.
Whenever by yon barley mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
I pitch'd the sheaves, (oh, could I do so now!)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd.
Ah, Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.
Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show;
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds, instead of butter-flowers, appear,
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread;
For Blouzelinda, blithsome maid, is dead!
Lament, ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone:
"Here Blouzelinda lies—Alas, alas!
Weep, shepherds—and remember flesh is grass."

GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;
Or winter porridge to the labouring youth,
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay,
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

Ver. 84.
Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo narcisso,
Carduus & spinis surgit paliurus acutis. Virg.
Ver. 90.
Et tumulum facite, & tumulo superaddite carmen.
Ver. 93. Virg.
Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
Nos tamen hæc quocunque modo tibi nostra vicissim,
Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra. Virg.

Ver. 96. An imitation of Theocritus.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
The boding raven on her cottage sate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.
How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
When on her darling's bed her mother sate!
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,"
And of the dead let none the will revoke:
"Mother," quoth she, "let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed:
Be these my sister's care—and every morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid;
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid.
The rest is yours—my spinning-wheel and rake
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake;
My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean.
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:
Three silver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind to Bumkinet is sent."
Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd;
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.
To show their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.
Sprig'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisie, butter-flower, and endive blue.
After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next;
He said, that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.
To her sweet memory, flowery garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground;
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.
Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm.
For Gaffer Treadwell told us, by the by,
"Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry."
While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or battening hogs roll in the sinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise;
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.
Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny Susan sped across the plain.

Ver. 153.
Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt. Virg.

They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,
And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid;
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

SATURDAY; OR, THE FLIGHTS.

BOWZYBEUS.

Sublimer strains, O rustic Muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
The lads, with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow,
Cut down the labours of the winter plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,
That Echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads and roundelays and catches sung:
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
"Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou should'st have left the fair before 'twas night;
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light."
Cicely, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoaring lout:
(For custom says, "Whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.")
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stammering speech bespoke:
"To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er,
As for the maids—I've something else in store."
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.

Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes th' attentive ear.
Of Nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the Sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below;
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where woodcocks in the Summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed
(Some think to northern coasts their flight they bend;
Or to the Moon in midnight hours ascend);
Where swallows in the Winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep;
How Nature does the puppy's eyelid close
Till the bright Sun has nine times set and rose
(For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind).
Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissars spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes,
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding in his party-colour'd jacket
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of rarce-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.
Then sad he sung the Children in the Wood:
(Ah, barbarous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!)
How blackberries they pluck'd in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering falchion smil'd;
Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found,
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
(Ah, gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.)
For Buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.
To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woeful wars in Chevy-chace befell,

Ver. 22.
Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant. Virg.
Ver. 40.
Sanguineis frontem moris & tempora pingit. Virg.
Ver. 43.
Carmina, quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis;
Huic aliud mercedis erit. Virg.

Ver. 47.
Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes:
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus Orphea. Virg.

Ver. 51. Our swain had possibly read Tusser, from whence he might have collected these philosophical observations:
Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta, &c.
Ver. 97.
Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. Virg.

Ver. 99. A song in the comedy of Love for Love, beginning "A soldier and a sailor," &c.

When Percy drove the deer with hound and horn,
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!
Ah, Witherington! more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.
All in the land of Essex next he chants, 109
How to sleek mares starch quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother stood on bank so green—
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.
He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,
Lilly-bullero, and the Irish Trot.
Why should I tell of Bateman, or of Shore,
Or Wantley's Dragon, slain by valiant Moor,
The Bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,
And how the grass now grows where Troy town
stood? 120
His carols ceas'd: the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose; and, as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly: the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
The power that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,
Till ruddy, like his face, the Sun descends.

Ver. 109. A song of sir J. Denham's. See his poems.

Ver. 112.
Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent,
Pasiphaen. Virg.

Ver. 117. Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c. Virg.

Ver. 117—120. Old English ballads.

ALPHABETICAL CATALOGUE

OF

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TRIVIA;

OR,

THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Quo te Mœri pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem?
Virg.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The world, I believe, will take so little notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The critics may see by this poem, that I walk on foot, which probably may save me from their envy. I should be sorry to raise that passion in men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allow me an honour hitherto only shown to better writers, that of denying me to be the author of my own works.

Gentlemen, if there be any thing in this poem good enough to displease you, and if it be any advantage to you to ascribe it to some person of greater merit; I shall acquaint you, for your comfort, that, among many other obligations, I owe several hints of it to Dr. Swift. And, if you will so far continue your favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following motto:

—Non tu, in *triviis*, indocte, solebas [Virg.
Stridenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere carmen?

TRIVIA.

BOOK I.

OF THE IMPLEMENTS FOR WALKING THE STREETS, AND SIGNS OF THE WEATHER.

Through winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing: thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way,
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays;
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name,
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:
But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise!

When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And "clean your shoes" resounds from every voice;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster-cries:
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scallop'd top his step be crown'd:
Let firm, well-hammer'd soles protect thy feet
Thro' freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench th' unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And, when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important care,
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soak'd with rain,
And showers soon drench the camlet's cockled grain;
True Witney[1] broad-cloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, stretch'd forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the loop'd bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloke bespatter'd o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends;
By various names[2] in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchill'd the frost.

[1] A town in Oxfordshire.
[2] A Joseph, wrap-rascal, &c.

If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
Ev'n sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enliven night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
In gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily ensure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's [1], assemblies, or the play;
Rosy-complexion'd Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane:
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.
Oh! may I never such misfortune meet!
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street!
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienc'd danger sings!
Not that I wander from my native home,
And (tempting perils) foreign cities roam.
Let Paris be the theme of Gallia's Muse,
Where Slavery treads the streets in wooden shoes.
Nor do I rove in Belgia's frozen clime,
And teach the clumsy boor to skate in rhyme;
Where, if the warmer clouds in rain descend,
No miry ways industrious steps offend;
The rushing flood from sloping pavements pours,
And blackens the canals with dirty showers.
Let others Naples' smoother streets rehearse,
And with proud Roman structures grace their verse,
Where frequent murders wake the night with groans,
And blood in purple torrents dyes the stones.
Nor shall the Muse through narrow Venice stray,
Where gondolas their painted oars display.
O happy streets! to rumbling wheels unknown,
No carts, no coaches, shake the floating town!
Thus was of old Britannia's city blest,
Ere pride and luxury her sons possess'd;
Coaches and chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late-invented chairs perplex'd the way:
Then the proud lady tripp'd along the town,
And tuck'd-up petticoats secur'd her gown;
Her rosy cheek with distant visits glow'd,
And exercise unartful charms bestow'd:
But since in braided gold her foot is bound,
And a long training mantua sweeps the ground,
Her shoe disdains the street; the lazy fair,
With narrow step, affects a *limping* air.
Now gaudy pride corrupts the lavish age,
And the streets flame with glaring equipage;
The tricking gamester insolently rides,
With Loves and Graces on his chariot sides;
In saucy state the griping broker sits,
And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
For you, O honest men! these useful lays
The Muse prepares; I seek no other praise.
When sleep is first disturb'd by morning cries,
From sure prognostics learn to know the skies,
Lest you of rheums and coughs at night complain;
Surpris'd in dreary fogs, or driving rain.
When suffocating mists obscure the morn,
Let thy worst wig, long us'd to storms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd footman, and with care
Beneath his flapping hat secures his hair.
Be thou for every season justly drest,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast;
And, when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy surtout defend the drenching shower.
The changing weather certain signs reveal.
Ere Winter sheds her snow, or frosts congeal,
You'll see the coals in brighter flame aspire,
And sulphur tinge with blue the rising fire;
Your tender shins the scorching heat decline,
And at the dearth of coals the poor repine;
Before her kitchen hearth, the nodding dame,
In flannel mantle wrapt, enjoys the flame;
Hovering, upon her feeble knees she bends,
And all around the grateful warmth ascends.
Nor do less certain signs the town advise
Of milder weather and serener skies.
The ladies, gaily dress'd, the Mall adorn
With various dyes, and paint the sunny morn:
The wanton fawns with frisking pleasure range,
And chirping sparrows greet the welcome change;
Not that their minds with greater skill are fraught [1],
Endued by instinct, or by reason taught:
The seasons operate on every breast;
'Tis hence the fawns are brisk, and ladies drest.
When on his box the nodding coachman snores,
And dreams of fancy'd fares; when tavern doors
The chairmen idly crowd; then ne'er refuse
To trust thy busy steps in thinner shoes.
But when the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams,
And rush in muddy torrents to the Thames.
The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
Foresees the tempest, and with early care
Of learning strips the rails; the rowing crew,
To tempt a fare, clothe all their tilts in blue;
On hosier's poles depending stockings ty'd,
Flag with the slacken'd gale from side to side;
Church-monuments foretel the changing air,
Then Niobe dissolves into a tear, [sounds
And sweats with sacred grief; you'll hear the
Of whistling winds, ere kennels break their bounds;
Ungrateful odours common-shores diffuse,
And dropping vaults distil unwholesome dews,
Ere the tiles rattle with the smoking shower,
And spouts on heedless men their torrents pour.
All superstition from thy breast repel:
Let credulous boys and prattling nurses tell,
How, if the festival of Paul be clear,
Plenty from liberal horn shall strew the year;
When the dark skies dissolve in snow or rain,
The labouring hind shall yoke the steer in vain;
But, if the threatening winds in tempests roar,
Then War shall bathe her wasteful sword in gore.
How, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,
Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain,
And wash the pavements with incessant rain.
Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind;
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.
If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
And slight the faithful warning of the skies,
Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,
Wrapt in th' embraces of a kersey coat,

[1] A chocolate house in St. James's street.

[1] Haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis,
Ingenium, aut rerum fato prudentia major.
Virg. Georg. i.

Or double-bottom'd frieze; their guarded feet
Defy the muddy dangers of the street;
While you, with hat unloop'd, the fury dread
Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
Shun every dashing pool, or idly stop,
To seek the kind protection of a shop.
But business summons; now with hasty scud
You jostle for the wall; the spatter'd mud
Hides all thy hose behind; in vain you scower,
Thy wig, alas! uncurl'd, admits the shower.
So fierce Alecto's snaky tresses fell,
When Orpheus charm'd the rigorous powers of Hell;
Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
Clotted and straight, when first his amorous view
Surpris'd the bathing fair; the frighted maid
Now stands a rock, transform'd by Circe's aid.
Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
Defended by the riding-hood's disguise;
Or, underneath th' umbrella's oily shed,
Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
Let Persian dames th' umbrella's ribs display,
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;
Or sweating slaves support the shady load,
When eastern monarchs show their state abroad:
Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.
But, O! forget not, Muse, the patten's praise,
That female implement shall grace thy lays;
Say from what art divine th' invention came,
And from its origin deduce its name.
Where Lincoln wide extends her fenny soil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd, grown white with toil;
One only daughter bless'd his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
But now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid;
As years increas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And Patty's fame o'er all the village flew.
Soon as the grey-ey'd morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
And singing to the distant field repairs;
And, when the plains with evening dews are spread,
The milky burthen smokes upon her head,
Deep through a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ancle rose the chalky clay.
Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes:
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah, Mulciber! recal thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy Paphian spouse;
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for Patty's arms?
The Lemnian power forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love:
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found;
No tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome ground.
Here smokes his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm:
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
As for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.
When blue-ey'd Patty near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his soothing tales, she feigns delays;
What woman can resist the force of praise?
At first she coyly every kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood;
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rains and piercing dews.
She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet Winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.
Thus Vulcan saw, and in his heavenly thought
A new machine mechanic fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wintery ways.
Straight the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The god obtain'd his suit: though flattery fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail.
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes the name.

TRIVIA.

BOOK II.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY DAY.

Thus far the Muse has trac'd, in useful lays,
The proper implements for wintery ways;
Has taught the walker, with judicious eyes,
To read the various warnings of the skies:
Now venture, Muse, from home to range the town,
And for the public safety risk thy own.
For ease and for dispatch, the morning's best;
No tides of passengers the streets molest.
You'll see a draggled damsel here and there,
From Billingsgate her fishy traffic bear;
On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks her gains;
Ah! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains!
Before proud gates attending asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn pace the way;
These grave physicians with their milky cheer
The love-sick maid and dwindling beau repair;
Here rows of drummers stand in martial file,
And with their vellum thunder shake the pile,
To greet the new-made bride. Are sounds like these
The proper prelude to a state of peace?
Now Industry awakes her busy sons;
Full-charg'd with news the breathless hawker runs:
Shops open, coaches roll, carts shake the ground,
And all the streets with passing cries resound.
If cloth'd in black you tread the busy town,
Or if distinguish'd by the reverend grown,
Three trades avoid: oft in the mingling press
The barber's apron soils the sable dress;
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too nigh.
Ye walkers too, that youthful colours wear,
Three sullying trades avoid with equal care:
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And marks with sooty stains the heedless throng;
When small-coal murmurs in the hoarser throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat;
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When through the street a cloud of ashes flies;
But, whether black or lighter dyes are worn,
The chandler's basket, on his shoulder borne,
With tallow spots thy coat; resign the way,
To shun the surly butcher's greasy tray,

Butchers, whose hands are dy'd with blood's foul stain,
And always foremost in the hangman's train.
Let due civilities be strictly paid:
The wall surrender to the hooded maid;
Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage
Jostle the feeble steps of trembling age:
And when the porter bends beneath his load,
And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road.
But, above all, the groping blind direct;
And from the pressing throng the lame protect.
You'll sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,
Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head;
At every step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heel'd shoes;
Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,
Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.
But, when the bully, with assuming pace,
Cocks his broad hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd lace,
Yield not the way, defy his strutting pride,
And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side;
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward curses as he goes.
If drawn by business to a street unknown,
Let the sworn porter point thee through the town;
Be sure observe the signs, for signs remain,
Like faithful landmarks, to the walking train.
Seek not from 'prentices to learn the way,
Those fabling boys will turn thy steps astray;
Ask the grave tradesman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives—but when he profits by't.
Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,
An enrail'd column rears its lofty head,
Here to seven streets seven dials count the day,
And from each other catch the circling ray.
Here oft the peasant, with inquiring face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from place to place;
He dwells on every sign with stupid gaze,
Enters the narrow alley's doubtful maze,
Tries every winding court and street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.
Thus hardy Theseus with intrepid feet
Travers'd the dangerous labyrinth of Crete;
But still the wandering passes forc'd his stay,
Till Ariadne's clue unwinds the way.
But do not thou, like that bold chief, confide
Thy venturous footsteps to a female guide:
She'll lead thee with delusive smiles along,
Dive in thy fob, and drop thee in the throng.
When waggish boys the stunted beesom ply,
To rid the slabby pavement, pass not by
Ere thou hast held their hands; some heedless flirt
Will overspread thy calves with spattering dirt.
Where porters' hogsheads roll from carts aslope,
Or brewers down steep cellars stretch the rope,
Where counted billets are by carmen tost,
Stay thy rash step, and walk without the post.
What though the gathering mire thy feet besmear,
The voice of Industry is always near.
Hark! the boy calls thee to his destin'd stand,
And the shoe shines beneath his oily hand.
Here let the Muse, fatigued amid the throng,
Adorn her precepts with digressive song;
Of shirtless youths the secret rise to trace,
And show the parent of the sable race.
Like mortal man, great Jove (grown fond of change)
Of old was wont this nether world to range,
To seek amours; the vice the monarch lov'd
Soon through the wide ethereal court improv'd;
And ev'n the proudest goddess, now and then,
Would lodge a night among the sons of men;
To vulgar deities descends the fashion,
Each like her betters, had her earthly passion.
Then Cloacina[1] (goddess of the tide,
Whose sable streams beneath the city glide)
Indulg'd the modish flame; the town she rov'd,
A mortal scavenger she saw, she lov'd;
The muddy spots that dry'd upon his face,
Like female patches, heighten'd every grace:
She gaz'd; she sigh'd; (for love can beauties spy
In what seem faults to every common eye.)
Now had the watchman walk'd his second round,
When Cloacina hears the rumbling sound
Of her brown lover's cart (for well she knows
That pleasing thunder): swift the goddess rose,
And through the streets pursu'd the distant noise,
Her bosom panting with expected joys.
With the night-wandering harlot's airs she past,
Brush'd near his side, and wanton glances cast;
In the black form of cinder-wench she came,
When love, the hour, the place, had banish'd shame;
To the dark alley arm in arm they move:
O may no link-boy interrupt their love!
When the pale Moon had nine times fill'd her space,
The pregnant goddess (cautious of disgrace)
Descends to Earth; but sought no midwife's aid,
Nor 'midst her anguish to Lucina pray'd;
No cheerful gossip wish'd the mother joy,
Alone, beneath a bulk, she dropt the boy.
The child, through various risks in years improv'd,
At first a beggar's brat, compassion mov'd;
His infant tongue soon learnt the canting art,
Knew all the prayers and whines to touch the heart.
Oh happy unown'd youths! your limbs can bear
The scorching dog-star, and the winter's air;
While the rich infant, nurs'd with care and pain,
Thirsts with each heat, and coughs with every rain!
The goddess long had mark'd the child's distress,
And long had sought his sufferings to redress.
She prays the gods to take the fondling's part,
To teach his hands some beneficial art
Practis'd in streets: the gods her suit allow'd,
And made him useful to the walking crowd;
To cleanse the miry feet, and o'er the shoe,
With nimble skill, the glossy black renew.
Each power contributes to relieve the poor:
With the strong bristles of the mighty boar
Diana forms his brush; the god of day
A tripod gives, amid the crowded way
To raise the dirty foot, and ease his toil;
Kind Neptune fills his vase with fetid oil
Prest from th' enormous whale; the god of fire,
From whose dominions smoky clouds aspire,
Among these generous presents joins his part,
And aids with soot the new japanning art.
Pleas'd she receives the gifts; she downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.

[1] Cloacina was a goddess, whose image Tatius (a king of the Sabines) found in the common shore; and, not knowing what goddess it was, he called it Cloacina, from the place in which it was found, and paid to it divine honours. Lactant. 1. 20. Minuc. Fel. Oct. p. 232.

Now dawns the morn, the sturdy lad awakes,
Leaps from his stall, his tangled hair he shakes;
Then leaning o'er the rails, he musing stood,
And view'd below the black canal of mud,
Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep:
Pensive through idleness, tears flow'd apace,
Which eas'd his loaded heart, and wash'd his face!
At length he sighing cry'd, "That boy was blest,
Whose infant lips have drain'd a mother's breast;
But happier far are those (if such be known)
Whom both a father and a mother own:
But I, alas! hard Fortune's utmost scorn,
Who ne'er knew parent, was an orphan born!
Some boys are rich by birth beyond all wants,
Belov'd by uncles, and kind good old aunts;
When time comes round, a Christmas-box they bear,
And one day makes them rich for all the year.
Had I the precepts of a father learn'd,
Perhaps I then the coachman's fare had earn'd,
For lesser boys can drive; I thirsty stand,
And see the double flaggon charge their hand,
See them puff off the froth, and gulp amain,
While with dry tongue I lick my lips in vain."
While thus he fervent prays, the heaving tide,
In widen'd circles, beats on either side;
The goddess rose amid the inmost round,
With wither'd turnip-tops her temples crown'd;
Low reach'd her dripping tresses, lank, and black
As the smooth jet, or glossy raven's back;
Around her waist a circling eel was twin'd,
Which bound her robe that hung in rags behind.
Now beckoning to the boy, she thus begun:
"Thy prayers are granted; weep no more, my son:
Go thrive. At some frequented corner stand;
This brush I give thee, grasp it in thy hand,
Temper the soot within this vase of oil,
And let the little tripod aid thy toil;
On this methinks I see the walking crew,
At thy request, support the miry shoe;
The foot grows black that was with dirt embrown'd,
And in thy pocket gingling halfpence sound." 210
The goddess plunges swift beneath the flood,
And dashes all around her showers of mud:
The youth straight chose his post; the labour ply'd
Where branching streets from Charing-cross divide;
His treble voice resounds along the Meuse,
And Whitehall echoes—"Clean your honour's shoes!"

Like the sweet ballad, this amusing lay
Too long detains the walker on his way;
While he attends, new dangers round him throng;
The busy city asks instructive song.
Where, elevated o'er the gaping crowd,
Clasp'd in the board the perjur'd head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as hailstones pour,
Turnips and half-hatch'd eggs (a mingled shower)
Among the rabble rain: some random throw
May with the trickling yolk thy cheek o'erflow.
Though expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd posts defend the rugged way.
Here laden carts with thundering waggons meet,
Wheels clash with wheels, and bar the narrow street;
The lashing whip resounds, the horses strain,
And blood in anguish bursts the swelling vein.
O barbarous men! your cruel breasts assuage;
Why vent ye on the generous steed your rage?
Does not his service earn your daily bread?
Your wives, your children, by his labours fed!
If, as the Samian taught, the soul revives,
And, shifting seats, in other bodies lives;
Severe shall be the brutal coachman's change,
Doom'd in a hackney horse the town to range;
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning load shall draw,
Whom other tyrants with the lash shall awe.
Who would of Watling-street the dangers share,
When the broad pavement of Cheapside is near?
Or who that rugged street[1] would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O Fleet-ditch, from thy black shore
To the Tower's moated walls? Here steams ascend
That, in mix'd fumes, the wrinkled nose offend.
Where chandlers' cauldrons boil; where fishy prey
Hide the wet stall, long absent from the sea;
And where the cleaver chops the heifer's spoil,
And where huge hogsheads sweat with trainy oil;
Thy breathing nostril hold; but how shall I
Pass, where in piles Carnavian[2] cheeses lie;
Cheese, that the table's closing rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling chaplain rise?
O bear me to the paths of fair Pall-mall!
Safe are thy pavements, grateful is thy smell!
At distance rolls along the gilded coach,
Nor sturdy carmen on thy walks encroach;
No lets would bar thy ways were chairs deny'd,
The soft supports of laziness and pride:
Shops breathe perfumes, through sashes ribbons glow,
The mutual arms of ladies and the beau.
Yet still ev'n here, when rains the passage hide,
Oft the loose stone spirts up a muddy tide
Beneath thy careless foot; and from on high,
Where masons mount the ladder, fragments fly,
Mortar and crumbled lime in showers descend,
And o'er thy head destructive tiles impend.
But sometimes let me leave the noisy roads,
And silent wander in the close abodes,
Where wheels ne'er shake the ground; there pensive stray,
In studious thought, the long uncrowded way.
Here I remark each walker's different face,
And in their look their various business trace.
The broker here his spacious beaver wears,
Upon his brow sit jealousies and cares;
Bent on some mortgage (to avoid reproach)
He seeks by-streets, and saves th' expensive coach.
Soft, at low doors, old letchers tap their cane,
For fair recluse, who travels Drury-lane;
Here roams uncomb'd the lavish rake, to shun
His Fleet-street draper's everlasting dun.
Careful observers, studious of the town,
Shun the misfortunes that disgrace the clown;
Untempted, they contemn the juggler's feats,
Pass by the Meuse, nor try the thimble's cheats[3],
When drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling yest is blown by gusts of wind:
And when up Ludgate-hill huge carts move slow,
Far from the straining steeds securely go,
Whose dashing hoofs behind them fling the mire,
And mark with muddy blots the gazing 'squire.
The Parthian thus his javelin backward throws,
And as he flies infests pursuing foes.
The thoughtless wits shall frequent forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the sentry's box discharge their tea.
Do thou some court or secret corner seek,
Nor flush with shame the passing virgin's cheek.

[1] Thames-street. [2] Cheshire, anciently so called.
[3] A cheat commonly practised in the streets with three thimbles and a little ball.

Yet let me not descend to trivial song,
Nor vulgar circumstance my verse prolong.
Why should I teach the maid, when torrents pour,
Her head to shelter from the sudden shower?
Nature will best her ready hand inform,
With her spread petticoat to fence the storm.
Does not each walker know the warning sign,
When wisps of straw depend upon the twine
Cross the close street, that then the paver's art
Renews the ways, deny'd to coach and cart? 310
Who knows not that the coachman lashing by
Oft with his flourish cuts the heedless eye;
And when he takes his stand, to wait a fare,
His horses foreheads shun the Winter's air?
Nor will I roam where Summer's sultry rays,
Parch the dry ground, and spread with dust the ways;
With whirling gusts the rapid atoms rise,
Smoke o'er the pavement, and involve the skies.
Winter my theme confines; whose nitry wind
Shall crust the slabby mire, and kennels bind; 320
She bids the snow descend in flaky sheets,
And in her hoary mantle clothe the streets.
Let not the virgin tread these slippery roads,
The gathering fleece the hollow patten loads;
But if thy footstep slide with clotted frost,
Strike off the breaking balls against the post.
On silent wheels the passing coaches roll;
Oft look behind, and ward the threatening pole.
In harden'd orbs the school-boy moulds the snow,
To mark the coachman with a dext'rous throw. 330
Why do ye, boys, the kennel's surface spread,
To tempt with faithless pass the matron's tread?
How can you laugh to see the damsel spurn,
Sink in your frauds, and her green stocking mourn?
At White's the harness'd chairman idly stands,
And swings around his waist his tingling hands;
The sempstress speeds to Change with red-tipt nose;
The Belgian stove beneath her footstool glows;
In half-whipt muslin needles useless lie,
And shuttle-cocks across the counter fly. 340
These sports warm harmless; why then will ye prove,
Deluded maids, the dangerous flame of love?
Where Covent-garden's famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones' immortal hands;
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square:
Here oft my course I bend; when, lo! from far
I spy the furies of the foot-ball war:
The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue. 350
Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,
The gathering globe augments with every round.
But whither shall I run? the throng draws nigh,
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dext'rous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound.
O, roving Muse! recal that wondrous year,
When Winter reign'd in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with frosted oziers crown'd,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound. 360
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar;
See harness'd steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable, not their own;
Wheels o'er the harden'd waters smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd tracks the slippery tide;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire;
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear, 369
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.
So when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain;
Thick rising tents a canvas city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.
'Twas here the matron found a doleful fate:
Let elegiac lay the woe relate,
Soft as the breath of distant flutes, at hours
When silent evening closes up the flowers;
Lulling as falling water's hollow noise;
Indulging grief, like Philomela's voice. 380
Doll every day had walk'd these treacherous roads;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit: she now a basket bore;
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain.
Ah, Doll! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry itself submit to Death! 389
The cracking crystal yields; she sinks, she dies,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cry'd; but death her voice confounds;
And *pip-pip-pip* along the ice resounds.
So, when the Thracian furies Orpheus tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd;
Eurydice with quivering voice he mourn'd,
And Heber's banks Eurydice return'd.
But now the western gale the flood unbinds,
And blackening clouds move on with warmer winds;
The wooden town its frail foundation leaves, 401
And Thames' full urn rolls down his plenteous waves;
From every pent-house streams the fleeting snow,
And with dissolving frost the pavements flow.
Experienc'd men, inur'd to city ways,
Need not the calendar to count their days.
When through the town with slow and solemn air,
Led by the nostril, walks the muzzled bear;
Behind him moves, majestically dull,
The pride of Hockley-hole, the surly bull. 410
Learn hence the periods of the week to name,
Mondays and Thursdays are the days of game.
When fishy stalls with double store are laid;
The golden-belly'd carp, the broad-finn'd maid,
Red speckled trouts, the salmon's silver jowl,
The jointed lobster, and unscaly soal,
And luscious 'scallops to allure the tastes
Of rigid zealots to delicious fasts;
Wednesdays and Fridays you'll observe from hence,
Days when our sires were doom'd to abstinence. 420
When dirty waters from balconies drop,
And dext'rous damsels twirl the sprinkling mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd sash, and scrub the stairs;
Know Saturday's conclusive morn appears.
Successive cries the seasons' change declare,
And mark the monthly progress of the year.
Hark! how the streets with treble voices ring,
To sell the bounteous product of the Spring!
Sweet-smelling flowers, and elder's early bud,
With nettle's tender shoots, to cleanse the blood;
And, when June's thunder cools the sultry skies, 431
E'en Sundays are profan'd by mackrel cries.
Walnuts the fruiterer's hand in Autumn stain,
Blue plumbs and juicy pears augment his gain;

Next oranges the longing boys entice,
To trust their copper fortunes to the dice.
When rosemary, and bays, the poet's crown,
Are bawl'd, in frequent cries, through all the town,
Then judge the festival of Christmas near,
Christmas, the joyous period of the year.
Now with bright holly all your temples strow,
With laurel green, and sacred misletoe.
Now, heaven-born Charity! thy blessings shed;
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly head;
Bid shivering limbs be warm; let Plenty's bowl
In humble roofs make glad the needy soul!
See, see! the heaven-born maid her blessings shed;
Lo, meagre Want uprears her sickly head;
Cloth'd are the naked, and the needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.
Proud coaches pass, regardless of the moan
Of infant orphans, and the widow's groan;
While Charity still moves the walker's mind,
His liberal purse relieves the lame and blind.
Judiciously thy halfpence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious beggar sweeps the road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at demand,
Nor let old age long stretch his palsy'd hand.
Those who give late are importun'd each day,
And still are teas'd, because they still delay.
If e'er the miser durst his farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them thro' the public square,
Where, all beside the rail, rang'd beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful cry; [score,
With Heaven, for two-pence, cheaply wipes his
Lifts up his eyes, and hastes to beggar more.
Where the brass-knocker, wrapt in flannel band,
Forbids the thunder of the footman's hand;
Th' upholder, rueful harbinger of Death,
Waits with impatience for the dying breath;
As vultures o'er the camp, with hovering flight,
Snuff up the future carnage of the fight.
Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a prayer,
That Heaven in mercy may thy brother spare?
Come, Fortescue, sincere, experienc'd friend,
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and ev'n thy fees suspend;
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls,
Me business to my distant lodging calls;
Through the long Strand together let us stray;
With thee conversing, I forget the way.
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,
Whose building to the slimy shore extends;
Here Arundel's fam'd structure rear'd its frame,
The street alone retains the empty name.
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warm'd,
And Raphael's fair design, with judgment, charm'd,
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here
The colour'd prints of Overton appear.
Where statues breath'd the works of Phidias' hands,
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house, stands.
There Essex' stately pile adorn'd the shore,
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers', now no more.
Yet Burlington's fair palace still remains;
Beauty within, without proportion, reigns.
Beneath his eye declining art revives,
The wall with animated picture lives;
There Handel strikes the strings, the melting strain
Transports the soul, and thrills through every vein;
There oft I enter, (but with cleaner shoes)
For Burlington's belov'd by every Muse.
O ye associate walkers! O my friends!
Upon your state what happiness attends!
What though no coach to frequent visit rolls,
Nor for your shilling chairmen sling their poles;
Yet still your nerves rheumatic pains defy,
Nor lazy jaundice dulls your saffron eye;
No wasting cough discharges sounds of death,
Nor wheezing asthma heaves in vain for breath;
Nor from your restless couch is heard the groan
Of burning gout, or sedentary stone.
Let others in the jolting coach confide,
Or in the leaky boat the Thames divide;
Or, box'd within the chair, contemn the street,
And trust their safety to another's feet:
Still let me walk; for oft the sudden gale
Ruffles the tide, and shifts the dangerous sail;
Then shall the passenger too late deplore
The whelming billow, and the faithless oar;
The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,
The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the coach's various harms,
The legs disjointed, and the broken arms?
I've seen a beau, in some ill-fated hour,
When o'er the stones choak'd kennels swell the shower,
In gilded chariot loll; he with disdain
Views spatter'd passengers all drench'd in rain.
With mud fill'd high, the rumbling cart draws near;
Now rule thy prancing steeds, lac'd charioteer:
The dustman lashes on with spiteful rage,
His ponderous spokes thy painted wheel engage;
Crush'd is thy pride, down falls the shrieking beau,
The slabby pavement crystal fragments strow;
Black floods of mire th' embroider'd coat disgrace,
And mud enwraps the honours of his face.
So, when dread Jove the son of Phœbus hurl'd,
Scar'd with dark thunder, to the nether world,
The headstrong coursers tore the silver reins,
And the Sun's beamy ruin gilds the plains.
If the pale walker pant with weakening ills,
His sickly hand is stor'd with friendly bills:
From hence he learns the seventh-born doctor's fame,
From hence he learns the cheapest taylor's name.
Shall the large mutton smoke upon your boards?
Such Newgate's copious market best affords.
Would'st thou with mighty beef augment thy meal?
Seek Leaden-hall; St. James's sends thee veal;
Thames-street gives cheeses; Covent-garden fruits;
Moor-fields old books; and Monmouth-street old suits.
Hence mayst thou well supply the wants of life,
Support thy family, and clothe thy wife.
Volumes on shelter'd stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye;
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown:
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the Spring,
Walkers, at leisure, learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tatter'd page,
A mildew'd Bacon, or Stagyra's sage:
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep;
Pleas'd sempstresses the Lock's fam'd Rape unfold;
And Squirts[1] read Garth, till apozems grow cold.
O Lintot! let my labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy stall, for every curious eye!
So shall the poor these precepts gratis know,
And to my verse their future safeties owe.

[1] An apothecary's boy, in The Dispensary.

What walker shall his mean ambition fix
On the false lustre of a coach and six?
Let the vain virgin, lur'd by glaring show,
Sigh for the liveries of th' embroider'd beau.
See yon bright chariot on its braces swing,
With Flanders mares, and on an arched spring.
That wretch, to gain an equipage and place,
Betray'd his sister to a lewd embrace.
This coach, that with the blazon'd 'scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown race, the coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd lawyer, sunk in velvet, sleeps;
The starving orphan, as he passes, weeps;
There flames a fool, begirt with tinsel slaves,
Who wastes the wealth of a whole race of knaves;
That other, with a clustering train behind,
Owes his new honours to a sordid mind!
This next in court-fidelity excels,
The public rifles, and his country sells.
May the proud chariot never be my fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a rate!
Or rather give me sweet content on foot,
Wrapt in my virtue, and a good surtout!

TRIVIA.

BOOK III.

OF WALKING THE STREETS BY NIGHT.

O Trivia, goddess! leave these low abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide ethereal roads;
Celestial queen! put on thy robes of light,
Now Cynthia nam'd, fair regent of the night.
At sight of thee, the villain sheaths his sword,
Nor scales the wall, to steal the wealthy hoard.
O may thy silver lamp from Heaven's high bower
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour!
When Night first bids the twinkling stars appear,
Or with her cloudy vest enwraps the air,
Then swarms the busy street; with caution tread,
Where the shop-windows[2] falling threat thy head;
Now labourers home return and join their strength
To bear the tottering plank, or ladder's length;
Still fix thy eyes intent upon the throng,
And, as the passes open, wind along.
Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand,
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand;
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread;
Where not a post protects the narrow space,
And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face;
Summon at once thy courage, rouze thy care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;
Team follows team, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,
And wait impatient till the road grow clear.
Now all the pavement sounds with trampling feet,
And the mix'd hurry barricades the street.
Entangled here, the waggon's lengthen'd team
Cracks the tough harness; here a ponderous beam
Lies overturn'd athwart; for slaughter fed,
Here lowing bullocks raise their horned head.
Now oaths grow loud, with coaches coaches jar,
And the smart blow provokes the sturdy war;
From the high box they whirl the thong around,
And with the twining lash their shins resound:
Their rage ferments, more dangerous wounds they try,
And the blood gushes down their painful eye.
And now on foot the frowning warriors light,
And with their ponderous fists renew the fight;
Blow answers blow, their cheeks are smear'd with blood,
Till down they fall, and grappling roll in mud.
So when two boars, in wild Ytene[1] bred,
Or on Westphalia's fattening chesnuts fed,
Gnash their sharp tusks, and, rouz'd with equal fire,
Dispute the reign of some luxurious mire;
In the black flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
Till their arm'd jaws distil with foam and gore.
Where the mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy throng:
Lur'd by the silver hilt, amid the swarm,
The subtle artist will thy side disarm.
Nor is the flaxen wig with safety worn;
High on the shoulder, in a basket borne,
Lurks the sly boy, whose hand, to rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling honours of thy head.
Here dives the skulking thief, with practis'd sleight,
And unfelt fingers make thy pocket light.
Where's now the watch, with all its trinkets, flown?
And thy late snuff-box is no more thy own.
But, lo! his bolder thefts some tradesman spies,
Swift from his prey the scudding lurcher flies;
Dext'rous he 'scapes the coach with nimble bounds,
Whilst every honest tongue "stop thief!" resounds.
So speeds the wily fox, alarm'd by fear,
Who lately filch'd the turkey's callow care;
Hounds following hounds grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd tenants join the hunter's cries.
Breathless, he stumbling falls. Ill-fated boy!
Why did not honest work thy youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough hands, he's dragg'd amid the rout,
And stretch'd beneath the pump's incessant spout:
Or, plung'd in miry ponds, he gasping lies,
Mud chokes his mouth, and plaisters o'er his eyes.
Let not the ballad-singer's shrilling strain
Amid the swarm thy listening ear detain:
Guard well thy pocket; for these Syrens stand
To aid the labours of the diving hand;
Confederate in the cheat, they draw the throng,
And cambric handkerchiefs reward the song.
But soon as coach or cart drives rattling on,
The rabble part, in shoals they backward run,
So Jove's loud bolts the mingled war divide,
And Greece and Troy retreat on either side.
If the rude throng pour on with furious pace,
And hap to break thee from a friend's embrace,
Stop short; nor struggle through the crowd in vain,
But watch with careful eye the passing train.
Yet I, (perhaps too fond) if chance the tide
Tumultuous bear my partner from my side,
Impatient venture back; despising harm,
I force my passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost bride the Trojan sought in vain
Through night, and arms, and flames, and hills of slain.
Thus Nisus wander'd o'er the pathless grove,
To find the brave companion of his love.

[2] A species of window now almost forgotten. *N.*

[1] New Forest in Hampshire, anciently so called.

The pathless grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus, alas! is now no more.
That walker who, regardless of his pace,
Turns oft to pore upon the damsel's face,
From side to side by thrusting elbows tost,
Shall strike his aching breast against a post;
Or water, dash'd from fishy stalls, shall stain
His hapless coat with spirts of scaly rain.
But, if unwarily he chance to stray
Where twirling turnstiles intercept the way,
The thwarting passenger shall force them round,
And beat the wretch half breathless to the ground.
Let constant vigilance thy footsteps guide,
And wary circumspection guard thy side; [night,
Then shalt thou walk, unharm'd, the dangerous
Nor need th' officious linkboy's smoky light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the road,
Where ale-house benches rest the porter's load,
Grievous to heedless shins; no barrow's wheel,
That bruises oft the truant school-boy's heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious pace,
Shall mark thy stocking with a miry trace.
Let not thy venturous steps approach too nigh,
Where, gaping wide, low steepy cellars lie.
Should thy shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding huckster's stall;
The scolding huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But pence exact for nuts and pears o'erthrown.
Though you through cleanlier allies wind by day,
To shun the hurries of the public way,
Yet ne'er to those dark paths by night retire;
Mind only safety, and contemn the mire.
Then no impervious courts thy haste detain,
Nor sneering alewives bid thee turn again.
Where Lincoln's-inn, wide space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with venturous step; there oft is found
The lurking thief, who, while the day-light shone,
Made the walls echo with his begging tone:
That crutch, which late compassion mov'd, shall wound
Thy bleeding head, and fell thee to the ground.
Though thou art tempted by the link-man's call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely wall;
In the mid-way he'll quench the flaming brand,
And share the booty with the pilfering band.
Still keep the public streets, where oily rays,
Shot from the crystal lamp, o'erspread the ways.
Happy Augusta! law-defended town!
Here no dark lanterns shade the villain's frown;
No Spanish jealousies thy lanes infest,
Nor Roman vengeance stabs th' unwary breast;
Here Tyranny ne'er lifts her purple hand,
But Liberty and Justice guard the land;
No bravos here profess the bloody trade,
Nor is the church the murderer's refuge made.
Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side:
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet,
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.
Yet who the footman's arrogance can quell,
Whose flambeau gilds the sashes of Pall-mall,
When in long rank a train of torches flame,
To light the midnight visits of the dame?
Others, perhaps, by happier guidance led,
May where the chairman rests with safety tread;
Whene'er I pass, their poles (unseen below)
Make my knee tremble with a jarring blow.
If wheels bar up the road, where streets are crost,
With gentle words the coachman's ear accost:
He ne'er the threat or harsh command obeys,
But with contempt the spatter'd shoe surveys.
Now man with utmost fortitude thy soul,
To cross the way where carts and coaches roll;
Yet do not in thy hardy skill confide,
Nor rashly risque the kennel's spacious stride;
Stay till afar the distant wheel you hear,
Like dying thunder in the breaking air;
Thy foot will slide upon the miry stone,
And passing coaches crush thy tortur'd bone,
Or wheels enclose the road; on either hand
Pent round with perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for aid in vain; the coachman swears,
And carmen drive, unmindful of thy prayers.
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On every side the pressing spokes are nigh.
So sailors, while Charybdis' gulph they shun,
Amaz'd, on Scylla's craggy dangers run.
Be sure observe where brown Ostrea stands,
Who boasts her shelly ware from Wallfleet sands;
There may'st thou pass with safe unmiry feet,
Where the rais'd pavement leads athwart the street.
If where Fleet-ditch with muddy current flows,
You chance to roam, where oyster-tubs in rows
Are rang'd beside the posts; there stay thy haste,
And with the savoury fish indulge thy taste:
The damsel's knife the gaping shell commands,
While the salt liquor streams between her hands.
The man had sure a palate cover'd o'er
With brass or steel, that on the rocky shore
First broke the oozy oyster's pearly coat,
And risqu'd the living morsel down his throat.
What will not Luxury taste? Earth, sea, and air,
Are daily ransack'd for the bill of fare!
Blood stuff'd in skins is British Christian's food?
And France robs marshes of the croaking brood!
Spungy morels in strong ragouts are found,
And in the soup the slimy snail is drown'd.
When from high spouts the dashing torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the wall;
For, should'st thou quit thy ground, the rushing throng
Will with impetuous fury drive along;
All press to gain those honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the post
Then to retrieve the shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in floods of rain.
Yet rather bear the shower, and toils of mud,
Than in the doubtful quarrel risque thy blood.
O think on Oedipus' detested state,
And by his woes be warn'd to shun thy fate.
Where three roads join'd, he met his sire unknown;
(Unhappy sire, but more unhappy son!)
Each claim'd the way, their swords the strife decide,
The hoary monarch fell, he groan'd, and died!
Hence sprung the fatal plague that thinn'd thy reign,
Thy cursed incest! and thy children slain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless night to stray
Thro' Theban streets, and cheerless grope thy way.
Contemplate, mortal, on thy fleeting years;
See, with black train the funeral pomp appears!
Whether some heir attends in sable state,
And mourns, with outward grief, a parent's fate;
Or the fair virgin, nipt in beauty's bloom,
A crowd of lovers follow to her tomb:
Why is the hearse with 'scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding plume of ostrich crown'd?

No: the dead know it not, nor profit gain;
It only serves to prove the living vain.
How short is life! how frail is human trust!
Is all this pomp for laying dust to dust?
Where the nail'd hoop defends the painted stall,
Brush not thy sweeping skirt too near the wall:
Thy heedless sleeve will drink the colour'd oil,
And spot indelible thy pocket soil.
Has not wise Nature strung the legs and feet
With firmest nerves, design'd to walk the street?
Has she not given us hands to grope aright,
Amidst the frequent dangers of the night?
And think'st thou not the double nostril meant,
To warn from oily woes by previous scent?
Who can the various city frauds[1] recite,
With all the petty rapines of the night?
Who now the guinea-dropper's bait regards,
Trick'd by the sharper's dice, or juggler's cards?
Why should I warn thee ne'er to join the fray,
Where the sham quarrel interrupts the way?
Lives there in these our days so soft a clown,
Brav'd by the bully's oaths, or threatening frown?
I need not strict enjoin the pocket's care,
When from the crowded play thou lead'st the fair;
Who has not here or watch or snuff-box lost,
Or handkerchiefs that India's shuttle boast?
O! may thy virtue guard thee through the roads
Of Drury's mazy courts, and dark abodes!
The harlots' guileful paths, who nightly stand
Where Catharine-street descends into the Strand!
Say, vagrant Muse, their wiles and subtle arts,
To lure the strangers' unsuspecting hearts:
So shall our youth on healthful sinews tread,
And city cheeks grow warm with rural red.

'Tis she who nightly strolls with sauntering pace,
No stubborn stays her yielding shape embrace;
Beneath the lamp her tawdry ribbons glare,
The new-scour'd manteau, and the slattern air;
High-draggled petticoats her travels show,
And hollow cheeks with artful blushes glow;
With flattering sounds she soothes the credulous ear,
"My noble captain! charmer! love! my dear!"
In riding-hood near tavern-doors she plies,
Or muffled pinners hide her livid eyes.
With empty bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant errand from the 'Change;
Nay, she will oft the quaker's hood prophane,
And trudge demure the rounds of Drury-lane.
She darts from sarsenet ambush wily leers,
Twitches thy sleeve, or with familiar airs
Her fan will pat thy cheek; these snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a yeoman, who, for thirst of gain,
To the great city drove, from Devon's plain,
His numerous lowing herd; his herds he sold,
And his deep leathern pocket bagg'd with gold.
Drawn by a fraudful nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd:
Unmindful of his home, and distant bride,
She leads the willing victim to his doom,
Through winding alleys, to her cobweb room.
Thence thro' the street he reels from post to post,
Valiant with wine, nor knows his treasure lost.
The vagrant wretch th' assembled watchmen spies,
He waves his hanger, and their poles defies;
Deep in the round-house pent, all night he snores,
And the next morn in vain his fate deplores.

[1] Various cheats formerly in practice.

Ah, hapless swain! unus'd to pains and ills!
Canst thou forego roast-beef for nauseous pills?
How wilt thou lift to Heaven thy eyes and hands,
When the long scroll the surgeon's fees demands!
Or else (ye gods, avert that worst disgrace!)
Thy ruin'd nose falls level with thy face!
Then shall thy wife thy loathsome kiss disdain,
And wholesome neighbours from thy mug refrain.

Yet there are watchmen, who with friendly light
Will teach thy reeling steps to tread aright;
For sixpence will support thy helpless arm,
And home conduct thee, safe from nightly harm.
But, if they shake their lanterns, from afar
To call their brethren to confederate war,
When rakes resist their power; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scowering crew;
Though Fortune yield thee captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the constable's considerate ear;
He will reverse the watchman's harsh decree,
Mov'd by the rhetoric of a silver fee. [word,
Thus, would you gain some favourite courtier's
Fee not the petty clerks, but bribe my lord.

Now is the time that rakes their revels keep;
Kindlers of riot, enemies of sleep.
His scatter'd pence the flying nicker[1] flings,
And with the copper shower the casement rings.
Who has not heard the scowerer's midnight fame?
Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?
Was there a watchman took his hourly rounds,
Safe from their blows, or new-invented wounds?
I pass their desperate deeds, and mischiefs done,
Where from Snow-hill black steepy torrents run;
How matrons, hoop'd within the hogshead's womb,
Were tumbled furious thence; the rolling tomb
O'er the stones thunders, bounds from side to side:
So Regulus, to save his country, dy'd.

Where a dim gleam the paly lanthorn throws
O'er the mid pavement, heapy rubbish grows;
Or arched vaults their gaping jaws extend,
Or the dark caves to common-shores descend,
Oft by the winds extinct the signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimmering socket dies,
Ere Night has half roll'd round her ebon throne;
In the wide gulph the shatter'd coach, o'erthrown,
Sinks with the snorting steeds; the reins are broke,
And from the crackling axle flies the spoke.
So, when fam'd Eddystone's far-shooting ray,
That led the sailor through the stormy way,
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,
And the high turret in the whirlwind borne;
Fleets bulg'd their sides against the craggy land,
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand.

Who then through night would hire the harness'd steed?
And who would choose the rattling wheel for speed?

But hark! Distress, with screaming voice, draws nigher,
And wakes the slumbering street with cries of fire.
At first a glowing red enwraps the skies,
And, borne by winds, the scattering sparks arise;
From beam to beam the fierce contagion spreads;
The spiry flames now lift aloft their heads;
Through the burst sash a blazing deluge pours,
And splitting tiles descend in rattling showers.
Now with thick crowds th' enlighten'd pavement swarms,
The fireman sweats beneath his crooked arms;

[1] Gentlemen who delighted to break windows with halfpence.

A leathern casque his venturous head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickest smoke ascends;
Mov'd by the mother's streaming eyes and prayers,
The helpless infant through the flame he bears,
With no less virtue, than through hostile fire
The Dardan hero bore his aged sire.
See, forceful engines spout their levell'd streams,
To quench the blaze that runs along the beams;
The grappling hook plucks rafters from the walls,
And heaps on heaps the smoky ruin falls;
Blown by strong winds, the fiery tempest roars,
Bears down new walls, and pours along the floors;
The Heavens are all a-blaze, the face of Night
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful light.
'Twas such a light involv'd thy towers, O Rome!
The dire presage of mighty Cæsar's doom,
When the Sun veil'd in rust his mourning head,
And frightful prodigies the skies o'erspread.
Hark! the drum thunders! far, ye crowds, retire:
Behold! the ready match is tipt with fire,
The nitrous store is laid, the smutty train,
With running blaze, awakes the barrel'd grain;
Flames sudden wrap the walls; with sullen sound
The shatter'd pile sinks on the smoky ground.
So, when the years shall have revolv'd the date,
Th' inevitable hour of Naples' fate,
Her sapp'd foundations shall with thunders shake,
And heave and toss upon the sulphurous lake;
Earth's womb at once the fiery flood shall rend,
And in th' abyss her plunging towers descend.
Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils, of the wintery town;
What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bore,
How oft I cross'd where carts and coaches roar:
Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find.
Thus the bold traveller (inur'd to toil,
Whose steps have printed Asia's desert soil,
The barbarous Arabs haunt; or shivering crost
Dark Greenland's mountains of eternal frost;
Whom Providence, in length of years, restores
To the wish'd harbour of his native shores)
Sets forth his journals to the public view,
To caution, by his woes, the wandering crew.
And now complete my generous labours lie,
Finish'd, and ripe for immortality.
Death shall entomb in dust this mouldring frame,
But never reach th' eternal part, my fame.
When W— and G—, mighty names[1]! are dead;
Or but at Chelsea under custards read;
When critics crazy bandboxes repair,
And tragedies, turn'd rockets, bounce in air;
High rais'd on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to Fame,
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name.

[1] Probably Ward and Gildon. *N.*

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EPISTLES ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

EPISTLE I.

TO A LADY.

OCCASIONED BY THE ARRIVAL OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

MADAM, to all your censures I submit,
And frankly own I should long since have writ.
You told me, silence would be thought a crime,
And kindly strove to teaze me into rhyme:
No more let trifling themes your Muse employ,
Nor lavish verse, to paint a female toy:
No more on plains with rural damsels sport;
But sing the glories of the British court.
By your commands and inclination sway'd,
I call'd th' unwilling Muses to my aid:
Resolv'd to write, the noble theme I chose,
And to the princess thus the poem rose.
"Aid me, bright Phœbus! aid, ye sacred Nine!
Exalt my genius, and my verse refine.
My strains with Carolina's name I grace,
The lovely parent of our royal race.
Breathe soft, ye winds! ye waves, in silence sleep!
Let prosperous breezes wanton o'er the deep,
Swell the white sails, and with the streamers play,
To waft her gently o'er the watery way."
Here I to Neptune form'd a pompous prayer,
To rein the winds, and guard the royal fair;
Bid the blue Tritons sound their twisted shells,
And call the Nereïds from their pearly cells.
Thus my warm zeal had drawn the Muse along,
Yet knew no method to conduct her song:
I then resolv'd some model to pursue,
Perus'd French critics, and began anew.
Long open panegyric drags at best,
And praise is only praise when well address'd.
Straight Horace for some lucky ode I sought:
And all along I trac'd him thought by thought.
This new performance to a friend I show'd:
"For shame!" says he; "what, imitate an ode!
I'd rather ballads write, and Grub-street lays,
Than pillage Cæsar for my patron's praise:
One common fate all imitators share,
To save mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware."
Vex'd at the charge, I to the flames commit
Rhymes, similies, lord's names, and ends of wit:
In blotted stanzas scraps of odes expire,
And fustian mounts in pyramids of fire.
Ladies! to you I next inscrib'd my lay,
And writ a letter in familiar way:
For, still impatient till the princess came,
You from description wish'd to know the dame.
Each day my pleasing labour larger grew,
For still new graces open'd to my view.
Twelve lines ran on to introduce the theme;
And then I thus pursued the growing scheme:
"Beauty and wit were sure by Nature join'd,
And charms are emanations of the mind;
The soul, transpiercing through the shining frame,
Forms all the graces of the princely dame:
Benevolence her conversation guides,
Smiles on her cheek, and in her eye resides.
Such harmony upon her tongue is found,
As softens English to Italian sound:
Yet in those sounds such sentiments appear,
As charm the judgment, while they soothe the ear.
"Religion's cheerful flame her bosom warms,
Calms all her hours, and brightens all her charms.
Henceforth, ye fair, at chapel mind your prayers,
Nor catch your lover's eyes with artful airs;
Restrain your looks, kneel more, and whisper less,
Nor most devoutly criticise on dress.
"From her form all your characters of life,
The tender mother, and the faithful wife.
Oft have I seen her little infant-train,
The lovely promise of a future reign;
Observ'd with pleasure every dawning grace,
And all the mother opening in their face.
The son shall add new honours to the line,
And early with paternal virtues shine:
When he the tale of Audenard repeats,
His little heart with emulation beats;
With conquests yet to come his bosom glows,
He dreams of triumphs, and of vanquish'd foes;
Each year with arts shall store his ripening brain,
And from his grandsire he shall learn to reign."
Thus far I'd gone: propitious rising gales
Now bid the sailor hoist the swelling sails.
Fair Carolina lands; the cannons roar;
White Albion's cliffs resound from shore to shore.
Behold the bright original appear,
All praise is faint when Carolina's near.
Thus to the nation's joy, but poet's cost,
The princess came, and my new plan was lost.
Since all my schemes were baulk'd, (my last resort)
I left the Muses, to frequent the court:
Pensive each night from room to room I walk'd,
To one I bow'd, and with another talk'd;
Inquir'd what news, or such a lady's name,
And did the next day, and the next, the same.
Places, I found, were daily given away,
And yet no friendly Gazette mention'd Gay.
I ask'd a friend what method to pursue;
He cry'd, "I want a place as well as you."
Another ask'd me, why I had not writ;
"A poet owes his fortune to his wit."
Straight I reply'd, "With what a courtly grace
Flows easy verse from him that has a place!
Had Virgil ne'er at court improv'd his strains,
He still had sung of flocks and homely swains;
And, had not Horace sweet preferment found,
The Roman lyre had never learnt to sound."
Once ladies fair in homely guise I sung,
And with their names wild woods and mountains rung.
O teach me now to strike a softer strain!
The court refines the language of the plain.
"You must," cries one, "the ministry rehearse,
And with each patriot's name prolong your verse."
But sure this truth to poets should be known,
That praising all alike, is praising none.
Another told me, if I wish'd success,
To some distinguish'd lord I must address;
One whose high virtues speak his noble blood,
One always zealous for his country's good;
Where valour and strong eloquence unite,
In council cautious, resolute in fight;
Whose generous temper prompts him to defend,
And patronize the man that wants a friend.
"You have, 'tis true, the noble patron shown,
But I, alas! am to Argyll unknown."
Still every one I met in this agreed,
That writing was my method to succeed;
But now preferments so possess'd my brain,
That scarce I could produce a single strain:

Indeed, I sometimes hammer'd out a line,
Without connection, as without design.
One morn upon the princess this I writ,
An epigram that boasts more truth than wit.
" The pomp of titles easy faith might shake,
She scorn'd an empire for religion's sake:
For this on Earth the British crown was given,
And an immortal crown decreed in Heaven."
Again, while George's virtues rais'd my thought,
The following lines prophetic Fancy wrought.
" Methinks I see some bard, whose heavenly rage
Shall rise in song, and warm a future age;
Look back through time, and, wrapt in wonder,
The glorious series of the Brunswick race. [trace
" From the first George these godlike kings descend,
A line which only with the world shall end.
The next a generous prince, renown'd in arms,
And bless'd, long bless'd, in Carolina's charms;
From these the rest. 'Tis thus, secure in peace,
We plow the fields, and reap the year's increase:
Now Commerce, wealthy goddess, rears her head,
And bids Britannia's fleets their canvass spread;
Unnumber'd ships the peopled ocean hide,
And wealth returns with each revolving tide."
Here paus'd the sullen Muse; in haste I dress'd,
And through the crowd of needy courtiers press'd;
Though unsuccessful, happy whilst I see
Those eyes, that glad a nation, shine on me.

EPISTLE II.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

A JOURNEY TO EXETER.

1716.

While you, my lord, bid stately piles ascend,
Or in your Chiswick bowers enjoy your friend;
Where Pope unloads the boughs within his reach,
The purple vine, blue plum, and blushing peach;
I journey far.—You knew fat bards might tire,
And, mounted, sent me forth your trusty squire.
'Twas on the day when city-dames repair
To take their weekly dose of Hyde-park air;
When forth we trot: no carts the road infest,
For still on Sundays country horses rest.
Thy gardens, Kensington, we leave unseen;
Thro' Hammersmith jog on to Turnham-green.
That Turnham-green, which dainty pigeons fed,
But feeds no more: for Solomon [1] is dead.
Three dusty miles reach Brentford's tedious town,
For dirty streets and white-legg'd chickens known.
Thence, o'er wide shrubby heaths and furrow'd lanes, [Staines.
We come where Thames divides the meads of
We ferry'd o'er; for late the winter's flood
Shook her frail bridge, and tore her piles of wood.
Prepar'd for war, now Bagshot-heath we cross,
Where broken gamesters oft repair their loss.
At Hartley-row the foaming bit we prest,
While the fat landlord welcom'd every guest.
Supper was ended, healths the glasses crown'd,
Our host extoll'd his wine at every round;
Relates the justices late meeting there,
How many bottles drank, and what their cheer;
What lords had been his guests in days of yore,
And prais'd their wisdom much, their drinking more.
Let travellers the morning-vigils keep: [more.
The Morning rose, but we lay fast asleep.
Twelve tedious miles we bore the sultry Sun,
And Popham-lane was scarce in sight by one:
The straggling village harbour'd thieves of old,
'Twas here the stage-coach'd lass resign'd her gold;
That gold which had in London purchas'd gowns,
And sent her home a belle to country towns.
But robbers haunt no more the neighbouring wood:
Here unown'd infants find their daily food;
For, should the maiden-mother nurse her son,
'Twould spoil her match when her good name is gone.
Our jolly hostess nineteen children bore,
Nor fail'd her breast to suckle nineteen more.
Be just, ye prudes, wipe off the long arrear:
Be virgins still in town, but mothers here.
Sutton we pass, and leave her spacious down,
And with the setting Sun reach Stockbridge town.
O'er our parch'd tongue the rich metheglin glides,
And the red dainty trout our knife divides.
Sad melancholy every visage wears;
What! no election come in seven long years!
Of all our race of mayors, shall Snow alone [1]
Be by sir Richard's dedication known?
Our streets no more with tides of ale shall float,
Nor coblers feast three years upon one vote.
Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th' unbounded plain,
Where the cloak'd shepherd guides his fleecy train.
No leafy bowers a noon-day shelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend:
With wondrous art, he counts the straggling flock,
And by the Sun informs you what's o'clock.
How are our shepherds fall'n from ancient days!
No Amaryllis chants alternate lays!
From her no listening Echos learn to sing,
Nor with his reed the jocund valleys ring.
Here sheep the pasture hide, there harvests
See Sarum's steeple o'er yon hill ascend; [bend,
Our horses faintly trot beneath the heat,
And our keen stomachs know the hour to eat.
Who can forsake thy walls, and not admire
The proud cathedral, and the lofty spire?
What sempstress has not prov'd thy scissars good?
From hence first came th' intriguing riding-hood.
Amid three boarding-schools well stock'd with misses [2],
Shall three knight-errants starve for want of kisses?
O'er the green turf the miles slide swift away,
And Blandford ends the labours of the day.
The morning rose; the supper reckoning paid,
And our due fees discharg'd to man and maid,
The ready ostler near the stirrup stands,
And, as we mount, our halfpence load his hands.
Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd by meads, and wash'd by silver brooks.

[1] A man once famous for breeding pigeons.

[1] Sir Richard Steele, member for Stockbridge, wrote a treatise, called The Importance of Dunkirk considered, and dedicated it to Mr. John Snow, bailiff of Stockbridge. *Gay.*——Dr. Swift wrote a humorous treatise in answer to it, called The Importance of the Guardian considered, in a second letter to the bailiff of Stockbridge, 1713. *N.*

[2] There are three boarding-schools in this town. *Gay.*

Here sleep my two companions eyes suppress,
And, propt in elbow-chairs, they snoring rest:
I weary sit, and with my pencil trace
Their painful postures, and their eyeless face;
Then dedicate each glass to some fair name,
And on the sash the diamond scrawls my flame.
Now o'er true Roman way our horses sound,
Grævius would kneel, and kiss the sacred ground,
On either side low fertile valleys lie,
The distant prospects tire the travelling eye.
Through Bridport's stony lanes our route we take,
And the proud steep descend to Morcombe's lake.
As hearses pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pall,
And with the mournful 'scutcheon hung his hall.
On unadulterate wine we here regale,
And strip the lobster of his scarlet mail.
We climb'd the hills, when starry Night arose,
And Axminster affords a kind repose.
The maid, subdued by fees, her trunk unlocks,
And gives the cleanly aid of dowlass-smocks.
Mean time our shirts her busy fingers rub,
While the soap lathers o'er the foaming tub.
If women's geer such pleasing dreams incite,
Lend us your smocks, ye damsels, every night!
We rise, our beards demand the barber's art;
A female enters, and performs the part.
The weighty golden chain adorns her neck,
And three gold rings her skilful hand bedeck:
Smooth o'er our chin her easy fingers move,
Soft as when Venus stroak'd the beard of Jove.
Now from the steep, midst scatter'd farms and groves,
Our eye through Honiton's fair valley roves.
Behind us soon the busy town we leave,
Where finest lace industrious lasses weave.
Now swelling clouds roll'd on; the rainy load
Stream'd down our hats, and smok'd along the road;
When (O blest sight!) a friendly sign we spy'd,
Our spurs are slacken'd from the horses side;
For sure a civil host the house commands,
Upon whose sign this courteous motto stands:
"This is the ancient hand, and eke the pen;
Here is for horses hay, and meat for men."
How rhyme would flourish, did each son of fame
Know his own genius, and direct his flame!
Then he, that could not epic flights rehearse,
Might sweetly mourn in elegiac verse.
But, were his Muse for elegy unfit.
Perhaps a distich might not strain his wit;
If epigram offend, his harmless lines
Might in gold letters swing on ale-house signs.
Then Hobbinol might propagate his bays,
And Tuttle-fields record his simple lays; [eyes,
Where rhymes like these might lure the nurses'
While gaping infants squawl for farthing pies:
"Treat here, ye shepherds blithe, your damsels sweet,
For pies and cheesecakes are for damsels meet."
Then Maurus in his proper sphere might shine,
And these proud numbers grace great William's sign:
"This is the man, this the Nassovian, whom
I nam'd the brave deliverer to come[1]."
But now the driving gales suspend the rain,
We mount our steeds, and Devon's city gain.
Hail, happy native land!—but I forbear
What other counties must with envy hear.

[1] Blackmore's Prince Arthur, book v.

EPISTLE III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

1717.

Pulteney, methinks you blame my breach of word;
What! cannot Paris one poor page afford?
Yes, I can sagely, when the times are past,
Laugh at those follies which I strove to taste,
And each amusement, which we shar'd, review,
Pleas'd with mere talking, since I talk to you.
But how shall I describe, in humble prose,
Their balls, assemblies, operas, and beaux? [aid,
"In prose?" you cry: "oh, no, the Muse must
And leave Parnassus for the Tuilleries' shade:
Shall he (who late Britannia's city trod,
And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod,
Through dirty lanes, and alleys' doubtful ways)
Refuse to write, when Paris asks his lays!"
Well then, I'll try. Descend, ye beauteous Nine,
In all the colours of the rainbow shine,
Let sparkling stars your neck and ear adorn,
Lay on the blushes of the crimson Morn;
So may ye balls and gay assemblies grace,
And at the opera claim the foremost place.
Travellers should ever fit expression choose,
Nor with low phrase the lofty theme abuse.
When they describe the state of eastern lords,
Pomp and magnificence should swell their words;
And when they paint the serpent's scaly pride,
Their lines should hiss, their numbers smoothly slide;
But they, unmindful of poetic rules, [slide;
Describe alike Mockaws and Great Moguls.
Dampier would thus, without ill-meaning satire,
Dress forth in simple style the *Petit-maitre*:
"In Paris, there's a race of animals
(I've seen them at their operas and balls):
They stand erect, they dance whene'er they walk,
Monkeys in action, perroquets in talk;
They're crown'd with feathers, like the cockatoo,
And, like camelions, daily change their hue;
From patches justly plac'd they borrow graces,
And with vermilion lacquer o'er their faces.
This custom, as we visibly discern,
They, by frequenting ladies' toilettes, learn."
Thus might the traveller easy truth impart.
Into the subject let me nobly start.
How happy lives the man, how sure to charm,
Whose knot embroider'd flutters down his arm!
On him the ladies cast the yielding glance,
Sigh in his songs, and languish in his dance:
While wretched is the wit, contemn'd forlorn,
Whose gummy hat no scarlet plumes adorn;
No broider'd flowers his worsted ankle grace,
Nor cane emboss'd with gold directs his pace;
No lady's favour on his sword is hung;
What though Apollo dictate from his tongue,
His wit is spiritless and void of grace,
Who wants th' assurance of brocade and lace.
While the gay fop genteelly talks of weather,
The fair in raptures doat upon his feather;
Like a court-lady though he write and spell,
His minuet-step was fashion'd by Marcell[1];
He dresses, fences. What avails to know?
For women choose their men, like silks, for show

[1] A famous dancing-master.

'Is this the thing," you cry, "that Paris boasts?
Is this the thing renown'd among our toasts?
For such a fluttering sight we need not roam;
Our own assemblies shine with these at home."
Let us into the field of beauty start;
Beauty's a theme that ever warm'd my heart,
Think not, ye fair, that I the sex accuse:
How shall I spare you, prompted by the Muse?
(The Muses all are *prudes!*) She rails, she frets,
Amidst this sprightly nation of coquettes:
Yet let not us their loose coquetry blame;
Women of every nation are the same.
You ask me, if Parisian dames, like ours,
With rattling dice profhane the Sunday's hours;
If they the gamester's pale-ey'd vigils keep,
And stake their honour while their husbands sleep?
Yes, sir; like English toasts, the dames of France
Will risque their income on a single chance.
Nannette last night a tricking *pharaon* play'd,
The cards the Taillier's sliding hand obey'd:
To-day her neck no brilliant circle wears,
Nor the ray-darting pendant loads her ears.
Why does old Chloris an assembly hold?
Chloris each night divides the sharper's gold.
Corinna's cheek with frequent losses burns,
And no bold *Trente le va* her fortune turns.
Ah, too rash virgin! where's thy virtue flown?
She pawns her person for the sharper's loan.
Yet who with justice can the fair upbraid,
Whose debts of honour are so duly paid?
But let me not forget the toilette's cares,
Where art each morn the languid cheek repairs:
This red's too pale, nor gives a distant grace;
Madame to-day puts on her opera face;
From this we scarce extract the milk-maid's bloom:
Bring the deep dye that warms across the room:
Now flames her cheek, so strong her charms prevail,
That on her gown the silken rose looks pale!
Not but that France some native beauty boasts,
Clermont and Charolois might grace our toasts.
When the sweet-breathing Spring unfolds the buds,
Love flies the dusty town for shady woods.
Then Tottenham fields with roving beauty swarm,
And Hampstead halls the city virgin warm?
Then Chelsea's meads o'erhear perfidious vows,
And the prest grass defrauds the grazing cows.
'Tis here the same, but in a higher sphere,
For ev'n court-ladies sin in open air.
What cit with a gallant would trust his spouse
Beneath the tempting shade of Greenwich boughs?
What peer of France would let his dutchess rove,
Where Boulogne's closest woods invite to love?
But here no wife can blast her husband's fame,
Cuckold is grown an honourable name.
Stretch'd on the grass, the shepherd sighs his pain;
And on the grass what shepherd sighs in vain?
On Chloe's lap here Damon, laid along,
Melts with the languish of her amorous song;
There Iris flies Palæmon through the glade,
Nor trips by chance—till in the thickest shade;
Here Celimene defends her lips and breast,
For kisses are by struggling closer prest:
Alexis there with eager flame grows bold,
Nor can the nymph his wanton fingers hold:
Be wise, Alexis; what, so near the road!
Hark, a coach rolls, and husbands are abroad!
Such were our pleasures in the days of yore,
When amorous Charles Britannia's sceptre bore;
The nightly scene of joy the Park was made,
And Love in couples peopled every shade.
But, since at court the rural taste is lost,
What mighty sums have velvet couches cost!
Sometimes the Tuilleries' gaudy walk I love,
Where I through crowds of rustling mantuas rove.
As here from side to side my eyes I cast,
And gaz'd on all the glittering train that past,
Sudden a fop steps forth before the rest;
I knew the bold embroidery of his vest.
He thus accosts me with familiar air,
"Parbleu! on a fait cet habit en Angleterre!
Quelle manche! ce galon est grossièrement rangé;
Voila quelque chose de fort beau et degagé!"
This said: on his red heel he turns, and then
Hums a soft minuet, and proceeds again:
"Well; now you've Paris seen, you'll frankly own
Your boasted London seems a country town.
Has Christianity yet reach'd your nation?
Are churches built? Are masquerades in fashion?
Do daily soups your dinners introduce?
Are music, snuff, and couches, yet in use?"
"Pardon me, sir; we know the Paris mode,
And gather *politesse* from courts abroad.
Like you, our courtiers keep a numerous train
To load their coach, and tradesmen dun in vain.
Nor has religion left us in the lurch;
And, as in France, our vulgar crowd the church:
Our ladies too support the masquerade;
The sex by nature love th' intriguing trade."
Straight the vain fop in ignorant raptures cries,
"Paris the barbarous world will civilize!"
"Pray, sir, point out among the passing band
The present beauties who the town command"
"See yonder dame; strict virtue chills her breast,
Mark in her eye demure the prude profest;
That frozen bosom native fire must want,
Which boasts of constancy to one gallant!
This next the spoils of fifty lovers wears,
Rich Dandin's brilliant favours grace her ears;
The necklace Florio's generous flame bestow'd,
Cjitander's sparkling gems her finger load;
But now her charms grow cheap by constant use,
She sins for scarfs, clock'd-stockings, knots, and shoes.
This next, with sober gait and serious leer,
Wearies her knees with morn and evening prayer;
She scorns th' ignoble love of feeble pages,
But with three abbots in one night engages.
This with the cardinal her nights employs,
Where holy sinews consecrate her joys.
Why have I promis'd things beyond my power?
Five assignations wait me at this hour!
The sprightly countess first my visit claims,
To-morrow shall indulge inferior dames.
Pardon me, sir, that thus I take my leave;
Gay Florimella slily twitch'd my sleeve."
"Adieu, Monsieur!"—The opera hour draws near
Not see the opera! all the world is there;
Where on the stage th' embroider'd youth of France
In bright array attract the female glance;
This languishes, this struts, to show his mien,
And not a gold-clock'd stocking moves unseen.
But hark! the full orchestra strike the strings,
The hero struts, and the whole audience sings.
My jarring ear harsh grating murmurs wound,
Hoarse and confus'd, like Babel's mingled sound.

Hard chance had plac'd me near a noisy throat,
That in rough quavers bellow'd every note.
" Pray, sir," says I, " suspend awhile your song;
The opera's drown'd; your lungs are wondrous strong;
I wish to hear your Roland's ranting strain,
While he with rooted forests strows the plain."
Sudden he shrugs surprise, and answers quick,
" Monsieur apparement n'aime pas la musique!"
Then turning round, he join'd th' ungrateful noise:
And the loud chorus thunder'd with his voice.
O soothe me with some soft Italian air,
Let harmony compose my tortur'd ear!
When Anastasia's voice commands the strain,
The melting warble thrills through every vein;
Thought stands suspense, and Silence pleas'd attends,
While in her notes the heavenly choir descends.
But you'll imagine I'm a Frenchman grown,
Pleas'd and content with nothing but my own,
So strongly with this prejudice possest,
He thinks French music and French painting best.
Mention the force of learn'd Corelli's notes,
Some scraping fiddler of their ball he quotes;
Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives,
Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives;
" Yes, sir," says he, " in colour and design,
Rigaut and Raphael are extremely fine!"
'Tis true his country's love transports his breast
With warmer zeal than your old Greeks profest.
Ulysses lov'd his Ithaca of yore,
Yet that sage traveller left his native shore.
What stronger virtue in the Frenchman shines!
He to dear Paris all his life confines.
I'm not so fond. There are, I must confess,
Things which might make me love my country less.
I should not think my Britain had such charms,
If lost to learning, if enslav'd by arms.
France has her Richlieus and her Colberts known;
And then, I grant it, France in science shone.
We too, I own, without such aids may chance
In ignorance and pride to rival France.
But let me not forget Corneille, Racine,
Boileau's strong sense, and Moliere's humorous scene.
Let Cambray's name be sung above the rest,
Whose maxims, Pulteney, warm thy patriot breast;
In Mentor's precepts wisdom strong and clear
Dictates sublime, and distant nations hear.
Hear, all ye princes, who the world control,
What cares, what terrours, haunt the tyrant's soul;
His constant train are, Anger, Fear, Distrust.
To be a king, is to be good and just;
His people he protects, their rights he saves,
And scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.
Happy, thrice happy, shall the monarch reign,
Where guardian laws despotic power restrain!
There shall the ploughshare break the stubborn land,
And bending harvest tire the peasant's hand:
There Liberty her settled mansion boasts,
There Commerce plenty brings from foreign coasts.
O Britain? guard thy laws, thy rights defend:
So shall these blessings to thy sons descend!
You'll think 'tis timesome other theme to choose,
And not with beaux and fops fatigue the Muse:
Should I let satire loose on English ground,
There fools of various character abound;
But here my verse is to one race confin'd,
All Frenchmen are of *petit-maitre* kind.

EPISTLE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

PAUL METHUEN, ESQ[1].

That 'tis encouragement makes science spread,
Is rarely practis'd, though 'tis often said.
When Learning droops and sickens in the land,
What patron's found, to lend a saving hand?
True generous spirits prosperous Vice detest,
And love to cherish Virtue when distrest:
But, ere our mighty lords this scheme pursue,
Our mighty lords must think and act like you.
Why must we climb the Alpine mountain's sides,
To find the seat where Harmony resides?
Why touch we not so soft the silver lute,
The cheerful hautboy, and the mellow flute?
'Tis not th' Italian clime improves the sound;
But there the patrons of her sons are found.
Why flourish'd verse in great Augustus' reign?
He and Mæcenas lov'd the Muse's strain.
But now that wight in poverty must mourn
Who was (O cruel stars!) a poet born.
Yet there are ways for authors to be great;
Write rancorous libels to reform the state:
Or, if you choose more sure and ready ways,
Spatter a minister with fulsome praise:
Launch out with freedom, flatter him enough;
Fear not—all men are dedication proof.
Be bolder yet, you must go farther still,
Dip deep in gall thy mercenary quill.
He, who his pen in party-quarrels draws,
Lists an hir'd bravo to support the cause;
He must indulge his patron's hate and spleen,
And stab the fame of those he ne'er had seen.
Why then should authors mourn their desperate case?
Be brave, do this, and then demand a place.
Why art thou poor? Exert the gifts to rise,
And banish timorous virtue from thy eyes.
All this seems modern preface, where we're told
That wit is prais'd, but hungry lives and cold:
Against th' ungrateful age these authors roar,
And fancy learning starves because they're poor.
Yet why should learning hope success at court?
Why should our patriots virtue's cause support?
Why to true merit should they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
Yet let not me of grievances complain,
Who (though the meanest of the Muses' train)
Can boast subscriptions to my humble lays,
And mingle profit with my little praise.
Ask Painting, why she loves Hesperian air?
" Go view," she cries, " my glorious labours there;
There in rich palaces I reign in state,
And on the temples lofty domes create.
The nobles view my works with knowing eyes,
They love the science, and the painter prize."
Why didst thou, Kent, forego thy native land,
To emulate in picture Raphael's hand?
Think'st thou for this to raise thy name at home?
Go back, adorn the palaces of Rome;
There on the walls let thy just labours shine,
And Raphael live again in thy design.
Yet stay awhile; call all thy genius forth,
For Burlington in bliss'd knows thy worth;
His judgment in thy master-strokes can trace
Titian's strong fire, and Guido's softer grace.
But, oh! consider, ere thy works appear,
Canst thou unhurt the tongue of Envy hear?

[1] Afterwards sir Paul, K. B.

Censure will blame; her breath was ever spent
To blast the laurels of the eminent.
While Burlington's proportion'd columns rise,
Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes?
Doors, windows, are condemn'd by passing fools,
Who know not that they damn Palladio's rules.
If Chandos with a liberal hand bestow,
Censure imputes it all to pomp and show;
When, if the motive right were understood,
His daily pleasure is in doing good.
Had Pope with groveling numbers fill'd his page,
Dennis had never kindled into rage.
'Tis the sublime that hurts the critic's ease;
Write nonsense, and he reads and sleeps in peace.
Were Prior, Congreve, Swift, and Pope, unknown,
Poor slander-selling Curll would be undone.
He, who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.
But let this tale to valiant Virtue tell
The daily perils of deserving well.
A Crow was strutting o'er the stubbled plain,
Just as a Lark, descending, clos'd his strain.
The Crow bespoke him thus, with solemn grace:
"Thou most accomplish'd of the feather'd race!
What force of lungs! how clear! how sweet you sing!
And no bird soars upon a stronger wing."
The Lark, who scorn'd soft flattery, thus replies;
"True I sing sweet, and on strong pinion rise;
Yet let me pass my life from envy free,
For what advantage are these gifts to me?
My song confines me to the wiry cage,
My flight provokes the falcon's fatal rage.
But, as you pass, I hear the fowlers say,
'To shoot at crows is powder flung away.'"

EPISTLE V.

TO HER GRACE HENRIETTA, DUTCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

1722.

Excuse me, madam, if, amidst your tears,
A Muse intrudes, a Muse who feels your cares;
Numbers, like music, can ev'n grief control,
And lull to peace the tumults of the soul.
If partners in our woes the mind relieve,
Consider for your loss ten thousands grieve;
Th' affliction burthens not your heart alone;
When Marlborough died, a nation gave a groan.
Could I recite the dangerous toils he chose,
To bless his country with a fixt repose;
Could I recount the labours he o'ercame,
To raise his country to the pitch of fame;
His councils, sieges, his victorious fights,
To save his country's laws and native rights;
No father (every generous heart must own)
Has stronger fondness to his darling shown.
Britannia's sighs a double loss deplore,
Her father and her hero is no more.
Does Britain only pay her debt of tears?
Yes. Holland sighs, and for her freedom fears.
When Gallia's monarch pour'd his wasteful bands,
Like a wide deluge, o'er her level lands,
She saw her frontier towers in ruin lie,
Ev'n Liberty had prun'd her wings to fly:
Then Marlborough came, defeated Gallia fled;
And shatter'd Belgia rais'd her languid head;
In him secure, as in her strongest mound
That keeps the raging sea within its bound.
O Germany! remember Hockstet's plain,
Where prostrate Gallia bled at every vein:
Think on the rescue of th' imperial throne,
Then think of Marlborough's death without a groan?
Apollo kindly whispers me: "Be wise:
How to his glory shall thy numbers rise?
The force of verse another theme might raise,
But here the merit must transcend the praise.
Hast thou, presumptuous bard! that godlike flame,
Which with the Sun shall last, and Marlborough's fame?
Then sing the man. But who can boast this fire?
Resign the task, and silently admire."
Yet shall he not in worthy lays be read?
Raise Homer, call up Virgil from the dead.
But he requires not the strong glare of verse:
Let punctual history his deeds rehearse;
Let truth in native purity appear,
You'll find Achilles and Æneas there.
Is this the comfort which the Muse bestows?
I but indulge and aggravate your woes.
A prudent friend, who seeks to give relief,
Ne'er touches on the spring that mov'd the grief.
Is it not barbarous, to the sighing maid
To mention broken vows and nymphs betray'd?
Would you the ruin'd merchant's soul appease,
With talk of sands, and rocks, and stormy seas?
Ev'n while I strive on Marlborough's fame to rise,
I call up sorrow in a daughter's eyes.
Think on the laurels that his temples shade,
Laurels that (spite of Time) shall never fade,
Immortal Honour has enroll'd his name;
Detraction's dumb, and Envy put to shame.
Say, who can soar beyond his eagle flight;
Has he not reach'd to glory's utmost height?
What could he more, had Heav'n prolong'd his date?
All human power is limited by Fate.
Forbear. 'Tis cruel further to commend;
I wake your sorrow, and again offend.
Yet sure your goodness must forgive a crime,
Which will be spread through every age and clime;
Though in your life ten thousand summers roll,
And though you compass Earth from pole to pole,
Where'er men talk of war and martial fame,
They'll mention Marlborough's and Cæsar's name.
But vain are all the counsels of the Muse;
A soul like yours could not a tear refuse:
Could you your birth and filial love forego,
Still sighs must rise, and generous sorrow flow;
For, when from Earth such matchless worth removes,
A great mind suffers, Virtue virtue loves.

EPISTLE VI[1].

TO MR. POPE,

ON HIS HAVING FINISHED HIS TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ILIAD.

A WELCOME FROM GREECE.

Long hast thou, friend! been absent from my soil,
Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;
I have been witness of thy six years toil,
Thy daily labours, and thy night's annoy,
Lost to thy native land, with great turmoil,
On the wide sea, oft threatening to destroy:

[1] *A close imitation of the beginning of the 46th canto of the Orlando Furioso. Mr. Gay has even adopted the measure of his original, and has comprised his design in almost the same number of lines, viz. in twenty-one octave stanzas, instead of nineteen. S.*

Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

Did I not see thee when thou first sett'st sail
To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,
And wish thy bark had never left the strand?
Ev'n in mid ocean often didst thou quail,
And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the Virgin dear, and saintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

Cheer up, my friend! thy dangers now are o'er,
Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear;
Hark! how the guns salute from either shore,
As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair:
Shouts answering shouts from Kent and Essex roar,
And bells break loud through every gust of air:
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of some mighty king.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,
More visited than or her park or hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
Facetious Disney, greet thee first of all:
I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,
"Duke[1]! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

"Come in, my friends! here shall ye dine and lie,
And here shall breakfast, and here dine again;
And sup and breakfast on, (if ye comply)
For I have still some dozens of champaign."
His voice still lessens as the ship sails by;
He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;
For now I see, I see proud London's spires;
Greenwich is lost, and Deptford-dock retires.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay!
The sky re echoes with new shouts of joy:
By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord-mayor's day;
I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.—
No, now I see them near.—Oh, these are they,
Who come in crowds, to welcome thee from Troy.
Hail to the bard, whom long as lost we mourn'd;
From siege, from battle, and from storm, return'd!

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view
The silken petticoat, and broider'd vest;
Yea, peers and mighty dukes, with ribbands blue
(True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast).
Others I see, as noble, and more true,
By no court-badge distinguish'd from the rest:
First see I Methuen, of sincerest mind,
As Arthur[2] grave, as soft as woman-kind.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! those are Wortley's eyes:
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends!
For she distinguishes the good and wise.
The sweet-tongu'd Murray near her side attends;
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.

[1] He was usually called Duke Disney. *N.*

[2] This person is mentioned in Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot, ver. 23.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me, and my damn'd works, the cause.

I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,
The fair-hair'd Martha, and Teresa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land;
And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.
Yonder I see the cheerful dutchess stand,
For friendship, zeal, and blithsome humours known:
Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,
With Winchelsea, still meditating song:
With her perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, or why she comes along.
Far off from these see Santlow, fam'd for dance[1];
And frolic Bicknell[2], and her sister young;
With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
Much lov'd in private, not in public fam'd!

But now behold the female band retire,
And the shrill music of their voice is still'd!
Methinks I see fam'd Buckingham admire,
That in Troy's ruin thou hadst not been kill'd;
Sheffield, who knows to strike the living lyre
With hand judicious, like thy Homer skill'd,
Bathurst impetuous hastens to the coast,
Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce
(But Bruce comes wafted in a soft sedan);
Dan Prior next, belov'd by every Muse;
And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man!
(Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse;)
See hearty Watkins comes with cup and can;
And Lewis, who has never friend forsaken;
And Laughton, whispering, asks—"Is Troy town taken?"

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honest mind;
Bold, generous Craggs, whose heart was ne'er disguis'd:
Ah, why, sweet St. John, cannot I thee find?
St. John, for every social virtue priz'd.—
Alas! to foreign climates he's confin'd,
Or else to see thee here I well surmis'd:
Thou too, my Swift, dost breathe Bœotian air;
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

Harcourt I see, for eloquence renown'd,
The mouth of justice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beside him found,
Another Simon, like as straw to straw.
How Lansdown smiles, with lasting laurel crown'd!
What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
See Rochester approving nods his head[3],
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

Carleton and Chandos thy arrival grace;
Hanmer, whose eloquence th' unbiass'd sways;
Harley, whose goodness opens in his face,
And shows his heart the seat where virtue stays.
Ned Blount advances next, with busy pace,
In haste, but sauntering, hearty in his ways:
I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and cousins.

[1] She afterwards married Booth the player. *S.*

[2] Mrs. Bicknell, the actress, is mentioned in the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, with applause. *S.*

[3] So in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head. *S.*

Arbuthnot there I see, in physic's art,
As Galen learn'd, or famed Hippocrate;
Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,
As all disease his med'cines dissipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part[1],
Who could (were mankind lost) anew create:
What can th' extent of his vast soul confine?
A painter, critic, engineer, divine!

Thee Jervas hails, robust and debonair,
"Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friends!" he cries:
Darteneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there[2],
And wondering Maine, so fat with laughing eyes,
(Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size)
Yea Dennis, Gildon, (hearing thou hast riches)
And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches.

O Wanley! whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,
And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent[3];
"Forsooth," quoth he, "from placing Homer there,
For ancients to compyle is myne entente:
Of ancients only hath lord Harley care;
But hither me hath my meeke lady sent:—
In manuscript of Greeke rede we thilke same,
But book yprint best plesyth myn gude dame."

Yonder I see, among th' expecting crowd,
Evans with laugh jocose, and tragic Young;
High-buskin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wandering Frowde,
And Titcomb's belly waddles slow along[4].
See Digby faints at Southern talking loud,
Yea, Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng:
Tickell, whose skiff (in partnership, they say[5])
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

Lo, the two Doncastles in Berkshire known!
Lo, Bickford, Fortescue, of Devon land!
Lo, Tooker, Eckershall, Sykes, Rawlinson!
See hearty Morley[6] takes thee by the hand!
Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the stars, the sand?
Lo, Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward, and Broome!
Lo, thousands more; but I want rhyme and room!

[1] This is no more than a compliment to the vanity of sir Godfrey, which Pope and other wits were always putting to the strongest trials. *S.*

[2] Charles Ford, esq. writer of the Gazette. *S.*

[3] So in the Dunciad, b. iii. 185.
But who is he in closet close ypent,
Of sober face, *with learned dust besprent.*
Humphrey Wanley was librarian to lord Oxford. *S.*

[4] The names of the majority of persons here enumerated are in want of no illustration; and concerning a few of them, it would be difficult to supply any. Titcomb, however, is mentioned in a letter from Pope to Congreve. "There is a grand revolution at Will's. Morrice has quitted for a coffee-house in the city; and Titcomb is restored, to the great joy of Cromwell, who was at a loss for a person to converse with on the fathers and church history." *S.*

[5] See the first book of the Iliad among the poems of Mr. Tickell *N.*

[6] See Prior's ballad of Down Hall. *N.*

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain:
And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say,
"All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,
On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain?
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
These honours, Homer, had been just to thee."

EPISTLE VII.

TO

MR. THOMAS SNOW,

GOLDSMITH, NEAR TEMPLE-BAR.

A PANEGYRIC,

OCCASIONED BY HIS BUYING AND SELLING OF THE THIRD SOUTH-SEA SUBSCRIPTIONS, TAKEN IN BY THE DIRECTORS AT A THOUSAND PER CENT.

Disdain not, Snow, my humble verse to hear:
Stick thy black pen awhile behind thy ear.
Whether thy compter shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grow black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and sable locks,
In crowds of brokers over-awe the stocks;
Suspend the worldly business of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.
O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The South-sea rocks and shelves, where thousands drown'd!
When credit sunk, and commerce gasping lay,
Thou stood'st; nor sent'st one bill unpaid away.
When not a guinea chink'd on Martin's boards,
And Atwell's self was drain'd of all his hoards,
Thou stood'st, (an Indian king in size and hue)
Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.
Why did 'Change-alley waste *thy* precious hours
Among the fools, who gap'd for golden showers?
No wonder if we found some poets there,
Who live on fancy, and can feed on air;
No wonder they were caught by South-sea schemes,
Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea, but in dreams;
No wonder they their third subscriptions sold,
For millions of imaginary gold;
No wonder, that their fancies wild can frame
Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same,
Tho' chang'd throughout in substance and *in name*.
But you (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
With contracts furnish boys with paper-kites.
Let Vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat,
Who'd ruin thousands for a single groat.
I know thou spurn'st his mean, his sordid mind;
Nor with ideal debts would'st plague mankind.
Why strive his greedy hands to grasp at more?—
The wretch was born to want, whose soul is poor.
Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
And still believe the fleeting vision true;
They sell the treasure which their slumbers get,
Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.
If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
Yet be *diverted* by this moral tale.
Thro' fam'd Moorfields extends a spacious seat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat;
Where, wrapp'd in contemplation and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw.
There, in full opulence, a banker dwelt;
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt:

His side-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.
As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours,
In raising piles of straw and twisted bowers;
A poet enter'd, of the neighbouring cell,
And with fix'd eyes observ'd the structure well;
A sharpen'd skewer cross his bare shoulders bound
A tatter'd rag, which dragg'd upon the ground.
The banker cry'd, "Behold my castle-walls,
My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals;
With land of twenty thousand acres round!
All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound."
The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law).
The banker's brain was cool'd, the mist grew clear;
The visionary scene was lost in air.
He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancied bargain was not good:
Yet, loath the sum entire should be destroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract's void."
The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd.
"Shall I, ye gods," he cries, "my debts compound!"
So saying, from his rug the skewer takes,
And on the stick ten equal notches makes;
With just resentment flings it on the ground;
"There, take my tally of ten thousand pound!"

EPISTLE VIII.

MARY GULLIVER

TO

CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER.

ARGUMENT.

THE captain, some time after his return, being retired to Mr. Sympson's in the country; Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending from his late behaviour some estrangement of his affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly-complaining epistle.

WELCOME, thrice welcome, to thy native place!
—What, touch me not? What, shun a wife's embrace?
Have I for this thy tedious absence borne,
And wak'd and wish'd whole nights for thy return?
In five long years I took no second spouse;
What Redriff wife so long hath kept her vows?
Your eyes, your nose, inconstancy betray,
Your nose you stop, your eyes you turn away.
'Tis said, that thou should'st *cleave unto thy wife;*
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for life.
Hear, and relent! hark, how thy children moan!
Be kind at least to these—they are thy own!
Be bold, and count them all; secure to find
The honest number that you left behind.
See how they pat thee with their pretty paws;
Why start you? are they snakes? or have they claws?
Thy Christian seed, our mutual flesh and bone:
Be kind at least to these—they are thy own!
Biddel[1], like thee, might farthest India rove;
He chang'd his country, but retains his love:
There's captain Pannel[1], absent half his life,
Comes back, and is the kinder to his wife;
Yet Pannel's wife is brown, compar'd to me,
And mistress Biddel sure is fifty three!
Not touch me! never neighbour call'd me slut:
Was Flimnap's name more sweet in Lilliput?
I've no red hair, to breathe an odious fume;
At least, thy consort's cleaner than thy groom.
Why then that dirty stable-boy thy care?
What mean those visits to the sorrel *mare?*
Say, by what witchcraft, or what demon led,
Preferr'st thou litter to the marriage-bed!
Some say the Devil himself is in that mare:
If so, our dean shall drive him forth by prayer.
Some think you mad; some think you are possest;
That Bedlam and clean straw will suit you best.
Vain means, alas! this phrenzy to appease!
That straw, that straw, would heighten the disease.
My bed (the scene of all our former joys,
Witness two lovely girls, two lovely boys)
Alone I press; in dreams I call my dear,
I stretch my hand; no Gulliver is there!
I wake, I rise, and, shivering with the frost,
Search all the house: my Gulliver is lost!
Forth in the streets I rush with frantic cries,
The windows open; all the neighbours rise:
"Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where!"
The neighbours answer, "With the sorrel mare!"
At early morn, I to the market haste
(Studious in every thing to please thy taste);
A curious fowl and 'sparagus I chose
(For I remember'd you were fond of those):
Three shillings cost the first, the last seven groats;
Sullen you turn from both, and call for oats.
Others bring goods and treasure to their houses,
Something to deck their pretty babes and spouses;
My only token was a cup like horn,
That's made of nothing but a lady's corn.
'Tis not for that I grieve; no, 'tis to see
The groom and sorrel mare preferr'd to me!
These for some moments when you deign to quit,
And (at due distance) sweet discourse admit,
'Tis all my pleasure thy past toil to know,
For pleas'd remembrance builds delight on woe.
At every danger pants thy consort's breast,
And gaping infants squall to hear the rest.
How did I tremble when, by thousands bound,
I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian ground!
When scaling armies climb'd up every part,
Each step they trod I felt upon my heart.
But, when thy torrent quench'd the dreadful blaze.
King, queen, and nation, staring with amaze,
Full in my view how all my husband came!
And what extinguish'd theirs, increas'd my flame.
Those spectacles, ordain'd thine eyes to save,
Were once my present; Love that armour gave.
How did I mourn at Bolgolam's decree!
For, when he sign'd thy death, he sentenc'd me.
When folks might see thee all the country round
For sixpence, I'd have given a thousand pound.
Lord! when that giant babe that head of thine
Got in his mouth, my heart was up in mine!
When in the marrow-bone I see thee ramm'd,
Or on the house-top by the monkey cramm'd,
The piteous images renew my pain,
And all thy dangers I weep o'er again.

[1] Names of the sea-captains mentioned in the Travels.

But on the maiden's nipple when you rid,
Pray Heav'n 'twas all a wanton maiden did!
Glumdalclitch too!—with thee I mourn her case:
Heaven guard the gentle girl from all disgrace!
O may the king that one neglect forgive,
And pardon her the fault by which I live!
Was there no other way to set him free?
My life, alas! I fear, prov'd death to thee.
O teach me, dear, new words to speak my flame!
Teach me to woo thee by thy best-lov'd name,
Whether the style of Gridrig please thee most,
So call'd on Brobdingnag's stupendous coast,
When on the monarch's ample hand you sate,
And halloo'd in his ear intrigues of state;
Or Quinbus Flestrin more endearment brings,
When, like a mountain, you look'd down on kings;
If ducal Nardac, Lilliputian peer,
Or Glumblum's humbler title soothe thy ear;
Nay, would kind Jove my organs so dispose,
To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm thro' the nose,
I'd call thee Houyhnhnm, that high-sounding name,
Thy children's noses all should twang the same.
So might I find my loving spouse, of course,
Endued with all the virtues of a horse.

EPISTLE IX.

BOUNCE TO FOP.

FROM A DOG AT TWICKENHAM, TO A DOG AT COURT.

To thee, sweet Fop, these lines I send,
Who, though no spaniel, ath a friend.
Though once my tail, in wanton play,
Now frisking this and then that way,
Chanc'd, with a touch of just the tip,
To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ship;
Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off,
Sure Bounce is one you never read of.

Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg;
And (what's the top of all your tricks)
Can stoop to pick up strings and sticks.
We country dogs love nobler sport,
And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
Fie, naughty Fop! where'er you come,
To fart and piss about the room,
To lay your head in every lap,
And when they think not of you—snap:
The worst that Envy, or that Spite,
E'er said of me, is, I *can* bite;
That sturdy vagrants, rogues in rags,
Who poke at me, can make no brags;
And that to touze such things as *flutter*,
To honest Bounce is bread and butter.

While you and every courtly fop
Fawn on the Devil for a chop;
I've the humanity to hate
A butcher, though he brings me meat:
And, let me tell you, have a nose
(Whatever stinking fops suppose)
That, under cloth of gold or tissue,
Can smell a plaster, or an issue.
Your pilfering lord, with simple pride,
May wear a pick-lock at his side:
My master wants no key of state,
For Bounce can keep his house and gate.

When all such dogs have had their days,
As knavish Pams, and fawning Trays:
When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Veni's,
And motley, squinting Harlequini's[1];
Shall lick no more their lady's breech,
But die of looseness, claps, or itch;
Fair Thames, from either echoing shore,
Shall hear and dread my manly roar.

See Bounce, like Berecynthia, crown'd,
With thundering offspring all around,
Beneath, beside me, and at top,
A hundred sons! and not one Fop.
Before my children set your beef,
Not one true Bounce will be a thief;
Not one without permission feed
(Though some of J——'s hungry breed);
But whatsoe'er the father's race,
From me they suck a little grace:
While your fine whelps learn all to steal,
Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldest-born resides not far
Where shines great Strafford's glittering star;
My second (child of Fortune!) waits
At Burlington's Palladian gates;
A third majestically stalks
(Happiest of dogs!) in Cobham's walks:
One ushers friends to Bathurst's door,
One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.

Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn,
Wait for my infants yet unborn.
None but a peer of wit and grace
Can hope a puppy of my race:
And, oh! would Fate the bliss decree
To mine, (a bliss too great for me)
That two my tallest sons might grace,
Attending each with stately pace
Iülus' side, as erst Evander's[2],
To keep off flatterers, spies, and panders;
To let no noble slave come near,
And scare lord Fannies from his ear:
Then might a royal youth, and true,
Enjoy at least a friend—or two;
A treasure, which, of royal kind,
Few but himself deserve to find;
Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
Shall wag her tail within the grave.
And though no doctors, Whig or Tory ones,
Except the sect of Pythagoreans,
Have immortality assign'd
To any beast but Dryden's hind[3]:
Yet master Pope, whom Truth and Sense
Shall call their friend some ages hence,
Though now on loftier themes he sings,
Than to bestow a word on kings,
Has sworn by Styx[4], the poet's oath,
And dread of dogs and poets both,
Man and his works he'll soon renounce,
And roar in numbers worthy Bounce.

[1] Alii legunt *Harvequini's*.

[2] Virg. Æn. viii.

[3] A milk-white hind, immortal and unchang'd.
Hind and Panther, ver. 1.

[4] Orig. *Sticks;* purposely mis-spelt, to make it "the dread of dogs."

EPISTLE X.

TO THE LEARNED INGENIOUS AUTHOR [1]

OF

LICENTIA POETICA DISCUSSED;

OR, THE TRUE TEST OF POETRY.

WRITTEN IN 1709.

THE vulgar notion of poetic fire
Is, that laborious Art can ne'er aspire,
Nor constant studies the bright bays acquire;
And that high flights the unborn bard receives,
And only Nature the due laurel gives:
But you, with innate shining flames endow'd,
To wide Castalian springs point out the god;
Through your perspective we can plainly see
The new-discover'd road of poetry;
To steep Parnassus you direct the way
So smooth, that venturous travellers cannot stray,
But with unerring steps rough ways disdain,
And, by you led, the beauteous summit gain,
Where polish'd lays shall raise their growing fames,
And with their tuneful guide enroll their honour'd names.

EPISTLE XI.

TO MY INGENIOUS AND WORTHY FRIEND

WILLIAM LOWNDS, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF THAT CELEBRATED TREATISE IN FOLIO, CALLED THE LAND-TAX BILL.

WHEN poets print their works, the scribbling crew
Stick the bard o'er with bays, like Christmas-pew:
Can meagre Poetry such fame deserve?
Can Poetry, that only writes to starve?
And shall no laurel deck that famous head,
In which the senate's annual law is bred?
That hoary head, which greater glory fires,
By nobler *ways and means* true fame acquires.
O had I Virgil's force, to sing the man,
Whose learned lines can millions raise *per ann.*
Great Lownds's praise should swell the trump of Fame,
And *rapes* and *wapentakes* resound his name!
If the blind poet gain'd a long renown
By singing every Grecian chief and town;
Sure Lownds's prose much greater fame requires,
Which sweetly counts five thousand knights and squires,
Their seats, their cities, parishes, and shires.
Thy copious preamble so smoothly runs,
Taxes no more appear like legal duns:
Lords, knights, and squires, the assessor's power obey;
We read with pleasure, though with pain we pay.
Ah! why did Coningsby thy works defame!
That author's long harangue betrays his name.
After his speeches, can his pen succeed?
Though forc'd to hear, we're not oblig'd to read.

Under what science shall thy works be read?
All know thou wert not poet born and bred.
Or dost thou boast th' historian's lasting pen,
Whose annals are the acts of worthy men?
No. Satire is thy talent; and each lash
Makes the rich miser tremble o'er his cash.
What on the drunkard can be more severe,
Than direful taxes on his ale and beer?
Ev'n Button's wits are nought, compar'd to thee,
Who ne'er were known or prais'd but o'er his tea;
While thou thro' Britain's distant isle shalt spread,
In every *hundred* and *division* read.
Critics in classics oft interpolate,
But every word of thine is fix'd as fate.
Some works come forth at morn, but die at night,
In blazing fringes round a tallow-light.
Some may, perhaps, to a whole week extend,
Like Steele (when unassisted by a friend):
But thou shalt live a year, in spite of Fate;
And where's your author boasts a longer date?
Poets of old had such a wondrous power,
That with their verses they could raise a tower:
But in thy prose a greater force is found;
What poet ever rais'd ten thousand pound?
Cadmus, by sowing dragons' teeth, we read,
Rais'd a vast army from the poisonous seed.
Thy labours, Lownds, can greater wonders do;
Thou raisest armies, and canst pay them too.
Truce with thy dreaded pen; thy annals cease;
Why need we armies when the land's in peace?
Soldiers are perfect devils in their way; [lay.
When once they're rais'd, they're cursed hard to

EPISTLE XII.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH SOME LAMPREYS.

WITH lovers 'twas of old the fashion
By presents to convey their passion;
No matter what the gift they sent,
The lady saw that love was meant.
Fair Atalanta, as a favour,
Took the boar's head her hero gave her;
Nor could the bristly thing affront her;
'Twas a fit present from a hunter.
When squires send woodcocks to the dame,
It serves to show their absent flame.
Some by a snip of woven hair,
In posied lockets, bribe the fair.
How many mercenary matches
Have sprung from diamond-rings and watches!
But hold—a ring, a watch, a locket,
Would drain at once a poet's pocket;
He should send songs that cost him nought,
Nor ev'n be prodigal of thought.
Why then send lampreys? Fie, for shame!
'Twill set a virgin's blood on flame.
This to fifteen a proper gift!
It might lend sixty-five a lift.
I know your maiden aunt will scold,
And think my present somewhat bold.
I see her lift her hands and eyes:
"What; eat it, niece; eat Spanish flies!
Lamprey's a most immodest diet:
You'll neither wake nor sleep in quiet.
Should I to-night eat sago-cream,
'Twould make me blush to tell my dream;

[1] Dr. William Coward, a physician of some eminence. He was author of a great variety of treatises on various subjects, medical, poetical, and religious. The latter having been principally of a sceptical nature, he is generally ranked amongst the deistical writers. *N.*

If I eat lobster, 'tis so warming,
That every man I see looks charming.
Wherefore had not the filthy fellow
Laid Rochester upon your pillow?
I vow and swear, I think the present
Had been as modest and as decent.
" Who has her virtue in her power?
Each day has its unguarded hour,
Always in danger of undoing,
A prawn, a shrimp, may prove our ruin!
" The shepherdess, who lives on sallad,
To cool her youth, controls her palate.
Should Dian's maids turn liquorish livers,
And of huge lampreys rob the rivers,
Then, all beside each glade and visto,
You'd see nymphs lying like Calisto.
" The man, who meant to heat your blood,
Needs not himself such vicious food—"
In this, I own, your aunt is clear,
I sent you what I well might spare:
For, when I see you, (without joking)
Your eyes, lips, breasts, are so provoking,
They set my heart more cock-a-hoop,
Than could whole seas of craw-fish soup.

EPISTLE XIII.

TO A LADY,

ON HER PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

What ecstasies her bosom fire!
How her eyes languish with desire!
How blest, how happy, should I be,
Were that fond glance bestow'd on me!
New doubts and fears within me war:
What rival's near? a china jar.
China's the passion of her soul:
A cup, a plate, a dish; a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in her breast,
Inflame with joy, or break her rest.
Some gems collect; some medals prize,
And view the rust with lovers' eyes;
Some court the stars at midnight hours;
Some doat on Nature's charms in flowers:
But every beauty I can trace
In Laura's mind, in Laura's face;
My stars are in this brighter sphere,
My lily and my rose is here.
Philosophers, more grave than wise,
Hunt science down in butterflies;
Or, fondly poring on a spider,
Stretch human contemplation wider.
Fossils give joy to Galen's soul;
He digs for knowledge, like a mole;
In shells so learn'd, that all agree
No fish that swims knows more than he!
In such pursuits if wisdom lies,
Who, Laura, shall thy taste despise?
When I some antique jar behold,
Or white, or blue, or speck'd with gold;
Vessels so pure, and so refin'd,
Appear the types of woman-kind:
Are they not valued for their beauty,
Too fair, too fine, for houshold duty?
With flowers and gold and azure dy'd,
Of every house the grace and pride?
How white, how polish'd is their skin,
And valued most when only seen!
She, who before was highest priz'd,
Is for a crack or flaw despis'd.
I grant they're frail; yet they're so rare,
The treasure cannot cost too dear!
But man is made of coarser stuff,
And serves convenience well enough;
He's a strong earthen vessel, made
For drudging, labour, toil, and trade;
And, when wives lose their other self,
With ease they bear the loss of delf.
Husbands, more covetous than sage,
Condemn this china-buying rage;
They count that woman's prudence little,
Who sets her heart on things so brittle.
But are those wise men's inclinations
Fix'd on more strong, more sure foundations?
If all that's frail we must despise,
No human view or scheme is wise.
Are not Ambition's hopes as weak?
They swell like bubbles, shine, and break.
A courtier's promise is so slight,
'Tis made at noon, and broke at night.
What pleasure's sure? The miss you keep
Breaks both your fortune and your sleep.
The man who loves a country-life
Breaks all the comforts of his wife;
And, if he quit his farm and plough,
His wife in town may break her vow.
Love, Laura, love, while youth is warm,
For each new winter breaks a charm;
And woman's not like china sold,
But cheaper grows in growing old;
Then quickly choose the prudent part,
Or else you break a faithful heart.

EPISTLE XIV.

ON

A MISCELLANY OF POEMS.

TO BERNARD LINTOTT.

Ipsa varietate tentamus efficere ut alia aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant. Plin. Epist.

As when some skilful cook, to please each guest,
Would in one mixture comprehend a feast,
With due proportion and judicious care
He fills his dish with different sorts of fare,
Fishes and fowls deliciously unite,
To feast at once the taste, the smell, and sight.
So, Bernard, must a Miscellany be
Compounded of all kinds of poetry;
The Muses' olio, which all tastes may fit,
And treat each reader with his darling wit.
Would'st thou for Miscellanies raise thy fame,
And bravely rival Jacob's mighty name,
Let all the Muses in the piece conspire;
The lyric bard must strike th' harmonious lyre;
Heroic strains must here and there be found,
And nervous sense be sung in lofty sound;
Let elegy in moving numbers flow,
And fill some pages with melodious woe;
Let not your amorous songs too numerous prove,
Nor glut thy reader with abundant love;
Satire must interfere, whose pointed rage
May lash the madness of a vicious age;
Satire! the Muse that never fails to hit,
For if there's scandal, to be sure there's wit.

Tire not our patience with Pindaric lays,
Those swell the piece, but very rarely please;
Let short-breath'd epigram its force confine,
And strike at follies in a single line.
Translations should throughout the work be sown,
And Homer's godlike Muse be made our own;
Horace in useful numbers should be sung,
And Virgil's thoughts adorn the British tongue.
Let Ovid tell Corinna's hard disdain,
And at her door in melting notes complain;
His tender accents pitying virgins move,
And charm the listening ear with tales of love.
Let every classic in the volume shine,
And each contribute to thy great design;
Through various subjects let the reader range,
And raise his fancy with a grateful change.
Variety's the source of joy below,
From whence still fresh revolving pleasures flow.
In books and love, the mind one end pursues,
And only *change* th' expiring flame renews.
Where Buckingham will condescend to give,
That honour'd piece to distant times must live;
When noble Sheffield strikes the trembling strings,
The little Loves rejoice, and clap their wings;
"Anacreon lives," they cry, "th' harmonious swain
Retunes the lyre, and tries his wonted strain,
'Tis he—our lost Anacreon lives again."
But, when th' illustrious poet soars above
The sportive revels of the god of love,
Like Maro's Muse, he takes a loftier flight,
And towers beyond the wondering Cupid's sight
If thou would'st have thy volume stand the test,
And of all others be reputed best,
Let Congreve teach the listening groves to mourn,
As when he wept o'er fair Pastora's urn.
Let Prior's Muse with softening accents move,
Soft as the strains of constant Emma's love:
Or let his fancy choose some jovial theme,
As when he told Hans Carvel's jealous dream;
Prior th' admiring reader entertains
With Chaucer's humour, and with Spenser's strains.
Waller in Granville lives; when Mira sings,
With Waller's hand he strikes the sounding strings,
With sprightly turns his noble genius shines,
And manly sense adorns his easy lines.
On Addison's sweet lays Attention waits,
And Silence guards the place while he repeats;
His Muse alike on every subject charms,
Whether she paints the god of love, or arms:
In him pathetic Ovid sings again,
And Homer's Iliad shines in his Campaign.
Whenever Garth shall raise his sprightly song,
Sense flows in easy numbers from his tongue;
Great Phœbus in his learned son we see,
Alike in physic, as in poetry.
When Pope's harmonious Muse with pleasure [roves
Amidst the plains, the murmuring streams, and groves,
Attentive Echo, pleas'd to hear his songs,
Through the glad shade each warbling note prolongs;
His various numbers charm our ravish'd ears,
His steady judgment far out shoots his years,
And early in the youth the god appears.
From these successful bards collect thy strains;
And praise with profit shall reward thy pains:
Then, while calves-leather-binding bears the sway,
And sheep-skin to its sleeker gloss gives way;
While neat old Elzevir is reckon'd better
Than Pirate Hill's brown sheets and scurvy letter;
While print-admirers careful Aldus choose,
Before John Morphew, or the weekly news;
So long shall live thy praise in books of fame,
And Tonson yield to Lintott's lofty name.

EPISTLE XV.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE THE
EARL OF OXFORD,
THE LORD HIGH TREASURER[1].

The epigrammatical petition of your lordship's most humble servant,
JOHN GAY.

I'M no more to converse with the swains,
But go where fine people resort:
One can live without money on plains,
But never without it at court.

If when with the swains I did gambol,
I array'd me in silver and blue;
When abroad and in courts I shall ramble,
Pray, my lord, how much money will do?

ECLOGUES.

THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OF VIRGIL.

YE sylvan Muses, loftier strains recite:
Not all in shades and humble cots delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds;
Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking Morn?
To the glad squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags, and all ye beasts of chase;
This hour destruction brings on all your race:
See the pleas'd tenants duteous offerings bear,
Turkeys and geese, and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the ponderous tankard flows,
And old October reddens every nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand.
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow;
The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flowers,
To give metheglin for his morning-hours;
For him the clustering hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.
His sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How, when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the staring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall;

[1] See, in Swift's works, a letter from Mr. Gay, dated June 8, 1714. N.

Tells, how this stag thro' three whole counties fled,
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desperate chase, and all his cheats;
How in one day, beneath his furious speed,
He tir'd seven coursers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leap'd, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the witch[1]!
These stories, which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.
Ah, too fond mother! think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar-schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod;
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace:
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?
When ripening youth with down o'ershades his chin,
And every female eye incites to sin;
The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and watery qualms shall own thy crime.
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine moons shall publicly divulge thy shame,
And the young squire forestall a father's name.
When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land;
On fam'd St. Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the dust his groveling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone.
O venturous youth! thy thirst of game allay:
May'st thou survive the perils of this day!
He shall survive, and in late years be sent
To snore away debates in parliament.
The time shall come, when his more solid sense,
With nod important, shall the laws dispense;
A justice with grave justices shall sit;
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.
Assist me, Bacchus, and ye drunken powers,
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours!
Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
Firm-cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine?
Think on the mischiefs which from hence have sprung!
It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the memory with injurious words.
O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd?
The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou still, O squire! brew ale so strong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.
Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead drunk, his servile crew supinely snore;
Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands;
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

[1] The most common accident to sportsmen, to hunt a witch in the shape of a hare.

THE TOILETTE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

LYDIA.

Now twenty springs had cloth'd the park with green,
Since Lydia knew the blossom of fifteen;
No lovers now her morning hours molest,
And catch her at her toilette half-undrest;
The thundering knocker wakes the street no more,
No chairs, no coaches, crowd her silent door;
Her midnights once at cards and hazard fled,
Which now, alas! she dreams away in bed.
Around her wait Shocks, monkeys, and mockaws,
To fill the place of fops and perjur'd beaux;
In these she views the mimickry of man,
And smiles when grinning Pug gallants her fan;
When Poll repeats, the sounds deceive her ear,
(For sounds like his once told her Damon's care);
With these alone her tedious mornings pass,
Or, at the dumb devotion of her glass,
She smooths her brow, and frizzles forth her hairs,
And fancies youthful dress gives youthful airs;
With crimson wool she fixes every grace,
That not a blush can discompose her face.
Reclin'd upon her arm, she pensive sate,
And curs'd th' inconstancy of youth too late.
"O youth! O spring of life! for ever lost!
No more my name shall reign the favourite toast;
On glass no more the diamond grave my name,
And rhymes mis-spelt record a lover's flame:
Nor shall side-boxes watch my restless eyes,
And, as they catch the glance, in rows arise
With humble bows; nor white-glov'd beaux encroach
In crowds behind, to guard me to my coach:
Ah, hapless nymph! such conquests are no more;
For Chloe's now what Lydia was before!
"'Tis true, this Chloe boasts the peach's bloom,
But does her nearer whisper breathe perfume?
I own, her taper shape is form'd to please:
Yet, if you saw her unconfin'd by stays!
She doubly to fifteen may make pretence;
Alike we read it in her face and sense.
Her reputation! but that never yet
Could check the freedoms of a young coquette.
Why will ye then, vain fops, her eyes believe?
Her eyes can, like your perjur'd tongues, deceive.
"What shall I do? how spend the hateful day?
At chapel shall I wear the morn away?
Who there frequents at these unmodish hours,
But ancient matrons with their frizzled towers,
And gray religious maids? My presence there,
Amid that sober train, would own despair;

Nor am I yet so old; nor is my glance
As yet fixt wholly to devotion's trance.
" Straight then I'll dress, and take my wonted range
Through every Indian shop through all the Change;
Where the tall jar erects his costly pride,
With antic shapes in China's azure dy'd;
There careless lies the rich brocade unroll'd;
Here shines a cabinet with burnish'd gold:
But then remembrance will my grief renew,
'Twas there the raffling dice false Damon threw;
'The raffling dice to him decide the prize;
'Twas there he first convers'd with Chloe's eyes.
Hence sprung th' ill-fated cause of all my smart;
To me the toy he gave, to her his heart.
But soon thy perjury in the gift was found,
The shiver'd china dropt upon the ground;
Sure omen that thy vows would faithless prove;
Frail was thy present, frailer is thy love.
" O happy Poll! in wiry prison pent,
Thou ne'er hast known what love or rivals meant;
And Pug with pleasure can his fetters bear,
Who ne'er believ'd the vows that lovers swear!
How am I curst (unhappy and forlorn)
With perjury, with love, and rival's scorn!
False are the loose coquette's inveigling airs,
False is the pompous grief of youthful heirs,
False is the cringing courtier's plighted word,
False are the dice when gamesters stamp the board,
False is the sprightly widow's public tear;
Yet these to Damon's oaths are all sincere.
" Fly from perfidious man, the sex disdain;
Let servile Chloe wear the nuptial chain.
Damon is practis'd in the modish life,
Can hate, and yet be civil to a wife.
He games; he swears; he drinks; he fights; he roves;
Yet Chloe can believe he fondly loves.
Mistress and wife can well supply his need;
A miss for pleasure, and a wife for breed.
But Chloe's air is unconfin'd and gay,
And can, perhaps, an injur'd bed repay;
Perhaps her patient temper can behold
The rival of her love adorn'd with gold.
Powder'd with diamonds, free from thought and care,
A husband's sullen humours she can bear.
" Why are these sobs? and why these streaming eyes?
Is love the cause? No, I the sex despise!
I hate, I loath his base perfidious name!
Yet if he should but feign a rival flame?
But Chloe boasts and triumphs in my pains;
To her he's faithful, 'tis to me he feigns."
Thus love-sick Lydia rav'd. Her maid appears;
A band-box in her steady hand she bears.
" How well this ribband's gloss becomes your face!"
She cries, in raptures; " then, so sweet a lace!
How charmingly you look! so bright! so fair!
'Tis to your eyes the head-dress owes its air."
Straight Lydia smil'd; the comb adjusts her locks,
And at the play-house Harry keeps her box.

THE TEA-TABLE.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

DORIS AND MELANTHE.

SAINT James's noon-day bell for prayers had toll'd,
And coaches to the patron's *levee* roll'd,
When Doris rose. And now through all the room
From flowery tea exhales a fragrant fume.
Cup after cup they sipt, and talk'd by fits,
For Doris here, and there Melanthe sits.
Doris was young, a laughter-loving dame,
Nice of her own alike and others' fame:
Melanthe's tongue could well a tale advance,
And sooner gave than sunk a circumstance;
Lock'd in her memory, secrets never dy'd.
Doris begun: Melanthe thus reply'd.

DORIS.

Sylvia the vain fantastic fop admires;
The rake's loose gallantry her bosom fires:
Sylvia like that is vain, like this she roves;
In liking them, she but herself approves.

MELANTHE.

Laura rails on at men, the sex reviles,
Their vice condemns, or at their folly smiles.
Why should her tongue in just resentment fail,
Since men at her with equal freedom rail?

DORIS.

Last masquerade was Sylvia nymph-like seen,
Her hand a crook sustain'd, her dress was green;
An amorous shepherd led her through the crowd,
The nymph was innocent, the shepherd vow'd;
But nymphs their innocence with shepherds trust;
So both withdrew, as nymph and shepherd must.

MELANTHE.

Name but the licence of the modern stage,
Laura takes fire, and kindles into rage;
The whining tragic love she scarce can bear,
But nauseous comedy ne'er shock'd her ear;
Yet, in the gallery mobb'd, she sits secure,
And laughs at jests that turn the box demure.

DORIS.

Trust not, ye ladies, to your beauty's power,
For beauty withers like a shrivell'd flower;
Yet those fair flowers, that Sylvia's temples bind,
Fade not with sudden blights or winter's wind;
Like those, her face defies the rolling years;
For art her roses and her charms repairs.

MELANTHE.

Laura despises every outward grace,
The wanton sparkling eye, the blooming face;
The beauties of the soul are all her pride,
For other beauties Nature has deny'd:
If affectation show a beauteous mind,
Lives there a man to Laura's merits blind?

DORIS.

Sylvia be sure defies the town's reproach,
Whose dishabille is soil'd in hackney coach;
What tho' the sash was clos'd, must we conclude,
That she was yielding, when her top was rude?

MELANTHE.

Laura learnt caution at too dear a cost.
What fair could e'er retrieve her honour lost?
Secret she loves; and who the nymph can blame,
Who durst not own a footman's vulgar flame?

DORIS.

Though Laura's homely taste descends so low;
Her footman well may vie with Sylvia's beau.

MELANTHE.

Yet why should Laura think it a disgrace,
When proud Miranda's groom wears Flanders lace?

DORIS.

What though for music Cynthio boasts an ear?
Robin, perhaps, can hum an opera air.

Cynthio can bow, takes snuff, and dances well;
Robin talks common-sense, can write and spell.
Sylvia's vain fancy dress and show admires;
But 'tis the man alone whom Laura fires.

MELANTHE.

Plato's wise morals Laura's soul improve:
And this, no doubt, must be Platonic love!
Her soul to generous acts was still inclin'd.
What shows more virtue than an humble mind?

DORIS.

What though young Sylvia love the park's cool shade,
And wander in the dusk the secret glade?
Masqu'd and alone (by chance) she met her spark;
That innocence is weak which shuns the dark.

MELANTHE.

But Laura for her flame has no pretence;
Her footman is a footman too in sense.
All prudes I hate; and those are rightly curst
With scandal's double load, who censure first.

DORIS.

And what if Cynthio Sylvia's garter ty'd?
Who such a foot and such a leg would hide;
When crook-knee'd Phyllis can expose to view
Her gold-clock'd stocking, and her tawdry shoe?

MELANTHE.

If pure devotion centre in the face,
If censuring others show intrinsic grace,
If guilt to public freedoms be confin'd,
Prudes (all must own) are of the holy kind!

DORIS.

Sylvia disdains reserve, and flies constraint;
She neither is, nor would be thought, a saint.

MELANTHE.

"Love is a trivial passion," Laura cries:
"May I be blest with friendship's stricter ties!"
To such a breast all secrets we commend;
Sure the whole drawing-room is Laura's friend.

DORIS.

At marriage Sylvia rails; "who men would trust?"
Yet husbands' jealousies are sometimes just.
Her favours Sylvia shares among mankind:
Such generous love should never be confin'd.

As thus alternate chat employ'd their tongue,
With thundering raps the brazen knocker rung.
Laura and Sylvia came; the nymphs arise;
"This unexpected visit," Doris cries,
"Is doubly kind!" Melanthe Laura led:
"Since I was last so blest, my dear," she said,
"Sure 'tis an age!" They sate; the hour was set;
And all again that night at ombre met.

THE FUNERAL.

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

SABINA. LUCY.

Twice had the Moon perform'd her earthly race,
Since first the veil o'ercast Sabina's face.
Then died the tender partner of her bed.
And lives Sabina when Fidelio's dead?
Fidelio's dead, and yet Sabina lives.
But see the tribute of her tears she gives:
Their scent loud her rooms in sable mourn,
And all the day the glimmering tapers burn;
Stretch'd on the couch of state she pensive lies,
While oft the snowy cambric wipes her eyes.
Now enter'd Lucy: trusty Lucy knew
To roll a sleeve, or bear a billet-doux;
Her ready tongue, in secret service try'd,
With equal fluency spoke truth or ly'd;
She well could flush or humble a gallant,
And serve at once as maid and confidant!
A letter from her faithful stays she took:
Sabina snatch'd it with an angry look,
And thus in hasty words her grief confest;
While Lucy strove to soothe her troubled breast.

SABINA.

What, still Myrtillo's hand! his flame I scorn;
Give back his passion with the seal unborn.
To break our soft repose has man a right?
And are we doom'd to read whate'er they write?
Not all the sex my firm resolves shall move;
My life's a life of sorrow, not of love.
May Lydia's wrinkles all my forehead trace,
And Celia's paleness sicken o'er my face;
May fops of mine, as Flavia's favours, boast,
And coquettes triumph in my honour lost;
May cards employ my nights, and never more
May these curst eyes behold a matadore;
Break china, perish Shock, die perroquet;
When I Fidelio's dearer love forget!
Fidelio's judgment scorn'd the foppish train;
His air was easy, and his dress was plain,
His words sincere, respect his presence drew,
And on his lips sweet conversation grew.
Where's wit, where's beauty, where is virtue fled?
Alas! they're now no more; Fidelio's dead!

LUCY.

Yet, when he liv'd, he wanted every grace;
That easy air was then an awkward pace:
Have not your sighs in whispers often said,
His dress was slovenly, his speech ill-bred?
Have not I heard you, with a secret tear,
Call that sweet converse sullen and severe?
Think not I come to take Myrtillo's part;
Let Chloe, Daphne, Doris, share his heart;
Let Chloe's love in every ear express
His graceful person and genteel address.
All well may judge what shaft has Daphne hit,
Who suffers silence, to admire his wit.
His equipage and liveries Doris move;
But Chloe, Daphne, Doris, fondly love.
Sooner shall cits in fashions guide the court,
And beaux upon the busy Change resort;
Sooner the nation shall from snuff be freed,
And fops' apartments smoke with India's weed;
Sooner I'd wish and sigh through nunnery grates,
Than recommend the flame Sabina hates.

SABINA.

Because some widows are in haste subdued;
Shall every fop upon our tears intrude?
Can I forget my lov'd Fidelio's tongue,
Soft as the warbling of Italian song?
Did not his rosy lips breathe forth perfume,
Fragrant as steams from tea's imperial bloom?

LUCY.

Yet once you thought that tongue a greater curse
Than squalls of children for an absent nurse.
Have you not fancy'd, in his frequent kiss,
Th' ungrateful leavings of a filthy mass?

SABINA.

Love, I thy power defy; no second flame
Shall ever raze my dear Fidelio's name.
Fannia without a tear might lose her lord,
Who ne'er enjoy'd his presence but at board.
And why should sorrow sit on Lesbia's face?
Are there such comforts in a sot's embrace?
No friend, no lover, is to Lesbia dead;
For Lesbia long had known a separate bed.
Gush forth, ye tears; waste, waste, ye sighs, my breast!
My days, my nights, were by Fidelio blest!

LUCY.

You cannot sure forget how oft you said,
His teazing fondness jealousy betray'd!
When at the play the neighbouring box he took,
You thought you read suspicion in his look.
When cards and counters flew around the board,
Have you not wish'd the absence of your lord?
His company was then a poor pretence,
To check the freedoms of a wife's expense.

SABINA.

But why should I Myrtillo's passion blame,
Since love's a fierce, involuntary flame?

LUCY.

Could he the sallies of his heart withstand,
Why should he not to Chloe give his hand?
For Chloe's handsome; yet he slights her flame;
Last night she fainted at Sabina's name.
Why, Daphne, dost thou blame Sabina's charms?
Sabina keeps no lover from thy arms.
At crimp Myrtillo play'd, in kind regards
Doris threw love, unmindful of the cards;
Doris was touch'd with spleen; her fan she rent,
Flew from the table, and to tears gave vent.
Why, Doris, dost thou curse Sabina's eyes?
To her Myrtillo is a vulgar prize.

SABINA.

Yet say, I lov'd; how loud would censure rail!
So soon to quit the duties of the veil!
No, sooner plays and operas I'd forswear,
And change these China jars for Tunbridge ware;
Or trust my mother as a confidant,
Or fix a friendship with my maiden-aunt;
Than till—to morrow throw my weeds away.
Yet let me see him, if he comes to-day!

THE ESPOUSAL,

A SOBER ECLOGUE,

BETWEEN TWO OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS.

CALEB. TABITHA.

Beneath the shadow of a beaver hat,
Mark Caleb at a silent meeting sat;
His eye-balls oft forgot the holy trance,
While Tabitha demure return'd the glance.
The meeting ended, Caleb silence broke,
And Tabitha her inward yearnings spoke.

CALEB.

Beloved, see how all things follow love;
The fondleth lamb, and dove disports with dove;
The dimpled lambs their innocence secure,
And none can call the turtle's bill impure.
O fairest of our sisters, let me be
The billing dove and fondling lamb to thee.

TABITHA.

But, Caleb, know that birds of gentle mind
Elect a mate among the sober kind;
Not the mockaws, all deck'd in scarlet pride,
Entice their mild and modest hearts aside:
But thou, vain man! beguil'd by Popish shows,
Doatest on ribbands, flounces, furbelows.
If thy false heart be fond of tawdry dyes,
Go, wed the painted arch in summer-skies;
Such love will like the rainbow's hue decay,
Strong at the first, but passeth soon away.

CALEB.

Name not the frailties of my youthful days,
When vice misled me through the harlot's ways!
When I with wanton look the sex beheld,
And Nature with each wanton look rebell'd;
Then party-colour'd pride my heart might move
With lace, the net to catch unhallow'd love.
All such like love is fading as the flower,
Springs in a day, and withereth in an hour:
But now I feel the spousal love within,
And spousal love no sister holds a sin.

TABITHA.

I know thou longest for the flaunting maid,
Thy falsehood own, and say I am betray'd;
The tongue of man is blister'd o'er with lies,
But truth is ever read in woman's eyes.
O that my lip obey'd a tongue like thine!
Or that thine eye bewray'd a love like mine!

CALEB.

How bitter are thy words! forbear to tease,
I too might blame—but love delights to please.
Why should I tell thee, that, when last the Sun
Painted the downy peach of Newington,
Josiah led thee through the garden's walk,
And mingled melting kisses with his talk?
Ah, Jealousy! turn, turn thine eyes aside:
How can I see that watch adorn thy side?
For verily no gift the sisters take
For lust of gain, but for the giver's sake.

TABITHA.

I own, Josiah gave the golden toy,
Which did the righteous hand of Quare employ.
When Caleb hath assign'd some happy day,
I look on this, and chide the hours' delay:
And, when Josiah would his love pursue,
On this I look, and shun his wanton view.
Man but in vain with trinkets tries to move;
The only present Love demands is love.

CALEB.

Ah, Tabitha, to hear these words of thine,
My pulse beats high, as if inflam'd with wine!
When to the brethren first with fervent zeal
The spirit mov'd the yearnings to reveal,
How did I joy thy trembling lip to see
Red as the cherry from the Kentish tree!
When ecstasy had warm'd thy look so meek,
Gardens of roses blushed on thy cheek! [eyes?
With what sweet transport didst thou roll thine
How did thy words provoke the brethren's sighs;
Words that with holy sighs might others move,
But, Tabitha, my sighs were sighs of love.

TABITHA.

Is Tabitha beyond her wishes blest?
Does no proud worldly dame divide thy breast?

Then hear me, Caleb; witness what I speak,
This solemn promise death alone can break:
Sooner I would bedeck my brow with lace,
And with immodest favourites shade my face,
Sooner like Babylon's lewd whore be drest
In flaring diamonds and a scarlet vest,
Or make a curtsie in cathedral pew,
Than prove inconstant, while my Caleb's true.

CALEB.

When I prove false, and Tabitha forsake,
Teachers shall dance a jig at country-wake;
Brethren unbeaver'd then shall bow their head,
And with prophane mince-pies our babes be fed.

TABITHA.

If that Josiah were with passion fir'd,
Warm as the zeal of youth when first inspir'd;
In steady love though he might persevere,
Unchanging as the decent garb we wear,
And thou wert fickle as the wind that blows,
Light as the feather on the head of beaux;
Yet I for thee would all thy sex resign:
Sisters, take all the rest—be Caleb mine.

CALEB.

Though I had all that sinful love affords,
And all the concubines of all the lords,
Whose couches creak with whoredom's sinful shame,
Whose velvet chairs are with adultery lame;
Ev'n in the harlot's hall, I would not sip
The dew of lewdness from her lying lip;
I'd shun her paths, upon thy mouth to dwell,
More sweet than powder which the merchants sell.
O solace me with kisses pure like thine!
Enjoy, ye lords, the wanton concubine.
The Spring now calls us forth; come, sister, come,
To see the primrose and the daisy bloom.
Let Ceremony bind the worldly pair;
Sisters esteem the brethren's words sincere.

TABITHA.

Espousals are but forms. O lead me hence,
For secret love can never give offence.

Then hand in hand the loving mates withdraw:
True love is nature unrestrain'd by law.
This tenet all the holy sect allows;
So Tabitha took earnest of a spouse.

ELEGIES.

PANTHEA.

Long had Panthea felt Love's secret smart,
And hope and fear alternate rul'd her heart;
Consenting glances had her flame confest:
In woman's eyes her very soul's expresst.
Perjur'd Alexis saw the blushing maid,
He saw, he swore, he conquer'd, and betray'd.
Another love now calls him from her arms,
His fickle heart another beauty warms;
Those oaths, oft whisper'd in Panthea's ears,
He now again to Galatea swears.
Beneath a beech th' abandon'd virgin laid,
In grateful solitude enjoys the shade; [strains,
There with faint voice she breath'd these moving
While sighing Zephyrs shar'd her amorous pains.

"Pale settled sorrow hangs upon my brow,
Dead are my charms; Alexis breaks his vow!
Think, think, dear shepherd, on the days you knew,
When I was happy, when my swain was true;
Think how thy looks and tongue are form'd to move;
And think yet more—that all my fault was love.
Ah! could you view me in this wretched state,
You might not love me, but you could not hate.
Could you behold me in this conscious shade,
Where first thy vows, where first my love was paid,
Worn out with watching, sullen with despair,
And see each eye swell with a gushing tear;
Could you behold me on this mossy bed,
From my pale cheek the lively crimson fled,
Which in my softer hours you oft have sworn,
With rosy beauty far outblush'd the Morn;
Could you untouch'd this wretched object bear,
And would not lost Panthea claim a tear?
You could not, sure—tears from your eyes would steal,
And unawares thy tender soul reveal.
Ah, no! thy soul with cruelty is fraught,
No tenderness disturbs thy savage thought;
Sooner shall tigers spare the trembling lambs,
And wolves with pity hear their bleating dams;
Sooner shall vultures from their quarry fly;
Than false Alexis for Panthea sigh!
Thy bosom ne'er a tender thought confest,
Sure stubborn flint has arm'd thy cruel breast!
But hardest flints are worn by frequent rains,
And the soft drops dissolve their solid veins;
While thy relentless heart more hard appears,
And is not soften'd by a flood of tears.

"Ah, what is love! Panthea's joys are gone,
Her liberty, her peace, her reason, flown!
And when I view me in the watery glass,
I find Panthea now, not what she was.
As northern winds the new-blown roses blast,
And on the ground their fading ruins cast;
As sudden blights corrupt the ripen'd grain,
And of its verdure spoil the mournful plain;
So hapless love on blooming features preys,
So hapless love destroys our peaceful days.

"Come, gentle Sleep, relieve these weary'd eyes,
All sorrow in thy soft embraces dies:
There, spite of all thy perjur'd vows, I find
Faithless Alexis languishingly kind:
Sometimes he leads me by the mazy stream,
And pleasingly deludes me in my dream;
Sometimes he guides me to the secret grove,
Where all our looks, and all our talk, is love.
Oh! could I thus consume each tedious day,
And in sweet slumbers dream my life away!
But sleep, which now no more relieves these eyes,
To my sad soul the dear deceit denies.

"Why does the Sun dart forth its cheerful rays?
Why do the woods resound with warbling lays?
Why does the rose her grateful fragrance yield,
And yellow cowslips paint the smiling field?
Why do the streams with murmuring music flow,
And why do groves their friendly shade bestow?
Let sable clouds the cheerful Sun deface,
Let mournful silence seize the feather'd race;
No more, ye roses, grateful fragrance yield,
Droop, droop, ye cowslips, in the blasted field;
No more, ye streams, with murmuring music flow,
And let not groves a friendly shade bestow:
With sympathizing grief let Nature mourn,
And never know the youthful Spring's return.

And shall I never more Alexis see?
Then what is spring, or grove, or stream, to me?
"Why sport the skipping lambs on yonder plain?
Why do the birds their tuneful voices strain?
Why frisk those heifers in the cooling grove?
Their happier life is ignorant of love.
"Oh! lead me to some melancholy cave,
To lull my sorrows in a living grave;
From the dark rock, where dashing waters fall,
And creeping ivy hangs the craggy wall;
Where I may waste in tears my hours away,
And never know the seasons or the day!
Die, die, Panthea!—fly this hateful grove!
For what is life without the swain I love?"

ARAMINTA.

AN ELEGY.

Now Phœbus rose, and with his early beams
Wak'd slumberin, Delia from her pleasing dreams;
Her wishes by her fancy were supply'd,
And in her sleep the nuptial knot was ty'd.
With secret joy she saw the morning ray
Chequer the floor, and through the curtains play;
The happy morn that shall her bliss complete,
And all her rivals' envious hopes defeat.
In haste she rose, forgetful of her prayers,
Flew to the glass, and practis'd o'er her airs:
Her new-set jewels round her robe are plac'd,
Some in a brilliant buckle bind her waist,
Some round her neck a circling light display,
Some in her hair diffuse a trembling ray;
The silver knot o'erlooks the Mechlin lace,
And adds becoming beauties to her face;
Brocaded flowers o'er the gay mantua shine,
And the rich stays her taper shape confine;
Thus all her dress exerts a graceful pride,
And sporting Loves surround th' expecting bride;
For Daphnis now attends the blushing maid,
Before the priest the solemn vows are paid;
This day, which ends at once all Delia's cares,
Shall swell a thousand eyes with secret tears.
"Cease, Araminta, 'tis in vain to grieve,
Canst thou from Hymen's bonds the youth retrieve?
Disdain his perjuries, and no longer mourn:
Recall my love, and find a sure return."
But still the wretched maid no comfort knows,
And with resentment cherishes her woes;
Alone she pines, and, in these mournful strains,
Of Daphnis' vows, and her own fate, complains:
"Was it for this I sparkled at the play,
And loiter'd in the ring whole hours away?
When if thy chariot in the circle shone,
Our mutual passion by our looks was known:
Through the gay crowd my watchful glances flew,
Where'er I pass, thy grateful eyes pursue.
"Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
For eyes the language of the soul explain.
"Think, Daphnis, think, that scarce five days are fled,
Since (O false tongue!) those treacherous things [you said;
How did you praise my shape and graceful air!
And woman thinks all compliments sincere.
Didst thou not then in rapture speak thy flame,
And in soft sighs breathe Araminta's name?
Didst thou not then with oaths thy passion prove,
And, with an awful trembling, say—'I love?'
"Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my pain
For eyes the language of the soul explain.
"How could'st thou thus, ungrateful youth, deceive?
~~How could~~ I thus, unguarded maid, believe?
Sure thou canst well recall that fatal night,
When subtle love first enter'd at my sight:
When in the dance I was thy partner chose,
Gods! what a rapture in my bosom rose!
My trembling hand my sudden joy confess'd,
My glowing cheeks a wounded heart express'd;
My looks spoke love; while you, with answering
In killing glances made as kind replies. [eyes,
Think, Daphnis, think, what tender things you said,
Think what confusion all my soul betray'd.
You call'd my graceful presence Cynthia's air;
And, when I sung, the Syrens charm'd your ear:
My flame, blown up by flattery, stronger grew;
A gale of love in every whisper flew.
"Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
For eyes the language of the soul explain.
"Whene'er I dress'd, my maid, who knew my flame,
Cherish'd my passion with thy lovely name;
Thy picture in her talk so lively grew,
That thy dear image rose before my view;
She dwelt whole hours upon thy shape and mien,
And wounded Delia's fame, to soothe my spleen:
When she beheld me at the name grow pale,
Straight to thy charms she chang'd her artful tale;
And, when thy matchless charms were quite run
I bid her tell the pleasing tale once more. [o'er,
Oh, Daphnis! from thy Araminta fled!
Oh, to my love for ever, ever dead!
Like Death, his nuptials all my hope remove,
And ever part me from the man I love.
"Ah, faithless youth! too well you saw my pain;
For eyes the language of the soul explain.
"O might I by my cruel fate be thrown
In some retreat, far from this hateful town!
Vain dress and glaring equipage, adieu!
Let happier nymphs those empty shows pursue.
Me let some melancholy shade surround,
Where not the print of human step is found.
In the gay dance my feet no more shall move,
But bear me faintly through the lonely grove.
No more these hands shall o'er the spinnet bound,
And from the sleeping strings call forth the sound:
Music, adieu! farewell, Italian airs!
The croaking raven now shall soothe my cares.
On some old ruin, lost in thought, I rest,
And think how Araminta once was blest;
There o'er and o'er thy letters I peruse,
And all my grief in one kind sentence lose:
Some tender line by chance my woe beguiles,
And on my cheek a short-liv'd pleasure smiles.
Why is this dawn of joy? Flow, tears, again!
Vain are these oaths, and all these vows are vain;
Daphnis, alas! the Gordian knot has ty'd;
Nor force nor cunning can the band divide.
"Ah, faithless youth! since eyes the soul explain,
Why knew I not that artful tongue could feign?"

AN ELEGY ON A LAP-DOG.

Snock's fate I mourn! poor Shock is now no more!
Ye Muses, mourn! ye chambermaids, deplore!

Unhappy Shock! yet more unhappy fair,
Doom'd to survive thy joy and only care!
Thy wretched fingers now no more shall deck,
And tie the favourite ribband round his neck;
No more thy hand shall smooth his glossy hair,
And comb the wavings of his pendant ear.
Yet cease thy flowing grief, forsaken maid;
All mortal pleasures in a moment fade:
Our surest hope is in an hour destroy'd;
And love, best gift of Heaven, not long enjoy'd.
Methinks I see her frantic with despair,
Her streaming eyes, wrung hands, and flowing hair;
Her Mechlin pinners, rent, the floor bestrow,
And her torn fan gives real signs of woe.
Hence Superstition, that tormenting guest,
That haunts with fancy'd fears the coward breast;
No dread events upon this fate attend,
Stream eyes, no more, no more thy tresses rend.
Though certain omens oft forewarn a state,
And dying lions show the monarch's fate;
Why should such fears bid Cælia's sorrow rise?
For, when a lap-dog falls, no lover dies.
Cease, Cælia, cease; restrain thy flowing tears,
Some warmer passion will dispel thy cares.
In man you'll find a more substantial bliss,
More grateful toying, and a sweeter kiss.
He's dead. Oh, lay him gently in the ground!
And may his tomb be by this verse renown'd:
"Here Shock, the pride of all his kind, is laid:
Who fawn'd like man, but ne'er like man betray'd."

SONGS AND BALLADS.

SWEET WILLIAM'S FAREWELL TO BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When Black-ey'd Susan came aboard.
"Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear)
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change, as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind.
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard:
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land:
"Adieu!" she cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

A BALLAD,

FROM THE WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind;
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

"Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days.
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

"The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

"How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep."

All melancholy lying,
Thus wail'd she for her dear;
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

THE LADY'S LAMENTATION.

A BALLAD.

PHYLLIDA, that lov'd to dream
In the grove, or by the stream;
Sigh'd on velvet pillow.
What, alas! should fill her head,
But a fountain, or a mead,
Water and a willow?

"Love in cities never dwells,
He delights in rural cells
Which sweet woodbine covers.
What are your assemblies then?
There, 'tis true, we see more *men*;
But much fewer lovers.

"Oh, how chang'd the prospect grows!
Flocks and herds to fops and beaux,
Coxcombs without number!
Moon and stars that shone so bright,
To the torch and waxen light,
And whole nights at ombre.

"Pleasant as it is, to hear
Scandal tickling in our ear,
Ev'n of our own mothers;
In the chit-chat of the day,
To us is pay'd, when we're away,
What we lent to others.

"Though the favourite toast I reign;
Wine, they say, that prompts the vain,
Heightens defamation.
Must I live 'twixt spite and fear,
Every day grow handsomer,
And lose my reputation?"

Thus the fair to sighs gave way,
Her empty purse beside her lay.
Nymph, ah! cease thy sorrow.
Though curst Fortune frown to night,
This odious town can give delight,
If you win to morrow.

DAMON AND CUPID.

A SONG.

THE Sun was now withdrawn,
The shepherds home were sped;
The Moon wide o'er the lawn
Her silver mantle spread;
When Damon stay'd behind,
And saunter'd in the grove.
"Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love?

"Oh! those were golden hours,
When Love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia's bowers
Lodg'd swains and nymphs by pairs;
But now from wood and plain
Flies every sprightly lass;
No joys for me remain,
In shades, or on the grass."

The winged boy draws near;
And thus the swain reproves:
"While Beauty revel'd here,
My game lay in the groves;
At court I never fail
To scatter round my arrows;
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like sparrows.

"Then, swain, if me you need,
Straight lay your sheep-hook down;
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haste away to town.
So well I'm known at court,
None asks where Cupid dwells;
But readily resort
To Bellenden's or Lepell's."

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

A SONG.

DAPHNIS stood pensive in the shade,
With arms across, and head reclin'd;
Pale looks accus'd the cruel maid,
And sighs reliev'd his love-sick mind:
His tuneful pipe all broken lay;
Looks, sighs, and actions, seem'd to say,
"My Chloe is unkind.

"Why ring the woods with warbling throats?
Ye larks, ye linnets, cease your strains;
I faintly hear in your sweet notes
My Chloe's voice that wakes my pains:
Yet why should you-your song forbear?
Your mates delight your song to hear;
But Chloe mine disdains."

As thus he melancholy stood,
Dejected as the lonely dove,
Sweet sounds broke gently through the wood.
"I feel the sound; my heart-strings move.
'Twas not the nightingale that sung;
No. 'Tis my Chloe's sweeter tongue.
Hark, hark, what says my love?"

"How foolish is the nymph," (she cries)
"Who trifles with her lovers's pain!
Nature still speaks in woman's eyes,
Our artful lips were made to feign.
O Daphnis, Daphnis, 'twas my pride,
'Twas not my heart thy love deny'd;
Come back, dear youth, again.

"As t'other day my hand he seiz'd,
My blood with thrilling motion flew;
Sudden I put on looks displeas'd.
And hasty from his hold withdrew.
'Twas fear alone, thou simple swain;
Then hadst thou prest my hand again,
My heart had yielded too!

"'Tis true, thy tuneful reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy lip and rosy cheek;
Think not thy skill in song defam'd,
That lip should other pleasures seek:
Much, much thy music I approve;
Yet break thy pipe, for more I love,
Much more to hear thee speak.

"My heart forbodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone;
Last night with Delia's dog he play'd,
Love by such trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear shepherd, come away,
My tongue would now my heart obey.
Ah, Chloe, thou art won!"

The youth stepp'd forth with hasty pace,
And found where wishing Chloe lay;
Shame sudden lighten'd in her face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say.
At last, in broken words, she cry'd;
"To morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to day!"

THE

COQUETTE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

A SONG.

At the close of the day,
When the bean-flower and hay
Breath'd odours in every wind;
Love enliven'd the veins
Of the damsels and swains;
Each glance and each action was kind.

Molly, wanton and free,
Kiss'd, and sate on each knee,
Fond ecstasy swam in her eyes.
See, thy mother is near;
Hark! she calls thee to hear
What age and experience advise.

"Hast thou seen the blithe dove
Stretch her neck to her love,
All glossy with purple and gold?
If a kiss he obtain,
She returns it again:
What follows, you need not be told."

"Look ye, mother," she cry'd,
"You instruct me in pride,
And men by good-manners are won.
She who trifles with all
Is less likely to fall
Than she who but trifles with one."

"Pr'ythee, Molly, be wise,
Lest by sudden surprise
Love should tingle in every vein:
Take a shepherd for life,
And, when once you're a wife,
You safely may trifle again."

Molly smiling reply'd,
"Then I'll soon be a bride;
Old Roger has gold in his chest.
But I thought all you wives
Chose a man for your lives,
And trifled no more with the rest."

MOLLY MOG;

OR, THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

A BALLAD.[1]

Says my uncle, "I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes;
Why you pine and you whine like a lover!"
—"I have seen Molly Mog of the Rose."

"O nephew! your grief is but folly,
In town you may find better prog.;
Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
A Molly much better than Mog."

"I know that by wits 'tis recited
That women are best at a clog;
But I am not so easily frighted
From loving of sweet Molly Mog.

"The school-boy's desire is a play-day;
The school-master's joy is to flog;
The milk-maid's delight is on May-day;
But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

"Will-a-wisp leads the traveller gadding
Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire, and bog;
But no light can set me a-madding
Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog.

"For guineas in other men's breeches
Your gamesters will palm and will cog;
But I envy them none of their riches,
So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

"The heart, when half wounded, is changing,
It here and there leaps like a frog;
But my heart can never be ranging,
'Tis so fix'd upon sweet Molly Mog.

"Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys, as my sweet Molly Mog.

"I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog;
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet Molly Mog.

"A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid, and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog.

"If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

"Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seem as cut out of a log:
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit,
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

"Those who toast all the family royal,
In bumpers of hogan and nog,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

"Were Virgil alive with his Phyllis,
And writing another eclogue;
Both his Phyllis and fair Amaryllis
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.

"When she smiles on each guest, like her liquo
Then jealousy sets me agog;
To be sure she's a bit for the vicar,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog."

BALLAD.

Of all the girls that e'er were seen,
There's none so fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and shape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye:

[1] This ballad was written on an inn-keeper's daughter at Oakingham, in Berkshire, who in her youth was a celebrated beauty and toast: she lived to a very advanced age, dying so lately as the month of March, 1766.—See the New Foundling Hospital for Wit, vol. v. p. 45.

Oh! the turn'd neck, and smooth white skin,
Of lovely, dearest Nelly!
For many a swain it well had been
Had she ne'er been at Calai.

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her cousins)
Across the Tuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.
The king, as he at dinner sat,
Did beckon to his hussar,
And bid him bring his tabby cat,
For charming Nell to buss her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd,
To see her so respected;
The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
And puss her tail erected.
But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly;
Then said the duke de Villeroy,
"Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!"

But who's that great philosopher,
That carefully looks at her?
By his concern, it should appear
The fair-one is his daughter.
"*Ma foy!*" (quoth then a courtier sly)
"He on his child does leer too:
I wish he has no mind to try
What some papas will here do."

The courtiers all, with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praises,
Admir'd her rose, and *lys sans farde*,
(Which are your *termes Françoises*).
Then might you see a painted ring
Of dames that stood by Nelly;
She like the pride of all the Spring,
And they, like *fleurs de Palais*.

In Marli's gardens, and St. Clou,
I saw this charming Nelly,
Where shameless nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *allée*:
But Venus had a brazen face
Both at Versailles and Meudon,
Or else she had resign'd her place,
And left the stone she stood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian:
Lord! how those foreigners would stare!
But I should turn Pygmalion:
For, spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight so,
As does that part that lies between
Her left-toe and her right-toe.

A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

When as corruption hence did go,
And left the nation free;
When Ay said ay, and No said no,
Without or place or fee;
Then Satan, thinking things went ill,
Sent forth his spirit, call'd Quadrille.
Quadrille, quadrille, &c.

Kings, queens, and knaves, made up his pack,
And four fair suits he wore;
His troops they were with red and black
All blotch'd and spotted o'er;
And every house, go where you will,
Is haunted by this imp Quadrille, &c.

Sure cards he has for every thing,
Which well court-cards they name,
And, statesman-like, calls in the king,
To help out a bad game;
But, if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to lose codille, &c.

When two and two were met of old,
Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books enroll'd,
And call'd a partie quarrée;
But now, meet when and where you will,
A partie quarrée is quadrille, &c.

The commoner, and knight, and peer,
Men of all ranks and fame,
Leave to their wives the only care
To propagate their name;
And well that duty they fulfil,
When the good husband's at quadrille, &c.

When patients lie in piteous case,
In comes th' apothecary;
And to the doctor cries, "Alas!
Non debes quadrillare:"
The patient dies without a pill:
For why?—The doctor's at quadrille, &c.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,
The Muscovite grow louder;
Britain, to curb her neighbours proud,
Would want both ball and powder;
Must want both sword and gun to kill:
For why?—The general's at quadrille, &c.

The king of late drew forth his sword,
(Thank God, 'twas not in wrath!)
And made, of many a 'squire and lord,
An unwash'd knight of Bath:
What are their feats of arms and skill?
They're but nine parties at quadrille, &c.

A party late at Cambray met,
Which drew all Europe's eyes;
'Twas call'd in Post-boy and Gazette
The Quadruple Allies;
But somebody took something ill,
So broke this party at quadrille, &c.

And now God save this noble realm,
And God save eke Hanóver;
And God save those who hold the helm,
When as the king goes over;
But let the king go where he will,
His subjects must play at quadrille,
Quadrille, quadrille, &c.

A NEW SONG

OF NEW SIMILES.

My passion is as mustard strong;
I sit all sober sad;
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March-hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, though as drunk as David's sow,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber, could see
The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And soft as silk my skin,
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I, melancholy as a cat,
Am kept awake to weep;
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone,
She laughs to see me pale;
And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled-ale.

The god of Love, at her approach,
Is busy as a bee;
Hearts, sound as any bell or roach,
Are smit and sigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men crowd about her;
But soon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as five pence is her mien,
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the Sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are,
Methinks I taste them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet:

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites;
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit, like pepper, bites:

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny dress;
Sweet as a rose her breath and lips,
Round as a globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee;
And happy as a king.
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But, false as Hell! she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do;
Though seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emperor should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post;
Let us, like bees, together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wish me better sped;
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish.

NEWGATE'S GARLAND;

BEING A NEW BALLAD,

SHEWING HOW MR. JONATHAN WILD'S THROAT WAS CUT FROM EAR TO EAR WITH A PENKNIFE, BY MR. BLAKE, ALIAS BLUE SKIN, THE BOLD HIGHWAYMAN, AS HE STOOD AT HIS TRIAL IN THE OLD-BAILEY, 1725.

To the tune of—The Cut-purse.

Ye gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice,
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose;
Ye honester poor rogues, who die in your shoes;
Attend and draw near,
Good news ye shall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear;
How Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob, if he please.

When to the Old-Bailey this Blueskin was led,
He held up his hand, his indictment was read,
Loud rattled his chains, near him Jonathan stood,
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then, hopeless of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife.
But forty pounds paid her, her grief shall appease,
And every man round me may rob, if he please.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the king's gold, and leave him but a crown; [men,
Some say there are peers, and some parliament-
Who meet once a year, to rob courtiers again:
Let them all take their swing,
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon instead of a string.
Now Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob, if he please.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies pensions;
Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering, fees:
Since this happy day,
Now every man may
Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway.
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob, if he please.

Some cheat in the customs, some rob the excise,
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.
Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to steal from the altar:
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, since Jonathan's cold.
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And every man round me may rob, if he please.

MISCELLANIES.

PROLOGUE,

DESIGNED FOR THE PASTORAL TRAGEDY OF DIONE.

THERE was a time (O were those days renew'd!)
Ere tyrant-laws had woman's will subdued;
Then Nature rul'd; and Love, devoid of art,
Spoke the consenting language of the heart.
Love uncontroll'd! insipid, poor delight!
'Tis the restraint that whets our appetite.
Behold the beasts, who range the forests free;
Behold the birds, who fly from tree to tree;
In their amours see Nature's power appear!
And do they love? Yes—one month in the year.
Were these the pleasures of the golden reign?
And did free Nature thus instruct the swain?
I envy not, ye nymphs, your amorous bowers:
Such harmless swains!—I'm e'en content with ours.
But yet there's something in these sylvan scenes,
That tells our fancy what the lover means.
Name but the mossy bank, and moon-light grove,
Is there a heart that does not beat with love?
To night we treat you with such country-fare:
Then, for your lover's sake, our author spare.
He draws no Heinskirk boors, or home-bred clowns,
But the soft shepherds of Arcadia's downs.
When Paris on the three his judgment pass'd;
I hope you'll own, the shepherd show'd his taste:
And Jove, all know, was a good judge of beauty,
Who made the nymph Calisto break her duty;
Then was the country-nymph no awkward thing.
See what strange revolutions Time can bring!
Yet still methinks an author's fate I dread,
Were it not safer beaten paths to tread
Of Tragedy, than o'er wide heaths to stray,
And, seeking strange adventures, lose his way?
No trumpet's clangor makes his heroine start,
And tears the soldier from her bleeding heart.
He, foolish bard! nor pomp nor show regards.
Without the witness of a hundred guards
His lovers sigh their vows.—If sleep should take ye,
He has no battle, no loud drum, to wake ye.
What, no such shifts?—there's danger in't, 'tis true;
Yet spare him, as he gives you something new.

CONTEMPLATION ON NIGHT.

WHETHER amid the gloom of night I stray;
Or my glad eyes enjoy revolving day,
Still Nature's various face informs my sense,
Of an all-wise, all-powerful Providence.
When the gay Sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their livery wear,
And a bright verdure clothes the smiling year;
The blooming flowers with opening beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show;
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But, when the gloomy reign of Night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all Nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost:
No distant landscapes draw our curious eyes;
Wrapt in Night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet still, e'en now, while darkness clothes the land,
We view the traces of th' Almighty hand;
Millions of stars in Heaven's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hangs the boundless sphere:
The silver Moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes;
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the world her borrow'd light repays.
Whether those stars, that twinkling lustre send,
Are suns, and rolling worlds those suns attend,
Man may conjecture, and new schemes declare;
Yet all his systems but conjectures are.
But this we know, that Heaven's eternal King,
Who bade this universe from nothing spring,
Can at his word bid numerous worlds appear,
And rising worlds th' all-powerful word shall hear.
When to the western main the Sun descends,
To other lands a rising day he lends;
The spreading dawn another shepherd spies,
The wakeful flocks from their warm folds arise;
Refresh'd, the peasant seeks his early toil,
And bids the plough correct the fallow soil.
While we in sleep's embraces waste the night,
The climes oppos'd enjoy meridian light:
And when those lands the busy Sun forsakes,
With us again the rosy morning wakes;
In lazy sleep the night rolls swift away,
And neither clime laments his absent ray.
When the pure soul is from the body flown,
No more shall Night's alternate reign be known:
The Sun no more shall rolling light bestow,
But from th' Almighty streams of glory flow.
Oh, may some nobler thought my soul employ,
Than empty, transient, sublunary joy!
The stars shall drop, the Sun shall lose his flame;
But thou, O GOD, for ever shine the same.

THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

ERE the foundations of the world were laid,
Ere kindling light th' Almighty word obey'd,
Thou wert; and when the subterraneous flame
Shall burst its prison, and devour this frame,
From angry Heaven when the keen lightning flies,
When fervent heat dissolves the melting skies,
Thou still shalt be; still as thou wert before,
And know no change, when time shall be no more.
O endless thought! divine Eternity
Th' immortal soul shares but a part of thee;
For thou wert present when our life began,
When the warm dust shot up in breathing man.
Ah! what is life? with ills encompass'd round,
Amidst our hopes, Fate strikes the sudden wound:
To day the statesman of new honour dreams,
To morrow Death destroys his airy schemes;
Is mouldy treasure in thy chest confin'd?
Think, all that treasure thou must leave behind;
Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd hearse,
And all thy hoards with lavish hand disperse.
Should certain Fate th' impending blow delay,
Thy mirth will sicken, and thy bloom decay;
Then feeble age will all thy nerves disarm,
No more thy blood its narrow channels warm.
Who then would wish to stretch this narrow span,
To suffer life beyond the date of man?
The virtuous soul pursues a nobler aim,
And life regards but as a fleeting dream:

She longs to wake, and wishes to get free,
To launch from Earth into Eternity.
For, while the boundless theme extends our thought,
Ten thousand thousand rolling years are nought.

AN

EPIGRAMMATICAL EXPOSTULATION[1].

From Mohock and from Hawkubite,
Good Lord, deliver me!
Who wander through the streets by night,
Committing cruelty.

They slash our sons with bloody knives,
And on our daughters fall;
And if they ravish not our wives,
We have good luck withal.

Coaches and chairs they overturn,
Nay, carts most easily:
Therefore from Gog, and eke Magog,
Good Lord, deliver me!

EPITAPH OF BY-WORDS.

Here lies a round woman, who thought mighty *odd*
Every word she e'er heard in this church about God.
To convince her of *God*, the good dean did endeavour,
But still in her heart she held *Nature* more *clever*.
Tho' he talk'd much of virtue her head always run
Upon something or other, she found better *fun*.
For the dame, by her skill in affairs astronomical,
Imagin'd, to live in the clouds was but *comical*.
In this world, she despis'd every soul she met here,
And, now she's in t' other, she thinks it but *queer*.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

Life is a jest, and all things show it:
I thought so once, but now I know it.

A MOTTO

FOR THE OPERA OF MUTIUS SCÆVOLA[2].

Who here blames words, or verses, songs, or singers,
Like Mutius Scævola will burn his fingers.

WINE:

A POEM.

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.

Of happiness terrestrial, and the source
Whence human pleasures flow, sing, heavenly Muse;
Of sparkling juices, of th' enlivening grape,
Whose quickening taste adds vigour to the soul,
Whose sovereign power revives decaying Nature,
And thaws the frozen blood of hoary Age,
A kindly warmth diffusing;—youthful fires
Gild his dim eyes, and paint with ruddy hue
His wrinkled visage, ghastly wan before:
Cordial restorative to mortal man,
With copious hand by bounteous gods bestow'd!
Bacchus divine, aid my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar:
Inspir'd, sublime, on Pegasean wing,
By thee upborne, I draw Miltonic air.
When fumy vapours clog our loaded brows,
With furrow'd frowns; when stupid, downcast eyes,
Th' external symptoms of remorse within,
Express our grief; or when in sullen dumps,
With head incumbent on expanded palm,
Moping we sit, in silent sorrow drown'd:
Whether inveigling Hymen has trepann'd
Th' unwary youth, and tied the Gordian knot
Of jangling wedlock not to be dissolv'd;
Worry'd all day by loud Xantippe's din,
Who fails not to exalt him to the stars,
And fix him there among the branched crew
(Taurus and Aries, and Capricorn,
The greatest monsters of the Zodiac):
Or for the loss of anxious worldly pelf,
Or Cœlia's scornful slights, and cold disdain,
Which check'd his amorous flame with coy repulse;
The worst events that mortals can befall:
By cares depress'd, in pensive hyppish mood,
With slowest pace the tedious minutes roll,
Thy charming sight, but much more charming gust,
New life incites, and warms our chilly blood.
Straight with pert looks, we raise our drooping fronts,
And pour in crystal pure, thy purer juice;—
With cheerful countenance and steady hand
Raise it lip-high, then fix the spacious rim
To the expecting mouth;—with grateful taste,
The ebbing wine glides swiftly o'er the tongue;
The circling blood with quicker motion flies:
Such is thy powerful influence, thou straight
Dispell'st those clouds, that, louring dark, eclips'd
The whilom glories of the gladsome face;—
While dimpled cheeks, and sparkling, rolling eyes,
Thy cheering virtues and thy worth proclaim.
So mists and exhalations that arise
From *hills or steamy lake, dusky or grey*,
Prevail; till Phœbus sheds Titanian rays,
And paints their flecky skirts with shining gold:
Unable to resist, the foggy damps,
That veil'd the surface of the verdant fields,
At the god's penetrating beams disperse;
The Earth again in former beauty smiles;
In gaudiest livery drest, all gay and clear.
When disappointed Strephon meets repulse,
Scoff'd at, despis'd, in melancholic mood,
Joyless he wastes in sighs the lazy hours;
Till, reinforc'd by thy most potent aid,
He storms the breach, and wins the beauteous fort.
To pay thee homage, and receive thy blessing,
The British seaman quits his native shore,
And ventures through the trackless, deep abyss,
Plowing the ocean, while the upheav'd oak,
"With beaked prow, rides tilting o'er the waves;"
Shock'd by tempestuous jarring winds, she rolls
In dangers imminent, till she arrives [sence.
At those blest climes thou favour'st with thy pre-
Whether at Lusitania's sultry coast,
Or lofty Teneriff, Palma, Ferro,
Provence, or at the Celtiberian shores;
With gazing pleasure and astonishment
At Paradise (seat of our ancient sire)
He thinks himself arriv'd; the purple grapes,
In largest clusters pendant, grace the vines

[1] Annexed, in 1712, to Gay's Wonderful Prophecy, &c. a humorous treatise on the Mohocks.

[2] An opera by Mr. Rolli, performed in 1721.

Innumerous; in fields grotesque and wild
They with implicit curls the oak entwine,
And load with fruit divine his spreading boughs;
Sight most delicious! not an irksome thought,
Or of left native isle, or absent friends,
Or dearest wife, or tender sucking babe,
His kindly-treacherous memory now presents;
The jovial god has left no room for cares.
Celestial liquor! thou that didst inspire
Maro and Flaccus, and the Grecian bard,
With lofty numbers, and heroic strains
Unparallel'd; with eloquence profound,
And arguments convictive, didst enforce
Fam'd Tully, and Demosthenes renown'd:
Ennius, first fam'd in Latin song, in vain
Drew Heliconian streams, ungrateful whet
To jaded Muse, and oft, with vain attempt,
Heroic acts, in flagging numbers dull,
With pains essay'd; but, abject still and low,
His unrecruited Muse could never reach
The mighty theme, till, from the purple fount
Of bright Lenæan fire, her barren drought
He quench'd and with inspiring nectarous juice
Her drooping spirits cheer'd;—aloft she towers,
Borne on stiff pennons, and of war's alarms,
And trophies won, in loftiest numbers sings.
'Tis thou the hero's breast to martial acts,
And resolution bold, and ardour brave,
Excit'st: thou check'st inglorious, lolling ease,
And sluggish minds with generous fires inflam'st.
O thou that first my quicken'd soul didst warm,
Still with thy aid assist me, that thy praise,
Thy universal sway o'er all the world,
In everlasting numbers, like the theme,
I may record, and sing thy matchless worth.
Had the Oxonian bard thy praise rehears'd,
His Muse had yet retain'd her wonted height;
Such as of late o'er Blenheim's field she soar'd
Aërial: now in Ariconian bogs
She lies inglorious floundering, like her theme
Languid and faint, and on damp wing, immerg'd
In acid juice, in vain attempts to rise.
With what sublimest joy from noisy town,
At rural seat, Lucretelus retir'd:
Flaccus, untainted by perplexing cares,
Where the white poplar, and the lofty pine,
Join neighbouring boughs, sweet hospitable shade
Creating, from Phœbean rays secure,
A cool retreat, with few well-chosen friends,
On flowery mead recumbent, spent the hours
In mirth innocuous, and alternate verse!
With roses interwoven, poplar wreaths
Their temples bind, dress of sylvestrian gods!
Choicest nectarean juice crown'd largest bowls,
And overlook'd the brim, alluring sight,
Of fragrant scent, attractive, taste divine!
Whether from Formian grape depress'd, Falern,
Or Setin, Massic, Gauran, or Sabine,
Lesbian or Cœcuban, the cheering bowl [wit
Mov'd briskly round, and spurr'd their heighten'd
To sing Mæcenas' praise, their patron kind.
But we not as our pristine sires repair
T' umbrageous grot or vale; but, when the Sun
Faintly from western skies his rays oblique
Darts sloping, and to Thetis' watery lap
Hastens in prone career, with friends select
Swiftly we hie to Devil[1], young or old,
Jocund and boon, where at the entrance stands
A stripling, who with scrapes and humil cringe
Greets us in winning speech, and accent bland;
With lightest bound, and safe, unerring step,
He skips before, and nimbly climbs the stairs:
Melampus thus, panting with lolling tongue,
And wagging tail, gambols, and frisks before
His sequent lord, from pensive walk return'd,
Whether in shady wood, or pasture green,
And waits his coming at the well-known gate.—
Nigh to the stairs' ascent, in regal port,
Sits a majestic dame, whose looks denounce
Command and sovereignty; with haughty air,
And studied mien, in semicircular throne
Enclos'd, she deals around her dread commands;
Behind her (dazzling sight!) in order rang'd,
Pile above pile, crystalline vessels shine;
Attendant slaves with eager strides advance,
And, after homage paid, bawl out aloud
Words unintelligible, noise confus'd:
She knows the jargon sounds, and straight describes,
In characters mysterious, words obscure;
More legible are algebraic signs,
Or mystic figures by magicians drawn,
When they invoke th' infernal spirits aid,

Drive hence the rude and barbarous dissonance
Of savage Thracians, and Croatian boors;
The loud Centaurian broils with Lapithæ
Sound harsh and grating to Lenæan god;
Chase brutal feuds of Belgian skippers hence
(Amid their cups, whose innate temper's shown),
In clumsy fist wielding scymmetrian knife,
Who slash each other's eyes and blubber'd face,
Profaning Bacchanalian, solemn rites:
Music's harmonious numbers better suit
His festivals, from instruments or voice,
Or Gasperini's hand the trembling string
Should touch; or from the dulcet Tuscan dames,
Or warbling Toft's far more melodious tongue,
Sweet symphonies should flow, the Delian god
For airy Bacchus is associate meet.

The stairs ascent now gain'd, our guide unbars
The door of spacious room, and creeking chairs
(To ear offensive) round the table sets.
We sit, when thus his florid speech begins:
"Name, sirs, the wine that most invites your taste,
Champaign, or Burgundy, or Florence pure,
Or Hock antique, or Lisbon new or old,
Bourdeaux, or neat French wine, or Alicant."
For Bourdeaux we with voice unanimous
Declare (such sympathy's in boon compeers).
He quits the room alert, but soon returns;
One hand capacious glistering vessels bears
Resplendent; t' other, with a grasp secure,
A bottle (mighty charge!) upstaid, full-fraught
With goodly wine. He, with extended hand
Rais'd high, pours forth his sanguine frothy juice,
O'erspread with bubbles, dissipated soon:
We straight to arms repair, experienc'd chiefs;
Now glasses clash with glasses (charming sound!)
And glorious Anna's health, the first, the best,
Crowns the full glass;—at her inspiring name,
The sprightly wine results, and seems to smile;
With hearty zeal, and wish unanimous,
Her health we drink, and in her health our own.
A pause ensues; and now with grateful chat
W' improve the interval; and joyous mirth
Engages our rais'd souls, pat repartee,
Or witty joke, our airy senses moves
To pleasant laughter; straight the echoing room
With universal peals and shouts resounds.

[1] The Devil-tavern, Temple-bar, frequented by his friends.

The royal Dane, blest consort of the queen,
Next crowns the ruby'd nectar, all whose bliss
In Anna's plac'd:—with sympathetic flame,
And mutual endearments, all her joys,
Like the kind turtle's pure untainted love,
Centre in him, who shares the grateful hearts
Of loyal subjects with his sovereign queen;
For, by his prudent care, united shores
Were sav'd from hostile fleets invasion dire.
The hero Marlborough next, whose vast exploits
Fame's clarion sounds; fresh laurels, triumphs new,
We wish, like those he won at Hochstet's field.
Next Devonshire illustrious, who from race
Of noblest patriots sprang, whose worthy soul
Is with each fair and virtuous gift adorn'd,
That shone in his most worthy ancestors:
For then distinct in separate breasts were seen
Virtues distinct, but all in him unite.
Prudent Godolphin, of the *nation's* weal
Frugal, but free and generous of *his own*,
Next crowns the bowl, with faithful Sunderland,
And Halifax, the Muses' darling son,
In whom conspicuous, with full lustre, shine
The surest judgment, and the brightest wit,
Himself Mæcenas and a Flaccus too—
And all the worthies of the British realm,
In order rang'd, succeed; such healths as tinge
The dulcet wine with a more charming gust.
Now each his mistress toasts, by whose bright eye
He's fir'd; Cosmelia fair, or Dulcibell',
Or Sylvia, comely black, with jetty eyes
Piercing; or airy Cœlia, sprightly maid!—
Insensibly thus flow unnumber'd hours;
Glass succeeds glass, till the Divean god
Shines in our eyes, and with his fulgent rays
Enlightens our glad looks with lovely dye;
All blithe and jolly, that, like Arthur's knights,
Of rotund table, fam'd in old records,
Now most we seem'd—such is the power of Wine.
Thus we the winged hours in harmless mirth
And joys unsully'd pass, till humid Night
Has half her race perform'd; now all abroad
Is hush'd and silent, nor the rumbling noise
Of coach or cart, or smoky link-boy's call,
Is heard—but universal silence reigns:
When we in merry plight, airy and gay,
Surpris'd to find the hours so swiftly fly,
With hasty knock, or twang of pendant cord,
Alarm the drowsy youth from slumbering nod;
Startled he flies, and stumbles o'er the stairs
Erroneous and with busy knuckles plies
His yet clung eye-lids, and with staggering reel
Enters confus'd, and, muttering, asks our wills;
When we with liberal hand the score discharge,
And homeward each his course with steady step
Unerring steers, of cares and coin bereft.

THE

LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH

FOR THE LOSS OF GRILDRIG[1].

A PASTORAL.

Soon as Glumdalclitch miss'd her pleasing care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her hair.

[1] In Faulkner's edition this poem is ascribed to Pope, and the Lilliputian Ode to Arbuthnot.

No British miss sincerer grief has known,
Her squirrel missing, or her sparrow flown.
She furl'd her sampler, and haul'd in her thread,
And stuck her needle into Grildrig's bed;
Then spread her hands, and with a bounce let fall
Her baby, like the giant in Guildhall.
In peals of thunder now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing cow:
Yet lovely in her sorrow still appears;
Her locks dishevell'd, and her flood of tears,
Seem like the lofty barn of some rich swain,
When from the thatch drips fast a shower of rain.
In vain she search'd each cranny of the house,
Each gaping chink impervious to a mouse.
"Was it for this," (she cry'd) "with daily care
Within thy reach I set the vinegar;
And fill'd the cruet with the acid tide,
While pepper-water worms thy bait supply'd,
Where twin'd the silver eel around thy hook,
And all the little monsters of the brook?
Sure in that lake he dropt! my Grilly's drown'd!"—
She dragg'd the cruet, but no Grildrig found.
"Vain is thy courage, Grilly, vain thy boast:
But little creatures enterprize the most.
Trembling, I've seen thee dare the kitten's paw,
Nay, mix with children as they play'd at taw,
Nor fear'd the marbles, as they bounding flew:
Marbles to them, but rolling rocks to you.
"Why did I trust thee with that giddy youth!
Who from a page can ever learn the truth?
Vers'd in court-tricks, that money-loving boy
To some lord's daughter sold the living toy;
Or rent him limb from limb in cruel play,
As children tear the wings of flies away.
From place to place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam,
And never will return, or bring thee home.
But who hath eyes to trace the passing wind?
How then thy fairy footsteps can I find?
Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone,
In the green thicket of a mossy stone;
Or, tumbled from the toadstool's slippery round,
Perhaps all maim'd, lie groveling on the ground?
Dost thou, embosom'd in the lovely rose,
Or sunk within the peach's down, repose?
Within the king cup if thy limbs are spread,
Or in the golden cowslip's velvet head:
O show me, Flora, 'midst those sweets, the flower
Where sleeps my Grildrig in his fragrant bower!
"But ah! I fear thy little fancy roves
On little females, and on little loves;
Thy pigmy children, and thy tiny spouse,
The baby playthings that adorn thy house,
Doors, windows, chimneys, and the spacious rooms
Equal in size to cells of honeycombs.
Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the shore,
Thy bark a bean-shell, and a straw thy oar?
Or in thy box now bounding on the main?
Shall I ne'er bear thyself and house again?
And shall I set thee on my hand no more,
To see thee leap the lines, and traverse o'er
My spacious palm? of stature scarce a span,
Mimic the actions of a real man?
No more behold thee turn my watch's key,
As seaman at a capstan anchors weigh?
How wast thou wont to walk with cautious tread,
A dish of tea, like milk-pail, on thy head!
How chase the mite that bore thy cheese away,
And keep the rolling maggot at a bay!"
She said; but broken accents stopt her voice,
Soft as the speaking trumpet's mellow noise.

She sobb'd a storm, and wip'd her flowing eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad suns in misty skies!—
O! squander not thy grief; those tears command
To weep upon our cod in Newfoundland:
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the fish,
And Europe taste thy sorrows in a dish.

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN,

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN.

A LILLIPUTIAN ODE.

In amaze
Lost, I gaze.
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?
May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
Propt the skies:
See! and believe your eyes!

See him stride
Valleys wide:
Over woods,
Over floods.
When he treads,
Mountains' heads
Groan and shake:
Armies quake,
Lest his spurn
Overturn
Man and steed.
Troops, take heed!
Left and right
Speed your flight!
Lest an host
Beneath his foot be lost.

Turn'd aside
From his hide,
Safe from wound
Darts rebound.
From his nose
Clouds he blows;
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks!
When he eats,
Famine threats!
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks!
Nigh thy ear,
In mid air,
On thy hand,
Let me stand,
So shall I [sky.
(Lofty poet!) touch the

VERSES

TO BE PLACED UNDER THE PICTURE OF

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE,

ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET;

CONTAINING A COMPLETE CATALOGUE OF HIS WORKS.

See who ne'er was, nor will be, half read:
Who first sang Arthur [1], then sang Alfred [2];
Prais'd great Eliza [3] in God's anger,
Till all true Englishmen cry'd, "Hang her!"
Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—
And hang'd up Marlborough in arras [4];
Then, hiss'd from Earth, grew heavenly quite:
Made every reader curse the light [5]:
Maul'd human wit in one thick satire [6],
Next, in three books, spoil'd human nature [7];
Undid creation [8] at a jirk,
And of [9] redemption made damn'd work.
Then took his Muse at once, and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture.
What wonders there the man, grown old, did!
Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded,
Made David [10] seem so mad and freakish,
All thought him just what thought king Achish.
No mortal read his Solomon [11],
But judg'd Re'boam his own son.
Moses he serv'd as Moses Pharaoh,
And Deborah [12], as she Sise-rah:
Made Jeremy [13] full sore to cry,
And Job [14] himself curse God and die.
What punishment all this must follow?
Shall Arthur use him like king Tollo?
Shall David as Uriah slay him?
Or dex'trous Deborah, Sisera-him?
Or shall Eliza lay a plot,
To treat him like her sister Scot?
Shall William dub his better end [15],
Or Marlborough serve him like a *friend*?
No!—none of these!—Heaven spare his life!
But send him, honest Job, thy wife!

[1] Two heroic poems, in folio, twenty books.
[2] Heroic poem, in twelve books.
[3] Heroic poem, in folio, ten books.
[4] Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry-weaver.
[5] Hymn to the Light.
[6] Satire against Wit.
[7] Of the Nature of Man.
[8] Creation, a poem, in seven books.
[9] Redemption, another heroic poem, in six books.
[10] Translation of all the Psalms.
[11] Canticles and Ecclesiastes.
[12] Paraphrase of the Canticles of Moses and Deborah, &c.
[13] The Lamentations
[14] The whole book of Job, a poem.
[15] Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.

A RECEIPT FOR STEWING VEAL.

WITH NOTES BY THE AUTHOR.

Take a knuckle of veal;
You may buy it, or steal.
In a few pieces cut it:
In a stewing-pan put it.
Salt, pepper, and mace,
Must season this knuckle;
Then what's join'd to a place [1]
With other herbs muckle;
That which killed king Will [2];
And what never stands still [3].
Some sprigs [4] of that bed
Where children are bred,
Which much you will mend, if
Both spinnage and endive,
And lettuce, and beet,
With marygold meet.
Put no water at all;
For it maketh things small,
Which, lest it should happen,
A close cover clap on.
Put this pot of Wood's metal [5]
In a hot boiling kettle,

[1] Vulgo, salary. [2] Supposed sorrel.
[3] This is by Dr. Bentley thought to be time, or thyme.
[4] Parsley. Vide Chamberlayne.
[5] Of this composition, see the works of the Copper-farthing Dean.

And there let it be
(Mark the doctrine I teach)
About—let me see—
Thrice as long as you preach *;
So skimming the fat off,
Say grace with your hat off.
O, then! with what rapture
Will it fill dean and chapter!

ACIS AND GALATEA.

A SERENATA.

THE MUSIC BY MR. HANDEL.

PART THE FIRST.

A rural prospect, diversified with rocks, groves, and a river. Acis and Galatea seated by a fountain. Chorus of nymphs and shepherds, distributed about the landscape; and Polyphemus discovered sitting upon a mountain.

CHORUS.

O THE pleasure of the plains!
Happy nymphs and happy swains
(Harmless, merry, free, and gay)
Dance and sport the hours away.

For us the zephyr blows,
For us distils the dew,
For us unfolds the rose,
And flowers display their hue:

For us the winters rain;
For us the summers shine;
Spring swells for us the grain,
And autumn bleeds the vine. *Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Ye verdant plains, and woody mountains,
Purling streams, and bubbling fountains,
Ye painted glories of the field,
Vain are the pleasures which you yield;
Too thin the shadow of the grove,
Too faint the gales, too cool my love.

AIR.

Hush, you pretty warbling choir,
Your thrilling strains
Awake my pains,
And kindle fierce desire:
Cease your song, and take your flight;
Bring back my Acis to my sight. *Da Capo.*

AIR.

ACIS.

Where shall I seek the charming fair?
Direct the way, kind genius of the mountains:
O tell me if you saw my dear!
Seeks she the groves, or bathes in crystal fountains?
Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

DAMON.

Stay, shepherd, stay!
See how thy flocks in yonder valley stray.
What means this melancholy air?
No more thy tuneful pipe we hear.

AIR.

Shepherd, what art thou pursuing,
Heedless running to thy ruin?
Share our joy, our pleasure share:
Leave thy passion till to morrow;
Let the day be free from sorrow,
Free from love, and free from care. *Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Lo, here, my love!
Turn, Galatea, hither turn thine eyes;
See at thy feet the longing Acis lies!

AIR.

Love in her eyes sits playing,
And sheds delicious death;
Love in her lips is straying,
And warbling in her breath:
Love on her breast sits panting,
And swells with soft desire:
Nor grace, nor charm, is wanting
To set the heart on fire.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

O! didst thou know the pains of absent love,
Acis would ne'er from Galatea rove.

AIR.

As when the dove
Laments his love,
All on the naked spray;
When he returns,
No more she mourns,
But loves the live-long day.
Billing, cooing,
Panting, wooing,
Melting murmurs fill the grove;
Melting murmurs, lasting love.

DUET.

ACIS AND GALATEA.

Happy we!
What joys I feel!—What charms I see!
Of all youths, thou dearest boy!
Of all nymphs, thou brightest fair!
Thou all my bliss, thou all my joy!
Da Capo.

CHORUS.

Happy we, &c.

PART THE SECOND.

A CONCERTO ON THE ORGAN.

CHORUS.

WRETCHED lovers! Fate has pass'd
This sad decree: "No joy shall last!"
Wretched lovers! quit your dream;
Behold the monster Polypheme!
See what ample strides he takes;
The mountain nods, the forest shakes;
The waves run frighten'd to the shores:
Hark! how the thundering giant roars!

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.

POLYPHEMUS.

I rage, I melt, I burn!
The feeble god has stabb'd me to the heart!
Thou trusty pine,
Prop of my godlike steps, I lay thee by.

* Which we suppose to be near four hours.

Bring me a hundred reeds, of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

AIR.

O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph, more bright
Than moon-shine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry!
Ripe as the melting cluster!
No lily has such lustre;
Yet hard to tame
As raging flame,
And fierce as storms that bluster! *Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE.

POLYPHEMUS, GALATEA.

POLY. Whither, fairest, art thou running,
Still my warm embraces shunning?

GAL. The lion calls not to his prey;
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay.

POLY. Thee Polyphemus, great as Jove,
Calls to empire, and to love:
To his palace in the rock,
To his dairy, to his flock;
To the grape of purple hue,
To the plumb of glossy blue;
Wildings which expecting stand,
Proud to be gather'd by thy hand.

GAL. Of infant limbs to make my food,
And swill full draughts of human blood!
Go, monster! bid some other guest:
I loath the host; I loath the feast.

AIR.

POLYPHEMUS.

Cease to beauty to be suing:
Ever whining love disdaining,
Let the brave, their aims pursuing,
Still be conquering, not complaining.
Da Capo.

AIR.

DAMON.

Would you gain the tender creature?
Softly, gently, kindly treat her:
Suffering is the lover's part:
Beauty by constraint possessing,
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms without the heart.
Da Capo.

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

His hideous love provokes my rage;
Weak as I am, I must engage:
Inspir'd with thy victorious charms
The god of love will lend his arms.

AIR.

Love sounds th' alarm,
And Fear is a flying:
When beauty's the prize,
What mortal fears dying?
In defence of my treasure,
I'd bleed at each vein:
Without her no pleasure;
For life is a pain. *Da Capo.*

AIR.

DAMON.

Consider, fond shepherd,
How fleeting's the pleasure,
That flatters our hopes
In pursuit of the fair:
The joys that attend it,
By moments we measure;
But life is too little
To measure our care. *Da Capo.*

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

Cease, O cease, thou gentle youth!
Trust my constancy and truth;
Trust my truth, and powers above,
The powers propitious still to love.

TRIO.

ACIS, GALATEA, AND POLYPHEME.

ACIS and GAL. The flocks shall leave the mountains,
The woods the turtle-dove,
The nymphs forsake the fountains,
Ere I forsake my love.

POLY. Torture! fury! rage! despair!
I cannot, cannot, cannot bear!

ACIS and GAL. Not showers to larks so pleasing,
Nor sun-shine to the bee;
Not sleep to toil so easing,
As these dear smiles to me.

POLY. Fly swift, thou massy ruin, fly!
Die, presumptuous Acis, die!

RECITATIVE.

ACIS.

Help, Galatea! help, ye parent gods!
And take me dying to your deep abodes!

CHORUS.

Mourn, all ye Muses! weep, ye swains!
Tune, tune your reeds to doleful strains!
Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the neighbouring shore,
Ah!—the gentle Acis is no more!

SONG AND CHORUS.

GALATEA.

Must I my Acis still bemoan,
Inglorious crush'd beneath that stone?
Must the lovely charming youth
Die for his constancy and truth?
Say, what comfort can you find?
For dark despair o'erclouds my mind.

CHORUS.

Cease, Galatea, cease to grieve;
Bewail not, when thou canst relieve:
Call forth thy power, employ thy art;
The goddess soon can heal thy smart:
To kindred gods the youth return,
Through verdant plains to roll his urn.

RECITATIVE.

GALATEA.

'Tis done: thus I exert my power divine;
Be thou immortal, though thou art not mine.

AIR.

Heart, thou seat of soft delight!
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood;

Rock, thy hollow womb disclose,
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Through the plains he joys to rove,
Murmuring still his gentle love.

CHORUS.

Galatea, dry thy tears:
Acis now a god appears.
See how he rears him from his bed;
See the wreath that binds his head.
Hail! thou gentle murmuring stream,
Shepherds' pleasure, Muses' theme;
Through the plain still joy to rove,
Murmuring still thy gentle love.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE STORY OF ACHELOUS AND HERCULES.

FROM OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

THESEUS, returning from a great hunting-match in Calydon, is stopped from proceeding by the overflowing of the river Acheloüs.—The god of the stream courteously invites him into his cave, where they pass the time in discoursing of various metamorphoses. At last, to prove the possibility of such changes, he asserts, that he has himself the power of varying his form within certain limitations, among which he mentions his having lost one of his horns when in the shape of a bull; and this gives rise to the following story.

THESEUS requests the god to tell his woes,
Whence his maim'd brow, and whence his groans arose;
When thus the Calydonian Stream reply'd,
With twining weeds his careless tresses tied:
"Ungrateful is the tale; for who can bear,
When conquer'd, to rehearse the shameful war?
Yet I'll the melancholy story trace;
So great a conqueror softens the disgrace:
Nor was it still so mean the prize to yield,
As great and glorious to dispute the field.
"Perhaps you've heard of Deïanira's name,
For all the country spoke her beauty's fame.
Long was the nymph by numerous suitors woo'd,
Each with address his envy'd hopes pursued:
I join'd the loving band; to gain the fair,
Reveal'd my passion to her father's ear.
Their vain pretensions all the rest resign;
Alcides only strove to equal mine:
He boasts his birth from Jove, recounts his spoils,
His step-dame's hate subdued, and finish'd toils.
"Can mortals then" (said I) "with gods compare?
Behold a god; mine is the watery care:
Through your wide realms I take my mazy way,
Branch into streams, and o'er the region stray:
No foreign guest your daughter's charms adores,
But one who rises in your native shores.
Let not his punishment your pity move;
Is Juno's hate an argument for love?
Though you your life from fair Alcmena drew,
Jove's a feign'd father, or by fraud a true.
Choose then; confess thy mother's honour lost,
Or thy descent from Jove no longer boast."
"While thus I spoke, he look'd with stern disdain,
Nor could the sallies of his wrath restrain,
Which thus broke forth: 'This arm decides our right:
Vanquish'd in words; be mine the prize in fight!'
"Bold he rush'd on. My honour to maintain,
I fling my verdant garments on the plain,
My arms stretch forth, my pliant limbs prepare,
And with bent hands expect the furious war.
O'er my sleek skin now gather'd dust he throws,
And yellow sand his mighty muscles strows.
Oft he my neck and nimble legs assails,
He seems to grasp me, but as often fails:
Each part he now invades with eager hand;
Safe in my bulk, immoveable I stand.
So when loud storms break high, and foam and roar
Against some mole that stretches from the shore;
The firm foundation lasting tempests braves,
Defies the warring winds, and driving waves.
"Awhile we breathe, then forward rush amain,
Renew the combat, and our ground maintain;
Foot strove with foot, I prone extend my breast,
Hands war with hands, and forehead forehead press'd.
Thus have I seen two furious bulls engage,
Inflam'd with equal love, and equal rage;
Each claims the fairest heifer of the grove,
And conquest only can decide their love:
The trembling herds survey the fight from far,
Till victory decides th' important war.
Three times, in vain, he strove my joints to wrest;
To force my hold, and throw me from his breast;
The fourth he broke my gripe, that clasp'd him round,
Then with new force he stretch'd me on the ground;
Close to my back the mighty burthen clung,
As if a mountain o'er my limbs were flung.
"Believe my tale; nor do I, boastful, aim,
By feign'd narration, to extol my fame.
No sooner from his grasp I freedom get,
Unlock my arms, that flow'd with trickling sweat,
But quick he seiz'd me, and renew'd the strife,
As my exhausted bosom pants for life:
My neck he gripes, my knee to earth he strains;
I fall, and bite the sand with shame and pains.
"O'er-match'd in strength, to wiles and arts I take,
And slip his hold, in form of speckled snake;
Who, when I wreath'd in spires my body round,
Or show'd my forky tongue with hissing sound,
Smiles at my threats. 'Such foes my cradle knew,'
He cries; 'dire snakes my infant hand o'erthrew;
A dragon's form might other conquests gain;
To war with me you take that shape in vain.
Art thou proportion'd to the Hydra's length,
Who by his wounds receiv'd augmented strength?
He rais'd a hundred hissing heads in air;
When one I lopp'd, up sprung a dreadful pair.
By his wounds fertile, and with slaughter strong,
Singly I quell'd him, and stretch'd dead along.
What canst thou do, a form precarious, prone,
To rouze my rage with terrours not thy own?'
He said; and round my neck his hands he cast,
And with his straining fingers wrung me fast:
My throat he tortur'd, close as pincers clasp,
In vain I strove to loose the forceful grasp.

"Thus vanquish'd too, a third form still remains,
Chang'd to a bull, my lowing fills the plains.
Straight on the left his nervous arms were thrown
Upon my brindled neck, and tugg'd it down;
Then deep he struck my horn into the sand,
And fell'd my bulk along the dusty land.
Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and scorn,
From my maim'd front he tore the stubborn horn;
This, heap'd with flowers and fruits, the Naïads bear,
Sacred to Plenty, and the bounteous year."

He spoke; when lo! a beauteous nymph appears,
Girt, like Dinna's train, with flowing hairs;
The horn she brings, in which all autumn's stor'd,
And ruddy apples for the second board.

Now morn begins to dawn, the Sun's bright fire
Gilds the high mountains, and the youths retire;
Nor stay'd they, till the troubled stream subsides,
And in its bounds with peaceful current glides.
But Acheloüs in his oozy bed
Deep hides his brow deform'd, and rustic head:
No real wound the victor's triumph show'd,
But his lost honours griev'd the watery god;
Yet ev'n that loss the willow's leaves o'erspread,
And verdant reeds, in garlands, bind his head.

THE DEATH OF NESSUS,

THE CENTAUR.

This virgin too, thy love, O Nessus! found,
To her alone you owe the fatal wound.
As the strong son of Jove his bride conveys,
Where his paternal lands their bulwarks raise;
Where from her slopy urn Evenus pours
Her rapid current, swell'd by wintery showers,
He came. The frequent eddies whirl'd the tide,
And the deep rolling waves all pass deny'd.
As for himself, he stood unmov'd by fears,
For now his bridal charge employ'd his cares.
The strong-limb'd Nessus thus officious cry'd,
(For he the shallows of the stream had try'd)
"Swim thou, Alcides, all thy strength prepare;
On yonder bank I'll lodge thy nuptial care."
Th' Aonian chief to Nessus trusts his wife,
All pale, and trembling for her hero's life:
Cloth'd as he stood in the fierce lion's hide,
The laden quiver o'er his shoulder ty'd
(For cross the stream his bow and club were cast);
Swift he plung'd in: "These billows shall be pass'd."
He said, nor sought where smoother waters glide,
But stemm'd the rapid dangers of the tide.
The bank he reach'd; again the bow he bears;
When, hark! his bride's known voice alarms his ears.
"Nessus! to thee I call," aloud he cries;
"Vain is thy trust in flight, be timely wise:
Thou monster double-shap'd, my right set free!
If thou no reverence owe my fame and me,
Yet kindred should thy lawless lust deny.
Think not, perfidious wretch, from me to fly,
Though wing'd with horse's speed; wounds shall pursue:"
Swift as his words the fatal arrow flew:
The Centaur's back admits the feather'd wood,
And through his breast the barbed weapon stood;
Which when, in anguish, through the flesh he tore,
From both the wounds gush'd forth the spumy gore,
Mix'd with Lernæan venom; this he took,
Nor dire revenge his dying breast forsook.
His garment, in the reeking purple dy'd,
To rouze love's passion, he presents the bride.

THE DEATH OF HERCULES.

Now a long interval of time succeeds,
When the great son of Jove's immortal deeds,
And step-dame's hate, had fill'd Earth's utmost round;
He from Œchalia, with new laurels crown'd,
In triumph was return'd. He rites prepares,
And to the king of gods directs his prayers,
When Fame (who falsehood clothes in truth's disguise,
And swells her little bulk with growing lies)
Thy tender ear, O Deïanira, mov'd,
That Hercules the fair Iole lov'd.
Her love believes the tale; the truth she fears
Of his new passion, and gives way to tears.
The flowing tears diffus'd her wretched grief,
"Why seek I thus, from streaming eyes, relief?"
She cries; "indulge not thus these fruitless cares,
The harlot will but triumph in thy tears:
Let something be resolv'd, while yet there's time;
My bed not conscious of a rival's crime.
In silence shall I mourn, or loud complain?
Shall I seek Calydon, or here remain?
What though, ally'd to Meleager's fame,
I boast the honours of a sister's name?
My wrongs, perhaps, now urge me to pursue
Some desperate deed, by which the world shall view
How far revenge and woman's rage can rise,
When weltering in her blood the harlot dies."
Thus various passions rul'd by turns her breast.
She now resolves to send the fatal vest,
Dy'd with Lernæan gore, whose power might move
His soul anew, and rouze declining love.
Nor knew she what her sudden rage bestows,
When she to Lichas trusts her future woes;
With soft endearments she the boy commands
To bear the garment to her husband's hands.
Th' unwitting hero takes the gift in haste,
And o'er his shoulders Lerna's poison cast.
As first the fire with frankincense he strows,
And utters to the gods his holy vows;
And on the marble altar's polish'd frame
Pours forth the grapy stream; the rising flame
Sudden dissolves the subtle poisonous juice,
Which taints his blood, and all his nerves bedews.
With wonted fortitude he bore the smart,
And not a groan confess'd his burning heart.
At length his patience was subdued by pain,
He rends the sacred altar from the plain;
Œte's wide forests echo with his cries!
Now to rip off the deathful robe he tries.
Where'er he plucks the vest, the skin he tears,
The mangled muscles and huge bones he bares,
(A ghastly sight!) or, raging with his pain,
To rend the sticking plague he tugs in vain.
As the red iron hisses in the flood,
So boils the venom in his curdling blood.
Now with the greedy flame his entrails glow,
And livid sweats down all his body flow;
The cracking nerves burnt up are burst in twain,
The lurking venom melts his swimming brain.
Then, lifting both his hands aloft, he cries,
"Glut my revenge, dread empress of the skies;
Sate with my death the rancour of thy heart,
Look down with pleasure, and enjoy my smart.
Or, if e'er pity mov'd a hostile breast,
(For here I stand thy enemy profest)
Take hence this hateful life, with tortures torn,
Inur'd to trouble, and to labours born.

Death is the gift most welcome to my woe,
And such a gift a step-dame may bestow.
Was it for this Busiris was subdued, [blood?
Whose barbarous temples reek'd with strangers'
Press'd in these arms, his fate Antæus found,
Nor gain'd recruited vigour from the ground.
Did I not triple-form'd Geryon fell?
Or did I fear the triple dog of Hell?
Did not these hands the bull's arm'd forehead
Are not our mighty toils in Elis told? [hold?
Did not Stymphalian lakes proclaim my fame?
And fair Parthenian woods resound my name?
Who seiz'd the golden belt of Thermodon?
And who the dragon-guarded apples won?
Could the fierce Centaur's strength my force with-
stand,
Or the fell boar that spoil'd th' Arcadian land?
Did not these arms the Hydra's rage subdue,
Who from his wounds to double fury grew?
What if the Thracian horses, fat with gore,
Who human bodies in their mangers tore,
I saw, and with their barbarous lord o'erthrew?
What if these hands Nemæa's lion slew?
Did not this neck the heavenly globe sustain?—
The female partner of the thunderer's reign,
Fatigu'd, at length suspends her harsh commands;
Yet no fatigue hath slack'd these valiant hands.
But now new plagues pursue me; neither force,
Nor arms, nor darts, can stop their raging course.
Devouring flame through my rack'd entrails strays,
And on my lungs and shrivell'd muscles preys;
Yet still Eurystheus breaths the vital air!
What mortal now shall seek the gods with prayer?"

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF LYCHAS INTO A ROCK.

The hero said; and, with the torture stung,
Furious o'er Œte's lofty hills he sprung:
Stuck with the shaft, thus scours the tiger round,
And seeks the flying author of his wound.
Now might you see him trembling, how he vents
His anguish'd soul in groans and loud laments;
He strives to tear the clinging vest in vain,
And with uprooted forests strews the plain;
Now, kindling into rage, his hands he rears,
And to his kindred gods directs his prayers.
When Lychas, lo, he spies! who trembling flew,
And, in a hollow rock conceal'd from view,
Had shunn'd his wrath. Now grief renew'd his pain,
His madness chaf'd, and thus he raves again:
"Lychas, to thee alone my fate I owe,
Who bore the gift, the cause of all my woe."
The youth all pale with shivering fear was stung,
And vain excuses faulter'd on his tongue.
Alcides snatch'd him, as with suppliant face
He strove to clasp his knees, and beg for grace.
He toss'd him o'er his head with airy course,
And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force;
Far o'er th' Eubœan main aloft he flies,
And hardens by degrees amid the skies.
So showery drops, when chilly tempests blow,
Thicken at first, then whiten into snow;
In balls congeal'd the rolling flecces bound,
In solid hail result upon the ground.
Thus, whirl'd with nervous force through distant air,
The purple tide forsook his veins with fear; [air,
All moisture left his limbs. Transform'd to stone,
In ancient days the craggy flint was known:
Still in th' Eubœan waves his front he rears,
Still the small rock in human form appears,
And still the name of hapless Lychas bears.

THE

APOTHEOSIS OF HERCULES.

But now the hero of immortal birth
Fells Œte's forests on the groaning Earth;
A pile he builds; to Philoctetes' care
He leaves his deathful instruments of war;
To him commits those arrows, which again
Must see the bulwarks of the Trojan reign.
The son of Pæan lights the lofty pyre,
High round the structure climbs the greedy fire;
Plac'd on the top, thy nervous shoulders spread
With the Nemæan spoils thy careless head;
Rais'd on the knotty club, with look divine;
Here thou, dread hero of celestial line,
Wast stretch'd at ease; as when, a cheerful guest,
Wine crown'd thy bowls, and flowers thy temples
Now on all sides the potent flames aspire, [drest.
And crackle round those limbs that mock the fire.
A sudden tremor seiz'd th' immortal host,
Who thought the world's profest defender lost.
This when the thunderer saw, with smiles he cries,
"'Tis from your fears, ye gods, my pleasures rise;
Joy swells my breast, that my all-ruling hand
O'er such a grateful people boasts command,
That you my suffering progeny would aid;
Though to his deeds this just respect be paid,
Me you've oblig'd. Be all your fears forborn,
Th' Œtean fires do thou, great hero, scorn.
Who vanquish'd all things, shall subdue the flame,
That part alone of gross maternal frame
Fire shall devour; while what from me he drew
Shall live immortal, and its force subdue;
That, when he's dead, I'll raise to realms above;
May all the powers the righteous act approve!
If any god dissent, and judge too great
The sacred honours of the heavenly seat,
Ev'n he shall own, his deeds deserve the sky,
Ev'n he, reluctant, shall at length comply."
Th' assembled powers assent. No frown till now
Had mark'd with passion vengeful Juno's brow.
Meanwhile whate'er was in the power of flame
Was all consum'd, his body's nervous frame
No more was known;—of human form bereft,
Th' eternal part of Jove alone was left.
As an old serpent casts his scaly vest,
Wreathes in the sun, in youthful glory drest;
So when Alcides mortal mould resign'd,
His better part enlarg'd, and grew refin'd,
August his visage shone; almighty Jove
In his swift car his honour'd offspring drove;
High o'er the hollow clouds the coursers fly,
And lodge the hero in the starry sky.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF GALANTHIS.

Atlas perceiv'd the load of Heaven's new guest:
Revenge still rankl'd in Eurystheus' breast
Against Alcides' race. Alcmena goes
To Iole, to vent maternal woes;

Here she pours forth her grief, recounts the spoils
Her son had bravely reap'd in glorious toils.
This Iole, by Hercules' commands,
Hyllus had lov'd, and join'd in nuptial bands.
Her swelling womb the teeming birth confess'd;—
To whom Alcmena thus her speech address'd:
" O may the gods protect thee, in that hour,
When, midst thy throes, thou call'st th' Ilithyan
May no delays prolong thy racking pain, [power!
As when I sued for Juno's aid in vain!
When now Alcides' mighty birth drew nigh,
And the tenth sign roll'd forward on the sky,
My womb extends with such a mighty load,
As Jove the parent of the burden show'd.
I could no more th' increasing smart sustain:
My horrour kindles to recount the pain;
Cold chills my limbs while I the tale pursue,
And now methinks I feel my pangs anew.
Seven days and nights amidst incessant throes,
Fatigued with ills I lay, nor knew repose:
When lifting high my hands, in shrieks I pray'd,
Implor'd the gods, and call'd Lucina's aid.
" She came, but prejudic'd, to give my fate
A sacrifice to vengeful Juno's hate.
She hears the groaning anguish of my fits,
And on the altar at my door she sits;
O'er her left knee her crossing leg she cast,
Then knits her fingers close, and wrings them fast:
This stay'd the birth; in muttering verse she pray'd,
The muttering verse th' unfinish'd birth delay'd.
Now with fierce struggles, raging with my pain,
At Jove's ingratitude I rave in vain.
How did I wish for death! such groans I sent,
As might have made the flinty heart relent.
Now the Cadmeïan matrons round me press,
Offer their vows, and seek to bring redress.
Among the Theban dames Galanthis stands,
Strong-limb'd, red-hair'd, and just to my commands:
She first perceiv'd that all these racking woes
From the persisting hate of Juno rose.
As here and there she pass'd, by chance she sees
The seated goddess; on her close-press'd knees
Her fast-knit hands she leans: with cheerful voice
Galanthis cries, 'Whoe'er thou art, rejoice;
Congratulate the dame, she lies at rest,
At length the gods Alcmena's womb have blest.'
Swift from her seat the startled goddess springs,
No more conceal'd, her hands abroad she flings;
The charm unloos'd, the birth my pangs reliev'd;
Galanthis' laughter vex'd the power deceiv'd.
Fame says, the goddess dragg'd the laughing maid
Fast by the hair; in vain her force essay'd
Her groveling body from the ground to rear;
Chang'd to fore-feet her shrinking arms appear;
Her hairy back her former hue retains,
The form alone is lost; her strength remains;
Who, since the lie did from her mouth proceed,
Shall from her pregnant mouth bring forth her
breed;
Nor shall she quit her long-frequented home,
But haunt those houses where she lov'd to roam."

THE STORY OF IOLAUS RESTORED TO YOUTH.

ARGUMENT.

Iole having related the fable of her sister Dryope, who was changed into a tree for violating the blossoms of the plant Lotis (once a nymph): while she is discoursing on these matters with Alcmena, she finds new matter of wonder, in the sudden change of Iolaüs to a youth.

While Iolè the fatal change declares,
Alcmena's pitying hand oft wip'd her tears.
Grief too stream'd down her cheeks; soon sorrow
And rising joy the trickling moisture dries: [flies,
Lo Iolaüs stands before their eyes.
A youth he stood; and the soft down began
O'er his smooth chin to spread, and promise man.
Hebe submitted to her husband's prayers
Instill'd new vigour, and restor'd his years.

THE PROPHECY OF THEMIS.

Now from her lips a solemn oath had pass'd,
That Iolaüs the gift alone should taste,
That not just Themis thus maturely said [maid):
(Which check'd her vow, and aw'd the blooming
" Thebes is embroil'd in war. Capaneus stands
Invincible; but by the thunderer's hands
Ambition shall the guilty brothers[1] fire,
Both rush to mutual wounds, and both expire.
The reeling Earth shall ope her gloomy womb,
Where the yet breathing bard[2] shall find his tomb.—
The son[3] shall bathe his hands in parent's blood,
And in one act be both unjust and good.
Of home and sense depriv'd, where'er he flies,
The Furies and his mother's ghost he spies.
His wife the fatal bracelet shall implore,
And Phegeus stain his sword in kindred gore.
Callirhoe shall then with suppliant prayer
Prevail on Jupiter's relenting ear.
Jove shall with youth her infant sons inspire,
And bid their bosoms glow with manly fire."

THE DEBATE OF THE GODS.

When Themis thus with prescient voice had spoke
Among the gods a various murmur broke;
Dissension rose in each immortal breast,
That one should grant what was deny'd the rest.
Aurora for her aged spouse complains,
And Ceres grieves for Jason's freezing veins;
Vulcan would Erichthonius' years renew;
Her future race the care of Venus drew,
She would Anchises' blooming age restore;
A different care employ'd each heavenly power.
Thus various interests did their jars increase,
Till Jove arose,—he spoke, their tumults cease.
" —Is any reverence to our presence given?
Then why this discord 'mong the powers of Heaven?
Who can the settled will of Fate subdue?
'Twas by the Fates that Iolaüs knew
A second youth. The Fates' determin'd doom
Shall give Callirhoe's race a youthful bloom.
Arms nor ambition can this power obtain:
Quell your desires; even me the Fates restrain.
Could I their will control, no rolling years
Had Æacus bent down with silver hairs;
Then Rhadamanthus still had youth possess'd,
And Minos with eternal bloom been bless'd."

[1] Etcocles and Polynices. [2] Amphiaraus.
[3] Alcmæon.

Jove's words the synod mov'd; the powers give
And urge in vain unjust complaint no more. [o'er
Since Rhadamanthus' veins now slowly flow'd,
And Æacus and Minos bore the load;
Minos, who, in the flower of youth and fame,
Made mighty nations tremble at his name,
Infirm with age, the proud Miletus fears,
Vain of his birth, and in the strength of years;
And now, regarding all his realms as lost,
He durst not force him from his native coast.
But you by choice, Miletus, fled his reign,
And your swift vessel plow'd th' Ægean main;
On Asiatic shores a town you frame,
Which still is honour'd with the founder's name.
Here you Cyaneë knew, the beauteous maid,
As on her father's winding banks she stray'd:
Caunus and Byblis hence their lineage trace,
The double offspring of your warm embrace.

THE STORY OF ARACHNE,

FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

ARGUMENT.

PALLAS, visiting the Muses on their hill to see the fountain Hippocrene, is by them informed how the Pierides were changed into chattering pies for rivaling the Nine Sisters in song.—This stimulating the goddess to take vengeance on Arachne, the daughter of Idmon, who defied her in her own art, gives rise to the following story.

PALLAS, attentive, heard the Muses' song,
Pleas'd that so well they had reveng'd their wrong:
Reflecting thus:—"A vulgar soul can praise,
My fame let glorious emulation raise:
Swift vengeance shall pursue th' audacious pride
That dares my sacred deity deride."
Revenge the goddess in her breast revolves;
And straight the bold Arachne's fate resolves;
Her haughty mind to Heaven disdain'd to bend,
And durst with Pallas in her art contend.
No famous town she boasts, nor noble name;
But to her skilful hand owes all her fame:
Idmon, her father, on his trade rely'd,
And thirsty wool in purple juices dy'd;
Her mother, whom the shades of Death confine,
Was, like her husband, born of vulgar line.
At small Hypæpe though she did reside,
Yet industry proclaim'd what birth deny'd:
All Lydia to her name due honour pays,
And every city speaks Arachne's praise.
Nymphs of Timolus quit their shady woods,
Nymphs of Pactolus leave their golden floods,
And oft with pleasure round her gazing stand,
Admire her work, and praise her artful hand:
They view'd each motion, with new wonder seiz'd;
More than the work her graceful manner pleas'd.
Whether raw wool in its first orbs she wound,
Or with swift fingers twirl'd the spindle round;
Whether she pick'd with care the knotty piece,
Or comb'd like streaky clouds the stretching fleece;
Whether her needle play'd the pencil's part;
'Twas plain from Pallas she deriv'd her art.
But she, unable to sustain her pride,
The very mistress of her art defy'd.—
Pallas obscures her bright celestial grace,
And takes an old decrepit beldame's face.
Her head is scatter'd o'er with silver hairs,
Which seems to bend beneath a load of years.
Her trembling hand, emboss'd with livid veins,
On trusty staff her feeble limbs sustains.
She thus accosts the nymph: "Be timely wise,
Do not the wholesome words of age despise,
For in the hôary head experience lies:
On Earth contend the greatest name to gain;
To Pallas yield;—with Heaven you strive in vain."
Contempt contracts her brow, her passions rise,
Wrath and disdain inflame her rolling eyes:
At once the tangling thread away she throws,
And scarce can curb her threatening hands from blows.
"Worn out with age, and by disease declin'd,"
She cries, "thy carcase has surviv'd thy mind;
These lectures might thy servile daughters move,
And wary doctrines for thy nieces prove:
My counsel's from myself, my will commands,
And my first resolution always stands:
Let her contend; or does her fear impart
That conquest waits on my superior art?"
The goddess straight throws off her old disguise,
And heavenly beauty sparkles in her eyes,
A youthful bloom fills up each wrinkled trace,
And Pallas smiles with every wonted grace.
The nymphs, surpris'd, the deity adore,
And Lydian dames confess her matchless power;
The rival maid alone unmov'd remains,
Yet a swift blush her guilty feature stains;
In her unwilling cheek the crimson glows,
And her check'd pride a short confusion knows.
So when Aurora first unveils her eyes,
A purple dawn invests the blushing skies;
But soon bright Phœbus gains th' horizon's height,
And gilds the hemisphere with spreading light.
Desire of conquest sways the giddy maid,
To certain ruin by vain hopes betray'd:
The goddess with her stubborn will comply'd,
And deign'd by trial to convince her pride.
Both took their stations, and the piece prepare,
And order every slender thread with care.
The web enwraps the beam; the reed divides,
While thro' the widening space the shuttle glides,
Which their swift hands receive; then, pois'd with lead,
The swinging weight strikes close th' inserted thread.
They gird their flowing garments round the waist,
And ply their feet and arms with dext'rous haste.
Here each inweaves the richest Tyrian dye,
Their fainter shades in soften'd order lie;
Such various mixtures in the texture shine,
Set off the work, and brighten each design.
As when the Sun his piercing rays extends,
When from thin clouds some drisling shower descends,
We see the spacious humid arch appear,
Whose transient colours paint the splendid air:
By such degrees the deepening shadows rise
As pleasingly deceive our dazzled eyes;
And though the same th' adjoining colour seems,
Yet hues of different natures dye th' extremes.
Here heightening gold they 'midst the woof dispose,
And in the web this antique story rose.
Pallas the lofty mount of Mars designs,
Celestial judgment guides th' unerring lines;
Here, in just view, th' Athenian structures stand,
And there the gods contend to name the land;

Twelve deities she frames with stately mien,
And in the midst superior Jove is seen;
A glowing warmth the blended colours give,
The figures in the picture seem to live.
Heaven's thundering monarch sits with awful grace,
And dread omnipotence imprints his face:
There Neptune stood, disdainfully he frown'd,
And with his trident smote the trembling ground;
The parting rocks a spacious chasm disclose,
From whence a fiery, prancing steed arose;
And on that useful gift he founds his claim,
To grace the city with his honour'd name.
See her own figure next with martial air,
A shining helmet decks her flowing hair;
Her thoughtful breast her well-pois'd shield defends,
And her bare arm a glittering spear extends,
With which she wounds the plain; from thence arose
A spreading tree; green olives load the boughs.
The powers her gift behold with wondering eyes,
And to the goddess give the rightful prize.

Such mercy checks her wrath, that, to dissuade
By others' fate the too presumptuous maid,
With miniatures she fills each corner space,
To curb her pride, and save her from disgrace.

Hæmus and Rhodopé in this she wrought,
The beauteous colours spoke her lively thought;
With arrogance and fierce ambition fir'd,
They to the sacred names of gods aspir'd;
To mountains chang'd, their lofty heads arise,
And lose their lessening summits in the skies.

In that, in all the strength of art, was seen
The wretched fate of the Pygmæan queen;
Juno, enrag'd, resents th' audacious aim,
And to a crane transforms the vanquish'd dame;
In that voracious shape she still appears,
And plagues her people with perpetual wars.

In this, Antigoné for beauty strove
With the bright consort of imperial Jove:
Juno, incens'd, her royal power display'd,
And to a bird converts the haughty maid.
Laomedon his daughter's fate bewails,
Nor his, nor Ilion's, fervent prayer prevails,
But on her lovely skin white feathers rise;
Chang'd to a clamorous stork, she mounts the skies.

In the remaining orb, the heavenly maid
The tale of childless Cynaras display'd;
A settled anguish in his look appears,
And from his bloodshot eyes flow streams of tears;
On the cold ground, no more a father, thrown,
He for his daughters clasp'd the polish'd stone.
And, when he sought to hold their wonted charms,
The temple's steps deceiv'd his eager arms.
Wreaths of green olive round the border twine,
And her own tree encloses the design.

Arachne paints th' amours of mighty Jove,
How in a bull the god disguis'd his love;
A real bull seems in the piece to roar,
And real billows breaking on the shore:
In fair Europa's face appears surprise,
To the retreating land she turns her eyes,
And seems to call her maids, who wondering stood,
And with her tears increase the briny flood;
Her trembling feet she by contraction saves
From the rude insult of the rising waves.

Here amorous Jove dissolving Leda trod,
And in the vigorous swan conceal'd the god.
Love lends him now an eagle's new disguise,
Beneath his fluttering wings Asteria lies,
Th' enlivening colours here with force express'd
How Jove the fair Antiope caress'd.
In a strong satyr's muscled form he came,
Instilling love transports the glowing dame,
And lusty twins reward his nervous flame.
Here how he sooth'd the bright Alcmena's love,
Who for Amphitryon took th' impostor Jove;
And how the god in golden shower allur'd
The guarded nymph, in brazen walls immur'd:
How, in a swain, Mnemosyne he charms;
How lambent flame the fair Ægina warms:
And how, with various glittering hues inlaid,
In serpent's form Deois he betray'd.
Here you, great Neptune, with a shortliv'd flame,
In a young bull enjoy th' Æolian dame.
Then in Enipeus' shape intrigues pursue:
'Tis thus th' Aloids boast descent from you.
Here to Bisaltis was thy love convey'd,
When a rough ram deceiv'd the yielding maid.

Ceres, kind mother of the bounteous year,
Whose golden locks a sheafy garland bear;
And the dread dame, with hissing serpents hung,
(From whom the Pegasæan courser sprung)
Thee in a snuffling stallion's form enjoy,
Exhaust thy strength, and every nerve employ;
Melantho as a dolphin you betray,
And sport in pleasures on the rolling sea:
Such just proportion graces every part,
Nature herself appears improv'd by art.
Here in disguise was mighty Phœbus seen,
With clownish aspect, and a rustic mien;
Again transform'd, he's dress'd in falcon's plumes,
And now the lion's noble shape assumes;
Now, in a shepherd's form, with treacherous smiles,
He Macareian Isse's heart beguiles.
Here his plump shape enamour'd Bacchus leaves,
And in the grape Erigone deceives.
There Saturn, in a neighing horse, she wove,
And Chiron's double form rewards his love.
Festoons of flowers, enwove with ivy, shine, [twine.
Border the wondrous piece, and round the texture

Not Pallas, nor ev'n spleen itself, could blame
The wondrous work of the Mæonian dame;
With grief her vast success the goddess bore,
And of celestial crimes the story tore.
Her boxen shuttle now, enrag'd, she took,
And thrice the proud Idmonian artist struck:
Th' unhappy maid, to see her labours vain,
Grew resolute with pride, and shame, and pain:
Around her neck a fatal noose she ty'd,
And sought by sudden death her guilt to hide.
Pallas with pity saw the desperate deed,
And thus the virgin's milder fate decreed:
"Live, impious rival, mindful of thy crime,
Suspended thus to waste thy future time!
Thy punishment involves thy numerous race,
Who, for thy fault, shall share in thy disgrace."
Her incantation magic juices aid,
With sprinkling drops she bath'd the pendent maid,
And thus the charm its noxious power display'd.
Like leaves in autumn drop her falling hairs,
With these her nose, and next her rising ears.
Her head to the minutest substance shrunk,
The potent juice contracts her changing trunk;
Close to her sides her slender fingers clung,
There, chang'd to nimble feet, in order hung;
Her bloated belly swells to larger size,
Which new with smallest threads her work supplies;
The virgin in the Spider still remains;
And in that shape her former art retains.

TALES.

AN ANSWER TO THE SOMPNER'S PROLOGUE OF CHAUCER.

IN IMITATION OF CHAUCER'S STYLE.

THE Sompner leudly hath his prologue told,
And saine on the Freers his tale japing and bold;
How that in Hell they searchen near and wide,
And ne one freer in all thilke place espyde:
But lo! the Devil turn'd his erse about,
And twenty thousand freers wend in and out.
By which in Jeoffry's rhyming it appears,
The Devil's belly is the hive of freers.
Now listneth lordings! forthwith ye shall hear,
What happen'd at a house in Lancashire.
A misere that had londs and tenement,
Who raketh from his villaines taxes and rent,
Owned a house which emptye long ystood,
Full deeply sited in a derkning wood;
Murmring a shallow brook runneth along,
Mong the round stones it maken doleful song.
Now there spreaden a rumour that everich night
The rooms yhaunted been by many a sprite;
The miller avoucheth, and all thereabout,
That they full oft hearen the hellish rout;
Some saine they hear the jingling of chains,
And some hath yheard the psautries straines;
At midnight some the heedless horse ymeet,
And some espien a corse in a white sheet,
And oother things, faye, elfin, and elfe,
And shapes that fear createn to itselfe.
Now it so hapt, there was not ferre away,
Of grey freers a fair and rich abbaye,
Where liven a freer ycleped Pere Thomas, [pass.
Who daren alone in derke through church-yerds
This freer would lye in thilke house all night,
In hope he might espyen a dreadful sprite.
He taketh candle, beades, and holy watere,
And legends eke of saintes, and bookes of prayere.
He entereth the room, and looketh round about,
And haspen the door, to haspen the goblin out.
The candle hath he put close by the bed,
And in low tone his *ave marye* said.
With water now besprinkled hath the floore,
And maken cross on key hole of the doore.
Ne was there not a mouse-hole in thilke place,
But he ycrossed hath by God his grace:
He crossed hath this, and eke he crossed that,
With *benedicite* and God knows what.
Now he goeth to bed and lieth adown,
When the clock had just stricken the twelfth soun.
Bethinketh him now what the cause had yheen,
Why many sprites by mortals have been seen.
Hem remembreth how Dan Plutarch hath ysed
That Cæsar's sprite came to Brute his bed;
Of chains that frighten erst Artemidore,
The tales of Pline, Valere, and many more.
Hem thinketh that some murdere here been done,
And he mought see some bloodye ghost anone,
Or that some orphlines writings here be stor'd,
Or pot of golde laine deep beneath a board:
Or thinketh hem, if he might see no sprite,
The abbaye mought buy this house cheap outright.
As hem thus thinketh, anone asleep he lies,
Up starten Sathanas with saucer eyes,
He turned the freer upon his face downright,
Displaying his nether cheeks full broad and white.
Than quoth Dan Sathanas as he thwacked him sore,
"Thou didst forget to guard thy postern-dore.
There is an hole which hath not crossed been:
Farewell, from whence I came, I creepen in."
Now plain it is ytellen in my verse,
If Devils in Hell hear freers in their erse,
On Earth the Devil in freers doth ydwell; [Hell.
Were there no freers, the Devil mought keep in

WORK FOR A COOPER.

A TALE.

A MAN may lead a happy life,
Without that needful thing a wife:
This long have lusty abbots known,
Who ne'er knew spouses—of their own.
What though your house be clean and neat,
With couches, chairs, and beds complete;
Though you each day invite a friend,
Though he should every dish commend;
On Bagshot-heath your mutton fed,
Your fowls at Brentford born and bred;
Though purest wine your cellars boast,
Wine worthy of the fairest toast;
Yet there are other things requir'd:
Ring, and let's see the maid you hir'd.—
Bless me! those hands might hold a broom,
Twirl round a mop, and wash a room:
A batchelor his maid should keep,
Not for that servile use to sweep;
Let her his humour understand,
And turn to every thing her hand.
Get you a lass that 's young and tight,
Whose arms are, like her apron, white.
What though her shift be seldom seen,
Let that, though coarse, be always clean;
She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wrist your ruffle mend;
Then, if you break a roguish jest,
Or squeeze her hand, or pat her breast,
She cries, "Oh, dear sir, don't be naught!"
And blushes speak her last night's fault.
To her your household cares confide,
Let your keys jingle at her side.
A footman's blunders teaze and fret ye;
Ev'n while you chide, you smile on Betty.
Discharge him then, if he's too spruce;
For Betty 's for his master's use.
Will you your amorous fancy baulk,
For fear some prudish neighbour talk?
But you'll object, that you're afraid
Of the pert freedoms of a maid.
Besides, your wiser heads will say,
That she who turns her hand this way,
From one vice to another drawn,
Will lodge your silver-spoons in pawn.
Has not the homely wrinkled jade
More need to learn the pilfering trade?
For love all Betty's wants supplies,
Laces her shoes, her manteau dyes,
All her stuff-suits she flings away,
And wears thread-sattin every day.
Who then a dirty drab would hire,
Brown as the hearth of kitchen-fire;
When all must own, were Betty put
To the black duties of the slut,

BOMBAY 505 BRANCH CIVIL

As well she scours or scrubs a floor,
And still is good for something more?
Thus, to avoid the greater vice,
I knew a priest, of conscience nice,
To quell his lust for neighbour's spouse,
Keep fornication in his house.
But you 're impatient all this time,
Fret at my counsel, curse my rhyme.
Be satisfy'd: I'll talk no more,
For thus my tale begins—Of yore
There dwelt at Blois a priest full fair,
With rolling eye and crisped hair;
His chin hung low, his brow was sleek,
Plenty lay basking on his cheek;
Whole days at cloyster-grates he sate,
Ogled and talk'd of this and that
So feelingly, the nuns lamented
That double-bars were e'er invented.
If he the wanton wife confest,
With downcast eye, and heaving breast,
He stroak'd her cheek to still her fear,
And talk'd of sins *en cavalier*;
Each time enjoin'd her penance mild,
And fondled on her like his child.
At every jovial gossip's feast
Pere Bernard was a welcome guest;
Mirth suffer'd not the least restraint,
He could at will shake off the saint;
Nor frown'd he when they freely spoke,
But shook his sides, and took the joke;
Nor fail'd he to promote the jest,
And shar'd the sins which they confest.
Yet, that he might not always roam,
He kept conveniencies at home.
His maid was in the bloom of beauty,
Well-limb'd for every social duty;
He meddled with no household cares,
To her consign'd his whole affairs:
She of his study kept the keys,
For he was studious—of his ease:
She had the power of all his locks,
Could rummage every chest and box;
Her honesty such credit gain'd,
Not ev'n the cellar was restrain'd.
In troth it was a goodly show,
Lin'd with full hogsheads all a-row.
One vessel, from the rank remov'd,
Far dearer than the rest he lov'd;
Pour la bonne bouche 'twas set aside,
To all but choicest friends deny'd.
He now and then would send a quart,
To warm some wife's retentive heart,
Against confession's sullen hour:
Wine has all secrets in its power.
At common feasts it had been waste,
Nor was it fit for layman's taste.
If monk or friar were his guest,
They drank it; for they know the best.
Nay, he at length so fond was grown,
He always drank it when—alone.
Who shall recount his civil labours,
In pious visits to his neighbours?
Whene'er weak husbands went astray,
He guess'd their wives were in the way:
'Twas then his charity was shown,
He chose to see them when alone.
Now was he bent on cuckoldom:
He knew friend Dennis was from home:
His wife (a poor neglected beauty,
Defrauded of a husband's duty)
Had often told him at confession,
How hard she struggled 'gainst transgression.
He now resolves, in heat of blood,
To try how firm her virtue stood,
He knew that wine (to love best aid)
Has oft made bold the shame-fac'd maid,
Taught her to romp, and take more freedoms,
Than nymphs train'd up at Smith's or Needham's.
A mighty bottle straight he chose,
Such as might give two friars their dose.
Nannette he call'd: the cellar door
She straight unlocks, descends before;
He follow'd close. But when he spies
His favourite cask; with lifted eyes
And lifted hands aloud he cries,
"Heigh-day! my darling wine astoop!
It must, alas! have sprung a hoop."
"That there's a leak is past all doubt,"
(Reply'd the maid)—"I'll find it out."
She sets the candle down in haste,
Tucks her white apron round her waist.
The hogshead's mouldy side ascends;
She straddles wide, and downward bends:
So low she stoops to seek the flaw,
Her coats rose up, her master saw—
"I see"—he cries—(then clasp't her fast)
"The leak through which my wine has past."
Then all in haste the maid descended,
And in a trice the leak was mended.
He found in Nannette all he wanted,
So Dennis' brows remain'd unplanted.
Ere since this time, all lusty friars
(Warm'd with predominant desires,
Whene'er the flesh with spirit quarrels)
Look on the sex as leaky barrels.
Beware of these, ye jealous spouses!
From such-like coopers guard your houses;
For, if they find not work at home,
For jobbs through all the town they roam.

THE EQUIVOCATION.

A TALE.

An abbot rich (whose taste was good
Alike in science and in food)
His bishop had resolv'd to treat;
The bishop came, the bishop eat.
'Twas silence, till their stomachs fail'd;
And now at heretics they rail'd.
"What heresy," (the prelate said)
"Is in that church where priests may wed!
Do not we take the Church for life?
But those divorce her for a wife;
Like laymen, keep her in their houses,
And own the children of their spouses."
"Vile practices!" the abbot cry'd,
"For pious use we 're set aside!
Shall we take wives? Marriage, at best,
Is but carnality profest!"
Now, as the bishop took his glass,
He spy'd our abbot's buxom lass,
Who cross'd the room; he mark'd her eye,
That glow'd with love; his pulse beat high.
"Fye, father, fye!" (the prelate cries)
"A maid so young! for shame, be wise.
These indiscretions lend a handle
To lewd lay-tongues, to give us scandal.
For your vow's sake, this rule I give t' ye;
Let all your maids be turn'd of fifty."

The priest reply'd, "I have not swerv'd,
But your chaste precept well observ'd:
That lass full twenty-five has told;
I've yet another who 's as old;
Into one sum their ages cast;
So both my maids have fifty past."
The prelate smil'd, but durst not blame;
For why? his lordship did the same.
Let those who reprimand their brothers,
First mend the faults they find in others.

A TRUE STORY OF AN APPARITION.

Scептics (whose strength of argument makes out,
That Wisdom's deep inquiries end in doubt)
Hold this assertion positive and clear,
That sprites are pure delusions, rais'd by fear.
Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground,
Nor can Tiberius Gracchus, gory shade,
These ever-doubting disputants persuade.
Straight they with smiles reply, "Those tales of
By visionary priests were made and told." [old
Oh, might some ghost, at dead of night, appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!
I know your sneers my easy faith accuse,
Which with such idle legends scares the Muse:
But think not that I *tell* those vulgar sprites,
Which frighted boys relate on winter nights,
How cleanly milk-maids meet the fairy train,
How headless horses drag the clinking chain,
Night-roaming ghosts, by saucer eye-balls known,
The common spectres of each country-town.
No, I such fables can like you despise,
And laugh to hear these nurse-invented lies.
Yet has not oft the fraudful guardian's fright
Compell'd him to restore an orphan's right?
And can we doubt that horrid ghosts ascend,
Which on the conscious murderer's steps attend?
Hear then, and let attested truth prevail;
From faithful lips I learnt the dreadful tale.

Where Arden's forest spreads its limits wide,
Whose branching paths the doubtful road divide,
A traveller took his solitary way,
When low beneath the hills was sunk the day.
And now the skies with gathering darkness lour,
The branches rustle with the threaten'd shower;
With sudden blasts the forest murmurs loud,
Indented lightnings cleave the sable cloud,
Thunder on thunder breaks, the tempest roars,
And Heaven discharges all its watery stores.
The wandering traveller shelter seeks in vain,
And shrinks and shivers with the beating rain:
On his steed's neck the slacken'd bridle lay,
Who chose with cautious step th' uncertain way;
And now he checks the rein, and halts to hear
If any noise foretold a village near.
At length from far a stream of light he sees
Extends its level ray between the trees;
Thither he speeds, and, as he nearer came,
Joyful he knew the lamp's domestic flame
That trembled through the window; cross the way
Darts forth the barking cur, and stands at bay.

It was an ancient lonely house, that stood
Upon the borders of the spacious wood;
Here towers and antique battlements arise,
And there in heaps the moulder'd ruin lies.
Some lord this mansion held in days of yore,
To chase the wolf, and pierce the foaming boar:
How chang'd, alas! from what it once had been!
'Tis now degraded to a public inn. [mands:
Straight he dismounts, repeats his loud com-
Swift at the gate the ready landlord stands;
With frequent cringe he bows, and begs excuse,
His house was full, and every bed in use.
"What not a garret, and no straw, to spare?
Why then the kitchen-fire and elbow-chair
Shall serve for once to nod away the night."
"The kitchen ever is the servant's right,"
Replies the host; "there, all the fire around,
The count's tir'd footmen snore upon the ground."
The maid, who listen'd to this whole debate,
With pity learnt the weary stranger's fate. [guest;
"Be brave," she cries, "you still may be our
Our haunted room was ever held the best:
If then your valour can the fright sustain
Of rattling curtains and the clinking chain;
If your courageous tongue have power to talk,
When round your bed the horrid ghost shall walk;
If you dare ask it, why it leaves its tomb;
I'll see your sheets well air'd, and show the room."
Soon as the frighted maid her tale had told,
The stranger enter'd, for his heart was bold.

The damsel led him through a spacious hall,
Where ivy hung the half-demolish'd wall:
She frequent look'd behind, and chang'd her hue,
While fancy tipt the candle's flame with blue.
And now they gain'd the winding stairs' ascent,
And to the lonesome room of terrours went.
When all was ready, swift retir'd the maid,
The watch-lights burn, tuck'd warm in bed was laid
The hardy stranger, and attends the Sprite
Till his accustom'd walk at dead of night.

At first he hears the wind with hollow roar
Shake the loose lock, and swing the creaking door;
Nearer and nearer draws the dreadful sound
Of rattling chains, that dragg'd upon the ground:
When, lo! the spectre came with horrid stride,
Approach'd the bed, and drew the curtains wide!
In human form the ghastful phantom stood,
Expos'd his mangled bosom dy'd with blood.
Then, silent pointing to his wounded breast,
Thrice wav'd his hand. Beneath the frighted guest
The bed-cords trembled, and with shuddering fear,
Sweat chill'd his limbs, high rose his bristled hair;
Then muttering hasty prayers, he mann'd his heart,
And cry'd aloud, "Say, whence, and who thou art?"
The stalking ghost with hollow voice replies,
"Three years are counted, since with mortal eyes
I saw the Sun, and vital air respir'd.
Like thee benighted, and with travel tir'd,
Within these walls I slept. O thirst of gain!
See, still the planks the bloody mark retain.
Stretch'd on this very bed, from sleep I start,
And see the steel impending o'er my heart;
The barbarous hostess held the lifted knife,
The floor ran purple with my gushing life.
My treasure now they seize, the golden spoil
They bury deep beneath the grass-grown soil,
Far in the common field. Be bold, arise,
My steps shall lead thee to the secret prize;
There dig and find; let that thy care reward:
Call loud on Justice, bid her not retard
To punish murder; lay my ghost at rest:
So shall with peace secure thy nights be blest;
And, when beneath these boards my bones are found,
Decent inter them in some sacred ground."

Here ceas'd the ghost. The stranger springs from
And boldly follows where the phantom led: [bed,

The half-worn stony stairs they now descend,
Where passages obscure their arches bend.
Silent they walk; and now thro' groves they pass,
Now thro' wet meads their steps imprint the grass.
At length amidst a spacious field they came:
There stops the spectre, and ascends in flame.
Amaz'd he stood, no bush or brier was found,
To teach his morning search to find the ground.
What could he do? the night was hideous dark,
Fear shook his joints, and nature dropt the mark:
With that he starting wak'd, and rais'd his head,
But found the golden mark was left in bed.
What is the statesman's vast ambitious scheme,
But a short vision and a golden dream?
Power, wealth, and title, elevate his hope;
He wakes but, for a garter, finds a rope.

THE MAD DOG.

A TALE.

A PRUDE, at morn and evening prayer,
Had worn her velvet cushion bare;
Upward she taught her eyes to roll,
As if she watch'd her soaring soul;
And, when devotion warm'd the crowd,
None sung, or smote their breast, so loud:
Pale penitence had mark'd her face
With all the meagre signs of grace.
Her mass-book was completely lin'd
With painted saints of various kind:
But, when in every page she view'd
Fine ladies who the flesh subdu'd,
As quick her beads she counted o'er,
She cry'd—"Such wonders are no more!"
She chose not to delay confession,
To bear at once a year's transgression;
But every week set all things even,
And balanc'd her accounts with Heaven.
Behold her now, in humble guise,
Upon her knees, with downcast eyes,
Before the priest: she thus begins,
And, sobbing, blubbers forth her sins:
"Who could that tempting man resist?
My virtue languish'd, as he kiss'd;
I strove—till I could strive no longer:
How can the weak subdue the stronger?"
The father ask'd her where, and when?
How many? and what sort of men?
By what degrees her blood was heated?
How oft the frailty was repeated?
Thus have I seen a pregnant wench,
All flush'd with guilt, before the bench:
The judges (wak'd by wanton thought)
Dive to the bottom of her fault;
They leer, they simper, at her shame,
And make her call all things by name.
And now to sentence he proceeds,
Prescribes how oft to tell her beads;
Shows her what saints could do her good,
Doubles her fasts, to cool her blood.
Eas'd of her sins, and light as air,
Away she trips, perhaps to prayer.
'Twas no such thing. Why then this haste?
The clock has struck, the hour is past;
And, on the spur of inclination,
She scorn'd to bilk her assignation.
Whate'er she did, next week she came,
And piously confest the same.
The priest, who female frailties pity'd,
First chid her, then her sins remitted.
"But did she now her crime bemoan
In penitential sheets alone?
And was no bold, no beastly fellow
The nightly partner of her pillow?"
"No, none: for next time in the grove
A bank was conscious of her love."
Confession-day was come about,
And now again it all must out.
She seems to wipe her twinkling eyes:
"What now, my child?" the father cries.
"Again!" says she.—With threatening looks,
He thus the prostrate dame rebukes:
"Madam, I grant there's something in it,
That virtue has th' unguarded minute;
But pray now tell me what are whores,
But women of unguarded hours?
Then you must sure have lost all shame.
What! every day, and still the same,
And no fault else! 'tis strange to find
A woman to one sin confin'd!
Pride is this day her darling passion,
The next day Slander is in fashion;
Gaming succeeds; if Fortune crosses,
Then Virtue's mortgag'd for her losses;
By use her favourite vice she loaths,
And loves new follies like new clothes:
But you, beyond all thought unchaste,
Have all sin center'd near your waist!
Whence is this appetite so strong?
Say, madam, did your mother long?
Or is it luxury and high diet
That won't let Virtue sleep in quiet?"
She tells him now, with meekest voice,
That she had never err'd by choice;
Nor was there known a virgin chaster,
Till ruin'd by a sad disaster.
That she a favourite lap-dog had,
Which (as she stroak'd and kiss'd) grew mad;
And on her lip a wound indenting,
First set her youthful blood fermenting.
The priest reply'd, with zealous fury,
"You should have sought the means to cure ye.
Doctors by various ways, we find,
Treat these distempers of the mind.
"Let gaudy ribbands be deny'd
To her who raves with scornful pride;
And, if religion crack her notions,
Lock up her volumes of devotions;
But, if for man her rage prevail,
Bar her the sight of creatures male.
Or else, to cure such venom'd bites,
And set the shatter'd thoughts arights;
They send you to the ocean's shore,
And plunge the patient o'er and o'er."
The dame reply'd, "Alas! in vain
My kindred forc'd me to the main;
Naked, and in the face of day:
Look not, ye fishermen, this way!
What virgin had not done as I did?
My modest hand, by Nature guided,
Debarr'd at once from human eyes
The seat where female honour lies;
And, though thrice dipt from top to toe,
I still secur'd the post below,
And guarded it with grasp so fast,
Not one drop through my fingers past.
Thus owe I to my bashful care,
That all the rage is settled there."

Weigh well the projects of mankind;
Then tell me, reader, canst thou find
The man from madness wholly free?
They all are mad—save you and me.
Do not the statesman, fop, and wit,
By daily follies, prove they 're bit?
And, when the briny cure they try'd,
Some part still kept above the tide?
Some men (when drench'd beneath the wave)
High o'er their heads their fingers save:
Those hands by mean extortion thrive,
Or in the pocket lightly dive:
Or, more expert in pilfering vice,
They burn and itch to cog the dice.
Plunge in a courtier; straight his fears
Direct his hands to stop his ears.
And now truth seems a grating noise,
He loves the slanderer's whispering voice;
He hangs on flattery with delight,
And thinks all fulsome praise is right.
All women dread a watery death:
They shut their lips, to hold their breath;
And, though you duck them ne'er so long,
Not one salt drop e'er wets their tongue:
'Tis hence they scandal have at will,
And that this member ne'er lies still.

THE QUIDNUNKIS:

A TALE.

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE DUKE REGENT OF FRANCE.

"How vain are mortal man's endeavours!"
(Said, at dame Elliot's[1], master Travers)
"Good Orleans dead! in truth, 'tis hard:
Oh, may all statesmen die prepar'd!
I do foresee" (and for foreseeing
He equals any man in being)
"The army ne'er can be disbanded.—
I wish the king were safely landed.
Ah, friends! great changes threat the land;
All France and England at a stand!
There 's Meroweis—mark! strange work!
And there 's the Czar, and there 's the Turk;
The Pope—" An India merchant by,
Cut short the speech with this reply:
"*All* at a stand? You see great changes?
Ah, sir! you never saw the Ganges.
There dwell the nations of Quidnunki's
(So Monomotapa calls monkeys):
On their bank, from bough to bough,
They meet and chat (as we may now).
Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,
They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug;
And, just as chance or whim provoke them,
They either bite their friends, or stroke them.
"There have I seen some active prig,
To show his parts, bestride a twig:
Lord! how the chattering tribe admire,
Not that he 's wiser, but he 's higher:
All long to try the venturous thing,
(For power is just to have one's swing);
From side to side he springs, he spurns,
And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
Thus, as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces!
Down the swift stream the wretch is borne;
Never, ah! never, to return!
"'Zounds! what a fall had our dear brother!'
'Morbleu!' cries one; and 'Damme!' t'other.
The nations give a general screech;
None cocks his tail, none claws his breech;
Each trembles for the public weal,
And for a while forgets to steal.
"Awhile, all eyes, intent and steady,
Pursue him, whirling down the eddy.
But, out of mind when out of view,
Some other mounts the twig anew;
And business, on each monkey-shore,
Runs the same track it went before."

[1] A coffee-house near St. James's.

FABLES.

IN TWO PARTS.

Shall not my fables censure Vice,
Because a knave is over nice?—
If I lash Vice in general fiction,
Is 't I apply, or self-conviction?
Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
If men in morals are the same?
I no man call or ape or ass;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.
Thus void of all offence I write:
Who claims the fable, knows his right.
Prol. to Shep. Week.

INTRODUCTION TO THE FABLES.

PART THE FIRST.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In Summer's heat, and Winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and pen'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.
A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
"Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown,
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners, weigh'd?"
The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
"I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws, and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes:

Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple Nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.
"The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry:
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.
"From Nature, too, I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who listens to the chattering pye?
Nor would I, with felonious slight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent-kind?
But Envy, Calumny, and Spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean."
"Thy fame is just," the sage replies;
"Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies Nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good, and wise."

TO HIS HIGHNESS

WILLIAM DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

FABLE I.

THE LION, THE TYGER, AND THE TRAVELLER.

Accept, young prince! the moral lay,
And in these Tales mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of Vice detest.
Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of Truth.
Learn to contemn all praise betimes,
For Flattery's the nurse of crimes:
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown
(A virtue never near a throne):
In courts such freedom must offend;
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station,
Each courtier is a dedication.
Must I, too, flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The Muse disdains to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.
But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says?
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind,
Discern you generous, mild, and kind:
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your sire.
Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.
A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Traveller in the way;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies:
With mingled roar resounds the wood;
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood;
Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd.
His life the generous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus bespoke his guest:
"What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength? You saw the fight,
And must attest my power and right.
Forc'd to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam.
Within these woods I reign alone;
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
These carcasses on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell."
"True," says the man, "the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe;
But shall a monarch, brave, like you,
Place glory in so false a view?
Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
Be lov'd; let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes' boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts.
Pirates their power by murders gain;
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heaven gives you power above the rest,
Like Heaven, to succour the distrest."
"The case is plain," the monarch said;
"False glory hath my youth misled;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatterers of my reign.
You reason well. Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?

For all my fawning rogues agree,
That human heroes rule like me."

FABLE II.

THE SPANIEL AND THE CAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a favourite heir,
Ne'er felt Correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to disobey command,
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent:
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to win his lady's heart;
Each little mischief gain'd him praise;
How pretty were his fawning ways!
The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air:
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground;
When near him a Cameleon seen,
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.
"Dear emblem of the flattering host,
What, live with clowns! a genius lost!
To cities and the court repair;
A fortune cannot fail thee there:
Preferments shall thy talents crown;
Believe me, friend; I know the town."
"Sir," says the sycophant, "like you,
Of old, politer life I knew:
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd their ear to what I said.
My whisper always met success;
The ladies prais'd me for address.
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd every vice in fashion.
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosperous days,
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene:
For Jove the heart alone regards;
He punishes, what man rewards.
How different is thy case and mine!
With men at least you sup and dine;
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air."

FABLE III.

THE MOTHER, THE NURSE, AND THE FAIRY.

"GIVE me a son!" The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doting eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.
Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The mother rose, and sought her heir.
She saw the nurse like one possest,
With wringing hands and sobbing breast.
"Sure some disaster has befell!
"Speak, nurse; I hope the boy is well."
"Dear madam, think not me to blame;
Invisibly the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid,
Where are the father's mouth and nose?
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes?
See, here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature!"
"The woman's blind," the mother cries;
"I see wit sparkle in his eyes."
"Lord! madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here."
Just as she spoke, a pigmy sprite
Pops through the key-hole swift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.
"Whence sprung the vain conceited lye,
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away
For the dull helpless sons of clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you, we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a Mother
Who'd give her booby for another?
And, should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed."

FABLE IV.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of Earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;
For every thing alive complain'd,
That he the hardest life sustain'd.
Jove calls his Eagle. At the word,
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from Heaven's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited every living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.
"Ungrateful creatures! whence arise
These murmurs which offend the skies?
Why this disorder? say the cause;
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal;
To yon' sour dog I first appeal."
"Hard is my lot, the Hound replies;
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains, go.
The morning sees my chase begun,
Nor ends it till the setting Sun."
"When" (says the Greyhound) "I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure;
The Hound is slow, but always sure;
And, had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent."
The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light;
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd.
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain;
The beasts, to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.
The bird of Heaven then cry'd aloud:
"Jove bids disperse the murmuring crowd;

The god rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers!
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature?
What! silent, all, and none consent?
Be happy, then, and learn content;
Nor imitate the restless mind,
And proud ambition, of mankind."

FABLE V.

THE WILD BOAR AND THE RAM.

AGAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd;
The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid sight.
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.
"All cowards should be serv'd like you.
See, see, your murderer is in view!
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin yet warm with life.
Your quarter'd sires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs,
Call for revenge. O stupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is base."
"I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terrour in our eyes;
Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
Insensible of every ill,
Because we want thy tusks to kill.
Know, those, who violence pursue,
Give to themselves the vengeance due;
For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their slumbering sons to war;
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented."

FABLE VI.

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window shakes,
With sudden start the Miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks,
Looks back, and trembles as he walks,
Each lock and every bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries;
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
By conscience stung, he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares:
"Had the deep Earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold. Good gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with every ill;
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:
'Twas gold instructed coward-hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on Earth no more!"
He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:
"Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
Did I, base wretch! corrupt mankind?
The fault 's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloke to carry on the trade;
And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And every shocking vice beside:
But, when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses, like the dews of Heaven:
Like Heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall Misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
Let bravoes, then, when blood is spilt,
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt."

FABLE VII.

THE LION, THE FOX, AND THE GEESE.

A LION, tir'd with state-affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.
It was proclaim'd; the day was set;
Behold the general council met.
The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, Bears, and mighty Tigers, bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He straight assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face.
The crowd admire his wit, his sense;
Each word hath weight and consequence.
The flatterer all his art displays:
He who hath power is sure of praise.
A Fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng addrest:
"How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in Virtue's honest school!
What clemency his temper sways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command,
Rapine shall cease to waste the land.
His brain hath stratagem and art,
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration!"
He said. A Goose, who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood:
"Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th' oration.

Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wise;
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain
We Geese must feel a tyrant-reign.
What havock now shall thin our race,
When every petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on Geese both noon and night!"

FABLE VIII.

THE LADY AND THE WASP.

What whispers must the Beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might look dislike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The slightest flap a fly can chase:
But who can drive the numerous breed?
Chase one, another will succeed.
Who knows a fool, must know his brother;
One fop will recommend another:
And with this plague she's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first.
As Doris, at her toilette's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.
As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy Wasp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.
She frowns; she frets. "Good gods!" she cries,
"Protect me from these teazing flies!
Of all the plagues that Heaven hath sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent."
The hovering insect thus complain'd:
"Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?
Can such offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew."
"Strike him not, Jenny," Doris cries,
"Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies;
For though he's free, (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite."
In ecstasies away he posts;
Where'er he came, the favour boasts;
Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shows the sugar on his lips.
The hint alarm'd the forward crew;
Sure of success, away they flew:
They share the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy music play:
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd, till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

FABLE IX.

THE BULL AND THE MASTIFF.

Seek you to train your favourite boy?
Each caution, every care, employ;
And, ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;
On these depends thy future hope.
As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flowery plain,
A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls shot indignant fire.
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.
Spurning the ground, the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud: "Suspend the fight;
In a whole skin go sleep to-night:
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice, that ne'er can rest?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings."
The surly Mastiff thus returns:
"Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed,
Taught me to conquer, or to bleed."
"Curs'd dog!" the Bull reply'd, "no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
Take, then, thy fate." With goring wound
At once he lifts him from the ground:
Aloft the sprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

FABLE X.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE BOOKSELLER.

The man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew;
For, when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Those things that strange me or you,
I grant, are strange; yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees;
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those, who question this report,
To Pliny's ancient page resort.
How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
Who now (like them) the Greek can read?

As one of these, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er,
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding,
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exactest care and pains,
Were every beast and bird pourtray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd;
Their natures and their powers were writ
With all the pride of human wit:
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read:
"Man with strong reason is endow'd;
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd:
But, let this author's worth be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the different natures,
And weigh the power of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath shown
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!
He the chief flatterer Nature made!
Go, man! the ways of courts discern,
You 'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder?
From courtiers' tricks and lawyers' arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood,
He curses, for their thirst of blood.
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay."
The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, "What a genius have I found!"
Then thus address'd with bow profound:
"Learn'd sir, if you 'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam;
No man is better pay than I am.
Or, since you 're learn'd in Greek, let 's see
Something against the Trinity."
When wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
"Friend," quoth the Elephant, "you're drunk:
E'en keep your money, and be wise;
Leave man on man to criticise:
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the senseless sons of men.
They, unprovok'd, will court the fray;
Envy 's a sharper spur than pay.
No author ever spar'd a brother:
Wits are gamecocks to one another."

FABLE XI.

THE PEACOCK, THE TURKEY, AND THE GOOSE.

In beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the poultry fed,
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit;
His state and dignity assumes,
And to the Sun displays his plumes,
Which, like the Heavens' o'er-arching skies,
Are spangled with a thousand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled sight;
On every tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.
"Mark with what insoleuce and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride!"
The Turkey cries. "Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain!
But, were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkeys have the whiter skin."
From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;
And next was heard the hissing Goose:
"What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I scorn to censure little flaws.
Then what a horrid squalling throat!
Ev'n owls are frighted at the note."
"True: those are faults," the Peacock cries;
"My scream, my shanks, you may despise;
But such blind critics rail in vain.
What! overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
The Turkey or the Goose support,
And did ye scream with harsher sound,
Those faults in you had ne'er been found:
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind."
'Thus in assemblies have I seen
A nymph, of brightest charms and mien,
Wake envy in each ugly face,
And buzzing scandal fills the place.

FABLE XII.

CUPID, HYMEN, AND PLUTUS.

As Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the lesser powers of Love,
Some shape the bow, or fit the string,
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.
Amidst their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
Address'd the god: "Thou purblind chit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,
At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband 's sullen, dogged, shy,
The wife grows flippant in reply:
He loves command and due restriction;
And she as well likes contradiction:
She never slavishly submits;
She 'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, she th' other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cause.
Nothing can save him but divorce;
And here the wife complies of course."
"When," says the boy, "had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly spend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For settlements the lawyer 's fee'd;
Is my hand witness to the deed?

If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me."
Plutus appear'd, and said, "'Tis true,
In marriage, gold is all their view;
They seek not beauty, wit, or sense,
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my shrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can Belinda blame her fate?
She only ask'd a great estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord must give her title too:
And every man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more."
Avarice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupled with its cares.

FABLE XIII.

THE TAME STAG.

As a young Stag the thicket past,
The branches held his antlers fast.
A clown, who saw the captive hung,
Across the horns his halter flung.
Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the present to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tipp'd with half-a-crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife;
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How sleek's the skin! how speck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was so charming!
At first within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And distant awe, presumes to gaze;
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines:
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed:
Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands;
Examines every fist for meat,
And, though repuls'd, disdains retreat;
Attacks again with levell'd horns,
And man, that was his terrour, scorns.
Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a redcoat is in sight;
Behind the door she hides her face,
Next time at distance eyes the lace:
She now can all his terrours stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And every soldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent she spreads her flame;
For custom conquers fear and shame.

FABLE XIV.

THE MONKEY WHO HAD SEEN THE WORLD.

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes;
For men in distant regions roam,
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune serves to make us wise.
At length the treacherous snare was laid
Poor Pug was caught; to town convey'd;
There sold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud, as a lover, of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilette calls, with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman.
In visits, too, his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to nit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd;
Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the Monkey-weal;
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And sought his native woods again.
The hairy Sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve, and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat,
His dapper perriwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow;
But all, with envy and desire,
His fluttering shoulder-knot admire.
"Hear and improve," he pertly cries;
"I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners, see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? In flattery deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to every thing pretend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right;
So shall you grow, like man, polite."
He spoke, and bow'd. With muttering jaws
The wondering circle grinn'd applause.
Now, warm'd with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.
Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;
Studious of every coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

FABLE XV.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE PHEASANTS.

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep forest took his way;

Drawn by the music of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the sweet alternate notes;
But, where he past, he terrour threw,
The song broke short, the warblers flew;
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his sight;
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.
"Whence is this dread of every creature?
Fly they our figure, or our nature!"
As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious step he nearer drew,
By the thick shade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a Pheasant stood,
Around her all her listening brood;
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care express'd:
"No dangers here shall circumvent,
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
Than man, of animals the worst.
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd
To guard his health, and serve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel shambles slain.
The swarms, who with industrious skill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole summer-days employ'd,
Their stores are sold, the race destroy'd.
What tribute from the goose is paid!
Does not her wing all science aid?
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this general use?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways,
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted."

FABLE XVI.

THE PIN AND THE NEEDLE.

A PIN, who long had serv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilette's duty,
Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or given her knot a smarter air,
Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her manteau's tail disgrac'd:
But could she partial Fortune blame,
Who saw her lovers serv'd the same?
At length from all her honours cast,
Through various turns of life she past;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach:
Here, there, by various fortune tost,
At last in Gresham-hall was lost.
Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On every side, above, below,
She now of this or that inquires,
What least was understood admires.
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.
"And pray what's this, and this, dear sir?"
"A Needle," says th' interpreter.
She knew the name; and thus the fool
Address'd her as a tailor's tool.
"A Needle with that filthy stone,
Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown!
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the sempstress in her arts;
But tell me how the friendship grew
Between that paltry flint and you."
"Friend," says the Needle, "cease to blame;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'st thou the loadstone's power and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake:
Who then can such a friend forsake?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To shun the rocks and treacherous sand:
By me the distant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been? the guide of thread,
And drudg'd as vulgar Needles do,
Of no more consequence than you."

FABLE XVII.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;
Deep in the wood secure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare;
In vain the Dog pursued his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chase.
As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.
"Let us a while the war suspend,
And reason as from friend to friend."
"A truce?" replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun.
"How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
Great souls with generous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmless is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.
"Friend," says the Wolf, "the matter weigh;
Nature design'd us beasts of prey;
As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.
If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech;
To him repeat the moving speech:
A Wolf eats sheep but now and then,
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse."

FABLE XVIII.

THE PAINTER WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERY BODY.

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes even his real courage doubted.
But flattery never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.
So very like a Painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flattery with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd:
Truth should not always be reveal'd:
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two busts, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
All things were set; the hour was come,
His palette ready o'er his thumb.
My lord appear'd; and seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
"Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do."
Observe the work. My lord replied,
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides my nose is somewhat long:
Dear sir, for me, 'tis far too young."
"Oh! pardon me," the artist cry'd;
"In this we Painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like."
My lord examin'd it a-new;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.
A lady came with borrow'd grace,
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To every age some charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.
Through all the town his art they prais'd;
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But, when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

FABLE XIX.

THE LION AND THE CUB.

How fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
There o'er some petty club preside;
So poor, so paltry, is their pride!
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.
A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the Lion kind;
Fond of applause he sought the feasts,
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent,
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs;
An ass in every thing but ears!
If e'er his highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise!
"Good gods! how natural he brays!"
Elate with flattery and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward and fond to show his parts,
His highness brays; the Lion starts.
"Puppy! that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace."
"Why so severe?" the Cub replies;
"Our senate always held me wise."
"How weak is pride!" returns the sire:
"All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise."

FABLE XX.

THE OLD HEN AND THE COCK.

Restrain your child; you'll soon believe
The text which says, we sprung from Eve.
As an old Hen led forth her train,
And seem'd to peck to show the grain,
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the spacious yard around.
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,
And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possest.
A Cock she met; her son she knew;
And in her heart affection grew.
"My son," says she, "I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
I see you vigorous, strong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread

Avoid yon well; that fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.
Print this my counsel on thy breast:
To the just gods I leave the rest."
He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey;
And every time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dangerous view.
"Why was this idle charge?" he cries;
"Let courage female fears despise.
Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harvest store the place
A treasure for her younger race?
And would she thus my search prevent?
I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event."
Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He stretch'd his neck; and from below,
With stretching neck, advanc'd a foe:
With wrath his muffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat answer'd threat; his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But, when the watery death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:
"I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition."

FABLE XXI.

THE RAT-CATCHER AND CATS.

The Rats by night such mischief did,
Betty was every morning chid:
They undermin'd whole sides of bacon,
Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken;
Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
Were all demolish'd and laid waste:
She curs'd the Cat, for want of duty,
Who left her foes a constant booty.
An engineer, of noted skill,
Engag'd to stop the growing ill.
From room to room he new surveys
Their haunts, their works, their secret ways;
Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,
And whence the nightly sally's made.
An envious Cat from place to place,
Unseen, attends his silent pace:
She saw that, if his trade went on,
The purring race must be undone;
So secretly removes his baits,
And every stratagem defeats.
Again he sets the poison'd toils;
And Puss again the labour foils.
"What foe (to frustrate my designs)
My schemes thus nightly countermines?"
Incens'd, he cries, "this very hour
The wretch shall bleed beneath my power."
So said, a ponderous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Puss was caught.
"Smuggler," says he, "thou shalt be made
A victim to our loss of trade."
The captive Cat, with pitcous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom sues.
"A sister of the science spare;
One interest is our common care."
"What insolence!" the man reply'd;
"Shall Cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
We Rat-catchers might raise our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!"
A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life.
"In every age and clime, we see,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
Each hates his neighbour for encroaching:
'Squire stigmatizes 'squire for poaching;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And scandal pelts each other's charms;
Kings, too, their neighbour kings dethrone,
In hope to make the world their own:
But let us limit our desires,
Not war like beauties, kings, and 'squires;
For though we both one prey pursue,
There's game enough for us and you."

FABLE XXII.

THE GOAT WITHOUT A BEARD.

'Tis certain that the modish passions
Descend among the crowd like fashions.
Excuse me, then, if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs,
I say that these are proud: what then!
I never said they equal men.
A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected singularity:
Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
And then with fond attention stood,
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.
"I hate my frowzy beard," he cries,
My youth is lost in this disguise.
Did not the females know my vigour,
Well might they loath this reverend figure."
Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
He sought the barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
Hard by, profess'd the dapper art:
His pole with pewter-basons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order strung,
Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
Lin'd with red rags to look like blood;
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And seats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides:
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.
"I hope your custom, sir," says Pug.
"Sure never face was half so smug!"
The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighbouring hill withdraws.
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd.
"Heigh-day! what's here? without a beard!
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?"
When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn,
"Are beards by civil nations worn?
Ev'n Muscovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,

Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village stray,
Are we not mock'd along the way,
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?"
"Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother, I grant you reason well,"
Replies a bearded chief. "Beside,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou stand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? Affected fool!"
Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
To all but coxcombs are a jest.

FABLE XXIII.

THE OLD WOMAN AND HER CATS.

WHO friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron, who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;
And, if a modest girl is seen
With one who cures a lover's spleen,
We guess her not extremely nice,
And only wish to know her price.
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.
A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smoky flame
Sat hovering, pinch'd with age and frost;
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,
Upon her knees her weight sustains,
While palsy shook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd scold of fourscore years.
About her swarm'd a numerous brood
Of Cats, who, lank with hunger, mew'd.
Teas'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus she sputter'd: "Hence, ye crew!
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise;
Straws laid across my pace retard,
The horseshoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard;)
The stunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I should up and ride;
They stick with pins my bleeding seat,
And bid me show my secret teat."
"To hear you prate, would vex a saint;
Who hath most reason of complaint?"
Replies a Cat. "Let's come to proof.
Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd as beasts of chase.
'Tis infamy to serve a hag,
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys against our lives combine,
Because 'tis said your Cats have nine."

FABLE XXIV.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

ALL upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As in the sunshine of the morn
A Butterfly (but newly born)
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom, when he spies,
In wrath he to the gardener cries:
"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plumb's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind!
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race,
So purge thy garden from disgrace."
"What arrogance!" the Snail reply'd;
"How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of Earth:
For scarce nine Suns have wak'd the Hours,
To swell the fruit, and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base, in sordid guise array'd;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider-bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly? At best,
He's but a caterpillar drest;
And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

FABLE XXV.

THE SCOLD AND THE PARROT.

THE husband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in slander, lives in strife.
Art thou the herald of disgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which spares nor friend, nor sex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of your's, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmuring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
Like Fame, it gathers strength by going."
"Heigh-day!" the flippant tongue replies,
"How solemn is the fool! how wise!
Is Nature's choicest gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song;
But wives are always in the wrong."
Now reputations flew in pieces,
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:

She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, hussy, drunkard, slattern, whore;
On all the sex she vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.
As once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds:
All join their forces to confound her,
Puss spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults;
The magpie blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke outscream'd her rage:
"A-Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.
She who attacks another's honour,
Draws every living thing upon her.
Think, madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues:
One slander must ten thousand get;
The world with interest pays the debt."

FABLE XXVI.

THE CUR AND THE MASTIFF.

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lye,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Puss to-day was in disgrace,
Another cat supply'd her place;
The hound was beat, the Mastiff chid,
The monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.
A plan to rob the house was laid:
The thief with love seduc'd the maid,
Cajol'd the Cur, and stroked his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread;
He next the Mastiff's honour try'd,
Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd;
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly dog his fingers tore.
Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The master took his information.
"Hang him, the villain's curs'd!" he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The dog his humble suit preferr'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sate. On either hand
The cited dogs confronting stand;
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.
"Judge not unheard," the Mastiff cry'd,
"But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treachery can be just;
Take not informers' words on trust;
They ope their hand to every pay,
And you and me, by turns, betray."
He spoke; and all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

FABLE XXVII.

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said.
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the Man, with gasping breath:
"I feel the chilling wound of Death.
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis self-defence in each profession:
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I, by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need;
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By Heaven and Earth 'twill then be known,
My charities were amply shown."
An Angel came. "Ah! friend!" he cry'd,
"No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere:
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound."
"But why such haste?" the sick Man whines;
"Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
Perhaps I may recover still.
That sum and more are in my will."
"Fool!" says the Vision, "now 'tis plain
Your life, your soul, your Heaven, was gain.
From every side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd, beyond your right;
And, after death, would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."
"While there is life, there's hope," he cry'd;
"Then why such haste?" so groan'd, and dy'd.

FABLE XXVIII.

THE PERSIAN, THE SUN, AND THE CLOUD.

Is there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose every thought the god inspires?
When Envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from Hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curll's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up Calumny and Spite:
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.
As, prostrate to the god of day,
With heart devout, a Persian lay,
His invocation thus begun:
"Parent of Light! all-seeing Sun!
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence,

Accept our praise, our daily prayer;
Smile on our fields, and bless the year."
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud:
"Weak is this gaudy god of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows nor incense know?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow."
With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
"It was that god, who claims my prayer,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown:
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd."
The gale arose; the vapour, tost
(The sport of winds) in air, was lost;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

FABLE XXIX.

THE FOX AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay:
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His numerous race around him stand,
To learn their dying sire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:
"Ah! sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murder'd geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken slain?"
The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.
"Where, sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen, is here!
These are the phantoms of your brain;
And your sons lick their lips in vain."
"O gluttons!" says the drooping sire,
"Restrain inordinate desire.
Your liquorish taste you shall deplore,
When peace of conscience is no more.
Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns destroy our race?
Thieves dread the searching eye of Power;
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us shall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happiness attain,
Let honesty your passions rein;
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem."
"The counsel's good," a Fox replies,
"Could we perform what you advise.
Think what our ancestors have done;
A line of thieves from son to son.
To us descends the long disgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
Honest in thought, in word, and deed,
Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,
We shall be thought to share the feast.
The change shall never be believ'd.
A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd."
"Nay, then," replies the feeble Fox,
"(But, hark! I hear a hen that clucks)
Go; but be moderate in your food;
A chicken, too, might do me good."

FABLE XXX.

THE SETTING DOG AND THE PARTRIDGE.

THE ranging Dog the stubble tries,
And searches every breeze that flies;
The scent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near;
The men in silence, far behind,
Conscious of game, the net unbind.
A Partridge, with experience wise,
The fraudful preparation spies;
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,
The covey springs, and seeks the wood;
But, ere her certain wings she tries:
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries:
"Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of luxury, sneaking cheat,
Of thy whole species thou disgrace;
Dogs should disown thee of their race!
For, if I judge their native parts,
They're born with honest open hearts;
And, ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
Were generous foes, or real friends."
When thus the Dog, with scornful smile:
"Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile.
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind;
How ignorant is the rustic mind!
My worth sagacious courtiers see,
And to preferment rise, like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend sets his friend, without regard,
And ministers his skill reward:
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways;
And growing favour feasts my days."
"I might have guess'd," the Partridge said,
"The place where you were train'd and fed;
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their master's vice.
You came from court, you say. Adieu!"
She said, and to the covey flew.

FABLE XXXI.

THE UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

A RAKE, by every passion rul'd,
With every vice his youth had cool'd;
Disease his tainted blood assails;
His spirits droop, his vigour fails:
With secret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,
And raves, and prays, and swears, by fits,
A ghastly Phantom, lean and wan,
Before him rose, and thus began:
"My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be advis'd by Care.

Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour,
When health is lost. Be timely wise:
With health all taste of pleasure flies."
  Thus said, the Phantom disappears.
The wary counsel wak'd his fears.
He now from all excess abstains,
With physic purifies his veins;
And, to procure a sober life,
Resolves to venture on a wife.
  But now again the Sprite ascends,
Where'er he walks, his ear attends,
Insinuates that beauty's frail,
That perseverance must prevail;
With jealousies his brain inflames,
And whispers all her lovers' names.
In other hours she represents
His household charge, his annual rents,
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger sons.
  Straight all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirst of lucre burns.
But, when possess'd of Fortune's store,
The Spectre haunts him more and more;
Sets want and misery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murdering crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infests his dreams, or wakes his nights.
How shall he chase this hideous guest?
Power may, perhaps, protect his rest.
To power he rose. Again the Sprite
Besets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tottering seat,
How Envy persecutes the great;
Of rival hate, of treacherous friends,
And what disgrace his fall attends.
  The court he quits, to fly from Care,
And seeks the peace of rural air;
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers.
But Care again his steps pursues,
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
Of plundering insects, snails, and rains,
And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there;
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
  At length he thus the Ghost addrest:
"Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care, by right, should go before."

FABLE XXXII.

THE TWO OWLS AND THE SPARROW.

  Two formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in solemn chat:
  "How is the modern taste decay'd!
Where's the respect to wisdom paid?
Our worth the Grecian sages knew;
They gave our sires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With general voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird."
  "Brother, you reason well," replies
The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes.
"Right. Athens was the seat of learning,
And truly wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit:
But now, alas! we're quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow's more respected."
  A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them soothe each other's pride;
And thus he nimbly vents his heat:
  "Who meets a fool must find conceit.
I grant you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd;
But every bird that wings the sky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why:
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show;
That we should never looks esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be destroy'd:
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Pursue the ways by Nature taught:
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care;
So shall sleek mice your chase reward,
And no keen cat find more regard."

FABLE XXXIII.

THE COURTIER AND PROTEUS.

  Whenever a Courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace;
Where, doom'd to exercise and health
His house and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like Philip's son, would fain be doing,
And sighs for other realms to ruin.
  As one of these, (without his wand)
Pensive along the winding strand,
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his power,
The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began:
  "Came you from court? for in your mien
A self-important air is seen."
  He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.
  "Know," says the god, "by matchless skill,
I change to every shape at will;
But yet, I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me."
  Thus said: a Snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.
  "Know," says the man, "though proud in place,
All Courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred."
  Sudden the god a Lion stands;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands.
Now a fierce Lynx, with fiery glare;
A Wolf, an Ass, a Fox, a Bear."
  "Had I ne'er liv'd at court," he cries,
"Such transformation might surprise;

But there, in quest of daily game,
Each able Courtier acts the same;
Wolves, Lions, Lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chase.
They play the Bear's and Fox's part,
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray,
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,
Down from the Lion to the Ape,
Practise the frauds of every shape."
So said: upon the god he flies,
In cords the struggling captive ties.
"Now, Proteus! now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprise, or what you will,
The Courtier finds evasions still;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lyes."

FABLE XXXIV.

THE MASTIFF.

Those who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
A Mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end.
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The scars of honour seam'd his face;
In every limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.
As on a time he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.
Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries:
"A cudgel shall correct your manners:
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite."
To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher, vex'd,
Hoarse-screaming from the circled crowd,
To the curs'd Mastiff cries aloud:
"Both Hockleyhole and Marybone
The combats of my dog have known:
He ne'er, like bullies, coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame;
Be his the honour, or the shame."
Thus said, they swore, and rav'd like thunder,
Then dragg'd their fasten'd dogs asunder;
While clubs and kicks from every side
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.
All reeking now with sweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors stood;
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe,
Who, worried, howl'd and sprawl'd below.
He rose; and limping from the fray,
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

FABLE XXXV.

THE BARLEY-MOW AND THE DUNGHILL.

How many saucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street!
Proud rogues, who shared the South-sea prey,
And sprung like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
They blush to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expose their shame.
As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stopp'd; and, leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store,
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.
A Barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cry'd:
"Say, good sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence;
A thing so mean must give offence."
The humble Dunghill thus reply'd:
"Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride:
Insult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;
But upstarts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation."

FABLE XXXVI.

PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

Pythagoras rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn;
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flowery fields he took his way;
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misled him to a farm,
Where on a ladder's topmost round
A Peasant stood; the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. "Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labour there?"
The Clown, with surly voice replies,
"Vengeance aloud for justice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens' annoy, my turkeys' dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd:
Here nail'd, a terrour to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barns' refuse fat the breed."
"Friend," says the Sage, "the doom is wise;
For public good the murderer dies:
But, if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton, man, devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carnivorous sinner!
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!"

"Hold," cry'd the Clown, with passion heated,
"Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heaven the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sovereign lord."
"Thus tyrants boast," the Sage reply'd,
"Whose murders spring from power and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain,
Thy greater luxury to sustain;
For 'petty rogues submit to Fate,
That great ones may enjoy their state.'"

FABLE XXXVII.

THE FARMER'S WIFE AND THE RAVEN.

"Why are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide?
Hath no one since his death apply'd?"
"Alas! you know the cause too well;
The salt is spilt, to me it fell;
Then, to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heaven 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!
"Unhappy Widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;
Let not thy stomach be suspended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And, when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my Fable."
'Betwixt her swagging panniers' load
A Farmer's Wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When, starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream.
"That Raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak!)
Bodes me no good." No more she said,
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturned the pannier lay,
And her mash'd eggs bestrow'd the way.
She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd: "Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!
I knew misfortune in the note."
"Dame," quoth the Raven, "spare your oaths,
Unclench your fist, and wipe your clothes.
But why on me those curses thrown?
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For, had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thundered,
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs."

FABLE XXXVIII.

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little speck and blemish find;
To our own stronger errours blind.
A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, my birds! the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare supplies;
Behold the busy negroe race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me, with freedom eat;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How bless'd, how envy'd, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife,
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savoury chine;
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board,
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst."
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighbouring beech:
"Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill."

FABLE XXXIX.

THE FATHER AND JUPITER.

THE Man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife: his prayer was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing;
For how precarious is the blessing!
A wife he takes: and now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods assent: two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.
"Once more," he cries, "accept my prayer,
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
Let my first hope, my favourite boy,
All Fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire;
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of power ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend!
With every grace, with every charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heaven approve, a Father 's bless'd."
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.
The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want (a wretch complete)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to sudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of power and place,
Then fell the victim of disgrace.

[1] Garth's Dispensary.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheeks, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lovers' pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies;
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heaven and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the god: "By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe.
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that possest,
To Providence resign the rest."

FABLE XL.

THE TWO MONKEYS.

The learned, full of inward pride,
The fops of outward show deride;
The fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the science:
The Don, a formal solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;
While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks, by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the poet's chiming close
Censur'd by all the sons of prose?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at apes: they men contemn;
For what are we but apes to them?
Two Monkies went to Southwark fair;
No critics had a sourer air:
They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack Pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got by chance the foremost row.
To see their grave observing face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.
"Brother," says Pug, and turn'd his head,
"The rabble's monstrously ill-bred."
Now through the booth loud hisses ran,
Nor ended till the show began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With somersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arms ascends;
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.
With smiles, quoth Pug, "If pranks like these
The giant apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling,
Play, twist, and turn in airy ring:
How can those clumsy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward."
"Brother," the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wise:
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But, when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride;
For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew."

FABLE XLI.

THE OWL AND THE FARMER.

An Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
Within a barn had chose his station,
As fit for prey and contemplation:
Upon a beam aloft he sits,
And nods, and seems to think by fits.
So have I seen a man of news
Or Post-boy or Gazette peruse,
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor:
At dawn of morn to view his store
The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus exprest:
"Reason in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how shallow, is his sense!
To treat with scorn the bird of night,
Declares his folly or his spite.
Then, too, how partial is his praise!
The lark's, the linnet's, chirping lays,
To his ill-judging ears, are fine
And nightingales are all divine:
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compose my train!
Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind."
The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd:
"Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'st thou with that harsh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling song?
Indulge thy spleen: know men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
Besides, proud blockhead! be not vain
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train:
Few follow Wisdom or her rules;
Fools in derision follow fools."

FABLE XLII.

THE JUGGLERS.

A juggler long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers' ends.
Vice heard his fame, she read his bills;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud.
"Is this then he so fam'd for sleight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?

Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes."
Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, "'Tis done;
In science I submit to none."
Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair;
His fingers spread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold;
And now his ivory eggs are told;
But, when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.
Vice now stept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.
"This magic looking-glass;" she cries,
"(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes."
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And every man himself admir'd.
Next, to a senator addressing,
"See this bank-note; observe the blessing,
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone."
Upon his lips a padlock shown.
A second puff the magic broke;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.
Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.
A purse she to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled;
He sees a halter in its stead.
She bids Ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity she shows.
"Blow here;" and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.
She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake addrest.
"This picture see; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her." With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you see
Take every shape but Charity;
And not one thing you saw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art.
"Can I such matchless sleight withstand!
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You every day, and all day long."

FABLE XLIII.

THE COUNCIL OF HORSES.

Upon a time a neighing Steed,
Who graz'd among a numerous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissension through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The Council met in grand debate.
A Colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the listening throng addrest.
"Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace!
Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our sires have borne the chain?"
Consider, friends! your strength and might;
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough share throughthe soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, Heavens! Reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy, disdain.
Let him the lion first control,
And still the tiger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name."
A general nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When, lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wise;
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain.
"When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains;
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps, the harvest's gain;
We share the toil, and share the grain.
Since every creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heaven assign'd."
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

FABLE XLIV.

THE HOUND AND THE HUNTSMAN.

Impertinence at first is borne
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn;

Teas'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres?
The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful Hounds;
They seek the wood with eager pace,
Through bush, through brier, explore the chase:
Now scatter'd wide, they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!
Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.
The Huntsman to the clamour flies,
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The puppy thus express'd his moan:
"I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung,
What will not spite? These bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts."
"When puppies prate," the Huntsman cry'd,
They show both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our scorn, not envy, raise;
For envy is a kind of praise,
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish nose confest;
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known."

FABLE XLV.

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays,
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.
As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bends;
A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the Muse inspir'd:
"Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy shall I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!
"There, phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die.
Know, hapless flower! that thou shalt find
More fragrant Roses there;
I see thy withering head reclin'd
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love."
"Spare your comparisons," reply'd
An angry Rose, who grew beside.
"Of all mankind you should not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us?
In every love-song Roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume:
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?"

FABLE XLVI.

THE CUR, THE HORSE, AND THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE lad of all-sufficient merit
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;
Presuming on his own deserts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;
His noisy jokes at random throws,
And pertly spatters friend and foes.
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own disgrace:
Too late the forward youth shall find
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;
Or, if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.
A village Cur, of snappish race,
The pertest puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was blest with music's sweetest note;
In the mid road he basking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way;
For not a creature pass'd along,
But had a sample of his song.
Soon as the trotting steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he scowers, assaults his hoof;
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;
With shrill impertinence attends,
Nor leaves him till the village ends.
It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A pad came pacing down the way;
The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing traveller sprung.
The Horse, from scorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
The puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The pad in peace pursu'd his way.
A Shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexatious breed,
Bespoke him thus: "When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
Thy teasing tongue had judgment try'd,
Thou hadst not like a puppy dy'd."

FABLE XLVII.

THE COURT OF DEATH.

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terrour sate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
"This night our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim;

Merit shall bear this ebon wand."
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat possest,
Advanc'd, and for the wand address:
"I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere."
Next Gout appears, with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.
A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
"'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of Love destroy:
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place."
Stone urg'd his ever-growing force;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd:
"Let none object my lingering way,
I gain, like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow."
Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation hush'd the band;
When thus the monarch from the throne:
"Merit was ever modest known.
What, no physician speak his right!
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest)
Forego your claim; no more pretend;
Intemperance is esteem'd a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all."

FABLE XLVIII.

THE GARDENER AND THE HOG.

A GARDENER, of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favour plac'd,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferr'd.
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snor'd,
Who fondly strok'd him every day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.
As on a time the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The master thus address'd the swine:
"My house, my garden, all is thine.
Of turnips feast whene'er you please,
And rout in my beans and pease;
If the potatoe's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours;
But let due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vast expense those beds supply'd!"
The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
Where with new ale the vessels foam'd:
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then staggering through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers;
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.
The master came, the ruin spy'd;
"Villain! suspend thy rage," he cry'd.
"Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flowers!" No more he said,
But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.
The Hog with stuttering speech returns:
"Explain, sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips strown,
For I devour'd the roots alone."
At this the Gardener's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The stubborn brute the blows sustains,
Assaults his legs, and tears the veins.
"Ah! foolish swain! too late you find
That sties were for such friends design'd!"
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace:
"Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late."

FABLE XLIX.

THE MAN AND THE FLEA.

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure every thing alive is vain!
Does not the hawk all fowls survey,
As destin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings?
When the crab views the pearly strands,
Or Tagus, bright with golden sands,
Or crawls beside the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above,
"Nature is too profuse," says he,
"Who gave all these to pleasure me!"
When bordering pinks and roses bloom,
And every garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like Laura's cheek when blushes rise;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When clusters from the vine depend;
The snail looks round on flower and tree,
And cries, "All these were made for me!"
"What dignity's in human nature!"
Says Man, the most conceited creature,
As from a cliff he cast his eye,
And view'd the sea and arched sky.
The Sun was sunk beneath the main;
The Moon, and all the starry train,
Hung the vast vault of Heaven. The Man
His contemplation thus began:
"When I behold this glorious show,
And the wide watery world below,

The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year;
And know all these by Heaven design'd
As gifts to pleasure human-kind;
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I!"
"Not of th' importance you suppose,"
Replies a Flea upon his nose.
"Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know, pride was never made for man.
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
What! Heaven and Earth for thee design'd!
For thee, made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed."

FABLE L.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with every thing, like Gay,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain;
Her care was never to offend;
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!
"Let me," says she, "your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight:
To friendship every burthen's light."
The Horse reply'd, "Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear."
She next the stately Bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
"Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley mow;
And, when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind."
The Goat remark'd, her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
"My back," says he, "may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."
The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd,
His sides a load of wool sustain'd;
Said, he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For Hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.
She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.
"Shall I," says he, "of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then; you know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For see, the Hounds are just in view."

FABLES.

PART THE SECOND.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE Fables were finished by Mr. Gay, and intended for the press a short time before his death; when they were left, with his other papers, to the care of his noble friend and patron the duke of Queensberry. His grace has accordingly permitted them to the press; and they are here printed from the originals in the author's own hand-writing. We hope they will please equally with his former Fables, though mostly on subjects of a graver and more political turn. They will certainly show him to have been (what he esteemed the best character) a man of a truly honest heart, and a sincere lover of his country.

FABLE I.

THE DOG AND THE FOX.

TO A LAWYER.

I KNOW you Lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favour every client;
That 'tis the fee directs the sense,
To make out either side's pretence.
When you peruse the clearest case,
You see it with a double face:
For scepticism's your profession;
You hold there's doubt in all expression.
Hence is the bar with fees supply'd;
Hence Eloquence takes either side.
Your hand would have but paltry gleaning,
Could every man express his meaning.
Who dares presume to pen a deed,
Unless you previously are feed?
'Tis drawn; and, to augment the cost,
In dull prolixity engrost.
And now we're well secur'd by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw.
Read o'er a will. Was't ever known
But you could make the will your own?

For, when you read, 'tis with intent
To find out meanings never meant.
Since things are thus, *se defendendo*,
I bar fallacious *innendo*.
Sagacious Porta's skill could trace
Some beast or bird in every face.
The head, the eye, the nose's shape,
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape.
When, in the sketches thus design'd,
Resemblance brings some friend to mind,
You show the piece, and give the hint,
And find each feature in the print;
So monstrous like the portrait's found,
All know it, and the laugh goes round,
Like him I draw from general nature;
Is 't I or you then fix the satire?
So, sir, I beg you, spare your pains
In making comments on my strains.
All private slander I detest,
I judge not of my neighbour's breast:
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the state.
Shall not my fable censure vice,
Because a knave is over-nice?
And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the decalogue be read?
If I lash Vice in general fiction,
Is 't I apply, or self-conviction?
Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
If men in morals are the same.
I no man call or ape or ass;
'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.
Thus void of all offence I write:
Who claims the fable, knows his right.
A shepherd's Dog unskill'd in sports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts;
Among the rest a Fox he knew;
By frequent chat their friendship grew.
Says Reynard, "'Tis a cruel case,
That man should stigmatise our race.
No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind;
And yet (unknown to me and you)
There may be honest men and true.
Thus slander tries whate'er it can
To put us on the foot with man.
"Let my own actions recommend;
No prejudice can blind a friend:
You know me free from all disguise;
My honour as my life I prize."
By talk like this, from all mistrust
The Dog was cur'd, and thought him just.
As on a time the Fox held forth
On conscience, honesty, and worth,
Sudden he stopp'd; he cock'd his ear;
Low dropt his brushy tail with fear.
"Bless us! the hunters are abroad:
What's all that clatter on the road!"
"Hold," says the Dog, "we're safe from harm,
'Twas nothing but a false alarm.
At yonder town 'tis market-day;
Some farmer's wife is on the way;
'Tis so (I know her pyebald mare),
Dame Dobbins with her poultry ware."
Reynard grew huff. Says he, "This sneer
From you I little thought to hear:
Your meaning in your looks I see.
Pray, what's Dame Dobbins, friend, to me?
Did I e'er make her poultry thinner?
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner."
"Friend," quoth the Cur, "I meant no harm;
Then why so captious? why so warm?
My words, in common acceptation,
Could never give this provocation.
No lamb (for aught I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you."
At this, gall'd Reynard wine'd, and swore
Such language ne'er was given before.
"What's lamb to me? this saucy hint
Shows me, base knave, which way you squint.
If th' other night your master lost
Three lambs, am I to pay the cost?
Your vile reflections would imply
That I'm the thief. You dog, you lye."
"Thou knave, thou fool!" (the Dog reply'd)
"The name is just, take either side;
Thy guilt these applications speak:
Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak."
So saying, on the Fox he flies:
The self-convicted felon dies.

FABLE II.

THE VULTURE, THE SPARROW, AND OTHER BIRDS.

TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

Ere I begin, I must premise,
Our ministers are good and wise;
So, though malicious tongues apply,
Pray what care they, or what care I?
If I am free with courts, be 't known,
I ne'er presume to mean our own.
If general morals seem to joke
On ministers, and such-like folk,
A captious fool may take offence;
What then? He knows his own pretence,
I meddle with no state-affairs,
But spare my jest to save my ears.
Our present schemes are too profound
For Machiavel himself to sound:
To censure them I've no pretension;
I own they 're past my comprehension.
You say your brother wants a place,
('Tis many a younger brother's case)
And that he very soon intends
To ply the court, and tease his friends.
If there his merits chance to find
A patriot of an open mind,
Whose constant actions prove him just
To both a king's and people's trust,
May he, with gratitude, attend,
And owe his rise to such a friend!
You praise his parts, for business fit,
His learning, probity, and wit;
But those alone will never do,
Unless his patron have them too.
I've heard of times (pray God defend us!
We're not so good but he can mend us)
When wicked ministers have trod
On kings and people, law and God;
With arrogance they girt the throne,
And knew no interest but their own.
Then virtue, from preferment barr'd
Gets nothing but its own reward.
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
With proper parts to recommend 'em.
Then, if his patron burn with lust,
The first in favour 's pimp the first,

His doors are never clos'd to spies,
Who cheer his heart with double lies;
They flatter him, his foes defame,
So lull the pangs of guilt and shame.
If schemes of lucre haunt his brain,
Projectors swell his greedy train;
Vile brokers ply his private ear
With jobs of plunder for the year;
All consciences must bend and ply:
You must vote on, and not know why;
Through thick and thin you must go on;
One scruple, and your place is gone.
Since plagues like these have curs'd a land,
And favourites cannot always stand,
Good courtiers should for change be ready,
And not have principles too steady;
For, should a knave engross the power,
(God shield the realm from that sad hour!)
He must have rogues or slavish fools;
For what's a knave without his tools?
Wherever those a people drain,
And strut with infamy and gain,
I envy not their guilt and state,
And scorn to share the public hate.
Let their own servile creatures rise,
By screening fraud, and venting lyes;
Give me, kind Heaven, a private station[1],
A mind serene for contemplation:
Title and profit I resign;
The post of honour shall be mine.
My Fable read, their merits view,
Then herd who will with such a crew.
In days of yore (my cautious rhymes
Always except the present times)
A greedy Vulture, skill'd in game,
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by shame,
Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
And step by step intrudes to power:
When at the royal Eagle's ear,
He longs to ease the monarch's care.
The monarch grants. With pride elate,
Behold him minister of state!
Around him throng the feather'd rout;
Friends must be serv'd, and some must out:
Each thinks his own the best pretension;
This asks a place, and that a pension;
The Nightingale was set aside.
A forward Daw his room supply'd.
"This bird," (says he) "for business fit,
Hath both sagacity and wit:
With all his turns, and shifts, and tricks,
He 's docile, and at nothing sticks:
Then with his neighbours one so free
At all times will connive at me."
The Hawk had due distinction shown,
For parts and talents like his own.
Thousands of hireling Cocks attend him,
As blustering bullies, to defend him.
At once the Ravens were discarded,
And Magpies with their posts rewarded.
"Those fowls of omen I detest,
That pry into another's nest.
"State-lies must lose all good intent,
For they foresee and croak th' event.
My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they're taught, and so to vote."

[1] —When impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
Addison.

"When rogues like these," a Sparrow cries,
"To honours and employments rise,
I court no favour, ask no place;
From such, preferment is disgrace.
Within my thatch'd retreat I find
(What these ne'er feel) true peace of mind."

FABLE III.

THE BABOON AND THE POULTRY.

TO A LEVEE-HUNTER.

We frequently misplace esteem,
By judging men by what they seem.
To birth, wealth, power, we should allow
Precedence, and our lowest bow:
In that is due distinction shown;
Esteem is Virtue's right alone.
With partial eye we're apt to see
The man of noble pedigree:
We're prepossest my lord inherits,
In some degree, his grandsire's merits;
For those we find upon record,
But find him nothing but my lord.
When we, with superficial view,
Gaze on the rich, we're dazzled too.
We know that wealth, well understood,
Hath frequent power of doing good;
Then fancy that the thing is done,
As if the power and will were one.
Thus oft the cheated crowd adore
The thriving knaves that keep them poor.
The cringing train of power survey;
What creatures are so low as they!
With what obsequiousness they bend!
To what vile actions condescend!
Their rise is on their meanness built,
And flattery is their smallest guilt.
What homage, reverence, adoration,
In every age, in every nation,
Have sycophants to power address'd!
No matter who the power possess'd.
Let ministers be what they will,
You find their levees always fill:
Ev'n those who have perplex'd a state,
Whose actions claim contempt and hate,
Had wretches to applaud their schemes,
Though more absurd than madmen's dreams.
When barbarous Moloch was invok'd,
The blood of infants only smok'd!
But here (unless all history lyes)
Whole realms have been a sacrifice.
Look through all courts: 'tis power we find
The general idol of mankind;
There worshipp'd under every shape:
Alike the lion, fox, and ape,
Are follow'd by time-serving slaves,
Rich prostitutes and needy knaves.
Who then shall glory in his post?
How frail his pride, how vain his boast!
The followers of his prosperous hour
Are as unstable as his power.
Power, by the breath of Flattery fed,
The more it swells is nearer burst;
The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty tear descends.
Once on a time an ancient maid,
By wishes and by time decay'd,

To cure the pangs of restless thought,
In birds and beasts amusement sought:
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd;
With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.
A huge Baboon her fancy took,
(Almost a man in size and look)
He finger'd every thing he found,
And mimick'd all the servants round;
Then, too, his parts and ready wit
Show'd him for every business fit.
With all these talents 'twas but just
That Pug should hold a place of trust;
So to her favourite was assign'd
The charge of all her fe/ther'd kind.
'Twas his to tend them eve and morn,
And portion out their daily corn.
Behold him now, with haughty stride,
Assume a ministerial pride.
The morning rose. In hope of picking,
Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,
Fowls of all ranks surround his hut,
To worship his important strut.
The minister appears. The crowd,
Now here, now there, obsequious bow'd.
This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
Th' other his dignity in place.
From bill to bill the flattery ran:
He hears and bears it like a man;
For, when we flatter Self-conceit,
We but his sentiments repeat.
If we're too scrupulously just,
What profit's in a place of trust?
The common practice of the great
Is to secure a snug retreat.
So Pug began to turn his brain
(Like other folks in place) on gain.
An apple-woman's stall was near,
Well stock'd with fruits through all the year;
Here every day he cramm'd his guts,
Hence were his hoards of pears and nuts;
For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)
His payments should in corn be made.
The stock of grain was quickly spent,
And no account which way it went.
Then, too, the Poultry's starv'd condition
Caus'd speculations of suspicion.
The facts were prov'd beyond dispute;
Pug must refund his hoards of fruit;
And, though then minister in chief,
Was branded as a public thief.
Disgrac'd, despis'd, confin'd to chains,
He nothing but his pride retains.
A Goose pass'd by; he knew the face,
Seen every levee while in place.
"What, no respect! no reverence shown!
How saucy are these creatures grown!
Not two days since," says he, "you bow'd
The lowest of my fawning crowd."
"Proud fool!" replies the Goose, "'tis true
Thy corn a flattering levee drew;
For that I join'd the hungry train,
And sold thee flattery for thy grain.
But then, as now, conceited ape,
We saw thee in th' proper shape."

FABLE IV.

THE ANT IN OFFICE.

TO A FRIEND.

You tell me, that you apprehend
My verse may touchy folks offend.
In prudence, too, you think my rhymes
Should never squint at courtier's crimes;
For though nor this nor that is meant,
Can we another's thoughts prevent?
You ask me, if I ever knew
Court chaplains thus the lawn pursue?
I meddle not with gown or lawn;
Poets, I grant, to rise, must fawn;
They know great ears are over-nice,
And never shock their patron's vice.
But I this hackney-path despise;
'Tis my ambition not to rise.
If I must prostitute the Muse,
The base conditions I refuse.
I neither flatter nor defame,
Yet own I would bring Guilt to shame.
If I Corruption's hand expose,
I make corrupted men my foes;
What then? I hate the paltry tribe:
Be virtue mine; be theirs the bribe.
I no man's property invade;
Corruption's yet no lawful trade.
Nor would it mighty ills produce,
Could I shame bribery out of use.
I know 'twould cramp most politicians,
Were they ty'd down to these conditions.
'Twould stint their power, their riches bound,
And make their parts seem less profound.
Were they deny'd their proper tools.
How could they lead their knaves and fools?
Were this the case, let's take a view
What dreadful mischiefs would ensue.
Though it might aggrandize the state,
Could private Luxury dine on plate?
Kings might, indeed, their friends reward,
But ministers find less regard.
Informers, sycophants, and spies,
Would not augment the year's supplies.
Perhaps, too, take away this prop,
An annual jobb or two might drop.
Besides, if pensions were deny'd,
Could Avarice support its pride?
It might ev'n ministers confound,
And yet the state be safe and sound.
I care not though 'tis understood;
I only mean my country's good:
And (let who will my freedom blame)
I wish all courtiers did the same.
Nay, though some folks the less might get,
I wish the nation out of debt.
I put no private man's ambition
With public good in competition:
Rather than have our laws defac'd,
I'd vote a minister disgrac'd.
I strike at vice, be 't where it will;
And what if great folks take it ill?

I hope corruption, bribery, pension,
One may with detestation mention;
Think you the law (let who will take it)
Can *scandalum magnatum* make it?
I vent no slander, owe no grudge,
Nor of another's conscience judge:
At him or him I take no aim,
Yet dare against all vice declaim.
Shall I not censure breach of trust,
Because knaves know themselves unjust?
That steward, whose account is clear,
Demands his honour may appear:
His actions never shun the light;
He is, and would be prov'd, upright.
But then you think my Fable bears
Allusion, too, to state-affairs.
I grant it does: and who 's so great,
That has the privilege to cheat?
If then in any future reign
(For ministers may thirst for gain)
Corrupted hands defraud the nation,
I bar no reader's application.
An Ant there was, whose forward prate
Controll'd all matters in debate;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go;
For he had impudence at will,
And boasted universal skill.
Ambition was his point in view:
Thus, by degrees, to power he grew.
Behold him now his drift attain:
He 's made chief treasurer of the grain.
But as their ancient laws are just,
And punish breach of public trust,
'Tis order'd (lest wrong application
Should starve that wise industrious nation)
That all accounts be stated clear,
Their stock, and what defray'd the year;
That auditors shall these inspect,
And public rapine thus be check'd.
For this the solemn day was set;
The auditors in council met.
The granary-keeper must explain,
And balance his account of grain.
He brought (since he could not refuse them)
Some scraps of paper to amuse them.
An honest Pismire, warm with zeal,
In justice to the public weal,
Thus spoke: "The nation's hoard is low;
From whence does this profusion flow?
I know our annual funds' amount;
Why such expense? and where's th' account?"
With wonted arrogance and pride,
The Ant in office thus reply'd:
"Consider, sirs, were secrets told,
How could the best-schem'd projects hold?
Should we state-mysteries disclose,
'Twould lay us open to our foes.
My duty and my well-known zeal
Bid me our present schemes conceal:
But, on my honour, all th' expense
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence."
They past th' account as fair and just,
And voted him implicit trust.
Next year again, the granary drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd:
"Think how our present matters stand,
What dangers threat from every hand;
What hosts of turkeys stroll for food,
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.
Consider, when *invasion* 's near,
Intelligence must cost us dear;
And, in this ticklish situation,
A secret told betrays the nation:
But, on my honour, all th' expense
(Though vast) was for the swarm's defence."
Again, without examination,
They thank'd his sage administration.
The year revolves. Their treasure, spent,
Again in secret service went.
His honour, too, again was pledg'd,
To satisfy the charge alledg'd.
When thus, with panic shame possess'd,
An auditor his friends address'd.
"What are we? ministerial tools?
We little knaves are greater fools.
At last this secret is explor'd,
'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.
For every grain we touch'd, at least
A thousand his own heaps increas'd.
Then for his kin and favourite spies,
A hundred hardly could suffice.
Thus, for a paltry sneaking bribe,
We cheat ourselves and all the tribe;
For all the magazine contains
Grows from our annual toil and pains."
They vote th' account shall be inspected;
The cunning plunderer is detected;
The fraud is sentenc'd; and his hoard,
As due, to public use restor'd.

FABLE V.

THE BEAR IN A BOAT.

TO A COXCOMB.

THAT man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know;
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope;
He tries his strength before the race,
And never seeks his own disgrace;
He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
Or never launches from the shore;
Before he builds, computes the cost,
And in no proud pursuit is lost:
He learns the bounds of human sense,
And safely walks within the fence.
Thus, conscious of his own defect,
Are pride and self-importance check'd.
If then, self-knowledge to pursue,
Direct our life in every view,
Of all the fools that pride can boast,
A Coxcomb claims distinction most.
Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind,
They 're not to sex or age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or small,
And vanity begets them all.
By ignorance is pride increas'd;
Those most assume, who know the least;
Their own false balance gives them weight,
But every other finds them light.
Not that all Coxcombs' follies strike,
And draw our ridicule alike;
To different merits each pretends:
This in love-vanity transcends,
That, smitten with his face and shape,
By dress distinguishes the ape:

Th' other with learning crams his shelf,
Knows books, and all things but himself.
All these are fools of low condition,
Compar'd with Coxcombs of ambition:
For these, puff'd up with flattery, dare
Assume a nation's various care.
They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,
Their sycophants seem hardly just;
For these, in part alone, attest
The flattery their own thoughts suggest.
In this wide sphere a Coxcomb's shown
In other realms besides his own:
The self-deem'd Machiavel at large
By turns controls in every charge.
Does Commerce suffer in her rights?
'Tis he directs the naval flights.
What sailor dares dispute his skill?
He 'll be an admiral when he will.
Now, meddling in the soldier's trade,
Troops must be hir'd, and levies made.
He gives ambassadors their cue,
His cobbled treaties to renew;
And annual taxes must suffice
The current blunders to disguise.
When his crude schemes in air are lost,
And millions scarce defray the cost,
His arrogance (nought undismay'd)
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,
On other rocks misguides the realm,
And thinks a pilot at the helm.
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,
But blunders on from ill to ill;
And, when he fails of all intent,
Blames only unforeseen event.
Lest you mistake the application,
The Fable calls me to relation.
A Bear of shag and manners rough,
At climbing trees expert enough;
For dextrously, and safe from harm,
Year after year he robb'd the swarm.
Thus thriving on industrious toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd spoil.
This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
He thought no enterprise too great.
Alike in sciences and arts,
He boasted universal parts:
Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,
His arrogance was uncontroll'd:
And thus he made his party good,
And grew dictator of the wood.
The beasts, with admiration, stare,
And think him a prodigious Bear.
Were any common booty got,
'Twas his each portion to allot:
For why? he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
Intruding thus, he by degrees
Claim'd, too, the butcher's larger fees.
And now his over-weening pride
In every province will preside.
No task too difficult was found:
His blundering nose misleads the hound.
In stratagem and subtle arts
He over-rules the Fox's parts.
It chanc'd, as, on a certain day,
Along the bank he took his way,
A boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,
At anchor floated near the shore.
He stopt, and, turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain.

"What blundering puppies are mankind,
In every science always blind!
I mock the pedantry of schools:
What are their compasses and rules?
From me that helm shall conduct learn,
And man his ignorance discern."
So saying, with audacious pride,
He gains the Boat, and climbs the side.
The beasts, astonish'd, line the strand:
The anchor's weigh'd; he drives from land:
The slack sail shifts from side to side;
The Boat untrimm'd admits the tide.
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,
His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost.
The Bear, presuming in his skill,
Is here and there officious still;
Till, striking on the dangerous sands,
Aground the shatter'd vessel stands.
To see the bungler thus distrest,
The very fishes sneer and jest;
Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clamourous watermen appear;
Threats, curses, oaths, insult his ear:
Seiz'd, thrash'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land;
Derision shouts along the strand.

FABLE VI.

THE SQUIRE AND HIS CUR.

TO A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

The man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part:
He never needs the screen of lies,
His inward bosom to disguise.
In vain malicious tongues assail;
Let Envy snarl, let Slander rail,
From Virtue's shield (secure from wound)
Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
So shines his light before mankind,
His actions prove his honest mind.
If in his country's cause he rise,
Debating senates to advise,
Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
The honest dictates of his heart.
No ministerial frown he fears,
But in his virtue perseveres.
But would you play the politician,
Whose heart's averse to intuition,
Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,
Must be controll'd by place and season.
What statesman could his power support,
Were lying tongues forbid the court?
Did princely ears to truth attend,
What minister could gain his end?
How could he raise his tools to place,
And how his honest foes disgrace?
That politician tops his part,
Who readily can lie with art:
The man's proficient in his trade;
His power is strong, his fortune's made.
By that the interest of the throne
Is made subservient to his own:
By that have kings of old, deluded,
All their own friends for his excluded:
By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,
He thrives upon the public ruin.

Antiochus[1], with hardy pace,
Provok'd the dangers of the chase;
And, lost from all his menial train,
Travers'd the wood and pathless plain.
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest;
The Parthian clown brought forth his best,
The king unknown his feast enjoy'd,
And various chat the hours employ'd.
From wine what sudden friendship springs!
Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.
"We country-folks" (the clown replies)
"Could ope our gracious monarch's eyes.
The king, (as all our neighbours say)
Might he (God bless him!) have his way,
Is sound at heart, and means our good,
And he would do it if he could.
If truth in courts were not forbid,
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.
Were he in power, we need not doubt him;
But that transferr'd to those about him,
On them he throws the regal cares;
And what mind they? Their own affairs.
If such rapacious hands he trust,
The best of men may seem unjust.
From kings to coblers 'tis the same;
Bad servants wound their master's fame.
In this our neighbours all agree:
Would the king knew as much as we!"
Here he stopt short. Repose they sought,
The peasant slept, the monarch thought.
The courtiers learn'd, at early dawn,
Where their lost sovereign was withdrawn.
The guards' approach our host alarms;
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms.
The crown and purple robes they bring,
And prostrate fall before the king.
The clown was call'd; the royal guest
By due reward his thanks exprest.
The king then, turning to the crowd,
Who fawningly before him bow'd,
Thus spoke: "Since, bent on private gain,
Your counsels first misled my reign,
Taught and inform'd by you alone,
No truth the royal ear hath known,
Till here conversing: hence, ye crew;
For now I know myself and you."
Whene'er the royal ear's engrost,
State-lies but little genius cost.
The favourite then securely robs,
And gleans a nation by his jobbs.
Franker and bolder grown in ill,
He daily poisons dares instil;
And, as his present views suggest,
Inflames and soothes the royal breast.
Thus wicked ministers oppress,
When oft the monarch means redress.
Would kings their private subjects hear,
A minister must talk with fear;
If honesty oppos'd his views,
He dar'd not innocence accuse;
'Twould keep him in such narrow bound,
He could not right and wrong confound.
Happy were kings, could they disclose
Their real friends and real foes!
Were both themselves and subjects known,
A monarch's will might be his own.
Had he the use of ears and eyes,
Knaves would no more be counted wise.

[1] Plutarch.

But then a minister might lose
(Hard case!) his own ambitious views.
When such as these have vex'd a state,
Pursu'd by universal hate,
Their false support at once hath fail'd,
And persevering truth prevail'd.
Expos'd, their train of fraud is seen;
Truth will at last remove the screen.
A Country 'Squire, by whim directed,
The true stanch dogs of chase neglected.
Beneath his board no hound was fed:
His hand ne'er strok'd the spaniel's head.
A snappish Cur, alone carest,
By lyes had banish'd all the rest.
Yap had his ear; and defamation
Gave him full scope of conversation.
His sycophants must be preferr'd;
Room must be made for all his herd:
Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,
Old faithful servants all must out.
The Cur on every creature flew,
(As other great men's puppies do)
Unless due court to him were shown,
And both their face and business known;
No honest tongue an audience found;
He worried all the tenants round;
For why? he liv'd in constant fear,
Lest Truth by chance should interfere.
If any stranger dar'd intrude,
The noisy Cur his heels pursued.
Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,
At once he snarl'd, and bit, and fled.
Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,
And thus in secret growls his fear:
"Who knows but Truth, in this disguise,
May frustrate my best-guarded lies?
Should she (thus mask'd) admittance find,
That very hour my ruin's sign'd."
Now, in his howl's continued sound,
Their words were lost, the voice was drown'd.
Ever in awe of honest tongues,
Thus every day he strain'd his lungs.
It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,
That Yap, unmindful of his power,
Forsook his post, to love inclin'd;
A favourite bitch was in the wind.
By her seduc'd, in amorous play,
They frisk'd the joyous hours away.
Thus by untimely love pursuing,
Like Antony he sought his ruin.
For now the 'Squire, unvex'd with noise,
An honest neighbour's chat enjoys.
"Be free," says he, "your mind impart;
I love a friendly open heart.
Methinks my tenants shun my gate;
Why such a stranger grown of late?
Pray tell me what offence they find:
'Tis plain they're not so well inclin'd."
"Turn off your Cur" (the farmer cries)
Who feeds your ear with daily lies.
His snarling instigates all;
'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.
Were but that nasty puppy hang'd,
You'd find again the [illegible]
Hear only him, he'll swear it too,
That all our hatred is to you.
But learn from us your true estate;
'Tis that curs'd Cur alone we hate."
The 'Squire heard Truth. Now Yap [illegible]
The wide hall echoes with his din;

Yet Truth prevail'd; and, with disgrace,
The dog was cudgel'd out of place.

FABLE VII.

THE COUNTRYMAN AND JUPITER.

TO MYSELF.

Have you a friend (look round and spy)
So fond, so prepossess'd as I?
Your faults, so obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When by the breath of Fortune blown,
Your airy castles were o'erthrown,
Have I been ever prone to blame,
Or mortify'd your hours with shame?
Was I e'er known to damp your spirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?
'Tis not so strange that Fortune's frown
Still perseveres to keep you down.
Look round, and see what others do.
Would you be rich and honest too?
Have you (like those she rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and base?
Have you (as times requir'd) resign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If these are scruples, give her o'er;
Write, practise morals, and be poor.
The gifts of Fortune truly rate,
Then tell me what would mend your state.
If happiness on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.
As grows the miser's hoarded store,
His fears, his wants, increase the more.
Think, Gay, (what ne'er may be the case)
Should Fortune take you into grace,
Would that your happiness augment?
What can she give beyond content?
Suppose yourself a wealthy heir,
With a vast annual income clear!
In all the affluence you possess,
You might not feel one care the less.
Might you not then (like others) find
With change of fortune change of mind?
Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,
You might start out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,
Might swell your debts: then, lust of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs assail,
And doom your future life to gaol.
Or, were you dignify'd with power,
Would that avert one pensive hour?
You might give avarice its swing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then, from the hirelings in your cause,
Though daily fed with false applause,
Could it a real joy impart?
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.
Is happiness your point in view?
(I mean th' intrinsic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts resides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in every sphere;
Who finds content, will find her there.
O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade,
A Peasant rested on his spade:
"Good gods!" he cries, "'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year!
Soon as the morning streaks the skies,
Industrious Labour bids me rise;
With sweat I earn my homely fare,
And every day renews my care."
Jove heard the discontented strain,
And thus rebuk'd the murmuring swain:
"Speak out your wants, then, honest friend:
Unjust complaints the gods offend.
If you repine at partial Fate,
Instruct me what could mend your state."
Mankind in every station see.
What wish you? tell me what you'd be."
So said, upborne upon a cloud,
The Clown survey'd the anxious crowd.
"Yon face of care," says Jove, "behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That sum to day hath swell'd his store."
"Were I that man," (the Peasant cry'd)
"What blessings could I ask beside?"
"Hold," says the god; "first learn to know
True happiness from outward show.
This optic glass of intuition—
Here, take it, view his true condition."
He look'd, and saw the miser's breast
A troubled ocean, ne'er at rest;
Want ever stares him in the face,
And fear anticipates disgrace:
With conscious guilt he saw him start;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breast admits one happy gleam.
"May Jove," he cries, "reject my prayer,
And guard my life from guilt and care!
My soul abhors that wretch's fate.
O keep me in my humble state!
But see, amidst a gawdy crowd,
Yon minister so gay and proud;
On him what happiness attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!"
"First take the glass," the god replies;
"Man views the world with partial eyes."
"Good gods!" exclaims the startled wight,
"Defend me from this hideous sight!
Corruption, with corrosive smart,
Lies cankering on his guilty heart:
I see him with polluted hand
Spread the contagion o'er the land.
Now Avarice with insatiate jaws,
Now Rapine with her harpy claws,
His bosom tears. His conscious breast
Groans with a load of crimes opprest.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tottering on Ambition's tower.
Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,
His boasts insult the nether crowd;
Now, seiz'd with giddiness and fear,
He trembles lest his fall is near."
"Was ever wretch like this!" he cries;
"Such misery in such disguise!
The change, O Jove! I disavow;
Still be my lot the spade and plough."
He next, confirm'd by speculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the statesman seem'd in part,
And bore similitude of heart.
Nor did the soldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame,

The miseries of war he mourn'd;
Whole nations into deserts turn'd.
"By these have laws and rights been brav'd;
By these was free-born man enslav'd:
When battles and invasion cease,
Why swarm they in the lands of peace?
Such change" (says he) "may I decline;
The scythe and civil arms be mine!"
Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The Clown withdrew his rash petition.
When thus the god: "How mortals err!
If you true happiness prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in every honest mind.
Be justice then your sole pursuit:
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit."
So Jove, to gratify the Clown,
Where first he found him, set him down.

FABLE VIII.

THE MAN, THE CAT, THE DOG, AND THE FLY.

TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.

Hail, happy land! whose fertile grounds
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds,
By bounteous Nature set apart,
The seat of Industry and Art!
O Britain! chosen port of trade,
May luxury ne'er thy sons invade!
May never minister (intent
His private treasures to augment)
Corrupt thy state! If jealous foes
Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?
Who is 't prescribes the ocean law?
Whenever neighbouring states contend,
'Tis thine to be the general friend.
What is 't who rules in other lands?
On trade alone thy glory stands;
That benefit is unconfin'd,
Diffusing good among mankind:
That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:
'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
Be commerce, then, thy sole design;
Keep that, and all the world is thine.
When naval traffic plows the main,
Who shares not in the merchant's gain?
'Tis that supports the regal state,
And makes the farmer's heart elate:
The numerous flocks that clothe the land
Can scarce supply the loom's demand;
Prolific culture glads the fields,
And the bare heath a harvest yields.
Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth[1]? To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assign'd:
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide:
Some (taught by industry) impart
With hands and feet the works of art,
While some, of genius more refin'd,
With head and tongue assist mankind.
Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.
The monarch, when his table's spread,
Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;
And, when in all his glory drest,
Owes to the loom his royal vest.
Do not the mason's toil and care
Protect him from th' inclement air?
Does not the cutler's art supply
The ornament that guards his thigh?
All these, in duty to the throne,
Their common obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
Protects their properties and laws.
Thus they their honest toil employ,
And with contents the fruits enjoy.
In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.
The animals, by want oppress'd,
To man their services address'd:
While each pursu'd their selfish good,
They hunger'd for precarious food:
Their hours with anxious cares were vext;
One day they fed, and starv'd the next:
They saw that plenty, sure and rife,
Was found alone in social life;
That mutual industry profess'd,
The various wants of man redress'd.
The Cat, half famish'd, lean and weak,
Demands the privilege to speak.
"Well, Puss," (says Man) "and what can you
To benefit the public do?"
The Cat replies, "These teeth, these claws,
With vigilance shall serve the cause.
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
No longer shall your feasts pollute;
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
With wasteful teeth your stores invade."
"I grant," says Man, "to general use
Your parts and talents may conduce;
For rats and mice purloin our grain,
And threshers whirl the flail in vain:
Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,
Protect the farmer's honest toil.
Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
"Well, sir, be next your merits try'd."
"Sir," says the Dog, "by self-applause
We seem to own a friendless cause.
Ask those who know me, if distrust
E'er found me treacherous or unjust?
Did I e'er faith or friendship break?
Ask all those creatures; let them speak.
My vigilance and trusty zeal
Perhaps might serve the public weal.
Might not your flocks in safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy breed?
Did I the nightly watches keep,
Could thieves invade you while you sleep?"
The Man replies: "'Tis just and right;
Rewards such service should requite.
So rare, in property, we find
Trust uncorrupt among mankind,
That, taken in a public view,
The first distinction is your due.
Such merits all reward transcend:
Be then my comrade and my friend."

[1] Barrow.

Addressing now the Fly: "From you
What public service can accrue?"
"From me!" (the fluttering insect said)
"I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is 't fit
That I to industry submit?
Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
By business earn ignoble bread;
Lost in excess of daily joys,
No thought, no care, my life annoys.
At noon (the lady's matin hour)
I sip the tea's delicious flower.
On cates luxuriously I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the vine.
Studious of elegance and ease,
Myself alone I seek to please."
"The Man his pert conceit derides,
And thus the useless coxcomb chides:
"Hence, from that peach, that downy seat;
No idle fool deserves to eat.
Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,
And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,
Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
To raise the tree, prepar'd the soil?
Consider, Sot, what would ensue,
Were all such worthless things as you.
You'd soon be forc'd (by hunger stung)
To make your dirty meals on dung,
On which such despicable need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Besides, vain selfish insect, learn,
(If you can right and wrong discern)
That he who, with industrious zeal,
Contributes to the public weal,
By adding to the common good,
His own hath rightly understood."
So saying, with a sudden blow
He laid the noxious vagrant low.
Crush'd in his luxury and pride,
The spunger on the public dy'd.

FABLE IX.

THE JACKALL, LEOPARD, AND OTHER BEASTS.

TO A MODERN POLITICIAN.

I GRANT corruption sways mankind;
That interest, too, perverts the mind;
That bribes have blinded common sense,
Foil'd reason, truth, and eloquence:
I grant you, too, our present crimes
Can equal those of former times.
Against plain facts shall I engage,
To vindicate our righteous age?
I know that in a modern fist
Bribes in full energy subsist.
Since then these arguments prevail,
And itching palms are still so frail,
Hence politicians, you suggest,
Should drive the nail that goes the best;
That it shows parts and penetration,
To ply men with the right temptation.
To this I humbly must dissent,
Premising, NO reflection's meant.
Does justice or the client's sense
Teach lawyers either side's defence?
The fee gives eloquence its spirit;
That only is the client's merit.
Does art, wit, wisdom, or address,
Obtain the prostitute's caress?
The guinea (as in other trades)
From every hand alike persuades.
Man, Scripture says, is prone to *evil*;
But does that vindicate the *Devil*?
Besides, the more mankind are prone,
The less the *Devil's* parts are shown.
Corruption's not of modern date;
It hath been try'd in every state;
Great knaves of old their power have fenc'd;
By places, pensions, bribes, dispens'd;
By these they glory'd in success,
And impudently dar'd oppress;
By these despoticly they sway'd,
And slaves extoll'd the hand that pay'd;
Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
By these alone were realms destroy'd.
Now see these wretches in disgrace,
Stript of their treasures, power, and place;
View them abandon'd and forlorn,
Expos'd to such reproach and scorn.
What now is all your pride, your boast?
Where are your slaves, your flattering host?
What tongues now feed you with applause?
Where are the champions of your cause?
Now ev'n that very fawning train,
Which shar'd the gleanings of your gain,
Press foremost who shall first accuse
Your selfish jobbs, your paltry views,
Your narrow schemes, your breach of trust,
And want of talents to be just.
What fools were these amidst their power!
How thoughtless of their adverse hour!
What friends were made? A hireling herd,
For temporary votes preferr'd.
Was it these sycophants to get,
Your bounty swell'd a nation's debt?
You're bit: for these, like Swiss, attend;
No longer pay, no longer friend.
The lion is (beyond dispute)
Allow'd the most majestic brute;
His valour and his generous mind
Prove him superior of his kind:
Yet to jackalls (as 'tis aver'd)
Some lions have their power transferr'd;
As if the parts of pimps and spies
To govern forests could suffice.
Once, studious of his private good,
A proud Jackall oppress'd the wood;
To cram his own insatiate jaws,
Invaded property and laws.
The forest groans with discontent,
Fresh wrongs the general hate foment.
The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear;
His secret hours were vex'd with fear.
Night after night he weighs the case,
And feels the terrours of disgrace.
"By friends" (says he) "I'll guard my seat,
By those malicious tongues defeat;
I'll strengthen power by new allies,
And all my clamorous foes despise."
To make the generous beasts his friends,
He cringes, fawns, and condescends;
But those repuls'd his abject court,
And scorn'd oppression to support.
Friends must be had. He can't subsist.
Bribes shall new proselytes inlist:
But these nought weigh'd in honest paws;
For bribes confess a wicked cause:

Yet think not every paw withstands
What hath prevail'd in human hands.
A tempting turnip's silver skin
Drew a base Hog through thick and thin:
Bought with a Stag's delicious haunch,
The mercenary Wolf was stanch:
The convert Fox grew warm and hearty,
A Pullet gain'd him to the party:
The golden pippin in his fist,
A chattering Monkey join'd the list.
But soon, expos'd to public hate,
The favourite's fall redress'd the state.
The Leopard, vindicating right,
Had brought his secret frauds to light,
As rats, before the mansion falls,
Desert late hospitable walls,
In shoals the servile creatures run,
To bow before the rising Sun.
The Hog with warmth express'd his zeal,
And was for hanging those that steal;
But hop'd, though low, the public hoard
Might half a turnip still afford.
Since saving measures were profest,
A lamb's head was the Wolf's request.
The Fox submitted, if to touch
A gosling would be deem'd too much.
The Monkey thought his grin and chatter
Might ask a nut, or some such matter.
"Ye hirelings! hence!" (the Leopard cries)
"Your venal conscience I despise.
He, who the public good intends,
By bribes needs never purchase friends.
Who acts this just, this open part,
Is propt by every honest heart.
Corruption now too late has show'd,
That bribes are always ill-bestow'd;
By you your bubbled master's taught,
Time-serving tools, not friends, are bought."

FABLE X.

THE DEGENERATE BEES.

TO THE REV. DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

Though courts the practise disallow,
A friend at all times I'll avow.
In politics I know 'tis wrong;
A friendship may be kept too long;
And what they call the prudent part,
Is to wear interest next the heart.
As the times take a different face,
Old friendships should to new give place.
I know, too, you have many foes,
That owning you is sharing those;
That every knave in every station,
Of high and low denomination,
For what you speak, and what you write,
Dread you at once, and bear you spite.
Such freedoms in your works are shown,
They can't enjoy what's not their own.
All dunces, too, in church and state,
In frothy nonsense show their hate;
With all the petty scribbling crew,
(And those pert sots are not a few)
'Gainst you and Pope their envy spurt.
The booksellers alone are hurt.
Good gods! by what a powerful race
(For blockheads may have power and place)
Are scandals rais'd, and libels writ!
To prove your honesty and wit!
Think with yourself: those worthy men,
You know, have suffer'd by your pen.
From them you've nothing but your due.
From hence, 'tis plain, your friends are few.
Except myself, I know of none,
Besides the wise and good alone.
To set the case in fairer light,
My Fable shall the rest recite,
Which (though unlike our present state)
I for the moral's sake relate.
A Bee of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of power, but more of gain,
Corruption sow'd throughout the hive:
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.
As power and wealth his views supply'd,
'Twas seen in overbearing pride.
With him loud impudence had merit;
The Bee of conscience wanted spirit;
And those who follow'd honour's rules
Were laugh'd to scorn for squeamish fools.
Wealth claim'd distinction, favour, grace,
And poverty alone was base.
He treated industry with slight,
Unless he found his profit by't.
Rights, laws, and liberties, give way,
To bring his selfish schemes in play.
The swarm forgot the common toil,
To share the gleanings of his spoil.
"While vulgar souls, of narrow parts,
Waste life in low mechanic arts,
Let us," (says he) "to genius born,
The drudgery of our fathers scorn.
The Wasp and Drone, you must agree,
Live with more elegance than we.
Like gentlemen they sport and play;
No business interrupts the day:
Their hours to luxury they give,
And nobly on their neighbours live."
A stubborn Bee, among the swarm,
With honest indignation warm,
Thus from his cell with zeal reply'd:
"I slight thy frowns, and hate thy pride.
The laws our native rights protect;
Offending thee, I those respect.
Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
And none against the torrent strive?
Exert the honour of your race;
He builds his rise on your disgrace.
'Tis industry our state maintains;
'Twas honest toil and honest gains
That rais'd our sires to power and fame.
Be virtuous; save yourselves from shame;
Know that, in selfish ends pursuing,
You scramble for the public ruin."
He spoke; and, from his cell dismiss'd,
Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd.
With him a friend or two resign'd,
Disdaining the degenerate kind.
"These Drones," (says he) "these insects vile,
(I treat them in their proper style)
May for a time oppress the state:
They own our virtue by their hate;
By that our merits they reveal,
And recommend our public zeal;
Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
We're honour'd by the virtuous few."

FABLE XI.

THE PACK-HORSE AND THE CARRIER.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

Begin, my lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatterer's style reject;
With that, by menial tongues supply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.
The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit.
Be virtue then your first pursuit;
Set your great ancestors in view,
Like them deserve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions scorn;
Let virtue prove you greatly born.
Though with less plate their side-board shone,
Their conscience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd;
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet, jealous of the public weal,
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause;
By neither place or pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your sires adorn their seat;
And such alone are truely great.
If you the paths of learning slight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light.
In foremost rank the coward plac'd,
Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
If you, to serve a paltry end,
To knavish jobbs can condescend,
We pay you the contempt that's due;
In that you have precedence too.
Whence had you this illustrious name?
From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
By birth the name alone descends;
Your honour on yourself depends:
Think not your coronet can hide
Assuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For that mankind reveres your sires:
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your disgrace.
A Carrier, every night and morn,
Would see his horses eat their corn:
This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horses had their due.
Were we so cautious in all cases,
Small gain would rise from greater places.
The manger now had all its measure;
He heard their grinding teeth with pleasure;
When all at once confusion rung;
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.
A Pack-horse turn'd his head aside,
Foaming, his eye-balls swell'd with pride.
"Good gods!" (says he) "how hard 's my lot!
Is then my high descent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudgery and disgrace,
(A life unworthy of my race)
Must I, too, hear the vile attacks
Of ragged scrubs and vulgar hacks?
See scurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thrust my head!
Shall I, who boast a noble line,
On offals of these creatures dine?
Kick'd by old Ball! so mean a foe?
My honour suffers by the blow.
Newmarket speaks my grandsire's fame;
All jockeys still revere his name:
There, yearly, are his triumphs told,
There all his massy plates enroll'd.
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You saw him with a livery train;
Returning, too, with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets sound.
Let it then, sir, be understood,
Respect 's my due, for I have blood."
"Vain glorious fool!" (the Carrier cry'd)
"Respect was never paid to pride.
Know 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this slavish part,
Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy spirit.
What is 't to me by whom begot,
Thou restive, pert, conceited sot?
Your sires I reverence; 'tis their due,
But, worthless fool, what 's that to you?
Ask all the Carriers on the road,
They'll say, thy keeping 's ill bestow'd;
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy strength or pace.
What profits me thy boast of blood?
An ass has more intrinsic good.
By outward show let's not be cheated;
An ass should like an ass be treated."

FABLE XII.

PAN AND FORTUNE.

TO A YOUNG HEIR.

Soon as your father's death was known,
(As if th' estate had been their own)
The gamesters outwardly exprest
The decent joy within your breast.
So lavish in your praise they grew,
As spoke their certain hopes in you.
One counts your income of the year,
How much in ready money clear.
"No house," says he, "is more complete;
The garden 's elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lies!
The timber 's of a noble size.
Then count his jewels and his plate.
Besides, 'tis no entail'd estate.
If cash run low, his lands in fee
Are, or for sale or mortgage, free."
Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem to anticipate their gain.
Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
Bring forth your treasures in the road?
Would not the fool abet the stealth,
Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth?
Yet this you do, whene'er you play
Among the gentlemen of prey.
Could fools to keep their own contrive,
On what, on whom, could gamesters thrive?

Is it in charity you game,
To save your worthy gang from shame?
Unless you furnish'd daily bread,
Which way could idleness be fed?
Could these professors of deceit
Within the law no longer cheat,
They must run bolder risks for prey,
And strip the traveller on the way.
Thus in your annual rents they share,
And 'scape the noose from year to year.
Consider, ere you make the bet,
That sum might cross your taylor's debt.
When you the pilfering rattle shake,
Is not your honour, too, at stake?
Must you not by mean lies evade
Tomorrow's duns from every trade;
By promises so often paid,
Is yet your taylor's bill defray'd?
Must you not pitifully fawn
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
This must be done. In debts of play,
Your honour suffers no delay;
And not this year's and next year's rent
The sons of rapine can content.
Look round, the wrecks of play behold,
Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!
Their owners now; to gaols confin'd,
Show equal poverty of mind.
Some, who the spoil of knaves were made,
Too late attempt to learn their trade.
Some, for the folly of one hour,
Become the dirty tools of power;
And, with the mercenary list,
Upon court charity subsist.
You'll find at last this maxim true,
Fools are the game which knaves pursue.
The forest (a whole century's shade)
Must be one wasteful ruin made:
No mercy's shown to age or kind;
The general massacre is sign'd.
The park, too, shares the dreadful fate,
For duns grow louder at the gate.
Stern clowns, obedient to the 'squire,
(What will not barbarous hands for hire?)
With brawny arms repeat the stroke;
Fall'n are the elm and reverend oak.
Through the long wood loud axes sound,
And Echo groans with every wound.
To see the desolation spread,
Pan drops a tear, and hangs his head:
His bosom now with fury burns;
Beneath his hoof the dice he spurns.
Cards, too, in peevish passion torn,
The sport of whirling winds are borne.
"To snails inveterate hate I bear,
Who spoil the verdure of the year;
The caterpillar I detest,
The blooming Spring's voracious pest;
The locust, too, whose ravenous band
Spreads sudden famine o'er the land.
But what are these? the dice's throw
At once hath laid a forest low.
The cards are dealt, the bet is made,
And the wide park hath lost its shade.
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,
And all its ancient glories waste.
All this" (he cries) "is Fortune's doing:
'Tis thus she meditates my ruin.
By Fortune, that false, fickle jade,
More havock in one hour is made,
Than all the hungry insect race,
Combin'd, can in an age deface."
Fortune, by chance, who near him past,
O'erheard the vile aspersion cast.
"Why, Pan," (says she) "what 's all this rant?
'Tis every country-bubble's cant.
Am I the patroness of vice?
Is 't I who cog or palm the dice?
Did I the shuffling art reveal,
To mark the cards, or range the deal?
In all th' employments men pursue,
I mind the least what gamesters do.
There may (if computation's just)
One now and then my conduct trust.
I blame the fool, for what can I,
When ninety-nine my power defy?
These trust alone their fingers' ends,
And not one stake on me depends,
Whene'er the gaming-board is set
Two classes of mankind are met;
But, if we count the greedy race,
The knaves fill up the greater space.
'Tis a gross errour held in schools,
That Fortune always favours fools.
In play it never bears dispute;
That doctrine these fell'd oaks confute.
Then why to me such rancour show?
'Tis Folly, Pan, that is thy foe.
By me his late estate he won,
But he by Folly was undone."

FABLE XIII.

PLUTUS, CUPID, AND TIME.

Of all the burthens man must bear,
Time seems most galling and severe:
Beneath this grievous load oppress'd,
We daily meet some friend distress'd.
"What can one do? I rose at nine?
'Tis full six hours before we dine:
Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
Would I had doz'd in bed till two!"
A pamphlet is before him spread,
And almost half a page is read;
Tir'd with the study of the day,
The fluttering sheets are toss'd away.
He opes his snuff-box, hums an air,
Then yawns, and stretches in his chair.
"Not twenty, by the minute hand!
Good gods," says he, "my watch must stand!
How muddling 'tis on books to pore!
I thought I'd read an hour or more.
The morning, of all hours, I hate.
One can't contrive to rise too late."
To make the minutes faster run,
Then, too, his tiresome self to shun,
To the next coffee-house he speeds,
Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.
Sauntering, from chair to chair he trails;
Now drinks his tea; now bites his nails.
He spies a partner of his woe;
By chat afflictions lighter grow;
Each other's grievances they share,
And thus their dreadful hours compare.
Says Tom, "Since all men must confess
That time lies heavy, more or less,
Why should it be so hard to get,
Till two, a party at piquet?

Play might relieve the lagging morn:
By cards long wintry nights are borne.
Does not quadrille amuse the fair,
Night after night, throughout the year?
Vapours and spleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away."
"My case," says Will, "then must be hard,
By want of skill from play debarr'd.
Courtiers kill time by various ways;
Dependence wears out half their days.
How happy these, whose time ne'er stands!
Attendance takes it off their hands.
Were it not for this cursed shower,
The Park had wil'd away an hour.
At court, without or place or view,
I daily lose an hour or two:
It fully answers my design,
When I have pick'd up friends to dine;
The tavern makes our burthen light;
Wine puts our time and care to flight.
At six (hard case!) they call to pay.
Where can one go? I hate the play.
From six till ten! unless in sleep,
One cannot spend the hours so cheap.
The comedy's no sooner done,
But some assembly is begun;
Loitering from room to room I stray,
Converse, but nothing hear or say:
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam.
So soon! I dread the thoughts of home.
From thence, to quicken slow-pac'd night,
Again my tavern-friends invite:
Here, too, our early mornings pass,
Till drowsy sleep retard the glass."
Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each other's case their own.
Consider, friends, no hour rolls on
But something of your grief is gone.
Were you to schemes of business bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days, would fly too fast;
You'd then regret the minute past.
Time's fugitive and light as wind:
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:
That load from off your spirits shake,
You'll own, and grieve for, your mistake.
A while your thoughtless spleen suspend,
Then read, and (if you can) attend.
As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his strutting pace.
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,
Till recollection set them right,
For each knew th' other but by sight.
After some complimental talk,
Time met them, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most, what each had done for man.
Plutus assumes a haughty air,
Just like our purse-proud fellows here.
"Let kings," says he, "let cobblers tell,
Whose gifts among mankind excel.
Consider courts; what draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain?
That statesman hath the strongest hold,
Whose tool of politics is gold;
By that, in former reigns, 'tis said,
The knave in power hath senates led:
By that alone he sway'd debates,
Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.
Forego your boast. You must conclude,
That's most esteem'd that's most pursued.
Think, too, in what a woeful plight
That wretch must live whose pocket's light.
Are not his hours by want deprest?
Penurious care corrodes his breast,
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends."
"You might," says Cupid, "doubt my parts,
My knowledge, too, in human hearts,
Should I the power of gold dispute,
Which great examples might confute.
I know, when nothing else prevails,
Persuasive money seldom fails;
That beauty, too, (like other wares)
Its price, as well as conscience, bears.
Then marriage (as of late profest)
Is but a money jobb at best.
Consent, compliance, may be sold;
But love's beyond the price of gold.
Smugglers there are, who, by retail,
Expose what they call love to sale;
Such bargains are an arrant cheat:
You purchase flattery and deceit.
Those who true love have ever try'd,
(The common cares of life supply'd)
No wants endure, no wishes make,
But every real joy partake.
All comfort on themselves depends;
They want nor power, nor wealth, nor friends.
Love, then, hath every bliss in store;
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more.
Each other every wish they give:
Not to know love, is not to live."
"Or love, or money," Time reply'd,
"Were men the question to decide,
Would bear the prize: on both intent,
My boon's neglected, or mis-spent.
'Tis I who measure vital space,
And deal out years to human race.
Though little priz'd, and seldom sought,
Without me love and gold are nought.
How does the miser time employ?
Did I e'er see him life enjoy?
By me forsook, the hoards he won
Are scatter'd by his lavish son.
By me all useful arts are gain'd:
Wealth, learning, wisdom, is attain'd.
Who then would think (since such my power)
That e'er I knew an idle hour?
So subtle and so swift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.
Who hath not heard coquettes complain
Of days, months, years, mis-spent in vain?
For time misus'd they pine and waste,
And love's sweet pleasures never taste.
Those who direct their time aright,
If love or wealth their hopes excite,
In each pursuit fit hours employ'd,
And both by time have been enjoy'd.
How heedless then are mortals grown!
How little is their interest known!
In every view they ought to mind me,
For, when once lost, they never find me."
He spoke. The gods no more contest,
And his superior gift confest,

That Time (when truly understood)
Is the most precious earthly good.

FABLE XIV.

THE OWL, THE SWAN, THE COCK, THE SPIDER, THE ASS, AND THE FARMER.

TO A MOTHER.

Conversing with your sprightly boys,
Your eyes have spoke the mother's joys!
With what delight I've heard you quote
Their sayings in imperfect note!
I grant, in body and in mind
Nature appears profusely kind.
Trust not to that. Act you your part;
Imprint just morals on their heart;
Impartially their talents scan:
Just education forms the man.
Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life's already thrown;
That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
The last assert the church's right.
I censure not the fond intent;
But how precarious is th' event!
By talents misapply'd and crost,
Consider, all your sons are lost.
One day (the tale's by Martial penn'd)
A father thus address'd his friend:
"To train my boy, and call forth sense,
You know I've stuck at no expense;
I've try'd him in the several arts;
(The lad, no doubt, hath latent parts)
Yet, trying all, he nothing knows,
But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone;
'Tis your advice shall fix my son."
"Sir," says the friend, "I've weigh'd the matter;
Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter:
Make him (nor think his genius checkt)
A herald or an architect."
Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' advice, and took his own.
The boy wants wit; he's sent to school,
Where learning but improves the fool.
The college next must give him parts,
And cram him with the liberal arts.
Whether he blunders at the bar,
Or owes his infamy to war;
Or if by licence or degree
The sexton share the doctor's fee;
Or from the pulpit by the hour
He weekly floods of nonsense pour;
We find (th' intent of Nature foil'd)
A taylor or a butcher spoil'd.
Thus ministers have royal boons
Conferr'd on blockheads and buffoons:
In spite of nature, merit, wit,
Their friends for every post were fit.
But now let every Muse confess
That merit finds its due success.
Th' examples of our days regard;
Where's virtue seen without reward?
Distinguish'd and in place you find
Desert and worth of every kind.
Survey the reverend bench, and see
Religion, learning, piety:
The patron, ere he recommends,
Sees his own image in his friend's.
Is honesty disgrac'd and poor?
What is't to us what was before?
We all of times corrupt have heard,
When paltry minions were preferr'd;
When all great offices, by dozens,
Were fill'd by brothers, sons, and cousins.
What matter ignorance and pride?
The man was happily ally'd.
Provided that his clerk was good,
What though he nothing understood?
In church and state the sorry race
Grew more conspicuous fools in place.
Such heads, as then a treaty made,
Had bungled in the cobbler's trade.
Consider, patrons, that such elves
Expose your folly with themselves.
'Tis yours, as 'tis the parent's care,
To fix each genius in its sphere.
Your partial hand can wealth dispense,
But never give a blockhead sense.
An Owl of magisterial air,
Of solemn voice, of brow austere,
Assum'd the pride of human race,
And bore his wisdom in his face;
Not to depreciate learned eyes,
I've seen a pedant look as wise.
Within a barn, from noise retir'd,
He scorn'd the world, himself admir'd;
And, like an ancient sage, conceal'd
The follies public life reveal'd.
Philosophers of old, he read,
Their country's youth to science bred,
Their manners form'd for every station,
And destin'd each his occupation.
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a people sav'd,
That laurel was not all his own;
The plant by Socrates was sown.
To Aristotle's greater name
The Macedonian ow'd his fame.
Th' Athenian bird, with pride replete,
Their talents equall'd in conceit.
And, copying the Socratic rule,
Set up for master of a school.
Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
To vulgar ears seem'd so profound,
They fancy'd learning in the sound.
The school had fame; the crowded place
With pupils swarm'd of every race.
With these the Swan's maternal care
Had sent her scarce-fledg'd cygnet heir:
The Hen (though fond and loath to part)
Here lodg'd the darling of her heart:
The Spider, of mechanic kind,
Aspir'd to science more refin'd:
The Ass learnt metaphors and tropes,
But most on music fix'd his hopes.
The pupils now, advanc'd in age,
Were call'd to tread life's busy stage;
And to the master 'twas submitted,
That each might to his part be fitted.
"The Swan," says he, "in arms shall shine;
The soldier's glorious toil be thine.
"The Cock shall mighty wealth attain:
Go, seek it on the stormy main.
"The court shall be the Spider's sphere:
Power, fortune, shall reward him there.
"In music's art, the Ass's fame
Shall emulate Corelli's name."

Each took the part that he advis'd,
And all were equally despis'd.
A Farmer, at his folly mov'd,
The dull preceptor thus reprov'd:
"Blockhead," says he, "by what you've done,
One would have thought them each your son;
For parents, to their offspring blind,
Consult nor parts nor turn of mind,
But ev'n in infancy decree
What this, what th' other son, shall be.
Had you with judgment weigh'd the case,
Their genius thus had fix'd their place:
The Swan had learnt the sailor's art;
The Cock had play'd the soldier's part;
The Spider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made;
But for the foal, in every class,
The blockhead had appear'd an Ass."

FABLE XV.

THE COOK-MAID, THE TURNSPIT, AND THE OX.

TO A POOR MAN.

Consider man in every sphere,
Then tell me, is your lot severe?
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched. God is just.
I grant, the hungry must be fed,
That toil, too, earns thy daily bread.
What then? Thy wants are seen and known;
But every mortal feels his own.
We're born a restless, needy crew:
Show me the happier man than you.
Adam, though blest above his kind,
For want of social woman pin'd.
Eve's wants the subtle Serpent saw,
Her fickle taste transgress'd the law:
Thus fell our sire; and their disgrace
The curse entail'd on human race.
When Philip's son, by glory led,
Had o'er the globe his empire spread;
When altars to his name were dress'd;
That he was man, his tears confess'd.
The hopes of avarice are check'd:
The proud man always wants respect.
What various wants on power attend!
Ambition never gains its end.
Who hath not heard the rich complain
Of surfeits and corporeal pain?
He, barr'd from every use of wealth,
Envies the ploughman's strength and health.
Another, in a beauteous wife,
Finds all the miseries of life:
Domestic jars and jealous fear
Embitter all his days with care.
This wants an heir; the line is lost:
Why was that vain entail engrost?
Canst thou discern another's mind?
What is 't you envy? Envy's blind.
Tell Envy, when she would annoy,
That thousands want what you enjoy.
"The dinner must be dish'd at one.
Where's this vexatious Turnspit gone?
Unless the skulking cur is caught,
The surloin's spoilt, and I'm in fault."
Thus said, (for sure you'll think it fit
That I the Cook-maid's oaths omit)
With all the fury of a cook,
Her cooler kitchen Nan forsook:
The broom-stick o'er her head she waves;
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves:
The sneaking Cur before her flies;
She whistles, calls; fair speech she tries.
These nought avail. Her choler burns;
The fist and cudgel threat by turns.
With hasty stride she presses near;
He slinks aloof, and howls with fear.
"Was ever Cur so curs'd!" (he cry'd)
"What star did at my birth preside!
Am I for life by compact bound
To tread the wheel's eternal round?
Inglorious task! of all our race
No slave is half so mean and base.
Had Fate a kinder lot assign'd,
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,
I then, in higher life employ'd,
Had indolence and ease enjoy'd;
And, like a gentleman, carest,
Had been the lady's favourite guest:
Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
Was his sagacious nostril mine,
By me, their never-erring guide,
From wood and plain their feasts supply'd,
Knights, 'squires, attendant on my pace,
Had shar'd the pleasures of the chase.
Endued with native strength and fire,
Why call'd I not the lion sire?
A lion! such mean views I scorn:
Why was I not of woman born?
Who dares with Reason's power contend?
On man we brutal slaves depend:
To him all creatures tribute pay,
And luxury employs his day."
An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone:
"Dare you at partial Fate repine?
How kind's your lot compar'd with mine!
Decreed to toil, the barbarous knife
Hath sever'd me from social life;
Urg'd by the stimulating goad,
I drag the cumbrous waggon's load:
'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
Break the stiff soil, and house the grain:
Yet I, without a murmur, bear
The various labours of the year.
But then, consider, that one day
(Perhaps the hour's not far away)
You, by the duties of your post,
Shall turn the spit when I'm the roast;
And for reward shall share the feast,
I mean, shall pick my bones at least."
"Till now," th' astonish'd Cur replies
"I look'd on all with envious eyes.
How false we judge by what appears!
All creatures feel their several cares.
If thus yon mighty beast complains;
Perhaps man knows superior pains.
Let envy then no more torment:
Think on the Ox, and learn content."
Thus said, close following at her heel,
With cheerful heart he mounts the wheel.

FABLE XVI.

THE RAVEN, THE SEXTON, AND THE EARTH-WORM.

TO LAURA.

Laura, methinks you're over-nice,
True; flattery is a shocking vice!

Yet sure, whenc'er the praise is just,
One may commend without disgust.
Am I a privilege deny'd,
Indulg'd by every tongue beside?
How singular are all your ways!
A woman, and averse to praise!
If 'tis offence such truths to tell,
Why do your merits thus excel?
Since then I dare not speak my mind,
A truth conspicuous to mankind;
Though in full lustre every grace
Distinguish your celestial face;
Though beauties of inferior ray
(Like stars before the orb of day)
Turn pale and fade; I check my lays,
Admiring what I dare not praise.
If you the tribute due disdain,
The Muse's mortifying strain
Shall, like a woman in mere spite,
Set beauty in a moral light.
Though such revenge might shock the ear
Of many a celebrated fair,
I mean that superficial race
Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face;
What's that to you? I but displease
Such ever-girlish ears as these.
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,
That lasts the same through every stage.
Though you by time must suffer more
Than ever woman lost before,
To age is such indifference shown,
As if your face were not your own.
Were you by Antoninus taught?
Or is it native strength of thought,
That thus, without concern or fright,
You view yourself by Reason's light?
Those eyes, of so divine a ray,
What are they? Mouldering, mortal clay.
Those features, cast in heavenly mould,
Shall, like my coarser earth, grow old?
Like common grass, the fairest flower
Must feel the hoary season's power.
How weak, how vain, is human pride!
Dares man upon himself confide?
The wretch, who glories in his gain,
Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.
Why lose we life in anxious cares,
To lay in hoards for future years?
Can those (when tortur'd by disease)
Cheer our sick heart, or purchase ease?
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?
What's beauty? Call ye that your own?
A flower that fades as soon as blown.
What's man in all his boast of sway?
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.
Alike the laws of life take place
Through every branch of human race.
The monarch of long regal line
Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine.
Can he pour health into his veins,
Or cool the fever's restless pains?
Can he (worn down in Nature's course)
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?
Can he (how vain is mortal power!)
Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour?
Consider, man; weigh well thy frame;
The king, the beggar, is the same.
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,
Then sinks into his native clay.

Beneath a venerable yew,
That in the lonely church-yard grew,
Two Ravens sate. In solemn croak
Thus one his hungry friend bespoke.
"Methinks I scent some rich repast;
The savour strengthens with the blast;
Snuff then, the promis'd feast inhale;
I taste the carcase in the gale.
Near yonder trees, the farmer's steed,
From toil and every drudgery freed,
Hath groan'd his last. A dainty treat?
To birds of taste, delicious meat!"
A Sexton, busy at his trade,
To hear their chat suspends his spade.
Death struck him with no farther thought,
Than merely as the fees he brought.
"Was ever two such blundering fowls,
In brains and manners less than owls!
Blockheads," says he, "learn more respect:
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?
In this same grave (who does me right,
Must own the work is strong and tight)
The 'squire, that yon fair hall possest,
To-night shall lay his bones at rest.
Whence could the gross mistake proceed?
The 'squire was somewhat fat indeed.
What then? the meanest bird of prey
Such want of sense could ne'er betray;
For sure some difference must be found
(Suppose the smelling organ sound)
In carcasses, (say what we can)
Or where's the dignity of man?"
With due respect to human race,
The Ravens undertook the case.
In such similitude of scent,
Man ne'er could think reflections meant.
As epicures extol a treat,
And seem their savoury words to eat,
They prais'd dead horse, luxurious food!
The venison of the prescient brood.
The Sexton's indignation, mov'd,
The mean comparison reprov'd;
Their undiscerning palate blam'd,
Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam'd.
Reproachful speech from either side
The want of argument supply'd:
They rail, ravile; as often ends
The contest of disputing friends.
"Hold," says the fowl; "since human pride
With confutation ne'er comply'd,
Let's state the case, and then refer
The knotty point, for taste may err."
As thus he spoke, from out the mould
An Earth-worm, huge of size, unroll'd
His monstrous length: they straight agree
To chuse him as their referee:
So to th' experience of his jaws
Each states the merits of the cause.
He paus'd; and, with a solemn tone,
Thus made his sage opinion known:
"On carcasses of every kind
This maw hath elegantly din'd;
Provok'd by luxury or need,
On beast, or fowl, or man, I feed:
Such small distinction 's in the savour,
By turns I chuse the fancy'd flavour:
Yet I must own (that human beast!)
A glutton is the rankest feast.
Man, cease this boast; for human pride
Hath various tracts to range beside.

The prince who kept the world in awe,
The judge whose dictate fix'd the law,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,
Are levell'd; Death confounds them all.
Then think not that we reptiles share
Such cates, such elegance of fare;
The only true and real good
Of man was never vermin's food:
'Tis seated in th' immortal mind;
Virtue distinguishes mankind,
And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
Mounts with the soul we know not where.
So, Good-man Sexton, since the case
Appears with such a dubious face,
To neither I the cause determine,
For different tastes please different vermin."

AYE AND NO.

A FABLE[1].

In Fable all things hold discourse,
Then words, no doubt, must talk of course,
Once on a time, near Cannon-row,
Two hostile adverbs, Aye and No,
Were hastening to the field of fight,
And front to front stood opposite;
Before each general join'd the van,
Aye, the more courteous knight, began.
"Stop, peevish particle! beware!
I'm told you are not such a bear,
But sometimes yield when offer'd fair.
Suffer yon folks awhile to tattle;
'Tis we who must decide the battle.
Whene'er we war on yonder stage,
With various fate and equal rage,
The nation trembles at each blow
That No gives Aye, and Aye gives No;
Yet, in expensive long contention,
We gain nor office, grant, or pension.
Why then should kinsfolks quarrel thus?
(For two of you make one of us.)
To some wise statesman let us go,
Where each his proper use may know:
He may admit two such commanders,
And make those wait who serv'd in Flanders.
Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,
A treasury lord, not maister Young.
Obsequious at his high command,
Aye shall march forth to tax the land;
Impeachments No can best resist,
And Aye support the civil list:
Aye, quick as Cæsar, wins the day,
And No, like Fabius, by delay.
Sometimes in mutual sly disguise,
Let Ayes seem Nos, and Nos seem Ayes;
Ayes be in courts denials meant,
And Nos in bishops give consent."
Thus Aye propos'd—and, for reply,
No, for the first time, answer'd Aye.
They parted with a thousand kisses,
And fight e'er since for pay, like Swisses.

[1] Taken from the Miscellanies published by Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope.

DUKE UPON DUKE[1]:

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD.

TO THE TUNE OF, CHEVY-CHACE.

To lordlings proud I tune my lay,
Who feast in bower or hall:
Though dukes they be, to dukes I say,
That pride will have a fall.

Now that this same it is right sooth,
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John duke of Guise[2],
And Nic of Lancastere[3].

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart)
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff;
And, if your a—se, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose,
At every turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of these the duke of Lancastere
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd and cuff'd, and tweak'd and trod
His foes, and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver sate;
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his skin.

With Spanish wool he dy'd his cheek,
With essence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-cat so sweet,
Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
Though made full short by God:
And, when all other dukes did bow,
This duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair,
To Guise's duke was he:
Was ever such a loving pair?
How could they disagree?

Oh, thus it was: he lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him;
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desperate quill,
And thus he did indite:
"This eve at whist ourself will play,
"Sir Duke! be here to-night."

[1] This humourous Ballad is ascribed to Mr. Gay on conjecture only. It is among the Miscellanies published by Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope; is there marked as *not* the Dean's; and has never been considered as Mr. Pope's. *N.*

[2] Sir John Guise. *N.*

[3] Nicholas lord Lechmere, chancellor of the dutchy of Lancaster. *N.*

"Ah no! ah no!" the guileless Guise
Demurely did reply;
I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
So sore the gout have I.

The duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! lord! how rattled then thy stones,
O kingly Kensington[4]!

All in a trice he rush'd on Guise,
Thrust out his lady dear;
He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,
And smote him on the ear.

But mark, how midst of victory
Fate plays her old dog-trick!
Up leap'd duke John, and knock'd him down,
And so down fell duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic! oh Nic, alas!
Right did thy gossip call thee:
As who should say, alas the day
When John of Guise shall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did sit;
And look'd as if he meant therein
To do——what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh, woeful duke!
Thy mouth yet durst not ope,
Certes for fear of finding there
A t—d instead of trope.

"Lie there, thou caitiff vile!" quoth Guise,
No *sheet* is here to save thee:
The casement it is shut likewise;
Beneath my feet I have thee.

"If thou hast aught to speak, speak out,"
Then Lancastere did cry,
"Knows't thou not me, nor yet thyself?
Who thou, and who am I?

"Know'st thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
Have brawl'd and quarrel'd more,
Than all the line of Lancastere,
That battled heretofore?

"In senates fam'd for many a speech,
And (what some awe must give ye,
Though laid thus low beneath thy breach)
Still of the council privy;

"Still of the *dutchy* chancellor:
Durante life I have it;
And turn, as now thou dost on me,
Mine a—e on them that gave it."

But now the servants they rush'd in;
And duke Nic, up leap'd he:
"I will not cope against such odds,
But, Guise! I'll fight with thee:

"To morrow with thee will I fight
Under the green-wood tree."
"No, not to morrow, but to night,"
(Quoth Guise) "I'll fight with thee."

And now the Sun declining low
Bestreak'd with blood the skies;
When, with his sword at saddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant Guise.

Full gently prane'd he o'er the lawn,
Oft roll'd his eyes around,
And from the stirrup stretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er:
At length he spy'd the merry men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicholas
Did wave his wand so white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour so calm
Was Lancastere to see,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee:

And so he did—for to New Court
His rolling wheels did run:
Not that he shunn'd the doubtful strife;
But *business* must be done,

Back in the dark, by Brompton-park,
He turn'd up through the Gore!
So slunk to Camden-house so high,
All in his coach and four.

Mean-while duke Guise did fret and fume,
A sight it was to see,
Benumb'd beneath the evening dew
Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
Sore muttering all the way,
"The day I meet him, Nic shall rue
The cudgel of that day.

"Mean time on every pissing-post
Paste we this recreant's name,
So that each pisser-by shall read,
And piss against the same."

Now God preserve our gracious king,
And grant his nobles all
May learn this lesson from duke Nic,
That *pride will have a fall!*

[4] Lord Lechmere lived at Camden-house, near Kensington. *N.*

DIONE.

A PASTORAL TRAGEDY.

Sunt numina amanti,
Sævit et injustâ lege relicta Venus.
Tibull. Eleg. v. Lib. i.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Ewander under the name of *Lycidas.*
Cluanthes.
Shepherds.

WOMEN.

Dione under the name of *Alexis.*
Parthenia.
Laura.

SCENE, ARCADIA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A plain, at the foot of a steep craggy mountain.

DIONE. LAURA.

LAURA.

Why dost thou fly me? Stay, unhappy fair,
Seek not these horrid caverns of despair;

To trace thy steps, the midnight air I bore,
Trod the brown desert, and unsheltered moor:
Three times the lark has sung his matin lay,
And rosy on dewy wing to meet the day,
Since first I found thee, stretch'd in pensive mood,
Where laurels border Ladon's silver flood.

DIONE.

O, let my soul with grateful thanks o'erflow!
'Tis to thy hand my daily life I owe.
Like the weak lamb, you rais'd me from the plain,
Too faint to bear bleak winds and beating rain;
Each day I share thy bowl and clean repast,
Each night thy roof defends the chilly blast.
But vain is all thy friendship, vain thy care;
Forget a wretch abandon'd to despair.

LAURA.

Despair will fly thee, when thou shalt impart
The fatal secret that torments thy heart;
Disclose thy sorrows to my faithful ear,
Instruct these eyes to give thee tear for tear.
Love, love's the cause; our forests speak thy flame,
The rocks have learnt to sigh Evander's name.
If faultering shame thy bashful tongue restrain,
If thou hast look'd, and blush'd, and sigh'd in vain;
Say, in what grove thy lovely shepherd strays,
Tell me what mountains warble with his lays;
Thither I'll speed me, and with moving art
Draw soft confessions from his melting heart.

DIONE.

Thy generous care has touch'd my secret woe.
Love bids these scalding tears incessant flow.
Ill-fated love! O say, ye sylvan maids,
Who range wide forests and sequester'd shades,
Say where Evander bled, point out the ground
That yet is purple with the savage wound.
Yonder he lies; I hear the bird of prey;
High o'er those cliffs the raven wings his way;
Hark how he croaks! he scents the murder near.
O may no greedy beak his visage tear!
Shield him, ye Cupids; strip the Paphian grove,
And strow unfading myrtle o'er my love!
Down, heaving heart.

LAURA.

—The mournful tale disclose.

DIONE.

Let not my tears intrude on thy repose.
Yet if thy friendship still the cause request;
I'll speak, though sorrow rend my labouring breast.
Know then, fair shepherdess, no honest swain
Taught me the duties of the peaceful plain;
Unus'd to sweet content, no flocks I keep,
Nor browzing goats that overhang the steep.
Born where Orchomenos' proud turrets shine,
I trace my birth from long illustrious line,
Why was I train'd amidst Arcadia's court?
Love ever revels in that gay resort.
Whene'er Evander past, my smitten heart
Heav'd frequent sighs, and felt unusual smart.
Ah! hadst thou seen with what sweet grace he mov'd!
Yet why that wish? for Laura then had lov'd.

LAURA.

Distrust me not; thy secret wrongs impart.

DIONE.

Forgive the sallies of a breaking heart.
Evander's sighs his mutual flame confest,
The growing passion labour'd in his breast;
To me he came; my heart with rapture sprung,
To see the blushes, when his faultering tongue
First said, "I love." My eyes consent reveal,
And plighted vows our faithful passion seal:
Where's now the lovely youth; he's lost, he's slain,
And the pale corse lies breathless on the plain!

LAURA.

Are thus the hopes of constant lovers paid?
If thus—ye powers, from love defend the maid!

DIONE.

Now have twelve mornings warm'd the purple east,
Since my dear hunter rouz'd the tusky beast;
Swift flew the foaming monster through the wood,
Swift as the wind, his eager steps pursued:
'Twas then the savage turn'd; then fell the youth,
And his dear blood distain'd the barbarous tooth.

LAURA.

Was there none near? no ready succour found?
Nor healing herb to stanch the spouting wound?

DIONE.

In vain through pathless woods the hunters crost,
And sought with anxious eye their master lost;
In vain their frequent hollows echo'd shrill,
And his lov'd name was sent from hill to hill;
Evander hears you not. He's lost, he's slain,
And the pale corse lies breathless on the plain.

LAURA.

Has yet no clown (who, wandering from the way,
Beats every bush to raise the lamb astray)
Observ'd the fatal spot?

DIONE.

—— O, if ye pass
Where purple murder dyes the wither'd grass,
With pious finger gently close his eyes,
And let his grave with decent verdure rise. [*Weeps.*

LAURA.

Behold the turtle, who has lost her mate;
Awhile with drooping wing she mourns his fate;
Sullen, awhile she seeks the darkest grove,
And cooing meditates the murder'd dove;
But time the rueful image wears away,
Again she's cheer'd, again she seeks the day.
Spare then thy beauty, and no longer pine.

DIONE.

Yet sure some turtle's love has equal'd mine,
Who, when the hawk hath snatch'd her mate away,
Hath never known the glad return of day.
When my fond father saw my faded eye,
And on my livid cheek the roses die;
When catching sighs my wasted bosom mov'd,
My looks, my sighs, confirm'd him that I lov'd.
He knew not that Evander was my flame,
Evander dead! my passion still the same!
He came, he threaten'd; with paternal sway,
Cleanthes nam'd, and fix'd the nuptial day:
O cruel kindness! too severely prest!
I scorn his honours, and his wealth detest.

LAURA.

How vain is force! Love ne'er can be compell'd.

DIONE.

Though bound my duty, yet my heart rebell'd.
One night, when sleep had hush'd all busy spies,
And the pale Moon had journey'd half the skies,
Softly I rose and dress'd; with silent tread,
Unbarr'd the gates, and to these mountains fled.

Here let me soothe the melancholy hours!
Close me, ye woods, within your twilight bowers!
Where my calm soul may settled sorrow know,
And no Cleanthes interrupt my woe
With importuning love—

[*Melancholy music is heard at a distance.*

On yonder plain
Advances slow a melancholy train;
Black cypress boughs their drooping heads adorn.

LAURA.

Alas! Menalcas to his grave is borne.
Behold the victim of Parthenia's pride!
He saw, he sigh'd, he lov'd, was scorn'd, and dy'd.

DIONE.

Where dwells this beauteous tyrant of the plains?
Where may I see her?

LAURA.

——Ask the sighing swains.
They best can speak the conquests of her eyes;
Whoever sees her, loves; who loves her, dies.

DIONE.

Perhaps untimely fate her flame hath cross'd,
And she, like me, hath her Evander lost.
How my soul pities her!

LAURA.

——If pity move
Your generous bosom, pity those who love.
There late arriv'd among our sylvan race
A stranger shepherd, who with lonely pace
Visits those mountain-pines at dawn of day,
Where oft Parthenia takes her early way
To rouze the chase; mad with his amorous pain,
He stops and raves; then sullen walks again.
Parthenia's name is borne by passing gales,
And talking hills repeat it to the dales.
Come, let us from this vale of sorrow go,
Nor let the mournful scene prolong thy woe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II[1].

Shepherds and Shepherdesses (crowned with garlands of cypress and yew) bearing the body of Menalcas.

1 SHEPHERD.

Here gently rest the corse—With faultering breath
Thus spake Menalcas on the verge of death:
"Belov'd Palemon, hear a dying friend;
See, where yon hills with craggy brows ascend,
Low in the valley where the mountain grows,
There first I saw her, there began my woes.
When I am cold, may there this clay be laid!
There often strays the dear, the cruel maid;
There, as she walks, perhaps you'll hear her say,
(While a kind gushing tear shall force its way)
'How could my stubborn heart relentless prove?
Ah, poor Menalcas—all thy fault was love!"

2 SHEPHERD.

When pitying lions o'er a carcase groan,
And hungry tigers bleeding kids bemoan;
When the lean wolf laments the mangled sheep;
Then shall Parthenia o'er Menalcas weep.

1 SHEPHERD.

When famish'd panthers seek their morning food,
And monsters roar along the desert wood;
When hissing vipers rustle through the brake,
Or in the path-way rears the speckled snake;
The wary swain th' approaching peril spies,
And through some distant road securely flies.
Fly then, ye swains, from beauty's surer wound,
Such was the fate our poor Menalcas found!

2 SHEPHERD.

What shepherd does not mourn Menalcas slain
Kill'd by a barbarous woman's proud disdain!
Whoe'er attempts to bend her scornful mind,
Cries to the deserts, and pursues the wind.

1 SHEPHERD.

With every grace Menalcas was endow'd,
His merits dazzled all the sylvan crowd.
If you would know his pipe's melodious sound,
Ask all the Echoes of these hills around,
For they have learnt his strains; who shall rehearse
The strength, the cadence of his tuneful verse?
Go, read those lofty poplars; there you'll find
Some tender sonnet grow on every rind.

2 SHEPHERD.

Yet what avails his skill? Parthenia flies.
Can merit hope success in woman's eyes?

1 SHEPHERD.

Why was Parthenia form'd of softest mould?
Why does her heart such savage nature hold?
O ye kind gods! or all her charms efface,
Or tame her heart—so spare the shepherd race.

2 SHEPHERD.

As fade the flowers which on the grave I cast;
So may Parthenia's transient beauty waste!

1 SHEPHERD.

What woman ever counts the fleeting years,
Or sees the wrinkle which her forehead wears?
Thinking her features never shall decay,
This swain she scorns, from that she turns away.
But know, as when the rose her bud unfolds,
Awhile each breast the short-liv'd fragrance holds;
When the dry stalk lets drop her shrivel'd pride,
The lovely ruin's ever thrown aside.
So shall Parthenia be.

2 SHEPHERD.

——See, she appears,
To boast her spoils, and triumph in our tears.

SCENE III.

Parthenia appears from the mountain.

PARTHENIA, SHEPHERDS.

1 SHEPHERD.

Why this way dost thou turn thy baneful eyes,
Pernicious basilisk? Lo! there he lies:
There lies the youth thy cursed beauty slew;
See, at thy presence, how he bleeds anew!
Look down, enjoy thy murder.

PARTHENIA.

——Spare my fame;
I come to clear a virgin's injur'd name.
If I'm a basilisk, the danger fly,
Shun the swift glances of my venom'd eye:
If I'm a murderer, why approach ye near,
And to the dagger lay your bosom bare?

1 SHEPHERD.

What heart is proof against that face divine?
Love is not in our power.

[1] This and the following scene are formed upon the novel of Marcella in Don Quixote.

PARTHENIA.

—Is love in mine?
If e'er I trifled with a shepherd's pain,
Or with false hope his passion strove to gain;
Then might you justly curse my savage mind,
Then might you rank me with the serpent kind:
But I ne'er trifled with a shepherd's pain,
Nor with false hope his passion strove to gain:
'Tis to his rash pursuit he owes his fate;
I was not cruel; he was obstinate.

1 SHEPHERD.

Hear this, ye sighing shepherds, and despair,
Unhappy Lycidas, thy hour is near! [doom,
Since the same barbarous hand hath sign'd thy
We'll lay thee in our lov'd Menalcas' tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Why will intruding man my peace destroy?
Let me content and solitude enjoy;
Free was I born; my freedom to maintain,
Early I sought the unambitious plain.
Most women's weak resolves, like reeds, will ply,
Shake with each breath, and bend with every sigh;
Mine, like an oak, whose firm roots deep descend,
Nor breath of love can shake, nor sigh can bend.
If ye unhappy Lycidas would save;
Go seek him, lead him to Menalcas' grave;
Forbid his eyes with flowing grief to rain,
Like him Menalcas wept, but wept in vain:
Bid him his heart-consuming groans give o'er:
Tell him, I heard such piercing groans before,
And heard unmov'd. O Lycidas, be wise,
Prevent thy fate.—Lo! there Menalcas lies.

1 SHEPHERD.

Now all the melancholy rites are paid,
And o'er his grave the weeping marble laid;
Let's seek our charge; the flocks, dispersing wide,
Whiten with moving fleece the mountain's side.
Trust not, ye swains, the lightning of her eye,
Lest ye, like him, should love, despair, and die.

[*Exeunt shepherds, &c. Parthenia remains in a melancholy posture, looking on the grave of Menalcas.*

ENTER LYCIDAS.

SCENE IV.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

When shall my steps have rest? thro' all the wood,
And by the winding banks of Ladon's flood,
I sought my love. O say, ye skipping fawns,
(Who range entangled shades and daisy'd lawns)
If ye have seen her! say, ye warbling race,
(Who measure on swift wing th' aerial space,
And view below hills, dales, and distant shores)
Where shall I find her whom my soul adores!

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, DIONE, LAURA.

[*Dione and Laura at a distance.*

LYCIDAS.

What do I see? No. Fancy mocks my eyes,
And bids the dear deluding vision rise.
'Tis she. My springing heart her presence feels.
See, prostrate Lycidas before thee kneels.
[*Kneeling to Parthenia.*
Why will Parthenia turn her face away?

PARTHENIA.

Who calls Parthenia? hah!
[*She starts from her melancholy; and, seeing Lycidas, flies into the wood.*

LYCIDAS.

——Stay, virgin, stay.
O wing my feet, kind Love! See, see, she bounds,
Fleet as the mountain roe, when prest by hounds.
[*He pursues her. Dione faints in the arms of Laura.*

LAURA.

What means this trembling? All her colour flies,
And life is quite unstrung. Ah! lift thy eyes,
And answer me; speak, speak, 'tis Laura calls.
Speech has forsook her lips.—She faints, she falls!
Fan her, ye Zephyrs, with your balmy breath,
And bring her quickly from the shades of Death.
Blow, ye cool gales. See, see, the forest shakes
With coming winds! she breathes, she moves, she wakes!

DIONE.

Ah, false Evander!

LAURA.

——Calm thy sobbing breast.
Say, what new sorrow has thy heart opprest?

DIONE.

Didst thou not hear his sighs and suppliant tone?
Didst thou not hear the pitying mountain groan?
Didst thou not see him bend his suppliant knee?
Thus in my happy days he knelt to me,
And pour'd forth all his soul! See how he strains,
And lessens to the sight o'er yonder plains,
To keep the fair in view! Run, virgin, run,
Hear not his vows; I heard, and was undone!

LAURA.

Let not imaginary terrours fright.
Some dark delusion swims before thy sight.
I saw Parthenia from the mountain's brow,
And Lycidas with prostrate duty bow;
Swift, as the falcon's wing, I saw her fly,
And heard the cavern to his groans reply.
Why stream thy tears for sorrows not thy own?

DIONE.

Oh! where are honour, faith, and justice, flown?
Perjur'd Evander!

LAURA.

——Death has laid him low.
Touch not the mournful string that wakes thy woe.

DIONE.

That amorous swain, whom Lycidas you name,
(Whose faithless bosom feels another flame)
Is my once kind Evander—yes—'twas he.
He lives—but lives, alas! no more for me.

LAURA.

Let not thy frantic words confess despair.

DIONE.

What, know I not his voice, his mien, his air?
Yes, I that treacherous voice with joy believ'd,
That voice, that mien, that air, my soul deceiv'd.
If my dear shepherd love the lawns, and glades,
With him I'll range the lawns, and seek the shades,
With him through solitary deserts rove.
But could he leave me for another love?
O base ingratitude!

LAURA.

——Suspend thy grief,
And let my friendly counsel bring relief

To thy desponding soul. Parthenia's ear
Is barr'd for ever to the lover's prayer;
Evander courts disdain, he follows scorn,
And in the passing winds his vows are borne.
Soon will he find that all in vain he strove
To tame her bosom; then his former love
Shall wake his soul; then will he sighing blame
His heart inconstant, and his perjur'd flame:
Then shall he at Dione's feet implore,
Lament his broken faith, and change no more.

DIONE.

Perhaps this cruel nymph well knows to feign
Forbidding speech, coy looks, and cold disdain,
To raise his passion. Such are female arts,
To hold in safer snares inconstant hearts!

LAURA.

Parthenia's breast is steel'd with real scorn.

DIONE.

And dost thou think Evander will return?

LAURA.

Forego thy sex, lay all thy robes aside,
Strip off these ornaments of female pride;
The shepherd's vest must hide thy graceful air,
With the bold manly step a swain appear;
Then with Evander may'st thou rove unknown,
Then let thy tender elegance be shown;
Then the new fury of his heart control,
And with Dione's sufferings touch his soul.

DIONE.

Sweet as refreshing dews, or summer showers,
To the long parching thirst of drooping flowers;
Grateful as fanning gales to fainting swains,
And soft as trickling balm to bleeding pains;
Such are thy words. The sex shall be resign'd,
No more shall braided gold these tresses bind;
The shepherd's garb the woman shall disguise.
If he has lost all love, may friendship's tyes
Unite me to his heart!

LAURA.

——Go, prosperous maid,
May smiling Love thy faithful wishes aid!
Be now Alexis call'd. With thee I'll rove,
And watch thy wanderer thro' the mazy grove:
Let me be honour'd with a sister's name;
For thee, I feel a more than sister's flame.

DIONE.

Perhaps my shepherd has outstript her haste.
Think'st thou, when out of sight, she flew so fast?
One sudden glance might turn her savage mind;
May she like Daphne fly, nor look behind,
Maintain her scorn, his eager flame despise,
Nor view Evander with Dione's eyes!

ACT II. SCENE I.

Lycidas lying on the grave of Menalcas.

LYCIDAS.

When shall these scalding fountains cease to flow?
How long will life sustain this load of woe?
Why glows the morn? Roll back, thou source of light,
And feed my sorrows with eternal night.
Come, sable Death! give, give the welcome stroke;
The raven calls thee from yon blasted oak,
What pious care my ghastful lid shall close?
What decent hand my frozen limbs compose?
O happy shepherd, free from anxious pains,
Who now art wandering in the sighing plains
Of blest Elysium; where in myrtle groves
Enamour'd ghosts bemoan their former loves.
Open, thou silent grave; for lo! I come
To meet Menalcas in the fragrant gloom;
There shall my bosom burn with friendship's flame,
The same our passion, and our fate the same;
There, like two nightingales on neighbouring boughs,
Alternate strains shall mourn our frustrate vows.
But if cold Death should close Parthenia's eye,
And should her beauteous form come gliding by;
Friendship would soon in jealous fear be lost,
And kindling hate pursue thy rival ghost.

SCENE II.

Lycidas, Dione in a shepherd's habit.

LYCIDAS.

Hah! who comes here? Turn hence, be timely wise;
Trust not thy safety to Parthenia's eyes.
As from the bearing falcon flies the dove,
So, wing'd with fear, Parthenia flies from love.

DIONE.

If in these vales the fatal beauty stray,
From the cold marble rise; let's haste away.
Why lie you panting, like the smitten deer?
Trust not the dangers which you bid me fear.

LYCIDAS.

Bid the lur'd lark, whom tangling nets surprise,
On soaring pinion rove the spacious skies;
Bid the cag'd linnet range the leafy grove;
Then bid my captive heart get loose from love.
The snares of Death are o'er me. Hence! beware!
Lest you should see her, and, like me, despair.

DIONE.

No. Let her come; and seek this vale's recess,
In all the beauteous negligence of dress;
Though Cupid send a shaft in every glance,
Though all the Graces in her step advance,
My heart can stand it all. Be firm, my breast;
Th' ensnaring oath, the broken vow detest:
That flame, which other charms have power to move,
O give it not the sacred name of love!
'Tis perjury, fraud, and meditated lies.
Love's seated in the soul, and never dies.
What then avail her charms? My constant heart
Shall gaze secure, and mock a second dart.

LYCIDAS.

But you, perhaps, a happier fate have found,
And the same hand that gave, now heals the wound.
Or art thou left abandon'd and forlorn,
A wretch, like me, the sport of pride and scorn?

DIONE.

O tell me, shepherd, hath thy faithless maid,
False to her vow, thy flatter'd hope betray'd?
Did her smooth speech engage thee to believe?
Did she protest and swear, and thou deceive?
Such are the pangs I feel!

LYCIDAS.

——The haughty fair
Contemns my sufferings, and disdains to hear.
Let meaner beauties, learn'd in female snares,
Entice the swain with half-consenting airs;

Such vulgar arts ne'er aid her conquering eyes,
And yet, where'er she turns, a lover sighs.
Vain is the steady constancy you boast;
All other love at sight of her is lost.

DIONE.

True constancy no time, no power, can move.
He that hath known to change, ne'er knew to love.
Though the dear author of my hapless flame
Pursue another; still my heart's the same.
Am I for ever left? (excuse these tears)
May your kind friendship soften all my cares!

LYCIDAS.

What comfort can a wretch, like me, bestow?

DIONE.

He best can pity who hath felt the woe.

LYCIDAS.

Since different objects have our souls possest,
No rival fears our friendship shall molest.

DIONE.

Come, let us leave the shade of these brown hills,
And drive our flocks beside the streaming rills.
Should the fair tyrant to these vales return,
How would thy breast with double fury burn!
Go hence, and seek thy peace.

SCENE III.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

——Fly, fly this place;
Beware of love; the proudest of her race
This way approaches: from among the pines,
Where from the steep the winding path declines,
I saw the nymph descend.

LYCIDAS.

——She comes, she comes;
From her the passing Zephyrs steal perfumes,
As from the violet's bank with odours sweet
Breathes every gale; spring blooms beneath her feet.
Yes, 'tis my fairest; here she's wont to rove.

LAURA.

Say, by what signs I might have known thy love?

LYCIDAS.

My love is fairer than the snowy breast
Of the tall swan, whose proudly swelling chest
Divides the wave; her tresses, loose behind,
Play on her neck, and wanton in the wind;
The rising blushes, which her cheek o'erspread,
Are opening roses in the lily's bed.
Know'st thou Parthenia?

LAURA.

——Wretched is the slave
Who serves such pride! Behold Menalcas' grave!
Yet if Alexis and this sighing swain
Wish to behold the tyrant of the plain,
Let us behind these myrtles' twining arms
Retire unseen; from thence survey her charms.
Wild as the chanting thrush upon the spray,
At man's approach, she swiftly flies away.
Like the young hare, I've seen the panting maid
Stop, listen, run; of every wind afraid.

LYCIDAS.

And wilt thou never from thy vows depart?
Shepherd, beware—now fortify thy heart.
[*To Dione.*

[*Lycidas, Dione, and Laura, retire behind the boughs.*

SCENE IV.

PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

PARTHENIA.

This melancholy scene demands a groan.
Hah! what inscription marks the weeping stone?
"O power of beauty! here Menalcas lies.
Gaze not, ye shepherds, on Parthenia's eyes!"
Why did Heaven form me with such polish'd care?
Why cast my features in a mould so fair?
If blooming beauty was a blessing meant,
Why are my sighing hours deny'd content?
The downy peach, that glows with sunny dyes,
Feeds the black snail, and lures voracious flies;
The juicy pear invites the feather'd kind,
And pecking finches scoop the golden rind;
But beauty suffers more pernicious wrongs,
Blasted by envy, and censorious tongues.
How happy lives the nymph, whose comely face
And pleasing glances boast sufficient grace
To wound the swain she loves! No jealous fears
Shall vex her nuptial state with nightly tears;
Nor amorous youths, to push their foul pretence,
Infest her days with dull importunence.
But why talk I of Love? My guarded heart
Disowns his power, and turns aside the dart.
Hark! from his hollow tomb Menalcas cries,
"Gaze not, ye shepherds, on Parthenia's eyes."
Come, Lycidas, the mournful lay peruse,
Lest thou, like him, Parthenia's eyes accuse.
[*She stands in a melancholy posture, looking on the tomb.*

LYCIDAS.

Call'd she not Lycidas?—I come, my fair;
See generous pity melts into a tear,
And her heart softens. Now's the tender hour;
Assist me, Love! exert thy sovereign power
To tame the scornful maid.

DIONE.

——Rash swain, be wise:
'Tis not from thee or him; from Love she flies.
Leave her, forget her. [*They hold Lycidas.*

LAURA.

——Why this furious haste?

LYCIDAS.

Unhand me! loose me!

DIONE.

——Sister, hold him fast.
To follow her, is to prolong despair.
Shepherd, you must not go.

LYCIDAS.

——Bold youth, forbear.
Hear me, Parthenia.

PARTHENIA.

——From behind the shade
Methought a voice some listening spy betray'd.
Yes, I'm observ'd. [*She runs out.*

LYCIDAS.

——Stay, nymph; thy flight suspend.
She hears me not—when will my sorrows end!

As over-spent with toil, my heaving breast
Beats quick. 'Tis death alone can give me rest.
[*He remains in a fixt melancholy.*

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Recall thy scatter'd sense, bid reason wake,
Subdue thy passion.

LYCIDAS.

——Shall I never speak?
She's gone, she's gone—Kind shepherd, let me rest
My troubled head upon thy friendly breast.
The forest seems to move—O cursed state!
I doom'd to love, and she condemn'd to hate!
Tell me, Alexis, art thou still the same?
Did not her brighter eyes put out the flame
Of thy first love? did not thy fluttering heart,
Whene'er she rais'd her look, confess the dart?

DIONE.

I own, the nymph is fairest of her race,
Yet I unmov'd can on this beauty gaze,
Mindful of former promise; all that's dear,
My thoughts, my dreams, my every wish is there.
Since then our hopes are lost, let friendship's tye
Calm our distress, and slighted love supply;
Let us together drive our fleecy store,
And of ungrateful woman think no more.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis death alone can raze her from my breast.

LAURA.

Why shines thy love so far above the rest?
Nature, 'tis true, in every outward grace,
Her nicest hand employ'd; her lovely face
With beauteous feature stampt; with rosy dyes
Warm'd her fair cheek; with lightning arm'd her eyes;
But, if thou search the secrets of her mind,
Where shall thy cheated soul a virtue find?
Sure Hell with cruelty her breast supply'd:
How did she glory when Menalcas dy'd!
Pride in her bosom reigns; she's false, she's vain;
She first entices, then insults the swain.
Shall female cunning lead thy heart astray?
Shepherd, be free; and scorn for scorn repay.

LYCIDAS.

How woman talks of woman!

DIONE.

——Hence depart;
Let a long absence cure thy love-sick heart.
To some far grove retire, her sight disclaim,
Nor with her charms awake the dying flame.
Let not an hour thy happy flight suspend;
But go not, Lycidas, without thy friend!
Together let us seek the cheerful plains,
And lead the dance among the sportive swains,
Devoid of care.

LAURA.

——Or else the groves disdain,
Nor with the sylvan walk indulge thy pain.
Haste to the town; there (I have oft been told)
The courtly nymph her tresses binds with gold,
To captivate the youths; the youths appear
In fine array; in ringlets waves their hair
Rich with ambrosial scents, the fair to move,
And all the business of the day is love.
There from the gaudy train select a dame,
Her willing glance shall catch an equal flame.

LYCIDAS.

Name not the court.—The thought my soul confounds,
And with Dione's wrongs my bosom wounds.
Heaven justly vindicates the faithful maid;
And now are all my broken vows repaid.
Perhaps she now laments my fancy'd death,
With tears unfeign'd; and thinks my gasping breath
Sigh'd forth her name. O guilt, no more upbraid!
Yes, I fond innocence and truth betray'd. [*Aside.*

DIONE AND LAURA APART.

DIONE.

Hark! how reflection wakes his conscious heart.
From my pale lids the trickling sorrows start.
How shall my breast the swelling sighs confine!

LAURA.

O smooth thy brow, conceal our just design:
Be yet awhile unknown. If grief arise,
And force a passage through thy gushing eyes,
Quickly retire, thy sorrows to compose;
Or with a look serene disguise thy woes.
[*Dione is going out. Laura walks at a distance.*

LYCIDAS.

Canst thou, Alexis, leave me thus distrest?
Where's now the boasted friendship of thy breast?
Hast thou not oft survey'd the dappled deer
In social herds o'erspread the pastures fair?
When opening hounds the warmer scent pursue,
And force the destin'd victim from the crew,
Oft he returns, and fain would join the band,
While all their horns the panting wretch withstand.
Such is thy friendship; thus might I confide.

DIONE.

Why wilt thou censure what thou ne'er hast try'd?
Sooner shall swallows leave their callow brood,
Who with their plaintive chirpings cry for food;
Sooner shall hens expose their infant care,
When the spread kite sails wheeling in the air;
Than I forsake thee when by danger prest.
Wrong not by jealous fears a faithful breast.

LYCIDAS.

If thy fair-spoken tongue thy bosom shows,
There let the secrets of my soul repose.

DIONE.

Far be suspicion; in my truth confide.
O let my heart thy load of cares divide!

LYCIDAS.

Know then, Alexis, that in vain I strove
To break her chain, and free my soul from love;
On the lim'd twig thus finches beat their wings,
Still more entangled in their clammy strings,
The slow-pac'd days have witness'd my despair,
Upon my weary couch sits wakeful care;
Down my flush'd cheek the flowing sorrows run,
As dews descend to weep the absent sun.
O lost Parthenia!

DIONE.

——These wild thoughts suspend;
And in thy kind commands instruct thy friend.

LYCIDAS.

Whene'er my faultering tongue would urge my cause,
Deaf is her ear, and sullen she withdraws.

Go then; Alexis; seek the scornful maid,
In tender eloquence my sufferings plead;
Of slighted passion you the pangs have known;
O judge my secret anguish by your own!

DIONE.

Had I the skill inconstant hearts to move,
My longing soul had never lost my love.
My feeble tongue, in these soft arts untry'd,
Can ill support the thunder of her pride;
When he shall bid me to thy bower repair,
How shall my trembling lips her threats declare!
How shall I tell thee that she could behold,
With brow serene, thy corse all pale and cold
Beat on the dashing billows? Should'st thou go
Where the tall hill o'erhangs the rocks below,
Near thee the tyrant could unpitying stand,
Nor call thee back, nor stretch a saving hand,
Wilt thou then still persist to tempt thy fate,
To feed her pride, and gratify her hate?

LYCIDAS.

Know, unexperienc'd youth, that woman's mind
Oft shifts her passions, like th' inconstant wind;
Sudden she rages, like the troubled main,
Now sinks the storm, and all is calm again.
Watch the kind moment, then my wrongs impart,
And the soft tale shall glide into her heart.

DIONE

No. Let her wander in the lonely grove,
And never hear the tender voice of love.
Let her awhile, neglected by the swain,
Pass by, nor sighs molest the cheerful plain:
Thus shall the fury of her pride be laid;
Thus humble into love the haughty maid.

LYCIDAS.

Vain are attempts my passion to control,
Is this the balm to cure my fainting soul?

DIONE.

Deep then among the green-wood shades I'll rove,
And seek with weary'd pace thy wander'd love;
Prostrate I'll fall, and with incessant prayers
Hang on her knees, and bathe her feet with tears.
If sighs of pity can her ear incline,
(O Lycidas, my life is wrapt in thine!) [*Aside.*
I'll charge her from thy voice to hear the tale;
Thy voice more sweet than notes along the vale
Breath'd from the warbling pipe: the moving strain
Shall stay her flight, and conquer her disdain.
Yet if she hear, should Love the message speed;
Then dies all hope;—then must Dione bleed.
[*Aside.*

LYCIDAS.

Haste then, dear faithful swain. Beneath those yews,
Whose sable arms the brownest shade diffuse,
Where all around, to shun the fervent sky,
The panting flocks in ferny thickets lie;
There with impatience shall I wait my friend,
O'er the wide prospect frequent glances send
To spy thy wish'd return. As thou shalt find
A tender welcome, may thy love be kind!
[*Exit Lycidas.*

SCENE VI.

DIONE, LAURA.

DIONE.

Methinks I'm now surrounded by despair,
And all my withering hopes are lost in air.
Thus the young linnet on the rocking bough
Hears through long woods autumnal tempest blow,
With hollow blasts the clashing branches bend;
And yellow showers of rustling leaves descend;
She sees the friendly shelter from her fly,
Nor dare her little pinions trust the sky;
But on the naked spray in wintery air,
All shivering, hopeless, mourns the dying year.
What have I promis'd? rash, unthinking maid!
By thy own tongue thy wishes are betray'd!
[*Laura advances.*

LAURA.

Why walk'st thou thus disturb'd with frantic air?
Why roll thy eyes with madness and despair?

DIONE. [*Musing.*

How wilt thou bear to see her pride give way?
When thus the yielding nymph shall bid thee say,
"Let not the shepherd seek the silent grave,
Say, that I bid him live—if hope can save!"

LAURA.

Hath he discern'd thee through the swain's disguise,
And now alike thy love and friendship flies?

DIONE.

Yes, firm and faithful to the promise made,
I'll range each sunny hill, each lawn and glade.

LAURA.

'Tis Laura speaks. O calm your troubled mind.

DIONE.

Where shall my search this envy'd beauty find?
I'll go, my faithless shepherd's cause to plead,
And with my tears accuse the rival maid.
Yet, should her soften'd heart to love incline!

LAURA.

If those are all thy fears, Evander's thine.

DIONE.

Why should we both in sorrow waste our days?
If love unfeign'd my constant bosom sways,
His happiness alone is all I prize,
And that is center'd in Parthenia's eyes.
Haste then, with earnest zeal her love implore,
To bless his hours—when thou shalt breathe no more.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Dione lying on the ground by the side of a fountain.

DIONE.

HERE let me rest; and in the liquid glass
View with impartial look my fading face.
Why are Parthenia's striking beauties priz'd?
And why Dione's weaker glance despis'd?
Nature in various moulds has beauty cast,
And form'd the feature for each different taste:
This sighs for golden locks and azure eyes;
That, for the gloss of sable tresses, dies.
Let all mankind these looks, these eyes detest,
So I were lovely in Evander's breast!
When o'er the garden's knot we cast our view,
While Summer paints the ground with various hue;
Some praise the gaudy tulip's streaky red,
And some the silver lily's bending head;
Some the jonquil in shining yellow drest,
And some the fring'd carnation's varied vest;
Some love the sober violet's purple dyes,
Thus beauty fares in different lovers' eyes.
But bright Parthenia like the rose appears,
She in all eyes superior lustre bears,

SCENE II.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Why thus beneath the silver willow laid,
Weeps fair Dione in the pensive shade?
Hast thou yet found the over-arching bower,
Which guards Parthenia from the sultry hour!

DIONE.

With weary step in paths unknown I stray'd,
And sought in vain the solitary maid.

LAURA.

Seest thou the waving tops of yonder woods,
Whose aged arms embrown the cooling floods?
The cooling floods o'er breaking pebbles flow,
And wash the soil from the big roots below;
From the tall rock the dashing waters bound.
Hark, o'er the fields the rushing billows sound!
There, lost in thought, and leaning on her crook,
Stood the sad nymph, nor rais'd her pensive look;
With settled eye the bubbling waves survey'd,
And watch'd the whirling eddies as they play'd.

DIONE.

Thither to know my certain doom I speed,
For by this sentence life or death's decreed. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

LAURA, CLEANTHES.

LAURA.

But see, some hasty stranger bends this way;
His broider'd vest reflects the sunny ray:
Now through the thinner boughs I mark his mien,
Now veil'd, in thicker shades he moves unseen.
Hither he turns; I hear a muttering sound;
Behind this reverend oak with ivy bound
Quick I'll retire; with busy thought possest,
His tongue betrays the secrets of his breast.
[*She hides herself.*

CLEANTHES.

The skilful hunter with experienc'd care
Traces the doubles of the circling hare;
The subtle fox (who breathes the weary hound
O'er hills and plains) in distant brakes is found;
With ease we track swift hinds and skipping roes.
But who th' inconstant ways of woman knows?
They say, she wanders with the sylvan train,
And courts the native freedoms of the plain;
Shepherds explain their wish without offence,
Nor blush the nymphs;—for love is innocence.
O lead me where the rural youth retreat,
Where the slope hills the warbling voice repeat.
Perhaps on daisy'd turf reclines the maid,
And near her side some rival clown is laid.
Yet, yet I love her.—O lost nymph, return,
Let not thy sire with tears incessant mourn;
Return, lost nymph; bid sorrow cease to flow,
And let Dione glad the house of woe.

LAURA.

Call'd he not lost Dione? Hence I'll start,
Cross his slow steps, and sift his opening heart.
[*Aside.*

CLEANTHES.

Tell me, fair nymph, direct my wandering way;
Where, in close bowers, to shun the sultry ray,
Repose the swains; whose flocks with bleating fill
The bordering forest and the thymy hill.
But if thou frequent join those sylvan bands,
Thyself can answer what my soul demands.

LAURA.

Seven years I trod these fields, these bowers, and glades,
And by the lessening and the lengthening shades
Have mark'd the hours; what time my flock to lead
To sunny mountains, or the watery mead:
Train'd in the labours of the sylvan crew,
Their sports, retreats, their cares and loves, I knew.

CLEANTHES.

Instruct me then, if late, among your race,
A stranger nymph is found, of noble grace,
In rural arts unskill'd, no charge she tends;
Nor, when the morn and evening dew descends,
Milks the big-udder'd ewe. Her mien and dress
The polish'd manners of the court confess.

LAURA.

Each day arrive the neighbouring nymphs and swains,
To share the pastime of our jovial plains;
How can I there thy roving beauty trace,
Where not one nymph is bred of vulgar race!

CLEANTHES.

If yet she breathe, what tortures must she find!
The curse of disobedience tears her mind.
If e'er your breast with filial duty burn'd,
If e'er you sorrow'd when a parent mourn'd;
Tell her, I charge you, with incessant groans
Her drooping sire his absent child bemoans.

LAURA.

Unhappy man!

CLEANTHES.

——With storms of passion tost,
When first he learnt his vagrant child was lost,
On the cold floor his trembling limbs he flung,
And with thick blows his hollow bosom rung;
Then up he started, and, with fixt surprise,
Upon her picture threw his frantic eyes,
While thus he cry'd: "In her my life was bound,
Warm in each feature is her mother found!
Perhaps despair has been her fatal guide,
And now she floats upon the weeping tide;
Or on the willow hung, with head reclin'd,
All pale and cold she wavers in the wind.
Did I not force her hence by harsh commands?
Did not her soul abhor the nuptial bands?"

LAURA.

Teach not, ye sires, your daughters to rebel,
By counsel rein their wills, but ne'er compel.

CLEANTHES.

Ye dutcous daughters, trust these tender guides;
Nor think a parent's breast the tyrant hides.

LAURA.

From either lid the scalding sorrows roll;
The moving tale runs thrilling to my soul.

CLEANTHES.

Perhaps she wanders in the lonely woods,
Or on the sedgy borders of the floods;
Thou know'st each cottage, forest, hill, and vale,
And pebbled brook that winds along the dale.
Search each sequester'd dell to find the fair;
And just reward shall gratify thy care.

LAURA.

O ye kind boughs, protect the virgin's flight,
And guard Dione from his prying sight! [*Aside.*

CLEANTHES.

Mean while, I'll seek thes hepherd's cool abodes,
Point me, fair nymph, along these doubtful roads.

LAURA.

Seest thou yon mountain rear his shaggy brow?
In the green valley graze the flocks below:
There every gale with warbling music floats,
Shade answers shade, and breathes alternate notes.
[*Exit Cleanthes.*
He's gone; and to the distant vale is sent,
Nor shall his force Dione's love prevent.
But see, she comes again with hasty pace,
And conscious pleasure dimples on her face.

SCENE IV.

LAURA, DIONE.

DIONE.

I found her laid beside the crystal brook,
Nor rais'd she from the stream her settled look,
Till near her side I stood; her head she rears,
Starts sudden, and her shrieks confess her fears.

LAURA.

Did not thy words her thoughtful soul surprise,
And kindle sparkling anger in her eyes?

DIONE.

Thus she reply'd, with rage and scorn possest:
"Will importuning love ne'er give me rest?
Why am I thus in deserts wild pursu'd,
Like guilty consciences when stain'd with blood?
Sure boding ravens, from the blasted oak,
Shall learn the name of Lycidas to croak,
To sound it in my ears! As swains pass by,
With look askance, they shake their heads, and cry,
'Lo! this is she for whom the shepherd dy'd!
Soon Lycidas, a victim to her *pride*,
Shall seek the grave; and in the glimmering glade,
With look all pale, shall glide the restless shade
Of the poor swain; while we, with haggard eye
And bristled hair, the fleeting phantom fly.'
Still let their curses innocence upbraid:
Heaven never will forsake the virtuous maid."

LAURA

Didst thou persist to touch her haughty breast?

DIONE.

She still the more disdain'd, the more I prest.

LAURA.

When you were gone, these walks a stranger crost,
He turn'd through every path, and wander'd lost;
To me he came; with courteous speech demands
Beneath what bowers repos'd the shepherd bands;
Then further asks me, if among that race
A shepherdess was found of courtly grace,
With proffer'd bribes my faithful tongue essays;
But for no bribe the faithful tongue betrays.
In me Dione's safe. Far hence he speeds,
Where other hills resound with other reeds.

DIONE.

Should he come back; Suspicion's jealous eyes
Might trace my feature through the swain's disguise.
Now every noise and whistling wind I dread,
And in each sound approaches human tread.

LAURA.

He said, he left your house involv'd in cares,
Sighs swell'd each breast, each eye o'erflow'd with [tears;
For his lost child thy pensive father mourns,
And, sunk in sorrow, to the dust returns.
Go back, obedient daughter; hence depart,
And still the sighs that tear his anxious heart.
Soon shall Evander, wearied with disdain,
Forego these fields, and seek the town again.

DIONE.

Think, Laura, what thy hasty thoughts persuade.
If I return, to Love a victim made,
My wrathful sire will force his harsh command,
And with Cleanthes join my trembling hand.

LAURA.

Trust a fond father; raise him from despair.

DIONE.

I fly not him; I fly a life of care.
On the high nuptials of the court look round;
Where shall, alas! one happy pair be found!
There marriage is for servile interest sought:
Is love for wealth or power or title bought?
'Tis hence domestic jars their peace destroy,
And loose adultery steals the shameful joy.
But search we wide o'er all the blissful plains,
Where love alone, devoid of interest, reigns.
What concord in each happy pair appears!
How fondness strengthens with the rolling years!
Superior power ne'er thwarts their soft delights,
Nor jealous accusations wake their nights.

LAURA.

May all those blessings on Dione fall.

DIONE.

Grant me Evander, and I share them all.
Shall a fond parent give perpetual strife,
And doom his child to be a wretch for life?
Tho' he bequeath'd me all these woods and plains,
And all the flocks the russet down contains;
With all the golden harvests of the year,
Far as where yonder purple mountains rear;
Can these the broils of nuptial life prevent?
Can these, without Evander, give content?
But see, he comes.

LAURA.

——I'll to the vales repair,
Where wanders by the stream my fleecy care.
Mayst thou the rage of this new flame control,
And wake Dione in his tender soul! [*Exit Laura*

SCENE V.

DIONE, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Say, my Alexis, can thy words impart
Kind rays of hope to cheer a doubtful heart?
How didst thou first my pangs of love disclose?
Did her disdainful brow confirm my woes?
Or did soft pity in her bosom rise,
Heave on her breast, and languish in her eyes?

DIONE.

How shall my tongue the faultering tale explain!
My heart drops blood to give the shepherd pain.

LYCIDAS.

Pronounce her utmost scorn; I come prepar'd
To meet my doom. Say, is my death declar'd?

DIONE.

Why should thy fate depend on woman's will?
Forget this tyrant, and be happy still.

LYCIDAS.

Didst thou beseech her not to speed her flight,
Nor shun, with wrathful glance, my hated sight?

Will she consent my sighing plaint to hear,
Nor let my piercing cries be lost in air?

DIONE.

Can mariners appease the tossing storm,
When foaming waves the yawning deep deform?
When o'er the sable cloud the thunder flies,
Say, who shall calm the terrour of the skies?
Who shall the lion's famish'd roar assuage?
And can we still proud woman's stronger rage?
Soon as my faithful tongue pronounc'd thy name,
Sudden her glances shot resentful flame:
"Be dumb," she cries, "this whining love give o'er,
And vex me with the teasing theme no more."

LYCIDAS.

'Tis pride alone that keeps alive her scorn.
Can the mean swain, in humble cottage born,
Can Poverty that haughty heart obtain,
Where avarice and strong ambition reign?
If Poverty pass by in tatter'd coat,
Curs vex his heels, and stretch their barking throat;
If chance he mingle in the female crowd,
Pride tosses high her head, Scorn laughs aloud;
Each nymph turns from him to her gay gallant,
And wonders at the impudence of Want.
'Tis vanity that rules all woman-kind,
Love is the weakest passion of their mind.

DIONE.

Though one is by those servile views possest,
O Lycidas! condemn not all the rest.

LYCIDAS.

Though I were bent beneath a load of years,
And seventy winters thinn'd my hoary hairs;
Yet, if my olive branches dropt with oil,
And crooked shares were brighten'd in my soil,
If lowing herds my fattening meads possest,
And my white fleece the tawny mountain drest;
Then would she lure me with love-darting glance,
Then with fond mercenary smiles advance.
Tho' Hell with every vice my soul had stain'd,
And froward anger in my bosom reign'd,
Though avarice my coffers cloth'd in rust,
And my joints trembled with enfeebled lust;
Yet, were my ancient name with titles great,
How would she languish for the gaudy bait!
If to her love all-tempting wealth pretend,
What virtuous woman can her heart defend?

DIONE.

Conquests, thus meanly bought, men soon despise,
And justly slight the mercenary prize.

LYCIDAS.

I know these frailties in her breast reside,
Direct her glance, and every action guide.
Still let Alexis' faithful friendship aid,
Once more attempt to bend the stubborn maid.
Tell her, no base-born swain provokes her scorn,
No clown, beneath the sedgy cottage born;
Tell her, for her this sylvan dress I took,
For her my name and pomp of courts forsook;
My lofty roofs with golden sculpture shine,
And my high birth descends from ancient line.

DIONE.

Love is a sacred voluntary fire,
Gold never bought that pure, that chaste desire.
Who thinks true love for lucre to possess,
Shall grasp false flattery and the feign'd caress;
Can we believe that mean, that servile wife,
Who vilely sells her dear bought love for life,
Would not her virtue for an hour resign,
If in her sight the proffer'd treasure shine.

LYCIDAS.

Can reason (when by winds swift fires are borne
O'er waving harvests of autumnal corn)
The driving fury of the flame reprove?
Who then shall reason with a heart in love!

DIONE.

Yet let me speak: O may my words persuade
The noble youth to quit this sylvan maid!
Resign thy crook, no more to plains resort,
Look round on all the beauties of the court;
There shall thy merit find a worthy flame,
Some nymph of equal wealth and equal name.
Think, if these offers should thy wish obtain,
And should the rustic beauty stoop to gain;
Thy heart could ne'er prolong th' unequal fire,
The sudden blaze would in one year expire;
Then thy rash folly thou too late shalt chide,
To poverty and base-born blood ally'd;
Her vulgar tongue shall animate the strife,
And hourly discord vex thy future life.

LYCIDAS.

Such is the force thy faithful words impart,
That, like the galling goad, they pierce my heart.
You think fair virtue in my breast resides,
That honest truth my lips and actions guides.
Deluded shepherd, could you view my soul,
You'd see it with deceit and treachery foul;
I'm base, perfidious. Ere from court I came,
Love singled from the train a beauteous dame;
The tender maid my fervent vows believ'd,
My fervent vows the tender maid deceiv'd.
Why dost thou tremble?—why thus heave thy sighs?
Why steal thy silent sorrows from thy eyes?

DIONE.

Sure the soft lamb hides rage within his breast,
And cooing turtles are with hate possest;
When from so sweet a tongue flow fraud and lies,
And those meek looks a perjur'd heart disguise.
Ah! who shall now on faithless man depend?
The treacherous lover proves as false a friend.

LYCIDAS.

When with Dione's love my bosom glow'd,
Firm constancy and truth sincere I vow'd;
But since Parthenia's brighter charms were known,
My love, my constancy, and truth, are flown.

DIONE.

Are not thy hours with conscious anguish stung?
Swift vengeance must o'ertake the perjur'd tongue.
The gods the cause of injur'd love assert,
And arm with stubborn pride Parthenia's heart.

LYCIDAS.

Go, try her; tempt her with my birth and state,
Stronger ambition will subdue her hate.

DIONE.

O rather turn thy thoughts on that lost maid,
Whose hourly sighs thy faithless oath upbraid!
Think you behold her at the dead of night,
Plac'd by the glimmering taper's paly light,
With all your letters spread before her view,
While trickling tears the tender lines bedew;
Sobbing she reads the perjuries o'er and o'er,
And her long nights know peaceful sleep no more.

LYCIDAS.

Let me forget her.

DIONE.

O false youth, relent!
Think should Parthenia to thy hopes consent;
When Hymen joins your hands, and Music's voice
Makes the glad echoes of thy domes rejoice,
Then shall Dione force the crowded hall,
Kneel at thy feet, and loud for justice call:
Could you behold her weltering on the ground,
The purple dagger reeking from the wound;
Could you, unmov'd, this dreadful sight survey?
Such fatal scenes shall stain the bridal day.

LYCIDAS.

The horrid thought sinks deep into my soul,
And down my cheek unwilling sorrows roll.

DIONE.

From this new flame you may as yet recede,
Or have you doom'd that guiltless maid shall bleed?

LYCIDAS.

Name her no more.—Haste, seek the sylvan fair.

DIONE.

Should the rich proffer tempt her listening ear,
Bid all your peace adieu. O barbarous youth,
Can you forego your honour, love, and truth?
Yet should Parthenia wealth and title slight,
Would justice then restore Dione's right?
Would you then dry her ever-falling tears,
And bless with honest love your future years?

LYCIDAS.

I'll in yon shade thy wish'd return attend;
Come, quickly come, and cheer thy sighing friend.
[*Exit Lycidas.*

DIONE.

Should her proud soul resist the tempting bait,
Should she contemn his proffer'd wealth and state;
Then I once more his perjur'd heart may move,
And in his bosom wake the dying love.
As the pale wretch, involv'd in doubts and fears,
All trembling in the judgment-hall appears;
So shall I stand before Parthenia's eyes,
For as she dooms, Dione lives or dies.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Lycidas, Parthenia, asleep in a bower.

LYCIDAS.

MAY no rude wind the rustling branches move;
Breathe soft, ye silent gales, nor wake my love.
Ye shepherds, piping homeward on the way,
Let not the distant Echoes learn your lay;
Strain not, ye nightingales, your warbling throat,
May no loud shake prolong the shriller note,
Lest she awake! O Sleep, secure her eyes,
That I may gaze; for, if she wake, she flies.
While easy dreams compose her peaceful soul,
What anxious cares within my bosom roll!
If tir'd with sighs beneath the beech I lie,
And languid slumber close my weeping eye,
Her lovely vision rises to my view,
Swift flies the nymph, and swift would I pursue;
I strive to call, my tongue has lost its sound;
Like rooted oaks, my feet benumb'd are bound;
Strugglipg I wake. Again my sorrows flow,
And not one flattering dream deludes my woe.
What innocence! how meek is every grace!
How sweet the smile that dimples on her face,
Calm as the sleeping seas! but should my sighs
Too rudely breathe, what angry storms would rise!
Tho' the fair rose with beauteous blush is crown'd,
Beneath her fragrant leaves the thorn is found;
The peach, that with inviting crimson blooms,
Deep at the heart the cankering worm consumes;
'Tis thus, alas! those lovely features hide
Disdain and anger, and resentful pride.

SCENE II.

LYCIDAS, DIONE, PARTHENIA.

LYCIDAS.

Hath proffer'd greatness yet o'ercome her hate?
And does she languish for the glittering bait?
Against the swain she might her pride support.
Can she subdue her sex, and scorn a court?
Perhaps in dreams the shining vision charms,
And the rich bracelet sparkles on her arms;
In fancy'd heaps the golden treasure glows;
Parthenia, wake; all this thy swain bestows.

DIONE.

Sleeps she in these close bowers?

LYCIDAS.

——Lo! there she lies.

DIONE.

O may no startling sound unseal her eyes,
And drive her hence away. 'Till now, in vain
I trod the winding wood and weary plain.
Hence, Lycidas; beyond those shades repose,
While I thy fortune and thy birth disclose.

LYCIDAS.

May I Parthenia to thy friendship owe?

DIONE.

O rather think on lost Dione's woe!
Must she thy broken faith for ever mourn,
And will that juster passion ne'er return?

LYCIDAS.

Upbraid me not; but go. Her slumbers chase;
And in her view the bright temptation place.
[*Exit Lycidas.*

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

DIONE.

Now flames the western sky with golden beams,
And the ray kindles on the quivering streams;
Long flights of crows, high-croaking from their food,
Now seek the nightly covert of the wood;
The tender grass with dewy crystal bends,
And gathering vapour from the heath ascends.
Shake off this downy rest; wake, gentle maid,
Trust not thy charms beneath the noxious shade.
Parthenia, rise.

PARTHENIA.

——What voice alarms my ear?
Away. Approach not. Hah! Alexis there!
Let us together to the vales descend,
And to the folds our bleating charge attend;
But let me hear no more that shepherd's name,
Vex not my quiet with his hateful flame.

DIONE.

Can I behold him gasping on the ground,
And seek no healing herb to stanch the wound?
For thee continual sighs consume his heart,
'Tis you alone can cure the bleeding smart.

Once more I come the moving cause to plead,
If still his sufferings cannot intercede,
Yet let my friendship do his passion right,
And show thy lover in his native light.

PARTHENIA.

Why in dark mystery are thy words involv'd?
If Lycidas you mean; know, I'm resolv'd.

DIONE.

Let not thy kindling rage my words restrain.
Know, then, Parthenia slights no vulgar swain.
For thee he bears the scrip and sylvan crook,
For thee the glories of a court forsook.
May not thy heart the wealthy flame decline!
His honours, his possessions, all are thine.

PARTHENIA.

If he's a courtier, O ye nymphs, beware!
Those who most promise are the least sincere.
The quick-ey'd hawk shoots headlong from above,
And in his pounces bears the trembling dove;
The pilfering wolf o'erleaps the fold's defence.
But the false courtier preys on innocence.
If he's a courtier, O ye nymphs, beware:
Those who most promise are the least sincere.

DIONE.

Alas! thou ne'er hast prov'd the sweets of state,
Nor known that female pleasure, to be great.
'Tis for the town ripe clusters load the poles,
And all our Autumn crowns the courtier's bowls;
For him our woods the red-ey'd pheasant breed,
And annual coveys in our harvest feed;
For him with fruit the bending branch is stor'd,
Plenty pours all her blessings on his board.
If (when the market to the city calls)
We chance to pass beside his palace-walls,
Does not his hall with Music's voice resound,
And the floor tremble with the dancer's bound?
Such are the pleasures Lycidas shall give,
When thy relenting bosom bids him live.

PARTHENIA.

See yon gay goldfinch hop from spray to spray,
Who sings a farewel to the parting day;
At large he flies o'er hill and dale and down;
Is not each bush, each spreading tree his own?
And canst thou think he'll quit his native brier,
For the bright cage o'er-arch'd with golden wire?
What then are honours, pomp and gold to me?
Are those a price to purchase liberty?

DIONE.

Think, when the Hymeneal torch shall blaze,
And on the solemn rites the virgins gaze;
When thy fair locks with glittering gems are grac'd,
And the bright zone shall sparkle round thy waist;
How will their hearts with envious sorrow pine,
When Lycidas shall join his hand to thine!

PARTHENIA.

And yet, Alexis, all that pomp and show
Are oft the varnish of internal woe.
When the chaste lamb is from her sisters led,
And interwoven garlands paint her head;
The gazing flock, all envious of her pride,
Behold her skipping by the priestess' side;
Each hopes the flowery wreath with longing eyes;
While she, alas! is led to sacrifice!
Thus walks the bride in all her state array'd,
The gaze and envy of each thoughtless maid.

DIONE.

As yet her tongue resists the tempting snare,
And guards my panting bosom from despair.
[*Aside.*
Can thy strong soul this noble flame forego?
Must such a lover waste his life in woe?

PARTHENIA.

Tell him, his gifts I scorn; not all his art,
Not all his flattery shall seduce my heart.
Courtiers, I know, are disciplin'd to cheat,
Their infant lips are taught to lisp deceit;
To prey on easy nymphs they range the shade,
And vainly boast of innocence betray'd;
Chaste hearts, unlearn'd in falsehood, they assail,
And think our ear will drink the grateful tale.
No. Lycidas shall ne'er my peace destroy,
I'll guard my virtue, and content enjoy.

DIONE.

So strong a passion in my bosom burns,
Whene'er his soul is griev'd, Alexis mourns!
Canst thou this importuning ardour blame?
Would not thy tongue for friendship urge the same?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, blooming swain. You show an honest mind;
I see it, with the purest flame refin'd.
Who shall compare love's mean and gross desire
To the chaste zeal of friendship's sacred fire?
By whining love our weakness is confest;
But stronger friendship shows a virtuous breast.
In Folly's heart the short-liv'd blaze may glow,
Wisdom alone can purer friendship know.
Love is a sudden blaze which soon decays,
Friendship is like the Sun's eternal rays;
Not daily benefits exhaust the flame,
It still is giving, and still burns the same;
And could Alexis from his soul remove
All the low images of grosser love;
Such mild, such gentle looks thy heart declare,
Fain would my breast thy faithful friendship share.

DIONE.

How dare you in the different sex confide?
And seek a friendship which you ne'er have try'd?

PARTHENIA.

Yes, I to thee could give up all my heart.
From thy chaste eye no wanton glances dart;
Thy modest lips convey no thought impure,
With thee may strictest virtue walk secure.

DIONE.

Yet can I safely on the nymph depend,
Whose unrelenting scorn can kill my friend!

PARTHENIA.

Accuse me not, who act a generous part;
Had I, like city maids, a fraudful heart,
Then had his proffers taught my soul to feign,
Then had I vilely stoopt to sórdid gain,
Then had I sigh'd for honours, pomp and gold,
And for unhappy chains my freedom sold.
If you would save him, bid him leave the plain,
And to his native city turn again;
There, shall his passion find a ready cure,
There not one dame resists the glittering lure.

DIONE.

All this I frequent urg'd, but urg'd in vain.
Alas! thou only canst assuage his pain!

SCENE IV.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS. [*Listening.*

Why stays Alexis? can my bosom bear
Th is long alternate storms of hope and fear?
Yonder they walk; no frowns her brow disguise,
But love consenting sparkles in her eyes;
Here will I listen, here, impatient wait.
Spare me, Parthenia, and resign thy hate. [*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

When Lycidas shall to the court repair,
Still let Alexis love his fleecy care;
Still let him chuse cool grots and sylvan bowers,
And let Parthenia share his peaceful hours.

LYCIDAS.

What do I hear? my friendship is betray'd;
The treacherous rival has seduc'd the maid. [*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

With thee, where bearded goats descend the steep,
Or where, like winter's snow, the nibbling sheep
Clothe the slope hills; I'll pass the cheerful day,
And from thy reed my voice shall catch the lay.
But see, still Evening spreads her dusky wings,
The flock, slow-moving from the misty springs,
Now seek their fold. Come, shepherd, let's away,
To close the latest labours of the day.
[*Exeunt hand in hand.*

SCENE V.

LYCIDAS.

My troubled heart what dire disasters rend?
A scornful mistress, and a treacherous friend!
Would ye be cozen'd, more than woman can,
Unlock your bosom to perfidious man.
One faithful woman have these eyes beheld,
And against her this perjur'd heart rebell'd:
But search as far as Earth's wide bounds extend,
Where shall the wretched find one faithful friend?

SCENE VI.

LYCIDAS, DIONE.

LYCIDAS.

Why starts the swain? why turn his eyes away,
As if amidst his path the viper lay?
Did I not to thy charge my heart confide?
Did I not trust thee near Parthenia's side,
As here she slept?

DIONE.

——She straight my call obey'd,
And downy slumber left the lovely maid;
As in the morn awakes the folded rose,
And all around her breathing odour throws;
So wak'd Parthenia.

LYCIDAS.

——Could thy guarded heart,
When her full beauty glow'd, put by the dart?
Yet on Alexis let my soul depend;
'Tis most ungenerous to suspect a friend.
And thou, I hope, hast well that name profest.

DIONE.

O could thy piercing eye discern my breast!
Could'st thou the secrets of my bosom see,
There every thought is fill'd with cares for thee.

LYCIDAS.

Is there, against hypocrisy, defence,
Who clothes her words and looks with innocence? [*Aside.*

Say, shepherd, when you proffer'd wealth and state,
Did not her scorn and suppled pride abate?

DIONE.

As sparkling diamonds to the feather'd train,
Who scrape the winnow'd chaff in search of grain;
Such to the shepherdess the court appears:
Content she seeks, and spurns those glittering cares.

LYCIDAS.

'Tis not in woman grandeur to despise,
'Tis not from courts, from me alone she flies.
Did not my passion suffer like disgrace,
While she believ'd me born of sylvan race?
Dost thou not think, this proudest of her kind
Has to some rival swain her heart resign'd?

DIONE.

No rival shepherd her disdain can move;
Her frozen bosom is averse to love.

LYCIDAS.

Say, art thou sure, that this ungrateful fair
Scorns all alike, bids all alike despair?

DIONE.

How can I know the secrets of her heart?

LYCIDAS.

Answer sincere, nor from the question start,
Say in her glance was never love confest,
And is no swain distinguish'd from the rest?

DIONE.

O Lycidas, bid all thy troubles cease;
Let not a thought on her disturb thy peace.
May justice bid thy former passion wake;
Think how Dione suffers for thy sake:
Let not a broken oath thy honour stain.
Recall thy vows, and seek the town again.

LYCIDAS.

What means Alexis? where's thy friendship flown?
Why am I banish'd to the hateful town?
Hath some new shepherd warm'd Parthenia's breast?
And does my love his amorous hours molest?
Is it for this thou bidd'st me quit the plain?
Yes, yes, thou fondly lov'st this rival swain.
When first my cheated soul thy friendship woo'd,
To my warm heart I took the viperous brood.
O false Alexis!

DIONE.

——Why am I accus'd?
Thy jealous mind is by weak fears abus'd.

LYCIDAS.

Was not thy bosom fraught with false design?
Didst thou not plead his cause, and give up mine?
Let not thy tongue evasive answer seek;
The conscious crimson rises on thy cheek:
Thy coward conscience, by thy guilt dismay'd,
Shakes in each joint, and owns that I'm betray'd.

DIONE.

How my poor heart is wrong'd! O spare thy friend!

LYCIDAS.

Seek not detected falsehood to defend.

DIONE.

Beware, lest blind suspicion rashly blame,

LYCIDAS.

Own thyself then the rival of my flame.

If this be she for whom Alexis pin'd,
She now no more is to thy vows unkind.
Behind the thicket's twisted verdure laid,
I witness'd every tender thing she said;
I saw bright pleasure kindle in her eyes,
Love warm'd each feature at thy soft replies.

DIONE.

Yet hear me speak.

LYCIDAS.

——In vain is all defence.
Did not thy treacherous hand conduct her hence!
Haste, from my sight. Rage burns in every vein;
Never approach my just revenge again.

DIONE.

O search my heart; there injur'd truth thou'lt find.

LYCIDAS.

Talk not of truth; long since she left mankind.
So smooth a tongue! and yet so false a heart!
Sure courts first taught thee fawning friendship's art!
No. Thou art false by nature.

DIONE.

——Let me clear
This heavy charge, and prove my trust sincere.

LYCIDAS.

Boast then her favours; say what happy hour
Next calls to meet her in the appointed bower;
Say, when and where you met.

DIONE.

——Be rage suppress.
In stabbing mine, you wound Parthenia's breast.
She said, she still defy'd Love's keenest dart;
Yet purer friendship might divide her heart,
Friendship's sincerer bands she wish'd to prove.

LYCIDAS.

A woman's friendship ever ends in love.
Think not these foolish tales my faith command;
Did not I see thee press her snowy hand?
O may her passion like thy friendship last!
May she betray thee ere a day be past!
Hence then. Away. Thou'rt hateful to my sight,
And thus I spurn thee, fawning hypocrite.

[*Exit Lycidas.*

SCENE VII.

DIONE.

Was ever grief like mine! O wretched maid!
My friendship wrong'd! my constant love betray'd!
Misfortune haunts my steps where'er I go,
And all my days are overcast with woe.
Long have I strove th' increasing load to bear,
Now faints my soul, and sinks into despair.
O lead me to the hanging mountain's cell,
In whose brown cliffs the fowls of darkness dwell;
Where waters, trickling down the rifted wall,
Shall lull my sorrows with the tinkling fall.
There seek thy grave. How canst thou bear the light,
When banish'd ever from Evander's sight!

SCENE VIII.

DIONE, LAURA.

LAURA.

Why hangs a cloud of grief upon thy brows?
Does the proud nymph accept Evander's vows?

DIONE.

Can I bear life with these new pangs opprest!
Again he tears me from his faithless breast:
A perjur'd lover first he sought these plains,
And now my friendship like my love disdains.
As I new offers to Parthenia made,
Conceal'd he stood behind the woodbine shade.
He says, my treacherous tongue his heart betray'd;
That my false speeches have misled the maid;
With groundless fear he thus his soul deceives;
What frenzy dictates, jealousy believes.

LAURA.

Resign thy crook, put off this manly vest,
And let the wrong'd Dione stand confest;
When he shall learn what sorrows thou hast borne,
And find that nought relents Parthenia's scorn,
Sure he will pity thee.

DIONE.

——No, Laura, no.
Should I, alas! the sylvan dress forego,
Then might he think that I her pride foment,
That injur'd love instructs me to resent;
Our secret enterprise might fatal prove:
Man flies the plague of persecuting love.

LAURA.

Avoid Parthenia; lest his rage grow warm,
And jealousy resolve some fatal harm.

DIONE.

O Laura, if thou chance the youth to find,
Tell him what torments vex my anxious mind;
Should I once more his awful presence seek,
The silent tears would bathe my glowing cheek;
By rising sighs my faultering voice be stay'd,
And trembling fear too soon confess the maid.
Haste, Laura, then; his vengeful soul assuage,
Tell him, I'm guiltless; cool his blinded rage;
Tell him that truth sincere my friendship brought,
Let him not cherish one suspicious thought.
Then, to convince him his distrust was vain,
I'll never, never see that nymph again.
This way he went.

LAURA.

——See, at the call of Night,
The star of evening sheds his silver light
High o'er yon western hill: the cooling gales
Fresh odours breathe along the winding dales;
Far from their home as yet our shepherds stray,
To close with cheerful walk the sultry day.
Methinks from far I hear the piping swain;
Hark in the breeze now swells, now sinks the strain!
Thither I'll seek him.

DIONE.

——While this length of glade
Shall lead me pensive through the sable shade;
Where on the branches murmur rushing winds,
Grateful as falling floods to love-sick minds;
O may this path to Death's dark vale descend!
There only can the wretched hope a friend.

[*Ex severally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A wood.

Dione, Cleanthes (who lies wounded in a distant part of the stage).

DIONE.

The Moon serene now climbs th' aërial way;
See, at her sight ten thousand stars decay:

With trembling gleam she tips the silent grove,
While all beneath the chequer'd shadows move.
Turn back thy silver axles, downward roll,
Darkness best fits the horrours of my soul.
Rise, rise, ye clouds; the face of Heaven deform,
Veil the bright goddess in a sable storm:
O look not down upon a wretched maid!
Let thy bright torch the happy lover aid,
And light his wandering footsteps to the bower
Where the kind nymph attends th' appointed hour.
Yet thou best seen unhappy love, like mine;
Did not thy lamp in Heaven's blue forehead shine,
When Thisbe sought her love along the glade?
Didst thou not then behold the gleaming blade,
And gild the fatal point that stabb'd her breast?
Soon I, like her, shall seek the realms of rest.
Let groves of mournful yew a wretch surround!
O sooth my ear with melancholy sound!
The village-curs now stretch their yelling throat,
And dogs from distant cots return the note;
The ravenous wolf along the valley prowls,
And with his famish'd cries the mountain howls.
But hark! what sudden noise advances near?
Repeated groans alarm my frighted ear!

CLEANTHES. [glade.

Shepherd, approach; ah! fly not through the
A wretch all dy'd with wounds invokes thy aid.

DIONE.

Say then, unhappy stranger, how you bled;
Collect thy spirits, raise thy drooping head.
[*Cleanthes raises himself on his arm.*
O horrid sight! Cleanthes gasping lies;
And Death's black shadows float before his eyes.
Unknown in this disguise, I'll check my woe,
And learn what bloody hand has struck the blow.
[*Aside.*
Say, youth, ere Fate thy feeble voice confounds,
What led thee hither? whence these purple
wounds?

CLEANTHES.

Stay, fleeting life; may strength a-while prevail,
Lest my clos'd lips confine th' imperfect tale.
Ere the streak'd east grew warm with amber ray,
I from the city took my doubtful way;
Far o'er the plains I sought a beauteous maid,
Who, from the court, in these wide forests stray'd,
Wanders unknown; as I, with weary pain,
Try'd every path, and opening glade, in vain,
A band of thieves, forth-rushing from the wood,
Unsheath'd their daggers warm with daily blood;
Deep in my breast the barbarous steel is dy'd,
And purple hands the golden prey divide.
Hence are these mangling wounds. Say, gentle swain,
If thou hast known among the sylvan train
The vagrant nymph I seek?

DIONE.

——What mov'd thy care,
Thus, in these pathless wilds, to search the fair?

CLEANTHES.

I charge you, O ye daughters of the grove,
Ye Naiads, who the mossy fountains love,
Ye happy swains, who range the pastures wide,
Ye tender nymphs, who feed your flocks beside;
If my last gasping breath can pity move,
If e'er ye knew the pangs of slighted love,
Show her, I charge you, where Cleanthes dy'd;
The grass yet reeking with the sanguine tide.
A father's power to me the virgin gave,
But she disdain'd to live a nuptial slave;
So fled her native home.

DIONE.

——'Tis then from thee
Springs the foul source of all her misery.
Could'st thou, thy selfish appetite to please,
Condemn to endless woes another's peace?

CLEANTHES.

O spare me; nor my hapless love upbraid,
While on my heart Death's frozen hand is laid!
Go, seek her, guide her where Cleanthes bled;
When she surveys her lover pale and dead,
Tell her, that since she fled my hateful sight,
Without remorse I sought the realms of night.
Methinks I see her view these poor remains,
And on her cheek indecent gladness reigns!
Full in her presence cold Cleanthes lies,
And not one tear stands trembling in her eyes!
O let a sigh my hapless fate deplore!
Cleanthes now controls thy love no more.

DIONE.

How shall my lids confine these rising woes? [*Aside.*

CLEANTHES.

O might I see her, ere Death's finger close
These eyes for ever! might her soften'd breast
Forgive my love with too much ardour prest!
Then I with peace could yield my latest breath.

DIONE.

Shall I not calm the sable hour of death,
And show myself before him!—Ha! he dies.
See from his trembling lip the spirit flies! [*Aside.*
Stay yet awhile. Dione stands confest.
He knows me not. He faints, he sinks to rest.

CLEANTHES.

Tell her, since all my hopes in her were lost,
That death was welcome—— [*Dies.*

DIONE.

What sudden gusts of grief my bosom rend!
A parent's curses o'er my head impend,
For disobedient vows; O wretched maid,
Those very vows Evander hath betray'd.
See, at thy feet Cleanthes bath'd in blood!
For love of thee he trod this lonely wood;
Thou art the cruel authoress of his fate;
He falls by thine; thou, by Evander's hate.
When shall my soul know rest? Cleanthes slain
No longer sighs and weeps for thy disdain.
Thou still art curst with love. Bleed, virgin, bleed.
How shall a wretch from anxious life be freed!
My troubled brain with sudden frenzy burns,
And shatter'd thought now this, now that way turns.
What do I see thus glittering on the plains?
Ha! the dread sword yet warm with crimson stains!
[*Takes up the dagger.*

SCENE II.

DIONE, PARTHENIA.

PARTHENIA.

Sweet is the walk when night has cool'd the hour.
This path directs me to my sylvan bower. [*Aside.*

DIONE.

Why is my soul with sudden fear dismay'd?
Why drops my trembling hand the pointed blade?
O string my arm with force! [*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

——Methought a noise
Broke through the silent air, like human voice.
[*Aside.*

DIONE.

One well-aim'd blow shall all my pangs remove,
Grasp firm the fatal steel, and cease to love. [*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

Sure 'twas Alexis. Ha! a sword display'd!
The streaming lustre darts across the shade. [*Aside.*

DIONE.

May Heaven new vigour to my soul impart,
And guide the desperate weapon to my heart!
[*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

May I the meditated death arrest!
[*Holds Dione's hand.*
Strike not, rash shepherd; spare thy guiltless breast.
O give me strength to stay the threaten'd harm,
And wrench the dagger from his lifted arm!

DIONE.

What cruel hand with-holds the welcome blow?
In giving life, you but prolong my woe.
O may not thus th' expected stroke impend!
Unloose thy grasp, and let swift death descend.
But if you' murder thy red hands hath dy'd;
Here—pierce me deep; let forth the vital tide.
[*Dione quits the dagger.*

PARTHENIA.

Wait not thy fate; but this way turn thy eyes:
My virgin hand no purple murder dyes.
Turn then, Alexis; and Parthenia know,
'Tis she protects thee from the fatal blow.

DIONE.

Must the night-watches by my sighs be told?
And must these eyes another morn behold
Through dazzling floods of tears? Ungenerous maid,
The friendly stroke is by thy hand delay'd;
Call it not mercy to prolong my breath;
'Tis but to torture me with lingering death.

PARTHENIA.

What moves thy hand to act this bloody part?
Whence are these gnawing pangs that tear thy heart?
Is that thy friend who lies before thee slain?
Is it his wound that reeks upon the plain?
Is 't Lycidas?

DIONE.

——No. I the stranger found,
Ere chilly death his frozen tongue had bound.
He said: As at the rosy dawn of day,
He from the city took his vagrant way,
A murdering band pour'd on him from the wood,
First seiz'd his gold, then bath'd their swords in blood.

PARTHENIA.

You, whose ambition labours to be great,
Think on the perils which on riches wait.
Safe are the shepherd's paths; when sober Even
Streaks with pale light the bending arch of Heaven,
From danger free, through deserts wild he hies,
The rising smoke far o'er the mountain spies,
Which marks his distant cottage; on he fares,
For him no murderers lay their nightly snares;
They pass him by, they turn their steps away:
Safe Poverty was ne'er the villain's prey.
At home he lies secure in easy sleep,
No bars his ivy-mantled cottage keep;
No thieves in dreams the fancy'd dagger hold,
And drag him to detect the buried gold;
Nor starts he from his couch aghast and pale,
When the door murmurs with the hollow gale.
While he, whose iron coffers rust with wealth,
Harbours beneath his roof Deceit and Stealth;
Treachery with lurking pace frequents his walks,
And close behind him horrid Murder stalks.
'Tis tempting lucre makes the villain bold:
There lies a bleeding sacrifice to gold.

DIONE.

To live, is but to wake to daily cares,
And journey through a tedious vale of tears.
Had you not rush'd between, my life had flown;
And I, like him, no more had sorrow known.

PARTHENIA.

When anguish in the gloomy bosom dwells,
The counsel of a friend the cloud dispels.
Give thy breast vent, the secret grief impart,
And say what woe lies heavy at thy heart.
To save thy life, kind Heaven has succour sent,
The gods by me thy threaten'd fate prevent.

DIONE.

No. To prevent it, is beyond thy power;
Thou only canst defer the welcome hour.
When you the lifted dagger turn'd aside,
Only one road to death thy force deny'd.
Still fate is in my reach. From mountains high,
Deep in whose shadow craggy ruins lie,
Can I not headlong fling this weight of woe,
And dash out life against the flints below?
Are there not streams, and lakes, and rivers wide,
Where my last breath may bubble on the tide?
No. Life shall never flatter me again,
Nor shall to morrow bring new sighs and pain.

PARTHENIA.

Can I this burthen of thy soul relieve,
And calm thy grief?

DIONE.

——If thou wilt comfort give,
Plight me thy word, and to that word be just,
When poor Alexis shall be laid in dust,
That pride no longer shall command thy mind,
That thou wilt spare the friend I leave behind.
I know his virtue worthy of thy breast.
Long in thy love may Lycidas be blest!

PARTHENIA.

That swain (who would my liberty control,
To please some short-liv'd transport of his soul)
Shows, while his importuning flame he moves,
That 'tis not me, himself alone he loves.
O live, nor leave him by misfortune prest:
'Tis shameful to desert a friend distrest.

DIONE.

Alas! a wretch like me no loss would prove,
Would kind Parthenia listen to his love.

PARTHENIA.

Why hides thy bosom this mysterious grief?
Ease thy o'erburthen'd heart, and hope relief.

DIONE.

What profits it to touch thy tender breast,
With wrongs, like mine, which ne'er can be redrest?
Let in my heart the fatal secret lie,
Nor call up sorrow in another's eye!

SCENE III.

DIONE, PARTHENIA, LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

If Laura right direct the darksome ways,
Along these paths the pensive shepherd strays.
[*Aside.*

DIONE.

Let not a tear for me roll down thy cheek.
O would my throbbing sighs my heart-strings break!
Why was my breast the lifted stroke deny'd?
Must then again the deathful deed be try'd?
Yes. 'Tis resolv'd.
[*Snatches the dagger from Parthenia.*

PARTHENIA.

——Ah, hold! forbear, forbear!

LYCIDAS.

Methought Distress with shrieks alarm'd my ear.

PARTHENIA.

Strike not. Ye gods, defend him from the wound!

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Tis Parthenia's voice, I know the sound.
Some sylvan ravisher would force the maid,
And Laura sent me to her virtue's aid.
Die, villain, die! and seek the shades below.
[*Lycidas snatches the dagger from Dione, and stabs her.*

DIONE.

Whoe'er thou art, I bless thee for the blow.

LYCIDAS.

Since Heaven ordain'd this arm thy life should guard,
O hear my vows! be love the just reward.

PARTHENIA.

Rather let Vengeance, with her swiftest speed,
O'ertake thy flight, and recompense the deed!
Why stays the thunder in the upper sky?
Gather, ye clouds; ye forky lightnings, fly:
On thee may all the wrath of Heaven descend,
Whose barbarous hand hath slain a faithful friend.
Behold Alexis!

LYCIDAS.

——Would that treacherous boy
Have forc'd thy virtue to his brutal joy?
What rous'd his passion to this bold advance?
Did e'er thy eyes confess one willing glance?
I know, the faithless youth his trust betray'd;
And well the dagger hath my wrongs repaid.

DIONE. [*Raising herself on her arm.*

Breaks not Evander's voice along the glade?
Ha! is it he who holds the reeking blade!
There needed not or poison, sword, or dart;
Thy faithless vows, alas! had broke my heart.
[*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

O tremble, shepherd, for thy rash offence,
The sword is dy'd with murder'd innocence!
His gentle soul no brutal passion seiz'd,
Nor at my bosom was the dagger rais'd;
Self-murder was his aim; the youth I found
Whelm'd in despair, and stay'd the falling wound.

DIONE.

Into what mischiefs is the lover led,
Who calls down vengeance on his perjur'd head!
O may he ne'er bewail this desperate deed,
And may, unknown, unwept, Dione bleed! [*Aside.*

LYCIDAS.

What horrours on the guilty mind attend!
His conscience had reveng'd an injur'd friend,
Hadst thou not held the stroke. In death he sought
To lose the heart-consuming pain of thought.
Did not the smooth-tongu'd boy perfidious prove,
Plead his own passion, and betray my love?

DIONE.

O let him ne'er this bleeding victim know;
Lest his rash transport, to revenge the blow,
Should in his dearer heart the dagger stain!
That wound would pierce my soul with double pain.
[*Aside.*

PARTHENIA.

How did his faithful lips (now pale and cold)
With moving eloquence thy griefs unfold!

LYCIDAS.

Was he thus faithful? thus, to friendship true?
Then I'm a wretch! All peace of mind, adieu!
If ebbing life yet beat within thy vein,
Alexis, speak; unclose those lids again.
[*Flings himself on the ground near Dione.*
See at thy feet the barbarous villain kneel!
'Tis Lycidas who grasps the bloody steel,
Thy once-lov'd friend.—Yet, ere I cease to live,
Canst thou a wretched penitent forgive?

DIONE.

When low beneath the sable mould I rest,
May a sincerer friendship share thy breast!
Why are those heaving groans? (ah! cease to weep!)
May my lost name in dark oblivion sleep;
Let this sad tale no speaking stone declare,
From future eyes to draw a pitying tear.
Let o'er my grave the leveling plough-share pass,
Mark not the spot; forget that e'er I was.
Then may'st thou with Parthenia's love be blest,
And not one thought on me thy joys molest!
My swimming eyes are overpower'd with light,
And darkening shadows fleet before my sight:
May'st thou be happy! ah! my soul is free.
[*Dies.*

LYCIDAS.

O cruel shepherdess! for love of thee [*To Parthenia.*
This fatal deed was done.

SCENE THE LAST.

LYCIDAS, PARTHENIA, LAURA.

LAURA.

——Alexis slain!

LYCIDAS.

Yes. 'Twas I did it. See this crimson stain!
My hands with blood of innocence are dy'd.
O may the Moon her silver beauty hide
In rolling clouds! my soul abhors the light;
Shade, shade the murderer in eternal night!

LAURA.

No rival shepherd is before thee laid;
There bled the chastest, the sincerest maid
That ever sigh'd for love. On her pale face,
Cannot thy weeping eyes the feature trace
Of thy once dear Dione. With wan care
Sunk are those eyes, and livid with despair!

LYCIDAS.

Dione!

LAURA.

——There pure Constancy lies dead!

LYCIDAS.

May Heavenshower vengeance on this perjur'd head!
As the dry branch that withers on the ground,
So, blasted be the hand that gave the wound!
Off! hold me not. This heart deserves the stroke;
'Tis black with treachery. Yes: the vows are broke
[*Stabs himself.*
Which I so often swore. Vain world, adieu!
Though I was false in life, in death I'm true. [*Dies.*

LAURA.

To morrow shall the funeral rites be paid,
And these love-victims in one grave be laid.

PARTHENIA.

There shall the yew her sable branches spread,
And mournful cypress rear her fringed head.

LAURA.

From thence shall thyme and myrtle send perfume,
And laurel ever-green o'ershade the tomb.

PARTHENIA.

Come, Laura, let us leave this horrid wood,
Where streams the purple grass with lovers' blood;
Come to my bower. And, as we sorrowing go,
Let poor Dione's story feed my woe
With heart-relieving tears.——

LAURA. [*Pointing to Dione.*
——Unhappy maid!
Hadst thou a parent's just command obey'd,
Thou yet hadst liv'd.—But who shall Love advise?
Love scorns command, and breaks all other ties.
Henceforth, ye swains, be true to vows profest;
For certain vengeance strikes the perjur'd breast.

END OF VOL. X.

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